COLLUTHUS STATIUS

HOMER

SMYRNAEUS TRYPHIODORUS

VIRGIL

MAFFÆUS VEGIO

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION

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COLLUTHUS

THE RAPE OF HELEN

Ye Nymphs of Troy, children of the river Xanthus,[a] who oft-times leave on your father's sands the snoods that bind your tresses and the sacred toys of your hands, and array you for the dance on Ida,[b] come hither, leaving the sounding river, and declare to me the counsel of the herdsman judge[c]: say whence from the hills he came, sailing the unaccustomed deep, albeit ignorant of the business of the sea; and what was the occasion of the ships that were the spring of woe, that a cowherd should stir heaven and earth together; and what was the primeval beginning of the feud, that herdsmen should deal judgement to immortals: what was the suit: whence heard he the name of the Argive nymph[d]? For ye came yourselves and beheld, beneath the three-peaked cliff of Idaean Phalacra,[e] Paris sitting on his shepherd seat and the queen of the Graces, even Aphrodite, glorying. So among the high-peaked hills of the Haemonians,[f] the marriage song of Peleus was being sung while, at the bidding of Zeus, Ganymede[g] poured the wine. And all the race of the gods hasted to do honour to the white-

[c] Paris.
[d] Helen.
[e] Peak of Ida, *cf.* Lyc, 24.
[f] Thessalians.
[g] Son of Tros, for his beauty carried away and made cup-bearer to Zeus (Hom. *Il.* xx. 232).

armed bride,[a] own sister of Amphitrite[b]: Zeus from Olympus and Poseidon from the sea. Out of the land of Melisseus,[c] from fragrant Helicon, Apollo came leading the clear-voiced choir of the Muses. On either side, fluttering with golden locks, the unshorn cluster of his hair was buffeted by the west wind. And after him followed Hera, sister of Zeus; nor did the queen of harmony herself, even Aphrodite, loiter in coming to the groves of the Centaur.[d] Came also Persuasion,[e] having fashioned a bridal wreath, carrying the quiver of archer Eros. And Athena put off her mighty helmet from her brow and followed to the marriage, albeit of marriage she was untaught. Nor did Leto's daughter Artemis, sister of Apollo, disdain to come, goddess of the wilds though she was. And iron Ares, even as, helmetless nor lifting warlike spear, he comes into the house of Hephaestus, in such wise without breastplate and without whetted sword danced smilingly. But Strife did Cheiron leave unhonoured: Cheiron did not regard her and Peleus heeded her not.

And as some heifer wanders from the pasture in the glen and roams in the lonely brush, smitten by the bloody gadfly, the goad of kine: so Strife,[f] overcome by the pangs of angry jealousy, wandered in search of a way to disturb the banquet of the gods. And often would she leap up from her chair, set with precious stones, and anon sit down again. She smote with her hand the bosom of the earth and heeded not the rock. Fain would she unbar the

[a] Cheiron, who had his cave on Pelion.
[b] Peitho, an attendant goddess of Aphrodite; *cf.* Paus. i. 22. 3, Hes. *W.* 73.
[c] Eris, daughter of Night (Hes. *Th.* 225 ff.).

bolts of the darksome hollows and rouse the Titans[a] from the nether pit and destroy the heaven the seat of Zeus, who rules on high. Fain would she brandish the roaring thunderbolt of fire, yet gave way, for all her age, to Hephaestus, keeper of quenchless fire and of iron. And she thought to rouse the heavy-clashing din of shields, if haply they might leap up in terror at the noise. But from her later crafty counsel, too, she withdrew in fear of iron Ares, the shielded warrior.

And now she bethought her of the golden apples of the Hesperides.[b] Thence Strife took the fruit that should be the harbinger of war, even the apple,[c] and devised the scheme of signal woes. Whirling her arm she hurled into the banquet the primal seed of turmoil and disturbed the choir of goddesses. Hera, glorying to be the spouse and to share the bed of Zeus, rose up amazed, and would fain have seized it. And Cypris,[d] as being more excellent than all, desired to have the apple, for that it is the treasure of the Loves. But Hera would not give it up and Athena would not yield. And Zeus, seeing the quarrel of the goddesses, and calling his son Hermaon,[e] who sat below his throne, addressed him thus:

"If haply, my son, thou hast heard[f] of a son of Priam, one Paris, the splendid youth, who tends his herds on the hills of Troy, give to him the apple;

(schol. Arist. *Nub.* 997, Lucian, *Dial. Mer.* xii. 1, Theocr. v. 88). *Cf.* the story of Acontius and Cydippe and Solon's enactment—ὁ Σόλων ἐκέλευε τὴν νύμφην τῷ νυμφίῳ συγκατακλίνεσθαι μήλου Κυδωνίου κατατραγοῦσαν (Plut. *Praec. Coni.* 138 d).

[a] Aphrodite. [e] = Hermes (Hesiod fr. 46).

[f] For the type of expression *cf.* Ap. Rh. iv. 1560, iii. 362.

and bid him judge the goddesses' meeting brows and orbèd eyes. And let her that is preferred have the famous fruit to carry away as the prize of the fairer and ornament of the Loves."

So the father, the son of Cronus, commanded Hermaon. And he hearkened to the bidding of his father and led the goddesses upon the way and failed not to heed. And every goddess sought to make her beauty more desirable and fair. Cypris of crafty counsels unfolded her snood and undid the fragrant clasp of her hair and wreathed with gold her locks, with gold her flowing tresses. And she saw her children the Loves and called to them.

"The contest is at hand, dear children! embrace your mother that nursed you. To-day it is beauty of face that judges me. I fear to whom this herdsman will award the apple. Hera they call the holy nurse of the Graces, and they say that she wields sovereignty aud holds the sceptre. And Athena they ever call the queen of battles. I only, Cypris, am an unwarlike goddess. I have no queenship of the gods, wield no warlike spear, nor draw the bow. But wherefore am I so sore afraid, when for spear I have, as it were, a swift lance, the honeyed girdle of the Loves! I have my girdle, I ply my goad, I raise my bow: even that girdle, whence women catch the sting of my desire, and travail often-times, but not unto death."

So spake Cypris of the rosy fingers and followed. And the wandering Loves heard the dear bidding of their mother and hasted after their nurse.

Now they had just passed over the summit of the hill of Ida, where under a rock-crowned cliff's height young Paris herded his father's flocks. On either

side the streams of the mountain torrent he tended his herds, numbering apart the herd of thronging bulls, apart measuring the droves of feeding flocks. And behind him hung floating the hide of a mountain goat, that reached right to his thighs. But his herdsman's crook, driver of kine, was laid aside: for so, walking mincingly in his accustomed ways, he pursued the shrill minstrelsy of his pipe's rustic reeds. Often as he sang in his shepherd's shieling he would forget his bulls and heed no more his sheep. Hence with his pipe, in the fair haunts of shepherds, he was making dear music to Pan and to Hermaon. The dogs bayed not, and the bull did not bellow. Only windy Echo[a] with her untutored cry, answered his voice from Ida's hills; and the bulls upon the green grass, when they had eaten their fill, lay down and rested on their heavy flanks.

So as he made shrill music under the high-roofed canopy of trees, he beheld from afar the messenger Hermaon. And in fear he leapt up and sought to shun the eye of the gods. He leaned against an oak his choir of musical reeds and checked his lay that had not yet laboured much. And to him in his fear wondrous Hermes spake thus:

"Fling away thy milking-pail and leave thy fair flocks and come hither and give decision as judge of the goddesses of heaven. Come hither and decide which is the more excellent beauty of face, and to the fairer give this apple's lovely fruit."

So he cried. And Paris bent a gentle eye and quietly essayed to judge the beauty of each. He looked at the light of their grey eyes, he looked on the neck arrayed with gold, he marked the bravery

[a] Nymph beloved of Pan (Mosch. 6, Long. 3. 23).

of each; the shape of the heel behind, yea and the soles of their feet. But, before he gave judgement, Athena took him, smiling, by the hand and spake to Alexander[a] thus:

"Come hither, son of Priam! leave the spouse of Zeus and heed not Aphrodite, queen of the bridal bower, but praise thou Athena who aids the prowess of men. They say that thou art a king and keepest the city of Troy. Come hither, and I will make thee the saviour of their city to men hard pressed: lest ever Enyo[b] of grievous wrath weigh heavily upon thee. Hearken to me and I will teach thee war and prowess."

So cried Athena of many counsels, and white-armed Hera thus took up the tale:

"If thou wilt elect me and bestow on me the fruit of the fairer, I will make thee lord of all mine Asia. Scorn thou the works of battle. What has a king to do with war? A prince gives command both to the valiant and to the unwarlike. Not always are the squires of Athena foremost. Swift is the doom and death of the servants of Enyo!"

Such lordship did Hera, who hath the foremost throne, offer to bestow. But Cypris lifted up her deep-bosomed robe and bared her breast to the air and had no shame. And lifting with her hands the honeyed girdle of the Loves she bared all her bosom and heeded not her breasts. And smilingly she thus spake to the herdsman:

"Accept me and forget wars: take my beauty and leave the sceptre and the land of Asia. I know not the works of battle. What has Aphrodite to do with shields? By beauty much more do women excel. In place of manly prowess I will give thee a

lovely bride, and, instead of kingship, enter thou the bed of Helen. Lacedaemon, after Troy, shall see thee a bridegroom."

Not yet had she ceased speaking and he gave her the splendid apple, beauty's offering, the great treasure of Aphrogeneia,[a] a plant of war, of war an evil seed. And she, holding the apple in her hand, uttered her voice and spake in mockery of Hera and manly Athena :

"Yield to me, accustomed as ye be to war, yield me the victory. Beauty have I loved and beauty follows me. They say that thou, mother of Ares, didst with travail bear the holy choir of the fair-tressed Graces.[b] But to-day they have all denied thee and not one hast thou found to help thee. Queen but not of shields and nurse but not of fire, Ares hath not holpen thee, though Ares rages with the spear : the flames of Hephaestus have not holpen thee, though he brings to birth the breath of fire. And how vain is thy vaunting, Atrytone[c] ! whom marriage sowed not nor mother bare, but cleaving of iron and root of iron made thee spring without bed of birth from the head of thy sire. And how, covering thy body in brazen robes, thou dost flee from love and pursuest the works of Ares, untaught of harmony and wotting not of concord. Knowest thou not that such Athenas as thou are the more unvaliant — exulting in glorious wars, with limbs at feud, neither men nor women ?" [d]

Thus spake Cypris and mocked Athena. So she got the prize of beauty that should work the ruin of

her birth had swallowed her mother Metis) when it was cleft by the axe of Hephaestus or Prometheus (Hes. *Th.* 924, Hom. *H.* 28, Pind. *O.* vii. 35, Apollod. i. 3. 6).

[d] *Cf.* 302 ff.

a city, repelling Hera and indignant Athena. And unhappy Paris, yearning with love and pursuing one whom he had not seen, gathered men that were skilled of Atrytone,[a] queen of handicraft, and led them to a shady wood. There the oaks from Ida of many tree-trunks were cut and felled by the excellent skill of Phereclus,[b] source of woe; who at that time, doing pleasure to his frenzied king, fashioned with the wood-cutting bronze ships for Alexander. On the same day he willed and on the same made the ships: ships which Athena[c] neither planned nor wrought.

And now he had just left the hills of Ida for the deep, and, after with many a sacrifice upon the shore he had besought the favour of Aphrodite that attended him to aid his marriage, he was sailing the Hellespont over the broad back of the sea, when to him there appeared a token of his laborious toils. The dark sea leapt aloft and girdled the heaven with a chain of dusky coils and straightway poured forth rain from the murky air, and the sea was turmoiled as the oarsmen rowed. Then when he had passed Dardania and the land of Troy and, coasting along, left behind the mouth of the Ismarian lake,[d] speedily, after the mountains of Thracian Pangaeon,[e] he saw rising into view the tomb of Phyllis[f] that loved her husband and the

brother Acamas) was on his way home from Troy to Athens he married Phyllis. When he left for Athens he promised to return for her soon. As he failed to return, she went nine journeys to the shore to look for his returning ship. Hence the place was called Ἐννέα Ὁδοί, the site of the later colony of Amphipolis (cf. Aeschin. *De fals. leg.* 31). Phyllis cursed Demophoon and hanged herself; *cf.* Ov. *Her.* 2, *Rem. Am.* 605.

nine-circled course of her wandering path, where thou didst range and cry, Phyllis, waiting the safe return of thy husband Demophoon, when he should come back from the land of Athena. Then across the rich land of the Haemonians[a] there suddenly arose upon his eyes the flowery Achaean land, Phthia, feeder of men, and Mycene of wide streets. Then past the marshes where Erymanthus[b] rises he marked Sparta of fair women, the dear city of the son of Atreus, lying on the banks of the Eurotas. And hard by, established under a hill's shady wood, he gazed upon her neighbour, lovely Therapne. Thence they had not far to sail, nor was the noise of the oars rowing in the calm sea heard for long, when they cast the hawsers of the ship upon the shores of a fair gulf and made them fast, even they whose business was the works of the sea.

And he washed him in the snowy river and went his way, stepping with careful steps, lest his lovely feet should be defiled of the dust; lest, if he hastened more quickly, the winds should blow heavily on his helmet and stir up the locks of his hair.

And now he scanned the high-built houses of the hospitable inhabitants and the neighbouring temples hard by, and surveyed the splendour of the city; here gazing on the golden image of native[c] Athena herself, and there passing the dear treasure of Carneian Apollo, even the shrine of Hyacinthus of Amyclae, whom once while he played as a boy with Apollo the people of Amyclae marked and marvelled whether he too had not been conceived and borne

[c] See Pausan. iii. 13. 3–4. With "native" (ἐνδαπία) Athena we may compare Carneios Oiketes.

by Leto to Zeus. But Apollo knew not that he was keeping the youth for envious Zephyrus. And the earth, doing a pleasure to the weeping king, brought forth a flower to console Apollo, even that flower[a] which bears the name of the splendid youth.

And at last by the halls of the son[b] of Atreus, builded near, he stood, glorying in his marvellous graces. Not so fair was the lovely son[c] whom Thyone[d] bare to Zeus: forgive me, Dionysus! even if thou art of the seed of Zeus, he, too, was fair as his face was beautiful. And Helen unbarred the bolts of her hospitable bower and suddenly went to the court of the house, and, looking in front of the goodly doors, soon as she saw, so soon she called him and led him within the house, and bade him sit on a new-wrought chair of silver. And she could not satisfy her eyes with gazing, now deeming that she looked on the golden youth that attends on Cythereia[e] —and late she recognized that it was not Eros; she saw no quiver of arrows—and often in the beauty of his face and eyes she looked to see the king[f] of the vine: but no blooming fruit of the vine did she behold spread upon the meeting of his gracious brows. And after long time, amazed, she uttered her voice and said:

"Stranger, whence art thou? declare thy fair lineage even unto us. In beauty thou art like unto

littera communis [= A] mediis pueroque viroque
inscripta est foliis, haec nominis [Aias], illa querellae [Aἰαῖ].

It is the "lettered hyacinth" of Theocr. x. 28 and Milton's "sanguine flower inscribed with woe," *Lycid.* 106. The flower seems to be not our hyacinth but a species of larkspur, *Delphinium Ajacis*. For the myth see Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris* i. p. 313 ff.

[a] Dionysus. [b] Menelaus. [c] Dionysus. [d] Semele. [e] Aphrodite. [f] Dionysus.

a glorious king, but thy family I know not among the Argives. I know all the family of blameless Deucalion. Not in sandy Pylus, the land of Neleus, hast thou thy dwelling: Antilochus I know, but thy face I have not seen; not in gracious Phthia, nurse of chieftains; I know the whole renowned race of the sons of Aeacus, the beauty of Peleus, the fair fame of Telamon, the gentleness of Patroclus and the prowess of Achilles."

So, yearning for Paris, spake the lady of sweet voice. And he opened honeyed speech and answered her:

"If haply thou hast heard of a town in the bounds of Phrygia, even Ilios, whereof Poseidon built the towers and Apollo: if thou hast haply heard of a very wealthy king in Troy, sprung from the fruitful race of Cronus: thence am I a prince and pursue all the works of my race. I, lady, am the dear son of Priam rich in gold, of the lineage of Dardanus am I, and Dardanus was the son of Zeus. And the gods from Olympus, companioning with men, oft-times became his servants,[a] albeit they were immortal: of whom Poseidon with Apollo built the shining walls of our fatherland. And I, O Queen, am the judge of goddesses. For, deciding a suit for the aggrieved daughters of heaven, I praised the beauty of Cypris and her lovely form. And she vowed that she would give me a worthy recompense of my labour, even a glorious and a lovely bride, whom they call Helen, sister of Aphrodite; and it is for her sake that I have endured to cross such seas. Come, let us join wedlock, since Cythereia bids. Despise me not, put not my love to shame. I will not say—why should

I tell thee who knowest so much? for thou knowest that Menelaus is of an unvaliant race. Not such as thou are women born among the Argives; for they wax with meaner limbs and have the look of men and are but bastard women." [a]

So he spake. And the lady fixed her lovely eyes upon the ground, and long time perplexed replied not. But at last amazed she uttered her voice and said:

"Of a surety, O stranger, did Poseidon and Apollo in days of old build the foundation of thy fatherland? Fain would I have seen those cunning works of the immortals and the shrill-blowing pasture of shepherd Apollo, where by the god-built vestibules of the gates Apollo often-times followed the kine of shuffling gait. Come now, carry me from Sparta unto Troy. I will follow, as Cythereia, queen of wedlock, bids. I do not fear Menelaus, when Troy shall have known me."

So the fair-ankled lady plighted her troth. And night, respite from labour after the journey of the sun, lightened sleep and brought the beginning of wandering morn; and opened the two gates [b] of dreams: one the gate of truth—it shone with the sheen of horn — whence leap forth the unerring messages of the gods; the other the gate of deceit, nurse of empty dreams. And he carried Helen from the bowers of hospitable Menelaus to the benches of his sea-faring ships; and exulting exceedingly in the promise of Cythereia he hastened to carry to Ilios his freight of war.

And Hermione [c] cast to the winds her veil and, as morning rose, wailed with many tears. And often

[c] Daughter of Menelaus and Helen.

taking her handmaidens outside her chamber, with shrillest cries she uttered her voice and said:

"Girls, whither hath my mother gone and left me in grievous sorrow, she that yester-even with me took the keys of the chamber and entered one bed with me and fell asleep?"

So spake she weeping and the girls wailed with her. And the women gathered by the vestibule on either side and sought to stay Hermione in her lamentation:

"Sorrowing child, stay thy lamentation; thy mother has gone, yet shall she come back again. While still thou weepest, thou shalt see her. Seest not? thine eyes are blinded with tears and thy blooming cheeks are marred with much weeping. Haply she hath gone to a meeting of women in assembly and, wandering from the straight path, stands distressed, or she hath gone to the meadow and sits on the dewy plain of the Hours, or she hath gone to wash her body in the river of her fathers and lingered by the streams of Eurotas."

Then spake the sorrowful maiden weeping: "She knows the hill, she hath skill of the rivers' flow, she knows the paths to the roses, to the meadow. What say ye to me, women? The stars sleep and she rests among the rocks; the stars rise, and she comes not home. My mother, where art thou? in what hills dost thou dwell? Have wild beasts slain thee in thy wandering? but even the wild beasts tremble before the offspring of high Zeus. Hast thou fallen from thy car on the levels of the dusty ground, and left thy body in the lonely thickets? but I have scanned the trees of the many-trunked copses in the shady wood, yea, even to the very leaves, yet thy form have I not seen; and the wood I do

not blame. Have the smooth waters covered thee in the depths, swimming in the wet streams of murmuring Eurotas? but even in the rivers and in the depths of the sea the Naiads live and do not slay women."

Thus she wailed, and leaning back her neck breathed Sleep who walks with Death; for verily it was ordained that both should have all things in common and pursue the works of the elder brother:[a] hence women, weighed down with sorrowing eyes, oft-times, while they weep, fall asleep. And wandering amid the deceits of dreams she fancied that she saw her mother; and, amazed, the maiden, in her grief cried out:

"Yesterday to my sorrow thou didst fly from me out of the house and left me sleeping on my father's bed. What mountain have I left alone? What hill have I neglected? Followest thou thus the love of fair-tressed Aphrodite?

Then the daughter of Tyndareus[b] spake to her and said:

"My sorrowful child, blame me not, who have suffered terrible things. The deceitful man who came yesterday hath carried me away!"

So she spake. And the maiden leapt up, and seeing not her mother, uttered a yet more piercing cry and wailed:

"Birds, winged children of the brood of air, go ye to Crete and say to Menelaus: 'Yesterday a lawless man came to Sparta and hath laid waste all the glory of thy halls!'"

So spake she with many tears to the air, and seeking for her mother wandered in vain. And to the towns of the Cicones[c] and the straits of

[b] Helen. [c] Hom. *Od.* ix. 39; a people of Thrace.

Aeolian[a] Helle, into the havens of Dardania the bridegroom brought his bride. And Cassandra on the acropolis, when she beheld the new-comer, tore her hair amain and flung away her golden veil. But Troy unbarred the bolts of her high-built gates and received on his return her citizen that was the source of her woe.

ACHILLEID
BOOK 1

Goddess, tell of great-hearted Aeaeides and offspring feared of the Thunderer and forbidden to succeed to his father's heaven.[1] The hero's deeds, 'tis true, are much famed in Maeonian song, but more are yet to celebrate. Be it your pleasure that I (so I crave) traverse the whole hero, bringing him forth by Dulichian trump as he hides in Scyros, nor stopping at Hector's drag, but singing the warrior through Troy's whole story. Only do you, Phoebus, grant me new founts if I have drained the old one with a worthy draught, and bind my hair with auspicious[2] leafage; for no stranger do I knock at the Aonian grove, nor are these the first fillets to amplify my temples. The land of Diree knows it, and Thebes numbers me among her forbears' ancient names along with her own Amphion.

But you, the wonder of Italy's and Greece's manhood first by far, for whom the twin laurels of bards and captains flourish in rivalry (one of the twain is long since sad to be surpassed),[3] give me good leave; suffer me in my eagerness to sweat awhile in this dust. On you I work in long and not yet confident preparing, and great Achilles is your prelude.

[2] *Secunda* could mean 'second,' referring to the *Thebaid*.

[3] Domitian's early achievements in poetry had been eclipsed by his victories in war.

The Dardan shepherd had launched a fleet from Oebalus' shore. He had sweetly ravished unwary Amyclae[4] and was retracing his guilty way in fulfilment of his mother's prophetic dream,[5] where Helle, a Nereid now hidden in the sea, rules the waves she hates, when Thetis (alas for parents' auguries never vain!) down below the glassy flood took fright at Ida's oars. Straightway she leapt from her watery bower along with her bevy of sisters. The meeting shores of Phrixus seethe and the strait cannot find room for its mistresses.

As soon as she comes up into the air, shaking off[6] the sea: 'This fleet,' she says, 'is after me, to me a deadly menace. I recognize the warnings. Proteus told true. Raising her torch from the stern, behold, Bellona brings Priam a new daughter-in-law. I see Ionian and Aegean pressed by a thousand keels. And it is not enough that all the land of the Grecians leagues with Atreus' angry sons; soon they will be looking by land and sea for my Achilles, and himself will want to follow. For why did I trust Pelion to the child[7] for cradle and the grim master's cave? There, if I mistake not, he plays at Lapith battles and already measures himself with his father's spear,[8] the rogue. Ah pain, ah tremors too late in my mother's heart! Unhappy that I am, when first the planks of Rhoeteum fell upon our waters,[9] could I not have raised a mighty main and pursued the foul pirate's sails with a deep[10] tempest and brought all my sisters

[7] A bold inversion reminiscent of Statius' earlier style.

[8] *In hasta* does not say how he held the spear; presumably upright by his side. [9] They fell (i.e. were felled) as trees and put to sea as ship timber—a telescopic expression for which Dilke provides parallels. [10] Reaching down into the depths.

against them? Even now—but too late, the raped one's outrage is already complete. Yet I will go ('tis all I can do now) and appeal in my misery to the gods of the deep and the second Jove's[11] right hand clasped in mine, by Tethys' years[12] and her aged father,[13] asking for one storm.'

She spoke and just in time beheld the mighty monarch. He was coming from Oceanus his host, cheerful from the table, his countenance relaxed with sea nectar. Hence tempests and winds are silent, his squires the Tritons sing quietly as they move, cliff-like monsters[14] and herds of the Tyrrhenian circle around and below, saluting their king. Himself towers high above the placid waters and orders his team forward with his triple weapon. From their breasts they hurry their foamy course, behind they swim,[15] wiping out their prints with their tails. Then Thetis:

'Sire and ruler of the mighty deep, see you for what uses you have thrown open the hapless main? Sins[16] of the lands sail in safety since the Pagasaean bark ruptured the laws and secluded majesty of the deep with Jason's rapine. Behold, the temerarious arbiter of unjust Ida makes voyage, freighted with another crime of theft and spoils of hospitality, to give what groans, alas, to earth and heaven, and what to me. Is it thus we balance the joys of the Phrygian palm, are these the ways of Venus, this the gift of a grate-

[13] Neptune's father Saturn, who had been overthrown and imprisoned by his children, cannot be meant. In Hesiod (*Theogony* 106) Tethys' father is Uranus ('Sky').

[14] *Scopulosa* has been interpreted as 'haunting rocks' or as referring to excrescences on the creatures' bodies.

[15] Neptune's horses had rears like fish.

[16] More strictly 'reproaches' (anything that brings discredit).

ful nurseling?[17] These ships at least (do they bring back demigods[18] or our own Theseus?),[19] if any respect be left for the waters, drown them, or hand over the ocean. No cruelty: let it be lawful for me to fear for my son. Grant me to banish bereavement. Let it not please you that among so many billows I haunt one single beach and the rocks of an Ilian tomb.'[20]

She begged, tearing her cheeks, and with bared breast tried to block the cerulean horses. But the ruler of the waters invites her to his chariot and soothes her with friendly speech: 'Seek not in vain, Thetis, to sink the Dardan fleet. The Fates forbid. 'Tis ordained and ratified of the gods that Europe and Asia mingle bloody hands. Jupiter has proclaimed war's decree and years sad with slaughter. There victorious what a son shall you see in Sigean dust, what obsequies of Phrygian mothers, when your scion of Aeacus shall now drench the Teucrian plains in warm blood, now forbid the thickened rivers their outlets, slowing his chariot with Hector's corpse, overturning my walls —that lost labour![21] Cease now to complain of Peleus and misalliance. Men shall believe you bore a son to Jupiter. Nor shall you grieve unavenged. You shall use the kindred seas. I shall let you raise the waves when the Danai return and Caphereus puts out his nighttime

[20] Thetis had evidently heard (from Proteus?) that Achilles was to die at Troy and be buried on Cape Sigeum. Neptune too had foreknowledge (84–89).

[21] Neptune and Apollo built Troy's walls for her king Laomedon, who bilked them of their payment. But *irrita* (despite the scholiast) refers not to this but to the destined destruction of the city.

signals[22] and we both alike search for dire Ulysses.'[23]

He had spoken. Thetis' face fell at the heavy rebuff. She had been in train to rouse the sea and make war upon the Ilian vessels, but now her mind devised other plans. Sadly she turned her arms to Haemonia's land. Thrice she made essay with her hands, thrice thrust back the liquid level with her steps and the Thessalian shallows are striking her snow-white feet.[24] The hills rejoice and the connubial caverns lay open their hollows; Sperchios meets the goddess in broad abounding flow and circles her footprints with his fresh water. No pleasure does she take in the scene, but again and again goes over in her mind the plan begun, and wise in love's instruction seeks out aged Chiron. High up his lofty dwelling bores through the mountain, upholding Pelion with its lengthy vault. Part was excavated by hand, part its own age had ruptured. But tokens and couches of the gods are to be seen, showing which place each deity had hallowed with his reclining and his familiar spirit.[25] Within spread the Centaur's lofty stalls, a contrast to his villainous brethren. Here are no darts that have tasted human blood, no ash trees fractured in festive combats, nor mixing bowls shattered upon kindred foes,[26] but innocent quivers and empty hides of wild beasts—these too of his salad days. For at this time unarmed his only labour was to know herbs that bring health to living things in doubtful case or to limn with his lyre the heroes of old for his pupil.

[24] 'Three arm-strokes and three leg-strokes bring the goddess to the shore of Thessaly' (Dilke).

[25] At the marriage feast of Peleus and Thetis.

[26] The Centaurs fight each other, not just the Lapiths, at feasts.

Then as usual he was waiting at the threshold for the same to return from the hunt, hastening the repast and brightening the abode with a generous fire, when he saw the Nereid ascending from the distant beach. Out of the forest he breaks (joy gives him strength) and the ancient's familiar hoof sounded on the plain it now seldom trod. Then with courteous hand, sinking low down upon his shoulders, he leads her into his poor dwelling and warns her of the cavern.

Long does Thetis survey it all with silent gaze. Brooking no delay, she speaks: 'Where is my child, Chiron, say. Why does the boy now spend any time apart from you? Is there not good cause for my troubled sleep, for the dark portents of the gods telling my mother's heart dire fears—falsely, I pray? Now I see swords threatening my womb, now my hands bruised with lamentation, now wild beasts attacking my breasts. Often I myself (oh horror!) am bearing my son down hollow Tartarus, bearing him to dip again in the waters of Styx.[27] The Carpathian seer[28] tells me to rid me of these terrors by process of a magic rite and to purify the boy in secret seas under western sky,[29] where are the farthest shores of Ocean and my father Pontus[30] warms with ingliding stars. There awful expiations and gifts to gods unknown—but to tell it all would take too long and I am forbidden. Just hand him over.' So fabricates the mother, for the ancient would never have given the boy if she had dared tell him of effeminate habit and degrading garb.

[29] *Peracto* ('completed,' i.e. fully traversed) refers to the sun's daily course; hence 'western.' [30] This is a puzzle. Pontus apparently = Oceanus, not, as normally, the Euxine. But Thetis was the daughter of Nereus and Oceanus' daughter Doris.

Then he replies: 'Take him, best of mothers, take him I pray and bend the gods with humble entreaty. For your hopes pass bounds and envy is much to be placated. I go not to alarm you further, but I shall tell the truth. His precocious force is brewing something big (my father's omens[31] do not deceive me), going beyond his scanty years. Once he would bear threats and eagerly hear commands, nor go far from my cave. Now Ossa does not contain him, nor huge Pelion, nor Pharsalian snows. The Centaurs themselves often complain to me of plundered homes and cattle carried off before their eyes and themselves driven from fields and rivers. They prepare ambush and war and make angry threats. In time gone by, when the pine of Thessaly carried Argo's kings this way, I saw youthful Alcides and Theseus—but I am mum.'

Icy pallor rivets the Nereid. The lad was there, much sweat and dust made him bigger, and yet amid weapons and hurried labours he was still sweet to look upon. A bright glow swims in his snow-white face and his hair shines fairer than tawny gold. Nor yet is his first youth changing with new down, the lights in his eyes are tranquil and much of his mother is in his face: like Apollo the hunter when he returns from Lycia and quits his fierce quiver for the quill. By chance too he comes rejoicing (ah how much does happiness add to beauty!): he had struck with steel a lioness newly whelped under Pholoë's crag and left her in her empty cavern, bringing home the cubs and

[31] Chiron's father was Saturn, but the reference to omens is obscure.

provoking their claws. But when his mother appears on the trusty threshold, he throws them aside, picks her up and encircles her with greedy elbows, already powerful in his embrace and of height to match her. Patroclus follows, linked even then by a great love. He strains to rival such mighty deeds, equal in youthful zeal and manners but far behind in strength; yet he too was to see Pergamus, alike doomed.

Forthwith in a swift leap he approaches the nearest stream and freshens his steaming cheeks and hair in its water, like Castor entering the shallows of Eurotas with panting steed and furbishing the weary ray of his star. The ancient wonders at him, spruces him up, stroking now his chest, now his strong shoulders. Her joys torture the mother. Then Chiron begs her to taste victuals and Bacchus' gift, weaving various delights for her amazement. At last he draws out his lyre, moving the care-comforting strings, and after making light trial of them with his thumb hands them to the boy. Willingly he sings mighty seeds of glory: how many commands of his proud stepdame Amphitryon's son accomplished, with what a glove Pollux crushed cruel Bebryx, with how strong a grip the son of Aegeus encircled and broke the limbs of Minos' bull, and finally his mother's marriage bed and Pelion weighed down by the High Ones. Here Thetis' anxious countenance yielded in a smile. Night draws to slumber. The huge Centaur collapses on stone and Achilles fondly twines himself about his shoulders, though his faithful mother is there, preferring the familiar bosom.

But Thetis in the night stands beside the sea-sounding rocks. Her mind is split this way and that as she turns over what secret place she should choose for her son, in what

lands she should decide to conceal him. Thrace is nearest,[32] but much given to Mavors' pursuits. Nor does the hardy race of Macedonians please, nor yet the children of Cecrops (they would spur him to glory). Sestos and the bay of Abydos are too much in the way of ships. She decides to go through the crowding Cyclades. Here she spurns Myconos and lowly Seriphos and Lemnos, to men unfriendly,[33] and Delos, hospitable to all peoples. A while back she had heard from Lycomedes' unwarlike palace bevies of girls and the sound of their play along the shore, while on a mission to follow Aegaeon as he relaxed his harsh bonds and to number the god's hundred chains.[34] This land pleases, this is safest for the fearful mother. Even so a bird, near to giving birth, already careful, already afraid, wonders on what branch to hang her vacant house; here she foresees winds, here thinks anxiously of serpents, here of men; finally as she doubts, a shady place takes her fancy; scarce has she alighted on the stranger boughs and all at once she loves the tree.

Another care remains for the sad goddess' weary pondering: should she herself take her son through the waters in her embrace or use mighty Triton, call on the swift winds to aid or Thaumas' daughter,[35] wont to feed upon the sea? Then from the deep she summons her team, a pair of dolphins, bridling them with sharp seashells. Great Tethys had reared them for her in the Atlantic ocean, deep in an echoing sea hollow. No denizen of Neptune's watery

[34] Apparently an extrapolation from *Iliad* 1.401ff. See Dilke.

[35] Iris, the rainbow, believed to draw up seawater into the clouds.

kingdom has such beauty of grey-blue form, such power of swimming, or more of human mind. She tells them to halt in the full sea verge, so that contact with bare earth do them no hurt. Then she herself carries Achilles, his bosom all relaxed in the sleep of boyhood, down from the crags of the Haemonian cave to the placid waters and the shore commanded to be silent. Cynthia shows the way, shining out with all her orb. Untroubled by the sea,[36] Chiron follows the goddess on her path and begs speedy return, hiding his moist eyes and gazing out from horse erect as they are suddenly carried away and presently hidden from sight, where for a little while foam the white traces of flight and the track dies upon the liquid flood. Him now sad Pholoë, now cloudy Othrys lament, no more to return to Thessalian Tempe, likewise Sperchios in thinner flow and the learned ancient's muted cavern. The Fauns miss his boyish songs and the Nymphs bewail long hoped-for nuptials.

Now day presses down the stars and Titan rolls his dripping steeds from out the low and level waters and the sea raised by his chariot falls from the vast sky.[37] But the mother had already crossed the waves and was safe on Scyros' shore, the weary dolphins had left their mistress' yoke, when the boy's sleep was shaken and his wide eyes felt daylight pouring in. At first sight of sky[38] he was stunned: what place is this, what waves, where is Pelion? Everything he sees is changed and strange, and he doubts to recognize his mother. She hastens to caress the frightened lad and lovingly addresses him:

[37] Water drips from the chariot as it rises.

[38] Lit. 'air' (atmosphere).

'Dear boy, if a kindly lot had brought me the marriage it proffered, I should be holding you in my embrace as a grand star in the celestial regions; of the great heaven should I have borne my child nor feared lowly fates and earthly dooms. As it is, my son, your birth is unequal and death's path blocked only on your mother's side. Ay, and the time of danger approaches, perils moved close to the final turning point. Let us give way. Lower a little your manly spirit and deign to wear my raiment. If the Tirynthian carried Lydian wool in his hard hand and womanish spears,[39] if Bacchus it beseems to sweep his footsteps with a gold-embroidered robe, if Jupiter donned a virgin's limbs,[40] and doubtful sexes did not rob great Caeneus of his manhood,[41] pray allow me this way to escape the threat and the baleful cloud. Soon I shall give you back your fields once more, once more the Centaur's wilds. I beg you by your handsome looks and future joys of youth: if for your sake I made trial of land and a lowly spouse, if I armed you at birth with the stern Stygian river (and would it had been all of you!),[42] for a little while take safe clothing, that will do no harm to your spirit. Why do you withdraw your face, what purpose is in your eyes? Are you ashamed to soften in this dress? I swear to you, dear boy, by my kindred sea, Chiron shall not know of this.'

So she wrought on his rough heart, coaxing in vain. Against her plea stands his father and his huge foster sire

[41] Caeneus changed from male to female (Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 12.171ff.) and, according to one report, back again. He took part in the Calydonian boar hunt, but the epithet *magnum* seems to have no special relevance.

[42] See on 134.

and the raw rudiments of a great nature: as though one were to try to subject a horse, haughty with the fire of unbridled youth, to his first harness; long delighting in field and river and proud beauty, he bends not his neck to the yoke nor his fierce mouth to the bit, loudly indignant to pass captive under a master's command, marvelling to learn new courses.

What deity bestowed artful trickery on the baffled mother? What mood[43] diverted stubborn Achilles. It fell out that Scyros was celebrating a day in honour of Pallas of the Beach. The sisterhood, daughters of mild Lycomedes, had left their native walls on the holy morning (a rare licence) to give spring's riches to the goddess and bind her austere tresses with foliage and scatter flowers upon her spear. All possessed surpassing beauty, all were dressed alike; they had reached the term of tender modesty, their maidenhood, their burgeoning years, were ripe for the marriage bed. But as Venus overwhelms the green Sea Nymphs when she joins them, as Diana's shoulders outtop the Naiads, so far does Deidamia, queen of the fair choir, shine out eclipsing her lovely sisters. Purple is fired by her rosy face, her gems have more brilliance, her gold more allure. Her form equals the goddess' own, would she but lay aside her bosom's snakes and pacify her countenance, helmet removed. When the truculent boy, whose heart no stirring had ever assailed, saw her leading her attendant column from far ahead, he stiffened and drank novel flame in all his bones. Nor does his draught of love stay hid-

[43] *Mens* seems best taken of Achilles' mood rather than as 'device,' a very rare if not unexampled sense. Besides, Achilles' sight of Deianira was not a device; it happened.

den; the brand waving in his inmost parts goes to his face and tinges the brightness of his cheeks, wandering over them with a light sweat as they feel the impulse.[44] As when the Massagetae darken their cups of milk with scarlet blood or when ivory is tainted with purple dye, such is the sudden fire manifest by various signs, paling and blushing. He would go forward and wildly disrupt the rituals of his hosts, careless of the crowd and oblivious of his years, did not modesty and reverence for the mother by his side hold him back. As when the future father and leader of the herd, whose horns have not yet finished their full circle, looks upon the snow-white heifer who shares his pasture, his spirit takes fire and first love foams through his mouth, while the merry cowherds watch and oppose him.

His mother is already aware of his secret; seizing her moment, she makes her move: 'My son, is it so hard to feign to dance among these girls and join hands in play? What is there like this beneath chilly Ossa and the heights of Pelion? Oh if only it were mine to join loving hearts and carry another Achilles in my bosom!' He is softened and blushes for joy, casting sly, wanton glances, and lightens the hand that pushes the garments away. His mother sees his indecision, sees that he would fain be forced, and throws the folds over him. Then she softens the stiff neck, lowers the weighty shoulders, loosens the strong arms; she subdues the unkempt hair, fixing and arranging, and transfers her necklace to the beloved neck. Constraining his steps with an embroidered hem, she teaches him how to walk and move and how to speak with modesty. As wax that

[44] *Impulsam*, agreeing with *lucem genarum*, which stands for *genas* (Dilke).

an artist's thumb will bring to life receives shape and follows fire and hand, such was the semblance of the goddess as she transformed her son. Nor did she struggle long. Charm is his in plenty and to spare, though manhood demur, and doubtful sex cheats the observer, hiding in narrow divide.

They go forward. Gently Thetis cautions and presses, over and over again: 'So then, my son, will you bear your step, so face and hands, copying your companions in fashions feigned, lest the ruler suspect you nor let you join the soft quarters and the falsehood of our artful enterprise go for nothing.' So she speaks, nor ceases[45] her trimming and touching. So when Hecate[46] returns weary from virginal Therapne to her father and brother, her mother attends her as she walks, herself covering shoulders and bared arms, herself relieving of bow and quiver, drawing down the girt-up gown and proudly ordering the dishevelled locks.

Forthwith she accosts the king and there calling the altars to witness she speaks: 'I give this girl, oh king, the sister of my Achilles (see you not how fierce she looks, how like her brother?) into your keeping. High-mettled, she asked for weapons on her shoulders and a bow, asked to shun wedlock Amazon fashion. But I have enough to worry about on my man-child's account. Let her convey the baskets[47] and the holy things, do you rule and tame the froward wench and keep her in her sex, till it is time for mar-

[46] Diana, 'here identified with the Arcadian and Spartan Artemis, so that the relations mentioned here are Jupiter, Latona, and Apollo' (Dilke).

[47] As in the Athenian festival of the Canephoria.

riage and relaxing of modesty. Don't let her practice wanton wrestlings[48] or wander in woodland wilds. Raise her indoors, shut her among girls like herself. Especially be sure to keep her away from the beach and the harbour. You saw the Phrygian sails the other day. Ships have now learned to cross the sea and violate mutual laws.'

The father assents to her words and accepts Achilles disguised by parental craft—who should resist divine deceits? He even reverences her with suppliant hand and thanks her for choosing him. The flock of duteous Scyrian girls continue to stare relentlessly at the new maiden's face, marvelling how she outtops them by neck and hair, how broad she spreads her chest and shoulders. Then they urge her to share their dances and join their chaste rituals, yielding her place and rejoicing in the contact. As with Idalian birds when they break soft clouds, long congregated in their home and in the sky:[49] if a stranger bird coming from a distant region join her feathers, at first they all wonder and fear, but presently they fly closer and closer and still in the air little by little they make her one of their own, merrily circling her with auspicious flap of wing, leading her to their lofty roost.

The mother lingers long at the threshold as she leaves, repeating her admonitions, planting secret mutterings in his ears and giving last words with muted countenance. Then the waters receive her and she swims away. Afar, she turns back her neck and speaks flattering vows to the shore: 'Land dear to me, to whom I have consigned the

[48] Customary for Spartan girls. *Gymnades* may include any athletic exercise.

[49] Or 'their heavenly home,' the dovecot (hendiadys).

child I love so much, a trust indeed, in fearful cunning, good fortune be with you; and I pray, keep my secret as Crete kept Rhea's.[50] Enduring worship and shrines eternal shall gird you, nor shall unsteady Delos[51] surpass your fame. Sacred shall you be to wind and wave, a quiet home for the Nereids among the shallows of the Cyclades when Aegean tempests shatter the rocks, an island for sailors' prayers: only grant not access to Danaan keels, grant it not, I pray. "Here are only dances, nothing for warriors' use"—so teach Rumour to tell; and while Doric arms are making ready and Mavors rages between two worlds[52] (let him for all I care), be Achilles good Lycomedes' maiden.'

Meanwhile avenging Europe sets righteous wrath astir, aflame with sweet fury of arms and suppliant complaint of kings. For Atreus' son, he the more whose wife is still at home,[53] makes canvass, honing Ilium's crime in the telling. Heaven's progeny, he says, nursling of mighty Sparta, is taken prisoner without war or weapons; laws, good faith, and the High Ones trampled in a single larceny. Such is Phrygian compact, such the commerce of two continents! What should the peoples expect, when so foul an outrage has descended on their leaders? All races, all ages flock together. Not only are they aroused whom Isthmus bars with rampart of double sea and the sounding waves of Malea's cape encircle,[54] but far away where Phrixus' track forbids the junction of Europe and Asia, close though they come, those peoples that the wave of the upper sea binds in their

[52] Europe and Asia.

[53] Agamemnon.

[54] The Peloponnesians; cf. *Thebaid* 7.15f.

sequence on Abydos' coast.[55] War-lust seethes, starting up the shaken cities. Temese[56] tames bronze, Euboea's shore quivers with dockyards, Mycenae resonates with countless anvils,[57] Pisa makes new chariots, Nemea gives wild beasts' hides, Cirrha vies in stuffing arrow-bearing quivers, Lerna is clothing heavy shields with slaughtered bullocks. Aetolian and fierce Acarnanian give footsoldiers to the war, Argos drives her squadrons, the pastures of rich Arcadia are emptied,[58] Epiros bridles her swift nurslings,[59] the shades of Phocis and Aonia are thinned for javelins, Pylos and Messena stretch mural catapults.[60] No area is excused. Ancestral weapons long disused are plucked from lofty doorposts, gifts to the gods melt in flame. Mars puts gold taken from the High Ones to savage purpose. The ancient shades are gone: Othrys shrinks and Taygetus' heights subside. Stripped mountains see the sky. Now every forest is afloat. Oaks are felled for the fleet, lesser timber for oars. Iron is wearied into countless uses, to rivet prows, to protect weapons,[61] to bridle warhorses, to weave tunics scaly with a thousand chains, to smoke with blood and drink deep wounds, to thrust in death with poison for partner.

[57] The Cyclopes were credited with building in the area. The following place names have mythological associations (Oenomaus, Hercules, Apollo), except for Lerna, which will stand for the Argolid, rich in cattle. Argos in 419, also = Argolis, as a source of cavalry calls for a revision which never came.

[58] Of sheep, for food or clothing. [59] Horses.

[60] As for Messena, 'possibly Statius is thinking of Ithome in 464–59 BC when the Athenians under Cimon, who were experienced in siege warfare, helped the Spartans (Thucydides 1.102)' (Dilke).

[61] To tip wooden shafts.

They grind down moistened stones[62] and add wrath to lazy sword points. No limit to the bending of bows, the casting of sling bolts, the charring of stakes, the raising of helmets with crests. Amid these busy doings only Thessaly laments her sluggish tranquillity, upbraiding the Fates with double complaint for that Peleus is old and Achilles still too young.

Now the Lord of War had drained the lands of Pelops and the Grecian world, madly flinging men on to the thwarts, and horses.[63] The harbours hum and the bays covered with keels, and as the fleet moves forward it raises its own storms and billows. The sea itself is now too small for the vessels and the sails devour all the winds.

First Hecate's[64] Aulis gathers the Danaan boats, Aulis climbing the Euboean sea with jutting cliffs and the embankment of her long chine, shores very dear to the mountain-ranging goddess, and nearby Caphereus raising his head for the sea to bark at. When he saw the Pelasgian boats sailing by, he thundered thrice with mountain and thrice with waters, presaging a cruel night.[65] There was the armament's assembly dooming Troy, there mighty war is sworn till annual sun complete full course.[66] Then first did Greece survey her might, then the scattered, dissonant mass gathers into body and countenance, disposed under a single monarch. So the curving net pens in the hiding beasts, constraining them in toils tighter and tighter drawn; terrified by fire and noise they leave the wide wilderness and wonder that their mountain is shrinking until

[65] The wreck of the Greek fleet; cf. 93.

[66] 'The delay of a whole year seems to be Statius' own invention' Dilke. But what he says is that the army swore to remain in service for a year (optimistically: the war lasted nine years).

they have dropped from every side into a narrow vale; in turn the herds fall amazed and sharing fright grow tame. The bristling boar and bear and wolf are driven together and the stag despises trapped lions.

Together the two sons of Atreus wage their war, Tydeus' son and Sthenelus[67] press their Fathers' fame with greedy valour, Antilochus thinks not of his years,[68] Ajax with his shield boss flashes seven lords of the herd[69] and a circle to match a city wall, watchful Ulysses vies in arms and counsel: but all the warrior host burns for absent Achilles, Achilles' name they love, only Achilles demand against Hector, speak only of him as the doom of Teucrians and Priam. For who but he down in Haemonia's valley grew up crawling in hollowed snow? Whose raw rudiments and tender years did the Centaur undertake and shape from birth? Whose lineage is closer to ancestral sky? Whom else did a Nereid take through Styx' river in secret and block his fair limbs against steel? Such talk do the Greek cohorts in their camp repeat and pass on. The throng of captains yields and cheerfully acknowledges defeat. So when the pale sky-dwellers gathered to the camp at Phlegra and Gradivus was already rising to the height of his Odrysian spear, Tritonia rearing her Libyan snakes, the Delian bending his huge bow, Nature[70] stood panting with terror, eyes upon the Thunderer alone—when would he summon storms and thunder from the clouds, how many bolts ask of fire-bearing Aetna?

[68] I.e. his youth. In *Iliad* 15.569 he is called the youngest of the Achaeans, but with the implication of youthful vigour rather than immaturity. [69] Ajax' shield had seven layers of oxhide.

[70] *Natura* thus personalized is decidedly odd.

While the kings there, surrounded by their mingled followings of common folk, take counsel on times for sailing and fighting, Protesilaus amid great commotion upbraids the prophet Calchas; for he above the rest is eager for battle, already granted the glory of first death: 'Son of Thestor, too forgetful of Phoebus and your tripods, when will you have better cause to move lips possessed by deity or why will you hide the secrets of the Parcae?[71] See you how all are amazed at the unknown seed of Aeacus and clamour for him? Calydon's hero[72] is as dross among the folk, so too great Telamon's son[73] and Ajax the second, I also; but Mavors and captured Troy will be the proof. Him (alas, 'tis shame) all adore like a deity of war, neglecting their leaders. Say quickly—or why the wreath upon your hair and so much honour? In what region does he hide, in what land do you tell us to seek him? For Rumour has it that he is not living in Chiron's cavern nor yet in his father Peleus' palace. Up with you! Break in upon the gods and harry the skulking Fates. Breathe in the laurelled fire,[74] greedy as never before. We have left you free of dread weapons and cruel swords; never shall a helmet profane these your unwarlike fillets. But fortunate are you and above all the number of our captains if you pay down great Achilles to the Danai in exchange for yourself.'[75]

This while the son of Thestor has been glaring around him in nervous agitation and his first pallor confesses the

you tell us?' *Recludere* usually means 'reveal,' but the converse sometimes in the jurists. In *Silvae* 3.4.98 the reading is doubtful. *Recludis* may well be right. [72] Diomedes.

[73] The big Ajax. [74] Probably metaphorical, as Dilke's parallels suggest. [75] As your substitute in the fighting force.

entering god. Presently he rolls fiery bloodshot eyes, nor sees comrades and camp, he is sightless and somewhere else. Now he catches unawares[76] the great gatherings of the High Ones in heaven, now talks to prescient birds, now anxiously consults the harsh threads of the Sisters, now incense-bearing altars, snatching the tip of flames and feeding on sacred murk.[77] His hair starts up, the fillet on his stiff locks is in trouble, his neck is distorted, his steps disordered. At last in trembling he opens his weary mouth in long-drawn howls and his voice struggles free from opposing frenzy: 'Whither, oh Nereid, are you hailing great Chiron's mighty foster child with your woman's wiles? Send him here. Why do you carry him away? I shall not suffer it. He is mine, mine. Are you a goddess of the deep? Me too does Phoebus drive. In what hiding place do you strive to conceal Asia's overthrower? I see you adaze among the crowding Cyclades, seeking a shore for an unseemly trick. We are undone! Lycomedes' conniving land was your choice. Oh crime! See, flowing garments come upon his breast. Tear them, boy, tear them, nor yield to your timid mother. Alas, away he goes, kidnapped. Who is this shameless girl yonder?'

Here staggering he halted and losing the strength of madness collapsed quivering before the very altar. Then Calydon's hero accosts the hesitant Ithacan: 'Us this labour calls; for I should not refuse to go with you if your care should draw me.[78] Though he be held down in the echoing caverns of distant Tethys and watery Nereus' bosom, you

[78] I.e. 'if your mission should draw me along.' As senior Ulysses would be in charge, but Diomedes would join him if invited. Not 'if your anxiety should induce you to go' (Dilke).

shall find him. Only in foreseeing craft exert your wakeful mind and rouse your fertile brain.[79] No prophet, I trow, would dare in doubtful case to see the Fates before you.' Gladly Ulysses replies: 'So may the god almighty confirm, so your father's Virgin[80] grant you! But hope is slippery and gives me pause. A grand thing indeed to bring Achilles in arms into camp. But were the Fates to deny, how sad and shameful to return! Yet I will not leave the prayers of the Danai unattempted. Either the hero son of Peleus shall be here with me right soon or truth lurks deep and Calchas lacks Apollo.'

The Danai shout and Agamemnon spurs on the willing pair. The gathering dissolves and the troops disperse and depart, joyfully murmuring; like as at nightfall the birds come back from pasture or mild Hybla sees her swarms return to their grotto laden with new honey. Without delay the Ithacan canvas asks for a fair wind and the merry youth sit at the oars.

But far away Deidamia, she only, already in secret dalliance knew Aeacides for a man, concealed as he was beneath semblance of false sex. But conscious of her hidden fault, she is afraid of everything and thinks her silent sisters perceive. For when rough Achilles stood in the maidens' company and his mother's departure relaxed his callow modesty, forthwith he chose his companion, though the whole throng came at him together, and in winning manner sets new traps for the unsuspecting girl, pursuing her, besetting her, the rogue, making eyes at her again and yet again. Now he clings too closely to her side (nor does she

[79] *Pectus*, seat of the intelligence as well as the emotions.

[80] Pallas Athene, protector of Diomedes' father Tydeus.

avoid him), now hits her with light garlands, now with baskets that fall over on purpose,[81] now with gentle wand. Now he shows her the familiar lyre's sweet strings, the slender measures and Chiron's songs, guiding her hand and making her fingers strike the sounding instrument. Now he seizes her lips as she sings and twines embraces and praises her in a thousand kisses. Willingly she learns what peak is Pelion, who is Aeacides, wondering and wondering at the boy's name and deeds as she hears them, and sings of Achilles to his face. She too on her side shows him how to advance his strong limbs more decorously and how to draw out raw wool with his thumb's friction, repairing the distaff and the skeins that his rough hand has spoiled. She marvels at the sound of his voice and his weight as he holds her, how he avoids her companions[82] and fixes her with too intent a gaze and pants abruptly as he speaks. Just as he is about to reveal the cheat, she flees with girlish inconstancy and forbids him to confess. So the young ruler of Olympus under mother Rhea would give guileful kisses to his unsuspecting sister, still only her brother, until the reverence due to shared blood gave way and the sister feared love changed.[83]

At last the timorous Nereid's trick was exposed.[84] A wood stood high for the rites of Agenorean[85] Bacchus, a forest rising to the sky. In its shade pious matrons were

[83] Alarmed by the change from brotherly affection to amorous ardour.

[84] The line was bracketed by Garrod (and Dilke), and Goold would put it in place of 772. But it makes an appropriate enough introduction to the narrative that follows.

[85] Bacchus' mother Semele was Agenor's granddaughter.

wont to renew the alternating triennial,[86] bearing dismembered cattle, tree trunks torn from the soil, offering the god his favorite frenzies. By law men must go far away. The venerable monarch repeats the rule, the grot is proclaimed out of bounds for males. And that is not enough. At the appointed boundary stands a priestess, figure of fear, searching the approaches lest a violator appear among the female band. Silently Achilles laughed to himself. As he leads the standard of a virgin troop and clumsily waves his great arms (his sex and his mother's lies are equally becoming), his companions marvel; no more is Deidamia the fairest of her throng, beside proud Aeacides her stature is surpassed by as much as she herself outtops her sisters. But when he dropped the fawnskin from his rounded neck, collecting the straying folds with ivy and binding his flaxen temples with purple fillets and brandishing the wreathed missile[87] with heavy hand, the throng stood amazed and afraid; leaving their rites, they are fain to gather round him and lift their downcast faces. Even as when Euhius at Thebes has relaxed countenance and spirit and satisfied his heart with his native luxury, he lifts garland and headband from his locks and arms the green[88] wand and visits his Indian foes stronger than ever.[89]

Moon in her rosy chariot was scaling the slope of midheaven, the hour when Sleep at his most torpid glides down to earth with all his wings and embraces the silent

[89] The comparison, variously explained, seems somewhat confused, but (a) in both cases 'luxury' is followed by activity and (b) Bacchus' activity is martial, Achilles' Dionysiac, though their accoutrements are similar; not, however, identical, since Bacchus 'arms' his wand with a metal tip.

globe. The dances subside, the beaten bronze falls mute awhile, and Achilles, solitary from the tender band, thus communes with himself: 'How long shall you endure the devices of your timid mother and squander the prime flower of courage in unmanly durance? May you not carry Mars' weapons in your hands nor hunt affrighted beasts? Where are Haemonia's plain and rivers?[90] Sperchius, do you miss my swims and promised tresses?[91] Or care you naught for your deserter foster son, and am I already talked of as snatched away to the shades of Styx, and does Chiron lament my death bereaved? Patroclus, do you now aim my darts and my bow and mount the team that was reared for me? While *I* now know how to spread my arms with wands of vine and spin thread (shame and disgust to confess it!). And more, you conceal your passion for your beloved girl, your coeval fire, night and day, a prisoner. How long will you suppress the wound that burns your breast nor even in love (for shame!) prove yourself a man?'

So he speaks. And happy that in the night's thick darkness timely silence lies inert upon his dalliance, he gains his desire by force, launching veritable embraces, with all his heart. All the choir of stars saw it from on high and the young Moon's horns blushed red. The girl filled wood and mountain with her cries, but Bacchus' companions shake aside their cloud of slumber and think it a signal for the dance. From all sides the familiar shout is raised and Achilles once more brandishes the wands. First though he comforts the doubting girl with friendly speech: 'I am he (why do you tremble?) that my sea-green mother almost

[90] From Virgil, *Georgics* 2.486f.
[91] Cf. *Iliad* 23.141ff.

bore to Jove and sent to Thessaly's woods and snows to be reared. Nor should I have donned this habit, these shameful clothes, if I had not seen you at the shore's verge; on your account I yielded, for you I handle wool and bear womanish drums. Why do you weep? You have joined the great sea, a daughter-in-law. Why do you moan? You shall bear mighty grandsons for the sky. As for your father—Scyros shall lie razed by fire and sword and these walls be overturned and pass into swollen tempests before you shall expiate my nuptials by a cruel death. Not so in all things shall I obey my mother.'[92]

The princess was stunned, horrified by such monstrous happenings, even though she had long suspected his good faith; and she dreaded himself at close quarters and his face was greatly changed as he confessed. What was she to do? Should she take her misfortunes to her father, bring forward[93] along with herself the young man, perhaps to receive a cruel punishment? And the love so long frustrated[94] still lingered in her heart. She suffers in silence, suppressing the crime that both now shared. Only her nurse she decides to make partner in her cheat, who consented, unable to resist the prayers of the pair. With secret guile she[95] hid the ravishing and the swelling womb and the ailing months as the weight grew, until telltale Lucina

93 (*Iuvenemque*) *premat* is inelegant before *premitque* in 668 and decidedly not a *mot juste*. Failure to perceive that *simul* is a preposition (or rather postposition) will account for the corruption.

94 Or 'deeeived' by Achilles' disguise. Not = *dissimulatus*.

95 The nurse.

brought the time appointed, the course complete, and delivered the child.

And now the Laertian ship was passing through Aegean windings and one after another the winds brought on the countless Cyclades. Now Paros and Olearos hide, now lofty Lemnos is shaved and Bacchic Naxos dwindles behind as Samos grows larger to view. Now Delos shadows the waters.[96] There from the tall stern they pour cups in libation and pray the oracle be trusty and Calchas true. The Bearer of the Bow heard them and urged Zephyr from Cynthus' peak, and filled the canvas as an omen to doubters. With no fear of the sea[97] the vessel makes her way. For the Thunderer's high commands did not suffer Thetis to change the Fates' sure decrees.[98] Sick she was with tears and much incensed[99] for that she could not stir up the sea and even then pursue hated Ulysses with all its winds and waves.

Already Phoebus was bearing downwards and breaking his rays on Olympus' lower verge, as he promised a penetrable shore[100] to his panting steeds, when rocky Scyros reared up. Towards her the captain son of Laërtes loosed all tackle from the stern, bidding his comrades take back

sea because she was fulfilling destiny. These considerations far outweigh the superior manuscript authority, whatever that may amount to.

[98] Thetis had to obey Jupiter, who had commanded what Fate had decreed; cf. 81–83.

[99] The palaeographically negligeable change of *timentem* to *tumentem* is needed because *quod non erueret* does not explain Thetis' *fears*.

[100] I.e. the sea near the shore.

the sea and make up for the falling Zephyrs with their oars.[101] Closer they approach, more and more plainly it was Seyros and Tritonia above, guardian of the tranquil shore. The Aetolian and the Ithacan disembark and adore the divinity of the friendly goddess. Then the prudent hero eommands his men to remain on board lest they alarm the stranger town with their sudden throng. He himself seeks the high ground along with trusty Diomede. But already Abas, warder of the coastal tower, had been before them, annomeing to the king that unknown sails, albeit Greek, were approaehing land. They go forward like two wolves in league on a winter's night; though hunger, their own and their eubs', pushes them, they quite dissemble their ravening threats and move meekly, lest watehdogs announee the enemy and warn the fearful shepherds to keep vigil. Even so the heroes walk slowly and pass in converse the open plain that lies between the harbour and the lofty town. Tydeus' lively son begins the dialogue:

'How do we now set about probing the truth? For I have long been pondering in perplexity why you bought in the towns these unwarlike wands and eymbals and Baeehie hides[102] and headbands and fawnskins variously sprayed with gold. Will you arm Achilles, bane to Priam and Troy, with *these*?'

The Ithaean's face relaxed a little and he answers him with a smile: 'These, look you, will draw Peleus' son to the war, freely eonfessing, if indeed he is fraudulently hiding in Lyeomedes' virgin hall. You must be sure to bring them all quickly from the boat when the time eomes and to add a

[101] I.e. start rowing again.

[102] Drums.

shield to these gifts, standing beautified with reliefs and rough with much gold * * *[103] Nor shall this suffice. Let Agyrtes, the good bugler, be with you and carry a hidden trumpet for a secret purpose.'

So he spoke. Just at the threshold of the gate he sees the king and shows an olive branch, prefacing peace: 'Great rumour, methinks, has long since reached your ears, gentlest of kings, of the savage war that is now shaking Europe and Asia. If perchance the names of the captains on whom the avenging son of Atreus relies have been carried hither, here you have the son whom high-hearted Tydeus begot, one better than his mighty breed. I am Ulysses, leader of Ithaca. The reason for our journey (for why should I be afraid to tell you everything, Greek as you are and renowned for good faith)—we come to explore the approaches of Troy and her hated shores, and what they are planning.'

The other interposes in mid speech: 'May Fortune, I pray, assent and favouring gods prosper your enterprise. Now be my guests and honour my roof and righteous home.' With the words he leads them inside the threshold. Straightway the throng of servitors set up tables and couches. Meantime, Ulysses' eyes scan and scrutinize the house, looking for traces of a tall maiden or a face whose doubtful lineaments prompt suspicion. He roams through the rambling colonnades and visits all the dwelling, as though in admiration. Even so your hunter, who knows for certain his quarry's lair, traverses the fields with his mute

[103] A line mentioning the spear (854 and 879) seems to be missing after 723. If it ended with *hasta*, that could have ousted *astat* or *astet* in 723.

Molossian, till he may see his foe stretched sleeping in the shade, fangs resting on the turf.

The while a rumour is noised in the privy palaee, where the maidens have their safe dwelling, that ehieftains of the Pelasgi have eome, a Greek ship and her erew been welcomed. The rest are afraid, as well they may be; but Peleus' son hardly hides his sudden joy and eagerly desires to see the stranger heroes and their aeeoutrements, even in his present guise. And now the halls are alive with regal noise and they lie down on embroidered gold, when the father gives order for his daughters and his daughters' ehaste eompanions to come in. They enter like Amazons on Maeotis' bank, when they feast with weapons laid aside after plundering Seythian homes and captured towns of the Getae. Then indeed Ulysses gazes intently, gauging faees and figures; but night and the lamps that are brought in deeeive him, and as soon as they lie down their measurements are coneealed. Even so, he marks one with face ereet and roving eyes, that observes no mark of maiden modesty, and with a sidelong glanee points her out to his companion. What if Deidamia had not given the hasty youngster a warning, embracing him in her fond bosom, had not always held his bared ehest and naked arms and shoulders in her gown and told him more than onee not to go forward from the eouch and ask for wine and replaeed the golden hairband on his brow?[104]

When appetite was assuaged with banquet twiee and

[104] A line (772: 'even then would Achilles have been revealed to the Argive chieftains') is missing in some manuscripts including P, while others have variant equivalents. It is probably spurious, added because *quid nisi* was not understood.

thrice renewed, the king first addresses the Achaeans, eheering them on with the wine bowl: 'Renowned ornaments of the Argive raee, I envy your undertaking, I eonfess it. Would that my own age were sturdier, as it was when I thrashed the Dolopes as they assailed Seyros' shores and broke them in the water—you have seen the tokens of that triumph high up on the walls, the keels. At least if I had offspring meet to send forth to war—but now you see for yourselves my strength and my dear ehildren. When shall this throng give me new grandsons?'

He spoke, and wily Ulysses seized his moment: 'Not to be seorned is your desire. For who would not burn to see the countless peoples and the captains and the eolumns of kings? All the strength and glory of mighty Europe has together freely sworn allegianee to our just arms. Countryside and eities are empty, we have stripped the lofty mountains, the whole sea is veiled with a long shadow of sails; fathers hand over their weapons, young men snateh them, not to be recalled. Never at any other time was opportunity of such great renown given to the brave or valour employed in a wider field.'

He sees him all attention, drinking in his words with a vigilant ear, while the other girls are afraid and turn their eyes down and away. And he repeats: 'Whosoever is of proud raee and ancestry, whoever knows how to handle horse and javelin or excels with the bow, all honour is there, there great names eontend. Searce do timid mothers or troops of maidens hold back. Ah, eondemned is he to barren years and much hated of the gods whom this new glory passes by in idleness.' Achilles would have leapt up from the couch, if wary Deidamia had not admonished all

her sisters by a signal and left the tables clasping him; but he lingers looking back at the Ithacan and is the last to leave the assembly.

Ulysses lets go something of the speech he had begun, but adds a few words: 'But do you stay tranquil in peace profound, preparing marriages for your beloved daughters, Fortune's gift, whose starry countenances equal goddesses. How silent reverence touches me this while! What charm, what beauty mingled with manly shape!' The father answers: 'What if you see them bearing Bacchus' sacred emblems or surrounding Pallas' altar? And we shall let you see, if a new South Wind shall tarry.' Eagerly they take him up and hope joins their silent prayer. The rest of Lycomedes' palace is silent in tranquil peace. But for the sagacious Ithacan the night is long; he yearns for the daylight, chafing at slumber.

Scarcely had dawn risen when Tydeus' son with Agyrtes at his side was at hand, bearing the gifts aforesaid. The maids of Scyros too left their chamber and came to show their dances and promised rites to the honoured guests. Before them all glistens the princess and her companion, Peleus' son; even as under Sicilian Aetna's crags among the Naiads of Henna shone Diana and bold Pallas and the spouse of the Elysian king. Now they are on the move and the Ismenian boxwood[105] gives signals to the choirs. Four times they clash Rhea's cymbals, four times beat the frenzied drums, four times wind their shifting movements back. Then together they raise their wands, together lower them, and multiply their steps. Sometimes they move in the manner of the Curetes or pious Samothraeians, now

[105] The Theban flute used by Bacchanals.

they turn to face each other in an Amazonian comb,[106] now ply the ring in which Diana summons the girls of Laconia and twists them clapping in her own Amyclae. Then, ay then above all is Achilles manifest. He cares not to keep turns or link arms; more than usual he scorns womanish steps and dress, disrupting the choirs and causing untold confusion. So Thebes already sad watched Pentheus indignant at his mother's wands and the drums he had accepted.

The band disperse amid applause and seek again their father's threshold, where Tydeus' son had previously placed the gifts to catch the maidens' eyes in the midmost apartments of the palace, as a token from guest to host and a reward for their labour. He encourages them to choose, nor does the mild king forbid. Alas, too simple and inexperienced, he knows not of cunning presents and Grecian wiles and shifty Ulysses. The other girls, as their unadventurous sex and nature leads them, try smooth wands or responsive drums or bind their temples with jewelled sashes; they see the weapons and think them presents for their great parent. But when fierce Acacides views close at hand the shining round, chased with battles (and by chance it was ruddy with cruel spots of war), as it leaned against the spear, he cried out and rolled his eyes, the hair stood up from his forehead. Forgotten his mother's charge, forgotten his hidden love, Troy is in all his heart. As a lion snatched from his mother's dugs learns manners, taught to let his mane be combed, to respect man, and never to fly into a rage unless ordered; but if once steel flashes out in front of him, he forswears his faith and his tamer becomes

[106] 'Evidently a dance in which the two rows interlaced like the teeth of two combs' (Dilke).

his foe, his first hunger is for him and he is ashamed to have obeyed a timid master. But when the lad came close and the rival radiance gave back his face and he saw himself as he was in the gold likeness, he shuddered and blushed both together. Then keen Ulysses approached him and speaking softly: 'Why do you hesitate?' he says. 'We know. You are half-beast Chiron's fosterling, grandson of sea and sky. The Dorian fleet attends you, your Greece expects you with flying standards and Pergamus herself nods to you with walls already tottering. Up now, no more delay! Let treacherous Ide turn pale, let your father rejoice to hear the news and wily Thetis be ashamed to have so feared for you.' Already he was loosening the clothing from his chest, when Agyrtes blew a loud blast from his trumpet as ordered. They flee, throwing the presents in all directions, and entreat their father, believing battle joined. The garments fall untouched from Achilles' breast, his hand devours the shield and shortened[107] spear (strange but true) and his shoulders seem taller than the Ithacan and Aetolian captains; with so fearsome a light do the sudden weapons and martial ardour confound the dwelling. Towering he stands in the centre of the trembling house, as though calling for Hector forthwith. Peleus' daughter is to seek.

But in another quarter Deidamia bewails the trick discovered. When he heard her loud lament and his mind received the familiar voice, he paused and valour yielded to hidden passion. He drops the shield and turning to face the king's threshold as he sits stunned by what has passed and fearing things strange and sudden he addresses Lycomedes in naked weaponry, just as he was: 'Mother Thetis

gave me to you, dear father. Banish doubts and fears. Long has such glory awaited you. 'Tis you who send Achilles to the Danai, for whom they search; better loved by me, if it be lawful to say so, than my great parent and dear Chiron. But pay willing heed awhile and take my words in kindly part. Peleus and Thetis your guest join you as father-in-law to their son and bring their gods from either line in support. They ask for one among your maiden train of daughters. Do you give her? Or do you think us a low, degenerate family? You do not refuse? Then join hands and make the covenant, and pardon your child.[108] Already is Deidamia known to me in secret dalliance. For what could resist these arms? Once I had her, how could she repel my strength? Bid *me* pay for it. I put the weapons aside and return them to the Pelasgi and stay here.[109] Why the gloomy growl? Why change your look? Already you are my father-in-law.' He laid the babe at his feet and adds: 'And already a grandfather. How often will the cruel sword fall? We are a group!' Then the Danai too constrain the king, invoking the rites and faith of hospitality, and Ulysses with soft entreaty. Moved though he was by the discovery of his daughter's wrong and by Thetis' charge, though feeling that the goddess' grand trust is betrayed, he fears to oppose so many destinies and delay the Argive war. Suppose he so desired, Achilles would have spurned even his mother in this. And after all he would not refuse to join himself to such a son-in-law. He yields. Deidamia emerges in shame from secret darkness and in her distraction she does not at

[108] Achilles himself need not be included in *tuis*; cf. *Thebaid* 7.547.

[109] No more is heard of this proposal.

first believe that she is pardoned and puts Achilles forward to placate her father.

Word goes to Haemonia, to fill Peleus with these great doings and ask for ships and battle companions. The Scyrian ruler also launches two vessels for his son-in-law, making excuse to the Achaeans for his meagre strength. The day was passed in feasting and finally the covenant was revealed and accomplice night joins the fearless lovers.

Before her eyes were new wars and Xanthus and Ide and the Argive ships; she thinks of the very waves and fears the dawn. Embracing her new husband's dear neck, she lets her tears now have way and clasps his limbs: 'Shall I see you again and lay myself on your breast, Aeacides? Will you once more think your refuge worthy? Or when you proudly bring back Teucrian homes and captured Pergamus, will you wish to forget your maidenly hiding place? What should I beg, alas, or what fear first? What charge in my anxiety can I give you, when I have scarce time to weep? One single night has just given you to me and grudged you. Is this the period for our nuptials? This free Hymen? Ah stolen sweets, ah guile! Ah fear! Woe is me, Achilles is given and snatched away. Go! I would not dare to recall such mighty preparations. Go, but have a care. Remember, Thetis' fears were not idle. Go and luck be with you, and come back still mine. I ask too much, overbold. Soon the pretty Trojan girls with their tears and beating of breasts shall hope for you and pray to submit their necks to your chains, bartering country for couch; or Tyndareus' daughter herself will please you, praised[110] overmuch for a wanton rape. As for me, you will tell of me

[110] Celebrated rather. Is Deidamia excusing herself?

to your slaves, a boyish story of first fault, or you will say nothing about me, no one will know. But come, take me with you. Why should I not carry Mars' banners at your side? With me you handled wool[111] and Bacchus' holy gear, a thing unhappy Troy will not believe. But this babe that you leave me for my sad comfort, him at least hold in your heart and this only grant me, that no barbarian wife bear child for you, no captive give Thetis unworthy grandsons.'

As thus she speaks, Achilles comforts her, himself not unmoved, swearing fidelity and guaranteeing what he swears with tears. He promises strapping handmaidens and captured Ilium and gifts of Phrygian treasure on his return.[112] The airy gusts swept his vain words away.

[111] Cf. 581–83. The neuter plural *thyrsa* is not found in Latin though there are Greek examples.

[112] The illogical *reversus* is compared by Dilke with phrases like *puer memini* instead of *memini me puerum*.

BOOK 2

Dawn rising from Ocean frees the world from its envelope of dank shadows and the father of flashing light raises his torch still dull from neighbouring night and dewy with sea not yet shaken off. And now all look to Aeacides, as with breast stripped of purple cloak he shines with the arms on which he had first seized (for the breeze summons and the kindred seas persuade); they fear him as warrior and captain, not daring to remember aught. So he returned all changed to view, as though he had never endured Scyros' shores and were embarking from Pelion's cavern. Then to the gods (for so Ulysses counselled) and the seas and the South Winds he pours customary libation and at the very water's edge worships the cerulean king and his grandfather Nereus with a bull. His mother was placated with a wreathed heifer. Here he speaks as he casts the swollen entrails on the foaming billow: 'Mother, I obeyed you though your commands were more than I could bear, too much I obeyed: I go to the Trojan war and the Argive ships. They have looked for me.' So he spoke and leapt on board. The whistling South Wind snatched him far from the neighbouring land. And now lofty Scyros begins to muster mists and leave the stretching sea.

Far away perched on top of a tower, companioned by her weeping sisters and holding Pyrrhus her charge (so was

he named), his wife fixed her gaze upon the sails. She herself went on the waters, and now only she saw the vessel.[1] Achilles too turns his face aside towards the beloved walls and thinks of the widowed house and the sobs of the deserted one. Fire hidden in his heart is reborn and valour yields place.

The hero son of Laërtes perceives his sorrow and essays to turn him with gentle speech: 'Destined sacker of great Troy, demanded of the Danaan fleet and the oracles of the gods, awaited by War standing tall at his unbarred threshold, did your crafty mother defile you with woman's apparel and commit so grand a cheat to that hiding place and hope the secret would be kept? Too fearful she, too much a mother! Was such valour to lie torpid in silent shade? Trumpet blast scarce heard, it fled Thetis and companions and passion suppressed. 'Tis not our doing that you come to arms and follow our entreaties. You would have come.' Aeacus' hero scion puts in: ''Twere long to set out the causes of my tarrying and my mother's crime. By this sword shall Scyros and the unseemly habit be excused, reproach of destiny. You rather tell me how so great a war began for the Danai, while the sea is calm and the sails enjoy the Zephyr. I am fain to draw just wrath from the tale here and now.'

Then spoke the Ithacan, taking from way back the story: ''Tis said that in Hector's Ida, if we believe such things, a shepherd was chosen to settle a beauty contest. He kept the goddessess in suspense, nor looked he kindly on Minerva's stern visage nor on the consort of the heav-

[1] In her imagination.

enly ruler, but only at Dione, and at her too much. Or rather,[2] that dispute started in your cave at the gathering of the High Ones, when Pelion made sweet[3] wedlock for Peleus and you were already promised to our arms. Anger convulses the losers. The arbiter seeks his fatal reward. Amyclae,[4] easy prey, is shown to the ravisher. He fells the forests of Phrygia, sanctuaries of the tower-crowned Mother,[5] and brings down to earth pines ashamed[6] to fall. Borne overseas to Achaea's land, he despoils the bedchamber of his host (alas, 'tis shame and pity upon mighty Europe!) and proud in possession of Helen sets sail, carrying captured Argos to Pergamus. Thence the rumour spreads everywhere through the various cities. Unsummoned we gather from all quarters, each for himself of his own will, avengers. For who should brook that marriage pacts be broken by lawless guile and wives dragged off in easy rape, like flock or herd or paltry heaps of corn? Such loss would move even the strong. Lordly[7] Agenor endured not treachery of the gods, the sacred lowings, and made quest for Europa, great deity's burden, spurning the Thunderer as son-in-law by force.[8] Aeetes endured not his daughter's ravishing from Scythia's shore; with steel and ships he follows the princely demigods and

[4] I.e. Sparta.

[5] Cybele.

[6] Because they were to be used for a shameful purpose (rape of Helen).

[7] *Insidiosus* in Dilke's text is a curious error 'of perseveration.'

[8] *Ut* (*generum*) is superfluous if not foolish (how else but as son-in-law *could* Agenor have spurned Jupiter?).

the star-destined bark.[9] Shall we endure a Phrygian half-man roaming around Argive coasts and harbours with his filthy boat? So true is it that our arms and horses are no more and the seas impenetrable to men of Greece? How if one were now to come to carry off Deidamia from her native land, pluck her in dismay from her widowed dwelling as she calls on great Achilles' name?' The other's hand went to his swordhilt and a deep flush struck his face. Ulysses was content and said no more.

Oeneus' son takes over: 'Nay, most worthy scion of heaven, why not tell your right favouring comrades of your ways, the rudiments of earliest nature and what Chiron showed you as presently strong manhood came on; the seeds of glory, the path to valour, the arts to make your body grow and your mind. Let it be worth while that I have sought Scyros over the length of waves and been the first to show weapons to these arms of yours.'

Whom would it irk to tell of his own deeds? Yet he begins modestly, a little hesitant, rather as if constrained: 'They say that in my tender years, still crawling, when the old man of Thessaly received me on his stark mountain, I took no ordinary food nor satisfied hunger from nurturing breasts, but tore at the tough flesh of lions and offal of a she-wolf still half alive. This was my first bread, this the gift of happy Bacchus,[10] thus that father of mine used to feed me. Presently he taught me to go with him through the trackless wilderness, drawing me on with his wider stride, and to laugh when I saw wild beasts and not to fear rocks

[9] Argo, which would become a constellation.

[10] But nothing has been said about what Achilles had to drink—unless a line has fallen out after 100.

shattered by rushing torrents and the silences of the vast forest. Even then arms were in my hand, even then a quiver at my neck, precocious love of steel, skin hardened by sun and frost in plenty, limbs not loosened by soft bedding, but a rock shared with my huge master. Scarce had my raw life turned twice six years when he had me run faster than the swift stags and Lapith horses and chase the darts I flung. Often would Chiron himself, while his age ran swift, pursue me at gallop all over the plains in headlong career, and when I was exhausted in my wanderings through the meads he would joyfully praise me and hoist me onto his back. Often too at the first freezing of the river he would bid me walk over it nor break the ice with lightsome foot. Such was my boyish glory. Why tell you of forest fights and glens now empty of savage growls? He would never let me chase unwarlike deer through Ossa's wilds or lay timid lynxes low with my spear; I must rouse grim bears from their dens and boars like thunderbolts or mayhap a mighty tigress' lair or a hidden cavern on the mountain that housed a lioness and her cubs. Himself would sit in his vast cave and wait for my exploits: would I return splashed with black blood? Nor did he admit me to his kiss until he had inspected my weapons. And now I was making ready for affrays of the sword with neighbour folk; no aspect of fierce Mavors passed me by. I learned how the Paeonians whirl their arms, how the Macetae speed their javelins, with what a spin the Sarmatian plies his stake, the Gete his falchion, the Gelonian his bow, how the Balearic driver of the twisted sling swings his missile aloft with balanced pull, marking out the air he comprises in its circle. I could

scarce recall all I did, though I did it well. Anon he teaches me to span great ditches in a jump, to climb and grasp an airy mountain peak as if racing over the level; in mock battle to receive flying boulders on my curving shield boss, to enter burning huts and stop hurtling chariots on foot. I remember when Sperchios was flowing his fastest, fed on continual rains and melted snow, carrying live trees and rocks; Charon would tell me to get in where the torrent's current was fiercest and stand against it, repelling the swollen waves that he himself would hardly have withstood with so many feet. I stood, but the angry river and the mist of his broad rush took me back. He bore down on me with savage threats and scolded to shame me. I did not leave till ordered, so high glory urged me, and before so mighty a witness labours were light. For to hide Oebalian quoits far up in the sky and knot holds in the slippery wrestling match and scatter boxing gloves were my play and relaxation, and toil therein no greater than when I plucked the sounding strings with Apollo's quill and marvelled at the glories of the men of old. He even taught me of juices and grasses to aid in sickness, of medicine to stanch fast-flowing blood, what brings sleep, what closes gaping wounds, what plague should be checked by steel, what yields to herbs; and he fixed in my mind the precepts of sacred justice, whereby he used to give laws for Pelion's tribes to reverence and pacify his own twiforms. So far, comrades, I remember the training of my early years and joy in the memory. My mother knows the rest.'

141 curvato ω: scutato P 142 ardentesque intrare ω: -tesque errare P: -tes penetrare *Robertson*

THE ILIAD

BOOK I

The wrath do thou sing, O goddess, of Peleus' son, Achilles, that baneful wrath which brought countless woes upon the Achaeans, and sent forth to Hades many valiant souls of warriors, and made themselves to be a spoil for dogs and all manner of birds ; and thus the will of Zeus was being brought to fulfilment ; —sing thou thereof from the time when[1] at the first there parted in strife Atreus' son, king of men, and goodly Achilles.

Who then of the gods was it that brought these two together to contend ? The son of Leto and Zeus ; for he in wrath against the king roused throughout the host an evil pestilence, and the folk were perishing, for that upon the man Chryses, his priest, had the son of Atreus wrought dishonour. For he had come to the swift ships of the Achaeans to free his daughter, and he bore with him ransom past counting ; and in his hands he held the fillets of Apollo, that smiteth afar,[2] on a staff of gold, and

[1] Others connect ἐξ οὗ directly with ἐτελείετο, "was being brought to fulfilment from the time when."

[2] The epithets ἑκηβόλος (ἑκατηβόλος) and ἑκάεργος, with the shortened form ἕκατος, seem prevailingly to refer to Apollo as the Archer god, the sender of pestilence ; but the words may at demand convey the idea of Apollo's being the averter of ills (so perhaps most clearly in i. 474). It has seemed best, however, to give everywhere a literal rendering.

he made prayer to all the Achaeans, but most of all to the two sons of Atreus, the marshallers of the host: "Ye sons of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, to you may the gods who have homes upon Olympus grant that ye sack the city of Priam, and return safe to your homes; but my dear child do ye set free for me, and accept the ransom out of awe for the son of Zeus, Apollo, that smiteth afar."

Then all the rest of the Achaeans shouted assent, bidding reverence the priest and accept the glorious ransom, yet the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, but he sent him away harshly, and laid upon him a stern command: "Let me not find thee, old man, by the hollow ships, either tarrying now or coming back hereafter, lest thy staff and the fillet of the god protect thee not. But her will I not set free: ere that shall old age come upon her in our house, in Argos, far from her country, as she walks to and fro before the loom and tends my couch. Nay, get thee gone; anger me not, that so thou mayest go the safer."

So he spake, and the old man was seized with fear and hearkened to his word. Forth he went in silence along the shore of the loud-resounding sea, and earnestly thereafter, when he had gone apart, did the old man pray to the prince, Apollo, whom fair-haired Leto bare: "Hear me, thou of the silver bow, who dost stand over Chryse and holy Cilla, and dost rule mightily over Tenedos, thou Sminthian,[1] if ever I roofed over a shrine to thy pleasing, or if ever I burned to thee fat thigh-pieces of bulls or goats,

[1] who had delivered some local community from a plague of field-mice.

fulfil thou for me this prayer: let the Danaans pay for my tears by thy shafts."

So he spake in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Down from the peaks of Olympus he strode, wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. The arrows rattled on the shoulders of the angry god, as he moved; and his coming was like the night. Then he sate him down apart from the ships and let fly a shaft: terrible was the twang of the silver bow. The mules he assailed first and the swift dogs, but thereafter on the men themselves he let fly his stinging arrows, and smote; and ever did the pyres of the dead burn thick.

For nine days' space did the missiles of the god fare throughout the host, but on the tenth Achilles let call the folk to the place of gathering, for so had the goddess, white-armed Hera, put it in his heart; since she pitied the Danaans, for that she saw them dying. So, when they were assembled and met together, among them arose and spake Achilles, swift of foot: "Son of Atreus, now methinks shall we be driven back and return with baffled purpose, should we e'en escape death, if so be that war and pestilence alike are to waste the Achaeans. Nay, come, let us ask some seer or priest, yea, or some reader of dreams—for a dream too is from Zeus—who may haply tell us for what cause Phoebus Apollo hath conceived such anger, whether it be because of a vow that he blames us, or of a hecatomb; in hope that perchance he may accept the savour of lambs and unblemished goats, and be minded to ward off from us the pestilence."

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[3] Line 63 was rejected by Zenodotus.

When he had thus spoken he sate him down, and among them uprose Calchas son of Thestor, far the best of diviners, who had knowledge of all things that were, and that were to be, and that had been before, and who had guided the ships of the Achaeans to Ilios by his soothsaying that Phoebus Apollo had bestowed upon him. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "Achilles, dear to Zeus, thou biddest me declare the wrath of Apollo, that smiteth afar. Therefore will I speak; but do thou take thought, and swear that verily of a ready heart thou wilt defend me with word and with might of hand; for methinks I shall make wroth a man who rules mightily over all the Argives, and whom the Achaeans obey. For mightier is a king, whenso he is wroth at a baser man. If so be he swallow down his wrath for the one day, yet thereafter he cherishes resentment in his heart till he bring all to pass. Consider thou, then, if thou wilt keep me safe."

Then in answer to him spake Achilles, swift of foot: "Take good heart, and speak out what oracle soe'er thou knowest, for by Apollo, dear to Zeus, to whom thou prayest, Calchas, and declarest oracles to the Danaans, no one, while I live and have sight on the earth, shall lay heavy hands on thee beside the hollow ships, no one of the whole host of the Danaans, not even if it be Agamemnon thou meanest, who now declares himself far the best of the Achaeans."

Then the blameless seer took heart, and spake, saying: "It is not then because of a vow that he

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[3] Line 80 was rejected by Zenodotus.
[4] Ἀχαιῶν: ἐνὶ στρατῷ.

blames us, nor a hecatomb, but because of the priest to whom Agamemnon did dishonour, and did not release his daughter nor accept the ransom. For this cause the god that smiteth afar has given woes, yea, and will give them, nor will he drive off from the Danaans the loathly pestilence, until we give back to her father the bright-eyed maiden, unbought, unransomed, and lead a sacred hecatomb to Chryse: then haply might we appease his wrath and persuade him."

When he had thus spoken he sate him down, and among them uprose the warrior, son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, sore vexed; and with rage was his black heart wholly filled, and his eyes were like blazing fire. To Calchas first of all he spake, and his look boded bane: "Prophet of evil, never yet hast thou spoken to me the thing that is good; ever is evil dear to thy heart to prophesy, but a word of good hast thou never yet spoken, neither brought to pass. And now in the midst of the gathering of the Danaans thou utterest thy prophecies, and declarest that forsooth it is for this cause that the god that smiteth afar is bringing woes upon them, for that I would not accept the glorious ransom for the maid, the daughter of Chryses, seeing I am minded far rather to keep her in my home. For, know you, I prefer her before Clytemnestra, my wedded wife, since she is no whit inferior to her, either in form or in stature, or in mind, or anywise in handiwork. Yet, even so will I give her back, if that be better; rather would I have the folk safe than perishing. But for me do ye make ready a prize forthwith, that I may not alone of the Argives be without a prize, since this were not even seemly;

for ye all see this, that my prize goes from me otherwhere."

Then in answer to him spake goodly Achilles, swift of foot: "Most glorious son of Atreus, thou most covetous of all men, how shall the great-souled Achaeans give thee a prize? Naught do we know of wealth laid up in common store, but whatsoe'er we took by pillage from the cities hath been apportioned, and it were not meet to gather these things back from the folk. Nay, do thou give her up at the god's behest, and we Achaeans will recompense thee threefold and fourfold, if ever Zeus grant us to sack the well-walled city of Troy.[1]"

Then in answer to him spake lord Agamemnon: "Not on this wise, valiant though thou art, godlike Achilles, do thou seek to beguile me by thy wit; for thou shalt not outstrip me nor persuade. Wouldest thou, to the end that thou mayest thyself keep thy prize, yet have me abide thus in want, seeing thou biddest me give her back? Nay, if the great-souled Achaeans give me a prize, suiting it to my mind that the recompense be equal!—but, if they give it not, then will I come myself and take thy prize or that of Aias, or that of Odysseus will I seize and bear away. Wroth will he be to whomsoever I shall come. Howbeit, of these things will we take thought hereafter; for this present let us launch a black ship into the bright sea, and therein gather a due tale of rowers, and place on board a hecatomb, and embark on it the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses herself. And let one that is a counsellor take command, Aias haply, or Idomeneus, or goodly Odysseus, or thou, son of Peleus, of all

[1] Or, as Aristarchus, "a city of Troy-land."

men most dread, that thou mayest offer sacrifice and appease him that worketh afar."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Achilles, swift of foot: "Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any man of the Achaeans hearken to thy bidding with a ready heart either to go on a journey or to fight amain with warriors? I came not hither to fight by reason of the spearmen of Troy, seeing they are no whit at fault toward me. Never harried they in any wise my kine or my horses, nor ever in deep-soiled Phthia, nurse of men, did they lay waste the grain, for full many things lie between us—shadowy mountains and sounding sea. But thee, thou shameless one, did we follow hither, that thou mightest be glad, seeking to win recompense for Menelaus and for thee, thou dog-face, at the hands of the Trojans. This thou regardest not, nor takest thought thereof; and forsooth thou threatenest that thou wilt thyself take from me the prize wherefor I toiled much, and the sons of the Achaeans gave it me. Never have I prize like to thine, when the Achaeans sack a well-peopled citadel of the Trojans; nay, the brunt of tumultuous war do my hands bear, but if ever an apportionment cometh, thy prize is greater far, while I go to my ships with some small thing, yet mine own, when I am grown weary with fighting. Now will I go hence to Phthia, seeing it is better far to return home with my beaked ships, nor am I minded here in dishonour to draw thee thy fill of goods and wealth."

Then made answer the king of men, Agamemnon:

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[1] Line 160 was rejected by Zenodotus.

" Yea, flee, if thy heart bids thee ; I beg thee not to remain for my sake. With me are others that will do me honour, and above all Zeus, the lord of counsel. Most hateful to me art thou of the kings, nurtured of Zeus, for ever is strife dear to thee and wars and fightings. Though thou be very valiant, a god, I ween, gave thee this. Get thee home with thy ships and thy men, and lord it over thy Myrmidons ; for thee I care not, neither reck of thy wrath. And this shall be my threat to thee : seeing that Phoebus Apollo taketh from me the daughter of Chryses, her with a ship of mine and men of mine will I send back, but I will myself come to thy hut and take the fair-cheeked Briseïs, that prize of thine ; that thou mayest know full well how far mightier am I than thou, and another too may shrink from declaring himself my peer and likening himself to me to my face."

So he spake, and grief came upon the son of Peleus, and within his shaggy breast his heart was divided in counsel, whether he should draw his sharp sword from beside his thigh, and break up the gathering, and himself slay the son of Atreus, or should stay his wrath and curb his spirit. While he pondered thus in mind and heart, and was drawing from its sheath his great sword, Athene came from heaven, sent forth of the goddess, white-armed Hera, for in her heart she loved them both alike and had care of them. She took her stand behind him, and caught the son of Peleus by his golden hair, making herself to be seen of him alone, and of the rest no man beheld her. And Achilles was seized with wonder, and turned him about, and forthwith knew Pallas Athene ; and terribly did her eyes flash. Then he

[3] Lines 195 f. (=208 f.) were rejected by Aristarchus.

spake to her with winged words, and said: "Why now art thou come again, daughter of Zeus, who beareth the aegis? Was it that thou mightest see the insolence of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Nay, I will tell thee, and methinks this shall verily be brought to pass: through his own overweening pride shall he presently lose his life."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "To stay thine anger, if so be thou wilt hearken, did I come from heaven, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, sent me forth, for in her heart she loves you both alike, and hath care of you. Nay, come, cease from strife, and let not thy hand draw the sword. With words indeed do thou taunt him, even as it shall be[1]; for thus will I speak, and verily this thing shall be brought to pass: hereafter shall glorious gifts thrice as many be brought to thee by reason of this despite. Refrain thou, therefore, and hearken unto us."

Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot: "Needs must a man, goddess, observe the words of you twain, how wroth soever he be at heart, for so is it better. Whoso obeys the gods, to him do they gladly give ear."

He spake, and stayed his heavy hand on the silver hilt, and back into its sheath thrust the great sword, and disobeyed not the word of Athene; but she was forthwith gone to Olympus to the palace of Zeus, who beareth the aegis, to join the company of the other gods.

But the son of Peleus again addressed with violent words the son of Atreus, and in no wise ceased from his wrath: "Thou heavy with wine, thou with the front of a dog but the heart of a deer, never hast

thou had courage to arm thee for battle with thy folk, or go forth to an ambush with the chiefs of the Achaeans. That seemeth to thee even as death. In sooth it is better far throughout the wide camp of the Achaeans to take for thyself the prize of him whosoever speaketh contrary to thee. Folk-devouring king, seeing thou rulest over men of naught; else, son of Atreus, wouldest thou now work insolence for the last time. But I will declare my word to thee, and will swear thereto a mighty oath: verily by this staff, that shall no more put forth leaves or shoots since at the first it left its stump among the mountains, neither shall it again grow green, for that the bronze hath stripped it of leaves and bark, and now the sons of the Achaeans that give judgment bear it in their hands, even they that guard the dooms by ordinance of Zeus; and this shall be for thee a mighty oath:—verily shall a longing for Achilles some day come upon the sons of the Achaeans one and all, and in that day shalt thou in no wise be able to help them for all thy grief, when many shall fall in death before man-slaying Hector. But thou shalt gnaw thy heart within thee in wrath that thou didst honour no whit the best of the Achaeans."

So spake the son of Peleus, and down to the earth he dashed the staff studded with golden nails, and himself sate him down; while over against him the son of Atreus continued to vent his wrath. Then among them uprose Nestor, sweet of speech, the clear-voiced orator of the men of Pylos, he from whose tongue flowed speech sweeter than honey. Two generations of mortal men had he ere now seen pass away, who of old had been born and reared with

him in sacred Pylos, and he was king among the third. He with good intent addressed their gathering and spake among them: "Fie upon you! In good sooth is great grief come upon the land of Achaea. Priam verily would rejoice and the sons of Priam, and the rest of the Trojans would be right glad at heart were they to hear all this tale of the strife of you twain who are chiefest of all the Danaans in counsel and chiefest in war. Nay, hearken unto me; ye are both younger than I. Ere now have I consorted with warriors that were better men than ye, and never did they set me at naught. Such warriors have I never since seen, nor shall see, as Peirithous was and Dryas, shepherd of the host, and Caeneus and Exadius and godlike Polyphemus, and Theseus, son of Aegeus, peer of the immortals. Mightiest were these of all men reared upon the earth; mightiest were they, and with the mightiest did they fight, even with the centaurs that had their lairs among the mountains, and in terrible wise did they destroy them. With these men I had fellowship, when I had come from Pylos, from afar from a distant land; for of themselves they called me. And in fight I took my part as mine own man[1]; but with them could no man fight of all mortals that now are upon the earth. Aye, and they hearkened to my counsel, and gave ear to my words. Even so do ye also hearken, for to hearken is better. Neither do thou, mighty though thou art, seek to take from him the girl, but let her be, even as at the first the sons of the Achaeans gave him her as a prize; nor do thou, son of Peleus, be minded to strive with

of the Lapiths, but it may mean no more than that he took part in battle as a *πρόμαχος*, or individual combatant.

a king, might against might, for it is no common honour that is the portion of a sceptred king to whom Zeus giveth glory. Though thou be valiant, and a goddess mother bare thee, yet he is the mightier, seeing he is king over more. Son of Atreus, do thou check thy rage; nay, even I beg thee to let go thine anger against Achilles, who is for all the Achaeans a mighty bulwark of evil war."

Then in answer to him spake lord Agamemnon: "Yea, verily, old sire, all this hast thou spoken according to right. But this man is minded to be above all others; over all is he minded to hold sway and be king among all, and to all give orders; wherein there is one, methinks, that will not obey him. If the gods that are for ever made him a warrior, do they therefore set him on [1] to utter revilings?"

Then goodly Achilles brake in upon him, and said: "Aye, for I should bear the name of coward and man of naught, if I am to yield to thee in every matter, howsoe'er thou bid. On others lay thou these commands, but give no orders to me, for methinks I shall obey thee no more. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: by might of hand will I strive for the girl's sake neither with thee nor with any other, seeing ye do but take away what ye gave. But of all else that is mine by my swift black ship shalt thou take or bear away naught in my despite. Nay, come, make trial, that these too may know: forthwith shall thy dark blood flow forth about my spear."

So when the twain had made an end of contending

[1] τίθημι be assumed. Aristarchus took ὀνείδεα as subject (so Ameis and Monro), in which case we must render, "Do his revilings dash forward for utterance?"

with violent words, they rose, and broke up the gathering beside the ships of the Achaeans. The son of Peleus went his way to his huts and his shapely ships together with the son of Menoetius, and with his men; but the son of Atreus let launch a swift ship on the sea, and chose therefor twenty rowers, and drave on board a hecatomb for the god, and brought the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses and set her in the ship; and Odysseus of many wiles went on board to take command.

So these embarked and sailed over the watery ways; but the son of Atreus bade the host purify itself. And they purified themselves, and cast the defilement into the sea, and offered to Apollo acceptable hecatombs of bulls and goats by the shore of the unresting[1] sea; and the savour thereof went up to heaven, eddying amid the smoke.

Thus were they busied throughout the camp; howbeit Agamemnon ceased not from the strife wherewith he had at the first threatened Achilles, but called to Talthybius and Eurybates, who were his heralds and ready squires, saying: "Go ye to the hut of Achilles, Peleus' son, and take by the hand the fair-cheeked Briseïs, and lead her hither; and if he give her not, I will myself go with a larger company and take her; that will be even the worse for him."

So saying, he sent them forth, and laid upon them a stern command. Unwilling went the two along the shore of the unresting sea, and came to the huts and the ships of the Myrmidons. Him they found sitting beside his hut and his black ship; nor was Achilles glad at sight of them. And the twain, seized with dread, and in awe of the king, stood,

and spake no word to him, nor made question; but he knew in his heart, and spake, saying: "Hail, heralds, messengers of Zeus and men, draw near. It is not ye that are guilty in my sight, but Agamemnon, who sent you forth for the sake of the girl, Briseïs. Yet come, Patroclus, sprung from Zeus, bring forth the girl, and give her to them to lead away. Howbeit, let these twain themselves be witnesses before the blessed gods and mortal men, aye, and before him, that ruthless king, if so be hereafter there shall be need of me to ward off shameful ruin from the host. In good sooth he rageth with baneful mind, and knoweth not at all to look at once before and after, that so his Achaeans might wage war in safety beside their ships."

So spake he, and Patroclus gave ear to his dear comrade, and led forth from the hut the fair-cheeked Briseïs, and gave her to them to lead away. So the twain went back beside the ships of the Achaeans, and with them, all unwilling, went the woman. But Achilles forthwith burst into tears, and withdrew apart from his comrades, and sate him down on the shore of the grey sea, looking forth over the wine-dark deep; and earnestly did he pray to his dear mother with hands outstretched: "My mother, seeing thou didst bear me, though to so brief a span of life, honour surely ought the Olympian to have given into my hands, even Zeus that thundereth on high; but now hath he honoured me, no not a whit. Yea verily, the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon hath done me dishonour; for he hath taken away and holdeth my prize through his own arrogant act."

So he spake, weeping, and his queenly mother heard him, as she sat in the depths of the sea beside the old man, her father. And speedily she came forth from the grey sea like a mist, and sate her down before his face, as he wept; and she stroked him with her hand, and spake to him, and called him by name: "My child, why weepest thou? What sorrow hath come upon thy heart? Speak out; hide it not in thy mind, that we both may know."

Then with heavy moaning spake to her Achilles, swift of foot: "Thou knowest. Why, in truth, should I tell the tale to thee who knowest all? We went forth to Thebe, the sacred city of Eëtion, and laid it waste, and brought hither all the spoil. This the sons of the Achaeans divided aright among themselves, but for the son of Atreus they chose out the fair-cheeked daughter of Chryses. Howbeit, Chryses, priest of Apollo, that smiteth afar, came to the swift ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans, to win freedom for his daughter, and he brought ransom past counting, bearing in his hands the fillets of Apollo, that smiteth afar, on a staff of gold, and he made prayer to all the Achaeans, but most of all to the two sons of Atreus, the marshallers of the host. Then all the rest of the Achaeans shouted assent, bidding reverence the priest and accept the glorious ransom; yet the thing pleased not the heart of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, but he sent him away harshly, and laid upon him a stern command. So the old man went back again in wrath; and Apollo heard his prayer, for he was very dear to him, and sent against the Argives an evil shaft. Then the folk began to die thick and fast, and the

shafts of the god ranged everywhere throughout the wide camp of the Achaeans. Howbeit to us the prophet with sure knowledge declared the oracles of the god that smiteth afar. Forthwith, then, I, the first, bade propitiate the god, but thereafter wrath laid hold of the son of Atreus, and straightway he arose and spoke a threatening word, that hath now been brought to pass. For the bright-eyed Achaeans are taking the maiden in a swift ship to Chryse, and are bearing gifts to the god; while that other have heralds but now taken from my hut and led away, even the daughter of Briseus, whom the sons of the Achaeans gave me. But, if so be thou hast power, guard thou thine own son; hie thee to Olympus and make prayer to Zeus, if ever thou hast made glad his heart by word or deed. Full often have I heard thee glorying in the halls of my father, and declaring that thou alone among the immortals didst ward off shameful ruin from the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, on the day when the other Olympians were fain to put him in bonds, even Hera and Poseidon and Pallas Athene. But thou camest, goddess, and didst loose him from his bonds, when thou hadst with speed called to high Olympus him of the hundred hands, whom the gods call Briareus, but all men Aegaeon; for he is mightier than his father.[1] He sate him down by the side of the son of Cronos, exulting in his glory, and the blessed gods were seized with fear of him, and bound not Zeus. This do thou now bring to his remembrance, and sit thee by his side, and clasp his knees, in hope that he may haply be minded to succour the Trojans, and for

[1] His father was Poseidon.

those others, the Achaeans, to pen them in among the sterns of their ships and around the sea as they are slain, to the end that they may all have profit of their king, and that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon may know his blindness in that he honoured no whit the best of the Achaeans."

Then Thetis made answer to him, shedding tears the while : " Ah me, my child, why did I rear thee, cursed in my child-bearing ? Would that it had been thy lot to abide by thy ships without tears and without grief, seeing thy span of life is brief and endureth no long time ; but now art thou doomed to a speedy death and withal art compassed with sorrow above all men ; therefore to an evil fate did I bear thee in our halls. Yet to tell this thy saying to Zeus who hurleth the thunderbolt will I myself go to snowy Olympus, in hope that he may hearken. But do thou tarry by thy swift, sea-faring ships, and continue thy wrath against the Achaeans, and refrain thee utterly from battle ; for Zeus went yesterday to Oceanus, to the blameless Ethiopians for a feast, and all the gods followed with him ; howbeit on the twelfth day he will come back again to Olympus, and then will I go to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze, and will clasp his knees in prayer, and methinks I shall win him."

So saying, she went her way and left him where he was, wroth at heart for the fair-girdled woman's sake, whom they had taken from him by force in his despite ; and meanwhile Odysseus came to Chryse bringing the holy hecatomb. When they were now got within the deep harbour, they furled the sail, and stowed it in the black ship, and the mast they lowered by the forestays and brought it to the

crutch with speed, and rowed her with oars to the place of anchorage. Then they cast out the mooring-stones and made fast the stern cables, and themselves went forth upon the shore of the sea. Forth they brought the hecatomb for Apollo, that smiteth afar, and forth stepped also the daughter of Chryses from the sea-faring ship. Her then did Odysseus of many wiles lead to the altar, and place in the arms of her dear father, saying unto him: "Chryses, Agamemnon, king of men, sent me forth to bring to thee thy daughter, and to offer to Phoebus a holy hecatomb on the Danaans' behalf, that therewith we may propitiate the king, who hath now brought upon the Argives woes and lamentation."

So saying he placed her in his arms, and he joyfully took his dear child; but they made haste to set in array for the god the holy hecatomb around the well-built altar, and thereafter they washed their hands, and took up the barley grains. Then Chryses lifted up his hands, and prayed aloud for them: "Hear me, thou of the silver bow, who dost stand over Chryse and holy Cilla, and dost rule mightily over Tenedos. Even as aforetime thou didst hear me when I prayed—to me thou didst do honour, and didst mightily smite the host of the Achaeans—even so now do thou fulfil me this my desire: ward thou off now from the Danaans the loathly pestilence."

So he spake in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Then, when they had prayed, and had sprinkled the barley grains, they first drew back the victims' heads, and cut their throats, and flayed

them, and cut out the thighs and covered them with a double layer of fat, and laid raw flesh thereon. And the old man burned them on billets of wood, and made libation over them of flaming wine; and beside him the young men held in their hands the five-pronged forks. But when the thigh-pieces were wholly burned, and they had tasted of the inner parts, they cut up the rest and spitted it, and roasted it carefully, and drew all off the spits. Then, when they had ceased from their labour and had made ready the meal, they feasted, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, the youths filled the bowls brim full of drink and served out to all, first pouring drops for libation into the cups. So the whole day long they sought to appease the god with song, singing the beautiful paean, the sons of the Achaeans, hymning the god that worketh afar; and his heart was glad, as he heard.

But when the sun set and darkness came on, they laid them down to rest by the stern cables of the ship, and as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, then they set sail for the wide camp of the Achaeans. And Apollo, that worketh afar, sent them a favouring wind, and they set up the mast and spread the white sail. So the wind filled the belly of the sail, and the dark wave sang loudly about the stem of the ship, as she went, and she sped over the wave, accomplishing her way. But when they were come to the wide camp of the Achaeans, they drew the black ship up on the shore, high upon the sands, and set in line the long props beneath, and themselves scattered among the huts and ships.

But he in his wrath abode beside his swift-faring ships, the heaven-sprung son of Peleus, Achilles, swift of foot. Never did he go forth unto the place of gathering, where men win glory, nor ever unto war, but made his own heart to waste, as he tarried where he was; and he longed for the war-cry and the battle.

Now when the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then unto Olympus fared the gods that are for ever, all in one company, and Zeus led the way. And Thetis forgat not the behest of her son, but uprose from the wave of the sea, and at early morn mounted up to great heaven and Olympus. There she found the son of Cronos, whose voice is borne afar, as he sat apart from the rest upon the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. So she sate her down before him, and laid hold of his knees with her left hand, while with her right she clasped him beneath the chin, and she spake in prayer to king Zeus, son of Cronos: "Father Zeus, if ever amid the immortals I gave thee aid by word or deed, fulfil thou me this prayer: do honour to my son, who is doomed to a speedy death beyond all men beside; yet now hath Agamemnon, king of men, put dishonour upon him, for he has taken and keepeth his prize by his own arrogant act. But do thou show him honour, Olympian Zeus, lord of counsel; for thus long do thou give might to the Trojans, even until the Achaeans do honour to my son, and magnify him with recompense."

So said she; howbeit Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, spake no word to her, but sat long time in silence. Yet Thetis, even as she had clasped his knees, so held to him, clinging close, and questioned him again

a second time: "Promise me now this thing in very sooth and bow thine head thereto, or else deny me, for there is naught to make thee afraid; that I may know full well how far I among all the gods am honoured the least."

Then, greatly troubled, Zeus, the cloud-gatherer spake to her: "Verily here will be sorry work, seeing thou wilt set me on to engage in strife with Hera, whenso she shall anger me with taunting words. Even now is she wont ever to upbraid me among the immortal gods, and to declare that I give aid to the Trojans in battle. But do thou for this present depart again, lest Hera mark aught; and I will take thought for these things to bring all to pass. Nay, come, I will bow my head to thee, that thou mayest be certain, for this from me is the surest token among the immortals; no word of mine may be recalled, nor is false, nor unfulfilled, whereto I bow my head."

The son of Cronos spake, and bowed his dark brow in assent, and the ambrosial locks waved from the king's immortal head; and he made great Olympus to quake.

When the twain had taken counsel together on this wise, they parted; she leapt straightway into the deep sea from gleaming Olympus, and Zeus went to his own palace. All the gods together rose from their seats before the face of their father; neither did any dare to await his coming, but they all rose up before him. So he sate him down there upon his throne; but Hera saw, and failed not to mark how that silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old man of the sea, had taken counsel with him. Forthwith then she spake to Zeus, son of Cronos, with

mocking words: "Who of the gods, thou crafty one, hath now again taken counsel with thee? Ever is it thy good pleasure to hold aloof from me, and to give judgments which thou hast pondered in secret, nor hast thou ever brought thyself with a ready heart to declare unto me the matter which thou dost purpose."

Then made answer to her the father of men and gods: "Hera, think not that thou shalt know all my words: hard will they prove for thee, my wife though thou art. Nay, whatso it is fitting thou shouldest hear, this none other shall know before thee, whether of gods or men; but what I am minded to purpose apart from the gods, of all this do thou not in any wise make question, nor ask thereof."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! Yea, verily, of old have I not been wont to ask thee nor make question, but at thine ease thou devisest all things whatsoever thou wilt. But now I have wondrous dread at heart, lest silver-footed Thetis, daughter of the old man of the sea, have beguiled thee; for at early dawn she sat by thee and clasped thy knees. To her, methinks, thou didst bow thine head in sure token that thou wilt honour Achilles, and bring many to death beside the ships of the Achaeans."

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Strange queen,[1] ever art thou imagining, and I escape thee not; yet shalt thou in no wise have power to accomplish aught, but shalt be the further from my heart; and that shall be even the worse for thee. If this thing is as thou sayest, then must it be my good pleasure. Nay, sit thee down

in silence, and hearken to my word, lest all the gods that are in Olympus avail thee not against my drawing near, whenso I put forth upon thee my irresistible hands."

He spake, and ox-eyed, queenly Hera was seized with fear, and sate her down in silence, curbing her heart. Then troubled were the gods of heaven throughout the palace of Zeus, and among them Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, was first to speak, doing pleasure to his dear mother, white-armed Hera: "Verily, here will be sorry work, that is no more to be borne, if ye twain are to wrangle thus for mortals' sakes, and set the gods in tumult; neither will there any wise be joy in the goodly feast, seeing worser things prevail. And I give counsel to my mother, wise though she be herself, to do pleasure to our dear father Zeus, that the father upbraid her not again, and bring confusion upon our feast. What and if the Olympian, the lord of the lightning, be minded to dash us from our seats! for he is mightiest far. Nay, bespeak thou him with gentle words; so shall the Olympian forthwith be gracious unto us."

So saying, he sprang up and placed in his dear mother's hand the double cup, and spake to her: "Be of good cheer, my mother, and endure for all thy grief, lest, dear as thou art to me, mine eyes behold thee smitten, and then I shall in no wise be able to succour thee for all my sorrow; for a hard foe is the Olympian to meet in strife. Yea, on a time ere this, when I was fain to save thee, he caught me by the foot and hurled me from the heavenly threshold; the whole day long was I borne headlong, and at set of sun I fell in Lemnos, and

but little life was in me. There did the Sintian folk make haste to tend me for my fall."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, smiled, and smiling took in her hand the cup from her son. Then he poured wine for all the other gods from left to right, drawing forth sweet nectar from the bowl. And laughter unquenchable arose among the blessed gods, as they saw Hephaestus puffing through the palace.

Thus the whole day long till set of sun they feasted, nor did their heart lack aught of the equal feast, nor of the beauteous lyre, that Apollo held, nor yet of the Muses, that sang, replying one to the other with sweet voices.

But when the bright light of the sun was set, they went each to his own house to take their rest, where for each one a palace had been builded with cunning skill by the famed Hephaestus, the god of the two strong arms; and Zeus, the Olympian, lord of the lightning, went to his couch, where of old he was wont to take his rest, when sweet sleep came upon him. There went he up and slept, and beside him lay Hera of the golden throne.

BOOK II

Now all the other gods and men, lords of chariots, slumbered the whole night through, but Zeus was not holden of sweet sleep, for he was pondering in his heart how he might do honour to Achilles and lay many low beside the ships of the Achaeans. And this plan seemed to his mind the best, to send to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, a baneful dream. So he spake, and addressed him with winged words: "Up, go, thou baneful Dream, unto the swift ships of the Achaeans, and when thou art come to the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, tell him all my word truly, even as I charge thee. Bid him arm the long-haired Achaeans with all speed, since now he may take the broad-wayed city of the Trojans. For the immortals, that have homes upon Olympus, are no longer divided in counsel, since Hera hath bent the minds of all by her supplication, and over the Trojans hang woes."

So spake he, and the Dream went his way, when he had heard this saying. Forthwith he came to the swift ships of the Achaeans, and went his way to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and found him sleeping in his hut, and over him was shed ambrosial slumber. So he took his stand above his head, in the likeness of the son of Neleus, even Nestor, whom above all the elders Agamemnon held in honour;

likening himself to him, the Dream from heaven spake, saying: "Thou sleepest, son of wise-hearted Atreus, the tamer of horses. To sleep the whole night through beseemeth not a man that is a counsellor, to whom a host is entrusted, and upon whom rest so many cares. But now, hearken thou quickly unto me, for I am a messenger to thee from Zeus, who, far away though he be, hath exceeding care for thee and pity. He biddeth thee arm the long-haired Achaeans with all speed, since now thou mayest take the broad-wayed city of the Trojans. For the immortals that have homes upon Olympus are no longer divided in counsel, since Hera hath bent the minds of all by her supplication, and over the Trojans hang woes by the will of Zeus. But do thou keep this in thy heart, nor let forgetfulness lay hold of thee, whenso honey-hearted sleep shall let thee go."

So spake the Dream, and departed, and left him there, pondering in his heart on things that were not to be brought to pass. For in sooth he deemed that he should take the city of Priam that very day, fool that he was! seeing he knew not what deeds Zeus was purposing, who was yet to bring woes and groanings on Trojans alike and Danaans throughout the course of stubborn fights. Then he awoke from sleep, and the divine voice was ringing in his ears. He sat upright and did on his soft tunic, fair and glistering,[1] and about him cast his great cloak, and beneath his shining feet he bound his fair sandals, and about his shoulders flung his silver-studded sword; and he grasped the sceptre of his fathers, imperishable ever, and therewith took his way along the ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans.

Now the goddess Dawn went up to high Olympus, to announce the light to Zeus and the other immortals, but Agamemnon bade the clear-voiced heralds summon to the place of gathering the long-haired Achaeans. And they made summons, and the men gathered full quickly.

But the king first made the council of the great-souled elders to sit down beside the ship of Nestor, the king Pylos-born. And when he had called them together, he contrived a cunning plan, and said: "Hearken, my friends, a Dream from heaven came to me in my sleep through the ambrosial night, and most like was it to goodly Nestor, in form and in stature and in build. It took its stand above my head, and spake to me, saying: 'Thou sleepest, son of wise-hearted Atreus, the tamer of horses. To sleep the whole night through beseemeth not a man that is a counsellor, to whom a host is entrusted, and upon whom rest so many cares. But now, hearken thou quickly unto me, for I am a messenger to thee from Zeus, who, far away though he be, hath exceeding care for thee and pity. He biddeth thee arm the long-haired Achaeans with all speed, since now thou mayest take the broad-wayed city of the Trojans. For the immortals that have homes upon Olympus are no longer divided in counsel, since Hera hath bent the minds of all by her supplication, and over the Trojans hang woes by the will of Zeus. But do thou keep this in thy heart.' So spake he, and was flown away, and sweet sleep let me go. Nay, come now, if in any wise we may, let us arm the sons of the Achaeans; but first will I make trial of them in speech, as is right, and will

bid them flee with their benched ships; but do you from this side and from that bespeak them, and strive to hold them back."

So saying, he sate him down, and among them uprose Nestor, that was king of sandy Pylos. He with good intent addressed their gathering and spake among them: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, were it any other of the Achaeans that told us this dream we might deem it a false thing, and turn away therefrom the more; but now hath he seen it who declares himself to be far the mightiest of the Achaeans. Nay, come then, if in any wise we may arm the sons of the Achaeans."

He spake, and led the way forth from the council, and the other sceptred kings rose up thereat and obeyed the shepherd of the host; and the people the while were hastening on. Even as the tribes of thronging bees go forth from some hollow rock, ever coming on afresh, and in clusters over the flowers of spring fly in throngs, some here, some there; even so from the ships and huts before the low sea-beach marched forth in companies their many tribes to the place of gathering. And in their midst blazed forth Rumour, messenger of Zeus, urging them to go; and they were gathered. And the place of gathering was in a turmoil, and the earth groaned beneath them, as the people sate them down, and a din arose. Nine heralds with shouting sought to restrain them, if so be they might refrain from uproar and give ear to the kings, nurtured of Zeus. Hardly at the last were the people made to sit, and were stayed in their places, ceasing from their clamour. Then among them lord Agamemnon uprose, bearing in his hands the sceptre which Hephaestus had

wrought with toil. Hephaestus gave it to king Zeus, son of Cronos, and Zeus gave it to the messenger Argeïphontes; and Hermes, the lord, gave it to Pelops, driver of horses, and Pelops in turn gave it to Atreus, shepherd of the host; and Atreus at his death left it to Thyestes, rich in flocks, and Thyestes again left it to Agamemnon to bear, that so he might be lord of many isles and of all Argos. Thereon he leaned, and spake his word among the Argives: "My friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, great Zeus, son of Cronos, hath ensnared me in grievous blindness of heart, cruel god! seeing that of old he promised me, and bowed his head thereto, that not until I had sacked well-walled Ilios should I get me home; but now hath he planned cruel deceit, and bids me return inglorious to Argos, when I have lost much people. So, I ween, must be the good pleasure of Zeus, supreme in might, who hath laid low the heads of many cities, yea, and shall yet lay low, for his power is above all. A shameful thing is this even for the hearing of men that are yet to be, how that thus vainly so goodly and so great a host of the Achaeans warred a bootless war, and fought with men fewer than they, and no end thereof hath as yet been seen. For should we be minded, both Achaeans and Trojans, to swear a solemn oath with sacrifice, and to number ourselves, and should the Trojans be gathered together, even all they that have dwellings in the city, and we Achaeans be marshalled by tens, and choose, each company of us, a man of the Trojans to pour our wine, then would many tens lack a cup-

bearer ; so far, I deem, do the sons of the Achaeans outnumber the Trojans that dwell in the city. But allies there be out of many cities, men that wield the spear, who hinder me mightily, and for all that I am fain, suffer me not to sack the well-peopled citadel of Ilios. Already have nine years of great Zeus gone by, and lo, our ships' timbers are rotted, and the tackling loosed ; and our wives, I ween, and little children sit in our halls awaiting us ; yet is our task wholly unaccomplished in furtherance whereof we came hither. Nay, come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey : let us flee with our ships to our dear native land ; for no more is there hope that we shall take broad-wayed Troy."

So spake he, and roused the hearts in the breasts of all throughout the multitude, as many as had not heard the council. And the gathering was stirred like the long sea-waves of the Icarian main, which the East Wind or the South Wind has raised, rushing upon them from the clouds of father Zeus. And even as when the West Wind at its coming stirreth a deep cornfield with its violent blast, and the ears bow thereunder, even so was all their gathering stirred, and they with loud shouting rushed towards the ships ; and from beneath their feet the dust arose on high. And they called each one to his fellow to lay hold of the ships and draw them into the bright sea, and they set themselves to clear the launching-ways, and their shouting went up to heaven, so fain were they of their return home ; and they began to take the props from beneath the ships.

Then would the Argives have accomplished their return even beyond what was ordained, had not

Hera spoken a word to Athena, saying : " Out upon it, child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, unwearied one ! Is it thus indeed that the Argives are to flee to their dear native land over the broad back of the sea ? Aye, and they would leave to Priam and the Trojans their boast, even Argive Helen, for whose sake many an Achaean hath perished in Troy, far from his dear native land. But go thou now throughout the host of the brazen-coated Achaeans ; with thy gentle words seek thou to restrain every man, neither suffer them to draw into the sea their curved ships."

So spake she, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, failed not to hearken. Down from the peaks of Olympus she went darting, and speedily came to the swift ships of the Achaeans. There she found Odysseus, the peer of Zeus in counsel, as he stood. He laid no hand upon his benched, black ship, for that grief had come upon his heart and soul ; and flashing-eyed Athene stood near him, and said : " Son of Laërtes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many wiles, is it thus indeed that ye will fling yourselves on your benched ships to flee to your dear native land ? Aye, and ye would leave to Priam and the Trojans their boast, even Argive Helen, for whose sake many an Achaean hath perished in Troy, far from his dear native land. But go thou now throughout the host of the Achaeans, and hold thee back no more ; and with thy gentle words seek thou to restrain every man, neither suffer them to draw into the sea their curved ships."

So said she, and he knew the voice of the goddess

as she spake, and set him to run, and cast from him his cloak, which his herald gathered up, even Eurybates of Ithaca, that waited on him. But himself he went straight to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and received at his hand the staff of his fathers, imperishable ever, and therewith went his way along the ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans.

Whomsoever he met that was a chieftain or man of note, to his side would he come and with gentle words seek to restrain him, saying: "Good Sir, it beseems not to seek to affright thee as if thou wert a coward, but do thou thyself sit thee down, and make the rest of thy people to sit. For thou knowest not yet clearly what is the mind of the son of Atreus; now he does but make trial, whereas soon he will smite the sons of the Achaeans. Did we not all hear what he spake in the council? Beware lest waxing wroth he work mischief to the sons of the Achaeans. Proud is the heart of kings, fostered of heaven; for their honour is from Zeus, and Zeus, god of counsel, loveth them."

But whatsoever man of the people he saw, and found brawling, him would he smite with his staff, and chide with words, saying, "Fellow, sit thou still, and hearken to the words of others that are better men than thou; whereas thou art unwarlike and a weakling, neither to be counted in war nor in counsel. In no wise shall we Achaeans all be kings here. No good thing is a multitude of lords; let there be one lord, one king, to whom the son of crooked-counselling Cronos hath vouchsafed the sceptre and judgments, that he may take counsel for his people."

Thus masterfully did he range through the host,

and they hasted back to the place of gathering from their ships and huts with noise, as when a wave of the loud-resounding sea thundereth on the long beach, and the deep roareth.

Now the others sate them down and were stayed in their places, only there still kept chattering on Thersites of measureless speech, whose mind was full of great store of disorderly words, wherewith to utter revilings against the kings, idly, and in no orderly wise, but whatsoever he deemed would raise a laugh among the Argives. Evil-favoured was he beyond all men that came to Ilios: he was bandy-legged and lame in the one foot, and his two shoulders were rounded, stooping together over his chest, and above them his head was warpen, and a scant stubble grew thereon. Hateful was he to Achilles above all, and to Odysseus, for it was they twain that he was wont to revile; but now again with shrill cries he uttered abuse against goodly Agamemnon. With him were the Achaeans exceeding wroth, and had indignation in their hearts. Howbeit with loud shoutings he spake and chid Agamemnon:

"Son of Atreus, with what art thou now again discontent, or what lack is thine? Filled are thy huts with bronze, and women full many are in thy huts, chosen spoils that we Achaeans give thee first of all, whensoe'er we take a citadel. Or dost thou still want gold also, which some man of the horse-taming Trojans shall bring thee out of Ilios as a ransom for his son, whom I haply have bound and led away or some other of the Achaeans? Or is it some young girl for thee to know in love, whom thou wilt keep apart for thyself? Nay, it beseemeth not one that is their captain to bring to ill the sons

of the Achaeans. Soft fools! base things of shame, ye women of Achaea, men no more, homeward let us go with our ships, and leave this fellow here in the land of Troy to digest his prizes, that so he may learn whether in us too there is aught of aid for him or no—for him that hath now done dishonour to Achilles, a man better far than he; for he hath taken away, and keepeth his prize by his own arrogant act. Of a surety there is naught of wrath in the heart of Achilles; nay, he heedeth not at all; else, son of Atreus, wouldest thou now work insolence for the last time."

So spake Thersites, railing at Agamemnon, shepherd of the host. But quickly to his side came goodly Odysseus, and with an angry glance from beneath his brows, chid him with harsh words, saying: "Thersites of reckless speech, clear-voiced talker though thou art, refrain thee, and be not minded to strive singly against kings. For I deem that there is no viler mortal than thou amongst all those that with the sons of Atreus came beneath Ilios. Wherefore 'twere well thou shouldest not take the name of kings in thy mouth as thou pratest, to cast reproaches upon them, and to watch for home going. In no wise do we know clearly as yet how these things are to be, whether it be for good or ill that we sons of the Achaeans shall return. Therefore dost thou now continually utter revilings against Atreus' son, Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, for that the Danaan warriors give him gifts full many; whereas thou pratest on with railings. But I will speak out to thee, and this word shall verily be brought to pass: if I find thee again playing the fool, even as now thou dost, then may the head

of Odysseus abide no more upon his shoulders, nor may I any more be called the father of Telemachus, if I take thee not, and strip off thy raiment, thy cloak, and thy tunic that cover thy nakedness, and for thyself send thee wailing to the swift ships, beaten forth from the place of gathering with shameful blows."

So spake Odysseus, and with his staff smote his back and shoulders; and Thersites cowered down, and a big tear fell from him, and a bloody weal rose up on his back beneath the staff of gold. Then he sate him down, and fear came upon him, and stung by pain with helpless looks he wiped away the tear. But the Achaeans, sore vexed at heart though they were, broke into a merry laugh at him, and thus would one speak with a glance at his neighbour: "Out upon it! verily hath Odysseus ere now wrought good deeds without number as leader in good counsel and setting battle in array, but now is this deed far the best that he hath wrought among the Argives, seeing he hath made this scurrilous babbler to cease from his prating. Never again, I ween, will his proud spirit henceforth set him on to rail at kings with words of reviling."

So spake the multitude; but up rose Odysseus, sacker of cities, the sceptre in his hand, and by his side flashing-eyed Athene, in the likeness of a herald, bade the host keep silence, that the sons of the Achaeans, both the nearest and the farthest, might hear his words, and lay to heart his counsel. He with good intent addressed their gathering and spake among them: "Son of Atreus, now verily are the Achaeans minded to make thee, O king, the most despised among all mortal men, nor will they fulfil

the promise that they made to thee, while faring hitherward from Argos, the pasture-land of horses, that not until thou hadst sacked well-walled Ilios shouldest thou get thee home. For like little children or widow women do they wail each to the other in longing to return home. Verily there is toil enow to make a man return disheartened. For he that abideth but one single month far from his wife in his benched ship hath vexation of heart, even he whom winter blasts and surging seas keep afar; but for us is the ninth year at its turn, while we abide here; wherefore I count it not shame that the Achaeans have vexation of heart beside their beaked ships; yet even so it is a shameful thing to tarry long, and return empty. Endure, my friends, and abide for a time, that we may know whether the prophecies of Calchas be true, or no. For this in truth do we know well in our hearts, and ye are all witnesses thereto, even as many as the fates of death have not borne away. It was but as yesterday or the day before, when the ships of the Achaeans were gathering in Aulis,[1] laden with woes for Priam and the Trojans; and we round about a spring were offering to the immortals upon the holy altars hecatombs that bring fulfilment, beneath a fair plane-tree from whence flowed the bright water; then appeared a great portent: a serpent, blood-red on the back, terrible, whom the Olympian himself had sent forth to the light, glided from beneath the altar and darted to the plane-tree. Now upon this were the younglings of a sparrow, tender little ones, on the topmost bough, cowering beneath the leaves, eight in all, and the mother that bare them was the ninth. Then the serpent

devoured them as they twittered piteously, and the mother fluttered around them, wailing for her dear little ones; howbeit he coiled himself and caught her by the wing as she screamed about him. But when he had devoured the sparrow's little ones and the mother with them, the god, who had brought him to the light, made him to be unseen; for the son of crooked-counselling Cronos turned him to stone; and we stood there and marvelled at what was wrought. So, when the dread portent brake in upon the hecatombs of the gods, then straightway did Calchas prophesy, and address our gathering, saying: 'Why are ye thus silent, ye long-haired Achaeans? To us hath Zeus the counsellor shewed this great sign, late in coming, late in fulfilment, the fame whereof shall never perish. Even as this serpent devoured the sparrow's little ones and the mother with them—the eight, and the mother that bare them was the ninth—so shall we war there for so many years, but in the tenth shall we take the broad-wayed city.' On this wise spake Calchas, and now all this is verily being brought to pass. Nay, come, abide ye all, ye well-greaved Achaeans, even where ye are, until we take the great city of Priam."

So spake he, and the Argives shouted aloud, and all round about them the ships echoed wondrously beneath the shouting of the Achaeans, as they praised the words of godlike Odysseus. And there spake among them the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia: "Now look you; in very truth are ye holding assembly after the manner of silly boys that care no whit for deeds of war. What then is to be the end of our compacts and our oaths? Nay, into the fire let us cast all counsels and plans of warriors,

the drink-offerings of unmixed wine, and the hand-clasps wherein we put out trust. For vainly do we wrangle with words, nor can we find any device at all, for all our long tarrying here. Son of Atreus, do thou as of old keep unbending purpose, and be leader of the Argives throughout stubborn fights; and for these, let them perish, the one or two of the Achaeans, that take secret counsel apart—yet no accomplishment shall come therefrom—to depart first to Argos or ever we have learned whether the promise of Zeus that beareth the aegis be a lie or no. For I declare that Cronos' son, supreme in might, gave promise with his nod on that day when the Argives went on board their swift-faring ships, bearing unto the Trojans death and fate; for he lightened on our right and shewed forth signs of good. Wherefore let no man make haste to depart homewards until each have lain with the wife of some Trojan, and have got him requital for his strivings and groanings for Helen's sake.[1] Howbeit, if any man is exceeding fain to depart homewards, let him lay his hand upon his black, well-benched ship, that before the face of all he may meet death and fate. But do thou, O king, thyself take good counsel, and hearken to another; the word whatsoever I speak, shalt thou not lightly cast aside. Separate thy men by tribes, by clans, Agamemnon, that clan may bear aid to clan and tribe to tribe. If thou do thus, and the Achaeans obey thee, thou wilt know then who among thy captains is a coward, and who among thy men, and who too is brave; for they will fight each clan for itself.[2] So shalt thou

[2] That is, the fact that the glory of success will accrue to his clan, will be an incentive to each man to do his best.

know whether it is even by the will of heaven that thou shalt not take the city, or by the cowardice of thy folk and their witlessness in war."

Then in answer to him spake the king, Agamemnon: "Aye verily once more, old sir, art thou pre-eminent in speech above the sons of the Achaeans. I would, O father Zeus and Athene and Apollo, that I had ten such counsellors; then would the city of king Priam forthwith bow her head, taken and laid waste beneath our hands. But the son of Cronos, even Zeus that beareth the aegis, hath brought sorrows upon me, in that he casteth me into the midst of fruitless strifes and wranglings. For verily I and Achilles fought about a girl with violent words, and it was I that waxed wroth the first; but if e'er we shall be at one in counsel, then shall there no more be any putting off of evil for the Trojans, no not for an instant. But for this present go ye to your meal, that we may join battle. Let every man whet well his spear and bestow well his shield, and let him well give to his swift-footed horses their food, and look well to his chariot on every side, and bethink him of fighting; that the whole day through we may contend in hateful war. For of respite shall there intervene, no, not a whit, until night at its coming shall part the fury of warriors. Wet with sweat about the breast of many a man shall be the baldric of his sheltering shield, and about the spear shall his hand grow weary, and wet with sweat shall a man's horse be, as he tugs at the polished car. But whomsoever I shall see minded to tarry apart from the fight beside the beaked ships, for him shall there be no hope thereafter to escape the dogs and birds."

So spake he, and the Argives shouted aloud as a wave against a high headland, when the South Wind cometh and maketh it to swell—even against a jutting crag that is never left by the waves of all the winds that come from this side or from that. And they arose and hasted to scatter among the ships, and made fires in the huts, and took their meal. And they made sacrifice one to one of the gods that are for ever, and one to another, with the prayer that they might escape from death and the moil of war. But Agamemnon, king of men, slew a fat bull of five years to the son of Cronos, supreme in might, and let call the elders, the chieftains of the Achaean host, Nestor, first of all, and king Idomeneus, and thereafter the twain Aiantes and the son of Tydeus, and as the sixth Odysseus, the peer of Zeus in counsel. And unbidden came to him Menelaus, good at the war-cry,[1] for he knew in his heart wherewith his brother was busied. About the bull they stood and took up the barley grains, and in prayer lord Agamemnon spake among them, saying: "Zeus, most glorious, most great, lord of the dark clouds, that dwellest in the heaven, grant that the sun set not, neither darkness come upon us, until I have cast down in headlong ruin the hall of Priam, blackened with smoke, and have burned with consuming fire the portals thereof, and cloven about the breast of Hector his tunic, rent with the bronze; and in throngs may his comrades round about him fall headlong in the dust, and bite the earth."

So spake he; but not as yet would the son of Cronos grant him fulfilment; nay, he accepted the sacrifice, but toil he made to wax unceasingly.

Then, when they had prayed and had sprinkled the barley grains, they first drew back the victims' heads and cut their throats, and flayed them; and they cut out the thigh-pieces and covered them with a double layer of fat, and laid raw flesh thereon. These they burned on billets of wood stripped of leaves, and the inner parts they pierced with spits, and held them over the flame of Hephaestus. But when the thigh-pieces were wholly burned and they had tasted of the inner parts, they cut up the rest and spitted it, and roasted it carefully, and drew all off the spits. Then, when they had ceased from their labour and had made ready the meal, they feasted, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, among them the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, was first to speak, saying: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, let us now not any more remain gathered here, nor any more put off the work which verily the god vouchsafeth us. Nay, come, let the heralds of the brazen-coated Achaeans make proclamation, and gather together the host throughout the ships, and let us go thus in a body through the broad camp of the Achaeans, that we may with the more speed stir up sharp battle."

So spake he, and the king of men, Agamemnon, failed not to hearken. Straightway he bade the clear-voiced heralds summon to battle the long-haired Achaeans. And they made summons, and the host gathered full quickly. The kings, nurtured of Zeus, that were about Atreus' son, sped swiftly, marshalling the host, and in their midst was the flashing-eyed Athene, bearing the priceless aegis, that knoweth neither age nor death, wherefrom

are hung an hundred tassels all of gold, all of them cunningly woven, and each one of the worth of an hundred oxen. Therewith she sped dazzling throughout the host of the Achaeans, urging them to go forth; and in the heart of each man she roused strength to war and to battle without ceasing. And to them forthwith war became sweeter than to return in their hollow ships to their dear native land.

Even as a consuming fire maketh a boundless forest to blaze on the peaks of a mountain, and from afar is the glare thereof to be seen, even so from their innumerable bronze, as they marched forth, went the dazzling gleam up through the sky unto the heavens.

And as the many tribes of winged fowl, wild geese or cranes or long-necked swans on the Asian mead by the streams of Caÿstrius, fly this way and that, glorying in their strength of wing, and with loud cries settle ever onwards,[1] and the mead resoundeth; even so their many tribes poured forth from ships and huts into the plain of Scamander, and the earth echoed wondrously beneath the tread of men and horses. So they took their stand in the flowery mead of Scamander, numberless, as are the leaves and the flowers in their season.

Even as the many tribes of swarming flies that buzz to and fro throughout the herdsman's farmstead in the season of spring, when the milk drenches the pails, even in such numbers stood the long-haired Achaeans upon the plain in the face of the men of Troy, eager to rend them asunder.

And even as goatherds separate easily the wide-scattered flocks of goats, when they mingle in the pasture, so did their leaders marshal them on this side and on that to enter into the battle, and among them lord Agamemnon, his eyes and head like unto Zeus that hurleth the thunderbolt, his waist like unto Ares, and his breast unto Poseidon. Even as a bull among the herd stands forth far the chiefest over all, for that he is pre-eminent among the gathering kine, even such did Zeus make Agamemnon on that day, pre-eminent among many, and chiefest amid warriors.

Tell me now, ye Muses that have dwellings on Olympus—for ye are goddesses and are at hand and know all things, whereas we hear but a rumour and know not anything—who were the captains of the Danaans and their lords. But the common folk I could not tell nor name, nay, not though ten tongues were mine and ten mouths and a voice unwearying, and though the heart within me were of bronze, did not the Muses of Olympus, daughters of Zeus that beareth the aegis, call to my mind all them that came beneath Ilios. Now will I tell the captains of the ships and the ships in their order.[1]

Of the Boeotians Peneleos and Leïtus were

The total of ships listed is 1186, and from the data given the troops would appear to have numbered from 100,000 to 120,000.

The catalogue is by many regarded as of later origin than the original *Iliad*, although there are valid grounds for assigning it to a very early date. For special studies of the problems involved reference may be made to Leaf, *Homer and History* (Macmillan, 1915), and to Allen, *The Homeric Catalogue of Ships* (Oxford, 1921).

captains, and Arcesilaus and Prothoënor and Clonius; these were they that dwelt in Hyria and rocky Aulis and Schoenus and Scolus and Eteonus with its many ridges, Thespeia, Graea, and spacious Mycalessus; and that dwelt about Harma and Eilesium and Erythrae; and that held Eleon and Hyle and Peteon, Ocalea and Medeon, the well-built citadel, Copae, Eutresis, and Thisbe, the haunt of doves; that dwelt in Coroneia and grassy Haliartus, and that held Plataea and dwelt in Glisas; that held lower Thebe, the well-built citadel, and holy Onchestus, the bright grove of Poseidon; and that held Arne, rich in vines, and Mideia and sacred Nisa and Anthedon on the seaboard. Of these there came fifty ships, and on board of each went young men of the Boeotians an hundred and twenty.

And they that dwelt in Aspledon and Orchomenus of the Minyae were led by Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sons of Ares, whom, in the palace of Actor, son of Azeus, Astyoche, the honoured maiden, conceived of mighty Ares, when she had entered into her upper chamber; for he lay with her in secret. And with these were ranged thirty hollow ships.

And of the Phocians Schedius and Epistrophus were captains, sons of great-souled Iphitus, son of Naubolus; these were they that held Cyparissus and rocky Pytho, and sacred Crisa and Daulis and Panopeus; and that dwelt about Anemoreia and Hyampolis, and that lived beside the goodly river Cephisus, and that held Lilaea by the springs of Cephisus. With these followed forty black ships.

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2 Ἄρνην : Ἄσκρην Zenodotus.

And their leaders busily marshalled the ranks of the Phocians, and made ready for battle hard by the Boeotians on the left.

And the Locrians had as leader the swift son of Oïleus, Aias the less, in no wise as great as Telamonian Aias, but far less. Small of stature was he, with corselet of linen, but with the spear he far excelled the whole host of Hellenes and Achaeans. These were they that dwelt in Cynus and Opus and Calliarus and Bessa and Scarphe and lovely Augeiae and Tarphe and Thronium about the streams of Boagrius. With Aias followed forty black ships of the Locrians that dwell over against sacred Euboea.

And the Abantes, breathing fury, that held Euboea and Chalcis and Eretria and Histiaea, rich in vines, and Cerinthus, hard by the sea, and the steep citadel of Dios ; and that held Carystus and dwelt in Styra,—all these again had as leader Elephenor, scion of Ares, him that was son of Chalcodon and captain of the great-souled Abantes. And with him followed the swift Abantes, with hair long at the back, spearmen eager with outstretched ashen spears to rend the corselets about the breasts of the foemen. And with him there followed forty black ships.

And they that held Athens, the well-built citadel, the land of great-hearted Erechtheus, whom of old Athene, daughter of Zeus, fostered, when the earth, the giver of grain, had borne him ; and she made him to dwell in Athens, in her own rich sanctuary, and there the youths of the Athenians, as the years roll on in their courses, seek to win his favour with sacrifices of bulls and rams ;—these again had as leader Menestheus, son of Peteos. Like unto him

was none other man upon the face of the earth for the marshalling of chariots and of warriors that bear the shield. Only Nestor could vie with him, for he was the elder. And with him there followed fifty black ships.

And Aias led from Salamis twelve ships, and stationed them where the battalions of the Athenians stood.

And they that held Argos and Tiryns, famed for its walls, and Hermione and Asine, that enfold the deep gulf, Troezen and Eïonae and vine-clad Epidaurus, and the youths of the Achaeans that held Aegina and Mases,—these again had as leaders Diomedes, good at the war-cry, and Sthenelus, dear son of glorious Capaneus. And with them came a third, Euryalus, a godlike warrior, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus; but leader over them all was Diomedes, good at the war-cry. And with these there followed eighty black ships.

And they that held Mycenae, the well-built citadel, and wealthy Corinth, and well-built Cleonae, and dwelt in Orneiae and lovely Araethyrea and Sicyon, wherein at the first Adrastus was king; and they that held Hyperesia and steep Gonoessa and Pellene, and that dwelt about Aegium and throughout all Aegialus, and about broad Helice,—of these was the son of Atreus, lord Agamemnon, captain, with an hundred ships. With him followed most people by far and goodliest; and among them he himself did on his gleaming bronze, a king all-glorious, and was pre-eminent among all the warriors, for that he was noblest, and led a people far the most in number.

And they that held the hollow land of Lacedaemon

with its many ravines, and Pharis and Sparta and Messe, the haunt of doves, and that dwelt in Bryseiae and lovely Augeiae, and that held Amyclae and Helus, a citadel hard by the sea, and that held Laas, and dwelt about Oetylus,—these were led by Agamemnon's brother, even Menelaus, good at the war-cry, with sixty ships ; and they were marshalled apart. And himself he moved among them, confident in his zeal, urging his men to battle ; and above all others was his heart fain to get him requital for his strivings and groanings for Helen's sake.

And they that dwelt in Pylos and lovely Arene and Thryum, the ford of Alpheius, and fair-founded Aepy, and that had their abodes in Cyparisseïs and Amphigeneia and Pteleos and Helus and Dorium, where the Muses met Thamyris the Thracian and made an end of his singing, even as he was journeying from Oechalia, from the house of Eurytus the Oechalian : for he vaunted with boasting that he would conquer, were the Muses themselves to sing against him, the daughters of Zeus that beareth the aegis ; but they in their wrath maimed him, and took from him his wondrous song, and made him forget his minstrelsy ;—all these folk again had as leader the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia. And with him were ranged ninety black ships.

And they that held Arcadia beneath the steep mountain of Cyllene, beside the tomb of Aepytus, where are warriors that fight in close combat ; and they that dwelt in Pheneos and Orchomenus, rich in flocks, and Rhipe and Stratia and wind-swept Enispe ; and that held Tegea and lovely Mantineia ; and that held Stymphalus and dwelt in Parrhasia, —all these were led by the son of Ancaeus, lord

Agapenor, with sixty ships; and on each ship embarked full many Arcadian warriors well-skilled in fight. For of himself had the king of men, Agamemnon, given them benched ships wherewith to cross over the wine-dark sea, even the son of Atreus, for with matters of seafaring had they naught to do.

And they that dwelt in Buprasium and goodly Elis, all that part thereof that Hyrmine and Myrsinus on the seaboard and the rock of Olen and Alesium enclose between them—these again had four leaders, and ten swift ships followed each one, and many Epeians embarked thereon. Of these some were led by Amphimachus and Thalpius, of the blood of Actor, sons, the one of Cteatus and the other of Eurytus; and of some was the son of Amarynceus captain, even mighty Diores; and of the fourth company godlike Polyxeinus was captain, son of king Agasthenes, Augeias' son.

And those from Dulichium and the Echinae, the holy isles, that lie across the sea, over against Elis, these again had as leader Meges, the peer of Ares, even the son of Phyleus, whom the horseman Phyleus, dear to Zeus, begat—he that of old had gone to dwell in Dulichium in wrath against his father. And with Meges there followed forty black ships.

And Odysseus led the great-souled Cephallenians that held Ithaca and Neritum, covered with waving forests, and that dwelt in Crocyleia and rugged Aegilips; and them that held Zacynthus, and that dwelt about Samos, and held the mainland and dwelt on the shores over against the isles. Of these was Odysseus captain, the peer of Zeus in counsel. And with him there followed twelve ships with vermilion prows.

And the Aetolians were led by Thoas, Andraemon's son, even they that dwelt in Pleuron and Olenus and Pylene and Chalcis, hard by the sea, and rocky Calydon. For the sons of great-hearted Oeneus were no more, neither did he himself still live, and fair-haired Meleager was dead, to whom had commands been given that he should bear full sway among the Aetolians. And with Thoas there followed forty black ships.

And the Cretans had as leader Idomeneus, famed for his spear, even they that held Cnosus and Gortys, famed for its walls, Lyctus and Miletus and Lycastus, white with chalk, and Phaestus and Rhytium, well-peopled cities; and all they beside that dwelt in Crete of the hundred cities. Of all these was Idomeneus, famed for his spear, captain, and Meriones, the peer of Enyalius, slayer of men. And with these there followed eighty black ships.

And Tlepolemus, son of Heracles, a valiant man and tall, led from Rhodes nine ships of the lordly Rhodians, that dwelt in Rhodes sundered in three divisions—in Lindos and Ialysus and Cameirus, white with chalk. These were led by Tlepolemus, famed for his spear, he that was born to mighty Heracles by Astyocheia, whom he had led forth out of Ephyre from the river Selleïs, when he had laid waste many cities of warriors fostered of Zeus. But when Tlepolemus had grown to manhood in the well-fenced palace, forthwith he slew his own father's dear uncle, Licymnius, scion of Ares, who was then waxing old. So he straightway built him ships, and when he had gathered together much

people, went forth in flight over the sea, for that the other sons and grandsons of mighty Heracles threatened him. But he came to Rhodes in his wanderings, suffering woes, and there his people settled in three divisions by tribes, and were loved of Zeus that is king among gods and men ; and upon them was wondrous wealth poured by the son of Cronos.

Moreover Nireus led three shapely ships from Syme, Nireus that was son of Aglaïa and Charops the king, Nireus the comeliest man that came beneath Ilios of all the Danaans after the peerless son of Peleus. Howbeit he was a weakling, and but few people followed with him.

And they that held Nisyrus and Crapathus and Casus and Cos, the city of Eurypylus, and the Calydnian isles, these again were led by Pheidippus and Antiphus, the two sons of king Thessalus, son of Heracles. And with them were ranged thirty hollow ships.

Now all those again that inhabited Pelasgian Argos, and dwelt in Alos and Alope and Trachis, and that held Phthia and Hellas, the land of fair women, and were called Myrmidons and Hellenes and Achaeans—of the fifty ships of these men was Achilles captain. Howbeit they bethought them not of dolorous war, since there was no man to lead them forth into the ranks. For he lay in idleness among the ships, the swift-footed, goodly Achilles, in wrath because of the fair-haired girl Briseïs, whom he had taken out of Lyrnessus after sore toil,

[4] Line 681 was altered by Zenodotus, who gave,
οἱ δ' Ἄργος εἶχον τὸ Πελασγικόν, οὔθαρ ἀρούρης,
[5] Lines 686-694 were rejected by Zenodotus.

when he wasted Lyrnessus and the walls of Thebe, and laid low Mynes and Epistrophus, warriors that raged with the spear, sons of king Evenus, Selepus' son. In sore grief for her lay Achilles idle ; but soon was he to arise again.

And they that held Phylace and flowery Pyrasus, the sanctuary of Demeter, and Iton, mother of flocks, and Antron, hard by the sea, and Pteleos, couched in grass, these again had as leader warlike Protesilaus, while yet he lived ; howbeit ere now the black earth held him fast. His wife, her two cheeks torn in wailing, was left in Phylace and his house but half established,[1] while, for himself, a Dardanian warrior slew him as he leapt forth from his ship by far the first of the Achaeans. Yet neither were his men leaderless, though they longed for their leader ; for Podarces, scion of Ares, marshalled them, he that was son of Phylacus' son, Iphiclus, rich in flocks, own brother to great-souled Protesilaus, and younger-born ; but the other was the elder and the better man, even the warrior, valiant Protesilaus. So the host in no wise lacked a leader, though they longed for the noble man they had lost. And with him there followed forty black ships.

And they that dwelt in Pherae beside the lake Boebeïs, and in Boebe, and Glaphyrae, and well-built Iolcus, these were led by the dear son of Admetus with eleven ships, even by Eumelus, whom Alcestis, queenly among women, bare to Admetus, even she, the comeliest of the daughters of Pelias.

And they that dwelt in Methone and Thaumacia, and that held Meliboea and rugged Olizon, these

with their seven ships were led by Philoctetes, well-skilled in archery, and on each ship embarked fifty oarsmen well skilled to fight amain with the bow. But Philoctetes lay suffering grievous pains in an island, even in sacred Lemnos, where the sons of the Achaeans had left him in anguish with an evil wound from a deadly water-snake. There he lay suffering; yet full soon were the Argives beside their ships to bethink them of king Philoctetes. Howbeit neither were these men leaderless, though they longed for their leader; but Medon marshalled them, the bastard son of Oïleus, whom Rhene bare to Oïleus, sacker of cities.

And they that held Tricca and Ithome of the crags, and Oechalia, city of Oechalian Eurytus, these again were led by the two sons of Asclepius, the skilled leeches Podaleirius and Machaon. And with these were ranged thirty hollow ships.

And they that held Ormenius and the fountain Hypereia, and that held Asterium and the white crests of Titanus, these were led by Eurypylus, the glorious son of Euaemon. And with him there followed forty black ships.

And they that held Argissa, and dwelt in Gyrtone, Orthe, and Elone, and the white city of Oloösson, these again had as leader Polypoetes, staunch in fight, son of Peirithous, whom immortal Zeus begat—even him whom glorious Hippodameia conceived to Peirithous on the day when he got him vengeance on the shaggy centaurs, and thrust them forth from Pelium, and drave them to the Aethices. Not alone was he, but with him was Leonteus, scion of Ares,

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[2] Lines 724 f. were rejected by Zenodotus.

the son of Caenus' son, Coronus, high of heart. And with them there followed forty black ships.

And Gouneus led from Cyphus two and twenty ships, and with him followed the Enienes and the Peraebi, staunch in fight, that had set their dwellings about wintry Dodona, and dwelt in the ploughland about lovely Titaressus, that poureth his fair-flowing streams into Peneius; yet doth he not mingle with the silver eddies of Peneius, but floweth on over his waters like unto olive oil; for that he is a branch of the water of Styx, the dread river of oath.

And the Magnetes had as captain Prothous, son of Tenthredon. These were they that dwelt about Peneius and Pelion, covered with waving forests. Of these was swift Prothous captain; and with him there followed forty black ships.

These were the leaders of the Danaans and their lords. But who was far the best among them do thou tell me, Muse—best of the warriors and of the horses that followed with the sons of Atreus.

Of horses best by far were the mares of the son of Pheres, those that Eumelus drave, swift as birds, like of coat, like of age, their backs as even as a levelling line could make. These had Apollo of the silver bow reared in Pereia, both of them mares, bearing with them the panic of war. And of warriors far best was Telamonian Aias, while yet Achilles cherished his wrath; for Achilles was far the mightiest, he and the horses that bare the peerless son of Peleus. Howbeit he abode amid his beaked, seafaring ships in utter wrath against Agamemnon, Atreus' son, shepherd of the host; and his people along the sea-shore took their joy in casting the discus and the javelin, and in archery;

and their horses each beside his own car, eating lotus and parsley of the marsh, stood idle, while the chariots were set, well covered up, in the huts of their masters. But the men, longing for their captain, dear to Ares, roamed hither and thither through the camp, and fought not.

So marched they then as though all the land were swept with fire; and the earth groaned beneath them, as beneath Zeus that hurleth the thunderbolt in his wrath, when he scourgeth the land about Typhoeus in the country of the Arimi, where men say is the couch of Typhoeus. Even so the earth groaned greatly beneath their tread as they went; and full swiftly did they speed across the plain.

And to the Trojans went, as a messenger from Zeus that beareth the aegis, wind-footed, swift Iris with a grievous message. These were holding assembly at Priam's gate, all gathered in one body, the young men alike and the elders. And swift-footed Iris stood near and spake to them; and she made her voice like to that of Polites, son of Priam, who was wont to sit as a sentinel of the Trojans, trusting in his fleetness of foot, on the topmost part of the barrow of aged Aesyetes, awaiting until the Achaeans should sally forth from their ships. Likening herself to him swifted-footed Iris spake to Priam, saying: "Old sir, ever are endless words dear to thee, now even as of yore in time of peace; but war unabating is afoot. Verily full often have I entered ere now into battles of warriors, but never yet have I seen a host so goodly and so great; for most like to the leaves or the sands are they, as they march over the plain to fight against the city. Hector, to thee beyond all others do I give command, and do thou

even according to my word. Inasmuch as there are allies full many throughout the great city of Priam, and tongue differs from tongue among men that are scattered abroad; let each one therefore give the word to those whose captain he is, and these let him lead forth, when he has marshalled the men of his own city."

So spake she, and Hector in no wise failed to know the voice of the goddess, but forthwith brake up the gathering; and they rushed to arms. The gates one and all were opened wide, and forth the folk hasted, both footmen and charioteers; and a great din arose.

Now there is before the city a steep mound afar out in the plain, with a clear space about it on this side and on that; this do men verily call Batieia, but the immortals call it the barrow of Myrine, light of step. There on this day did the Trojans and their allies separate their companies.

The Trojans were led by great Hector of the flashing helm, the son of Priam, and with him were marshalled the greatest hosts by far and the goodliest, raging with the spear.

Of the Dardanians again the valiant son of Anchises was captain, even Aeneas, whom fair Aphrodite conceived to Anchises amid the spurs of Ida, a goddess couched with a mortal man. Not alone was he; with him were Antenor's two sons, Archelochus and Acamas, well skilled in all manner of fighting.

And they that dwelt in Zeleia beneath the nethermost foot of Ida, men of wealth, that drink the dark water of Aesepus, even the Troes, these again were led by the glorious son of Lycaon, Pandarus, to whom Apollo himself gave the bow.

And they that held Adrasteia and the land of Apaesus, and that held Pityeia and the steep mount of Tereia, these were led by Adrastus and Amphius, with corslet of linen, sons twain of Merops of Percote, that was above all men skilled in prophesying, and would not suffer his sons to go into war, the bane of men. But the twain would in no wise hearken, for the fates of black death were leading them on.

And they that dwelt about Percote and Practius, and that held Sestus and Abydus and goodly Arisbe, these again were led by Hyrtacus' son Asius, a leader of men—Asius, son of Hyrtacus, whom his horses tawny and tall had borne from Arisbe, from the river Selleïs.

And Hippothous led the tribes of the Pelasgi, that rage with the spear, even them that dwelt in deep-soiled Larisa; these were led by Hippothous and Pylaeus, scion of Ares, sons twain of Pelasgian Lethus, son of Teutamus.

But the Thracians Acamas led and Peirous, the warrior, even all them that the strong stream of the Hellespont encloseth.

And Euphemus was captain of the Ciconian spearmen, the son of Ceas' son Troezenus, nurtured of Zeus.

But Pyraechmes led the Paeonians, with curved bows, from afar, out of Amydon from the wide-flowing Axius—Axius the water whereof floweth the fairest over the face of the earth.

And the Paphlagonians did Pylaemenes of the shaggy[1] heart lead from the land of the Eneti, whence is the race of wild she-mules. These were they that held Cytorus and dwelt about Sesamon, and had their famed dwellings around the river

Parthenius and Cromna and Aegialus and lofty Erythini.

But of the Halizones Odius and Epistrophus were captains from afar, from Alybe, where is the birthplace of silver.

And of the Mysians the captains were Chromis and Ennomus the augur; howbeit with his auguries he warded not off black fate, but was slain beneath the hands of the son of Aeacus, swift of foot, in the river, where Achilles was making havoc of the Trojans and the others as well.

And Phorcys and godlike Ascanius led the Phrygians from afar, from Ascania, and were eager to fight in the press of battle.

And the Maeonians had captains twain, Mesthles and Antiphus, the two sons of Talaemenes, whose mother was the nymph of the Gygaean lake; and they led the Maeonians, whose birth was beneath Tmolus.

And Nastes again led the Carians, uncouth of speech, who held Miletus and the mountain of Phthires, dense with its leafage, and the streams of Maeander, and the steep crests of Mycale. These were led by captains twain, Amphimachus and Nastes — Nastes and Amphimachus, the glorious children of Nomion. And he[1] came to the war all decked with gold, like a girl, fool that he was; but his gold in no wise availed to ward off woeful destruction; nay, he was slain in the river beneath the hands of the son of Aeacus, swift of foot; and Achilles, wise of heart, bare off the gold.

And Sarpedon and peerless Glaucus were captains of the Lycians from afar out of Lycia, from the eddying Xanthus.

BOOK III

Now when they were marshalled, the several companies with their captains, the Trojans came on with clamour and with a cry like birds, even as the clamour of cranes ariseth before the face of heaven, when they flee from wintry storms and measureless rain, and with clamour fly toward the streams of Ocean, bearing slaughter and death to Pigmy men, and in the early dawn they offer evil battle. But the Achaeans came on in silence, breathing fury, eager at heart to bear aid each man to his fellow.

Even as when the South Wind sheddeth a mist over the peaks of a mountain, a mist that the shepherd loveth not, but that to the robber is better than night, and a man can see only so far as he casteth a stone; even in such wise rose the dense dust-cloud from beneath their feet as they went; and full swiftly did they speed across the plain.

Now when they were come near, as they advanced one host against the other, among the Trojans there stood forth as champion godlike Alexander, bearing upon his shoulders a panther skin and his curved bow, and his sword; and brandishing two spears tipped with bronze he challenged all the best of Argives to fight with him face to face in dread combat.

But when Menelaus, dear to Ares, was ware of him as he came forth before the throng with long strides, then even as a lion is glad when he lighteth on a great carcase, having found a horned stag or a wild goat when he is hungry; for greedily doth he devour it, even though swift dogs and lusty youths set upon him: even so was Menelaus glad when his eyes beheld godlike Alexander; for he thought that he had gotten him vengeance [1] on the sinner. And forthwith he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground.

But when godlike Alexander was ware of him as he appeared among the champions, his heart was smitten, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. And even as a man at sight of a snake in the glades of a mountain starteth back, and trembling seizeth his limbs beneath him, and he withdraweth back again and pallor layeth hold of his cheeks; even so did godlike Alexander, seized with fear of Atreus' son, shrink back into the throng of the lordly Trojans.

But Hector saw him, and chid him with words of shame: "Evil Paris, most fair to look upon, thou that art mad after women, thou beguiler, would that thou hadst ne'er been born [2] and hadst died unwed. Aye, of that were I fain, and it had been better far than that thou shouldest thus be a reproach, and that men should look upon thee in scorn. Verily, methinks, will the long-haired Achaeans laugh aloud, deeming that a prince is our champion because a comely form is his, while there is no strength in his heart nor any valour. Was it in such strength

but the sense "unborn" is demanded by the context, and is supported by Eur. *Phoen.* 1598.

as this that thou didst sail over the main in thy seafaring ships, when thou hadst gathered thy trusty comrades, and, coming to an alien folk, didst bring back a comely woman from a distant land, even a daughter of[1] warriors who wield the spear, but to thy father and city and all the people a grievous bane—to thy foes a joy, but to thine own self a hanging down of the head? Wilt thou indeed not abide Menelaus, dear to Ares? Thou wouldest learn what manner of warrior he is whose lovely wife thou hast. Then will thy lyre help thee not, neither the gifts of Aphrodite, thy locks and thy comeliness, when thou shalt lie low in the dust. Nay, verily, the Trojans are utter cowards: else wouldest thou ere this have donned a coat of stone[2] by reason of all the evil thou hast wrought."

And to him did godlike Alexander make answer, saying: "Hector, seeing that thou dost chide me duly, and not beyond what is due—ever is thy heart unyielding, even as an axe that is driven through a beam by the hand of a man that skilfully shapeth a ship's timber, and it maketh the force of his blow to wax; even so is the heart in thy breast undaunted—cast not in my teeth the lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite. Not to be flung aside, look you, are the glorious gifts of the gods, even all that of themselves they give, whereas by his own will could no man win them. But now, if thou wilt have me war and do battle, make the other Trojans to sit down and all the Achaeans, but set ye me in the midst and Menelaus, dear to Ares, to do battle for Helen and all her possessions. And whichsoever

as a euphemism for death by stoning; *cf.* χθονὸς χλαῖνα, Aesch. *Ag.* 872.

of us twain shall win, and prove him the better man, let him duly take all the wealth and the woman, and bear them to his home. But for you others, do ye swear friendship and oaths of faith with sacrifice. So should ye dwell in deep-soiled Troy-land, and let them return to Argos, pasture-land of horses, and to Achaea, the land of fair women."

So spake he, and Hector rejoiced greatly when he heard his words; and he went into the midst, and kept back the battalions of the Trojans with his spear grasped by the middle; and they all sate them down. But the long-haired Achaeans sought the while to aim their arrows at him, and to smite him, and to cast at him with stones. But aloud shouted Agamemnon, king of men: "Hold, ye Argives, shoot no more, ye youths of the Achaeans; for Hector of the flashing helm makes as though he would say somewhat."

So spake he, and they stayed them from battle, and became silent forthwith. And Hector spake between the two hosts: "Hear from me, ye Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans, the words of Alexander, for whose sake strife hath been set afoot. The other Trojans and all the Achaeans he biddeth to lay aside their goodly battle-gear upon the bounteous earth, and himself in the midst and Menelaus, dear to Ares, to do battle for Helen and all her possessions. And whichsoever of the twain shall win, and prove him the better man, let him duly take all the wealth and the woman, and bear them to his home; but for us others, let us swear friendship and oaths of faith with sacrifice."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence; and among them spake Menelaus, good

at the war-cry: "Hearken ye now also unto me, for upon my heart above all others hath sorrow come; my mind is that Argives and Trojans now be parted, seeing ye have suffered many woes because of my quarrel and Alexander's beginning thereof.[1] And for whichsoever of us twain death and fate are appointed, let him lie dead; but be ye others parted with all speed. Bring ye two lambs, a white ram and a black ewe, for Earth and Sun, and for Zeus we will bring another; and fetch ye hither the mighty Priam, that he may himself swear an oath with sacrifice, seeing that his sons are overweening and faithless; lest any by presumptuous act should do violence to the oaths of Zeus. Ever unstable are the hearts of the young; but in whatsoever an old man taketh part, he looketh both before and after, that the issue may be far the best for either side."

So spake he, and the Achaeans and Trojans waxed glad, deeming that they had won rest from woeful war. So they stayed their chariots in the ranks, and themselves stepped forth, and did off their battle-gear. This they laid upon the ground, each hard by each, and there was but little space between. And Hector sent to the city heralds twain with all speed to fetch the lambs and to summon Priam. And Talthybius did lord Agamemnon send forth to the hollow ships, and bade him bring a lamb; and he failed not to hearken to goodly Agamemnon.

But Iris went as a messenger to white-armed Helen, in the likeness of her husband's sister, the wife of Antenor's son, even her that lord Helicaon, Antenor's son, had to wife, Laodice, the comeliest

of the daughters of Priam. She found Helen in the hall, where she was weaving a great purple web of double fold, and thereon was broidering many battles of the horse-taming Trojans and the brazen-coated Achaeans, that for her sake they had endured at the hands of Ares. Close to her side then came Iris, swift of foot, and spake to her, saying : " Come hither, dear lady, that thou mayest behold the wondrous doings of the horse-taming Trojans and the brazen-coated Achaeans. They that of old were wont to wage tearful war against one another on the plain, their hearts set on deadly battle, even they abide now in silence, and the battle has ceased, and they lean upon their shields, and beside them their long spears are fixed. But Alexander and Menelaus, dear to Ares, will do battle with their long spears for thee ; and whoso shall conquer, his dear wife shalt thou be called."

So spake the goddess, and put into her heart sweet longing for her former lord and her city and parents ; and straightway she veiled herself with shining linen, and went forth from her chamber, letting fall round tears, not alone, for with her followed two handmaids as well, Aethra, daughter of Pittheus, and ox-eyed Clymene ; and with speed they came to the place where were the Scaean gates.

And they that were about Priam and Panthous and Thymoetes and Lampus and Clytius and Hicetaon, scion of Ares, and Ucalegon and Antenor, men of prudence both, sat as elders of the people at the Scaean gates. Because of old age had they now ceased from battle, but speakers they were full good, like unto cicalas that in a forest sit upon a tree and

pour forth their lily-like[1] voice; even in such wise sat the leaders of the Trojans upon the wall. Now when they saw Helen coming upon the wall, softly they spake winged words one to another: "Small blame that Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans should for such a woman long time suffer woes; wondrously like is she to the immortal goddesses to look upon. But even so, for all that she is such an one, let her depart upon the ships, neither be left here to be a bane to us and to our children after us."

So they said, but Priam spake, and called Helen to him: "Come hither, dear child, and sit before me, that thou mayest see thy former lord and thy kinsfolk and thy people—thou art nowise to blame in my eyes; it is the gods, methinks, that are to blame, who roused against me the tearful war of the Achaeans —and that thou mayest tell me who is this huge warrior, this man of Achaea so valiant and so tall. Verily there be others that are even taller by a head, but so comely a man have mine eyes never yet beheld, neither one so royal: he is like unto one that is a king."

And Helen, fair among women, answered him, saying: "Revered art thou in mine eyes, dear father of my husband, and dread. Would that evil death had been my pleasure when I followed thy son hither, and left my bridal chamber and my kinsfolk and my daughter, well-beloved,[2] and the lovely companions of my girlhood. But that was not to be; wherefore I pine away with weeping. Howbeit this will I tell thee, whereof thou dost ask

[2] I adopt uniformly the meaning "well-beloved" for this doubtful word.

and enquire. Yon man is the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, that is both a noble king and a valiant spearman. And he was husband's brother to shameless me, as sure as ever such a one there was."

So spake she, and the old man was seized with wonder, and said: "Ah, happy son of Atreus, child of fortune, blest of heaven; now see I that youths of the Achaeans full many are made subject unto thee. Ere now have I journeyed to the land of Phrygia, rich in vines, and there I saw in multitudes the Phrygian warriors, masters of glancing steeds, even the people of Otreus and godlike Mygdon, that were then encamped along the banks of Sangarius. For I, too, being their ally, was numbered among them on the day when the Amazons came, the peers of men. Howbeit not even they were as many as are the bright-eyed Achaeans."

And next the old man saw Odysseus, and asked: "Come now, tell me also of yonder man, dear child, who he is. Shorter is he by a head than Agamemnon, son of Atreus, but broader of shoulder and of chest to look upon. His battle-gear lieth upon the bounteous earth, but himself he rangeth like the bell-wether of a herd through the ranks of warriors. Like a ram he seemeth to me, a ram of thick fleece, that paceth through a great flock of white ewes."

To him made answer Helen, sprung from Zeus: "This again is Laërtes' son, Odysseus of many wiles, that was reared in the land of Ithaca, rugged though it be, and he knoweth all manner of craft and cunning devices."

Then to her again made answer Antenor, the wise: "Lady, this verily is a true word that thou

hast spoken, for erstwhile on a time goodly Odysseus came hither also on an embassage concerning thee, together with Menelaus, dear to Ares; and it was I that gave them entertainment and welcomed them in my halls, and came to know the form and stature of them both and their cunning devices. Now when they mingled with the Trojans, as they were gathered together, when they stood Menelaus overtopped him with his broad shoulders; howbeit when the twain were seated Odysseus was the more royal. But when they began to weave the web of speech and of counsel in the presence of all, Menelaus in truth spake fluently, with few words, but very clearly, seeing he was not a man of lengthy speech nor of rambling, though verily in years he was the younger. But whenever Odysseus of many wiles arose, he would stand and look down with eyes fixed upon the ground, and his staff he would move neither backwards nor forwards, but would hold it stiff, in semblance like a man of no understanding; thou wouldest have deemed him a churlish man and naught but a fool. But whenso he uttered his great voice from his chest, and words like snowflakes on a winter's day, then could no mortal man beside vie with Odysseus; then did we not so marvel to behold Odysseus' aspect."

And, thirdly, the old man saw Aias, and asked: "Who then is this other Achaean warrior, valiant and tall, towering above the Argives with his head and broad shoulders?"

And to him made answer long-robed Helen, fair among women: "This is huge Aias, bulwark of the Achaeans. And Idomeneus over against him standeth amid the Cretans even as a god, and about

him are gathered the captains of the Cretans. Full often was Menelaus, dear to Ares, wont to entertain him in our house, whene'er he came from Crete. And now all the rest of the bright-eyed Achaeans do I see, whom I could well note, and tell their names; but two marshallers of the host can I not see, Castor, tamer of horses, and the goodly boxer, Polydeuces, even mine own brethren, whom the same mother bare. Either they followed not with the host from lovely Lacedaemon, or though they followed hither in their seafaring ships, they have now no heart to enter into the battle of warriors for fear of the words of shame and the many revilings that are mine."

So said she; but they ere now were fast holden of the life-giving earth there in Lacedaemon, in their dear native land.

Meanwhile the heralds were bearing through the city the offerings for the holy oaths of the gods, two lambs and, in a goat-skin bottle, wine that maketh glad the heart, the fruit of the earth. And the herald Idaeus bare a shining bowl and golden cups; and he came to the old king's side and roused him, saying: "Rise, thou son of Laomedon, the chieftains of the horse-taming Trojans, and of the brazen-coated Achaeans, summon thee to go down into the plain, that ye may swear oaths of faith with sacrifice. But Alexander and Menelaus, dear to Ares, will do battle with long spears for the woman's sake; and whichsoever of the twain shall conquer, him let woman and treasure follow; and we others, swearing friendship and oaths of faith with sacrifice, should then dwell in deep-soiled Troy,

but they will depart to Argos, pastureland of horses, and Achaea, the land of fair women."

So spake he, and the old man shuddered, yet bade his companions yoke the horses; and they speedily obeyed. Then Priam mounted and drew back the reins, and by his side Antenor mounted the beauteous car; and the twain drave the swift horses through the Scaean gates to the plain.

But when they were now come to the Trojans and Achaeans, they stepped forth from the chariot upon the bounteous earth, and went into the midst of the Trojans and Achaeans. Straightway then rose up Agamemnon, king of men, and Odysseus of many wiles, and the lordly heralds brought together the offerings for the holy oaths of the gods, and mixed the wine in the bowl, and poured water over the hands of the kings. And the son of Atreus drew forth with his hand the knife that ever hung beside the great sheath of his sword, and cut hair from off the heads of the lambs; and the heralds portioned it out to the chieftains of the Trojans and Achaeans. Then in their midst Agamemnon lifted up his hands and prayed aloud: "Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, and thou Sun, that beholdest all things and hearest all things, and ye rivers and thou earth, and ye that in the world below take vengeance on men that are done with life, whosoever hath sworn a false oath; be ye witnesses, and watch over the oaths of faith. If Alexander slay Menelaus, then let him keep Helen and all her treasure; and we will depart in our seafaring ships. But if so be fair-haired Menelaus shall slay Alexander, then let the Trojans give back

[1] Line 283 is omitted in some MSS.

Helen and all her treasure, and pay to the Argives in requital such recompense as beseemeth, even such as shall abide in the minds of men that are yet to be. Howbeit, if Priam and the sons of Priam be not minded to pay recompense unto me, when Alexander falleth, then will I fight on even thereafter, to get me recompense, and will abide here until I find an end of war."

He spake, and cut the lambs' throats with the pitiless bronze; and laid them down upon the ground gasping and failing of breath, for the bronze had robbed them of their strength. Then they drew wine from the bowl into the cups, and poured it forth, and made prayer to the gods that are for ever. And thus would one of the Achaeans and Trojans say: "Zeus, most glorious, most great, and ye other immortal gods, which host soever of the twain shall be first to work harm in defiance of the oaths, may their brains be thus poured forth upon the ground even as this wine, theirs and their children's; and may their wives be made slaves to others."

So spake they, but not yet was the son of Cronos to vouchsafe them fulfilment. Then in their midst spake Priam, Dardanus' son, saying: "Hearken to me, ye Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans. I verily will go my way back to windy Ilios, since I can in no wise bear to behold with mine eyes my dear son doing battle with Menelaus, dear to Ares. But this, I ween, Zeus knoweth, and the other immortal gods, for which of the twain the doom of death is ordained."

So spake the godlike man, and let place the lambs in his chariot, and himself mounted, and drew back

the reins, and by his side Antenor mounted the beauteous car; and the twain departed back to Ilios. But Hector, Priam's son, and goodly Odysseus first measured out a space, and thereafter took the lots and shook them in the bronze-wrought helmet, to know which of the twain should first let fly his spear of bronze. And the people made prayer and lifted their hands to the gods; and thus would one of the Achaeans and Trojans speak: "Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, whichsoever of the twain it be that brought these troubles upon both peoples, grant that he may die and enter the house of Hades, whereas to us there may come friendship and oaths of faith."

So spake they, and great Hector of the flashing helm shook the helmet, looking behind him the while; and straightway the lot of Paris leapt forth. Then the people sate them down in ranks, where were each man's high-stepping horses, and his inlaid armour was set. But goodly Alexander did on about his shoulders his beautiful armour, even he, the lord of fair-haired Helen. The greaves first he set about his legs; beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces; next he did on about his chest the corselet of his brother Lycaon, and fitted it to himself. And about his shoulders he cast his silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter his shield great and sturdy; and upon his mighty head he set a well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest — and terribly did the plume nod from above — and he took a valorous spear, that fitted his grasp. And in the self-same manner warlike Menelaus did on his battle-gear.

But when they had armed themselves on either

side of the throng, they strode into the space between the Trojans and Achaeans, glaring terribly; and amazement came upon them that beheld, both the Trojans, tamers of horses, and the well-greaved Achaeans; and the twain took their stand near together in the measured space, brandishing their spears in wrath one at the other. First Alexander hurled his far-shadowing spear, and smote upon the son of Atreus' shield that was well balanced on every side[1]; howbeit the bronze brake not through, but its point was turned in the stout shield. Next Atreus' son, Menelaus, rushed upon him with his spear, and made prayer to father Zeus: "Zeus, our king, grant that I may avenge me on him that was first to do me wrong, even on goodly Alexander, and subdue thou him beneath my hands; that many a one even of men yet to be may shudder to work evil to his host, that hath shown him friendship."

He spoke, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it; and he smote upon the son of Priam's shield, that was well balanced upon every side. Through the bright shield went the mighty spear, and through the corselet, richly dight, did it force its way; and straight on beside his flank the spear shore through his tunic; but he bent aside and escaped black fate. Then the son of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword, and raising himself on high smote the horn of his helmet; but upon it his sword shattered in pieces three, aye, four, and fell from his hand. Then the son of Atreus uttered a bitter cry with a glance at the broad heaven: "Father Zeus, than thou is no other god more baleful. Verily I deemed that I had got me vengeance upon Alexander for his wickedness, but

now is my sword broken in my hands, and forth from my grasp has my spear flown in vain, and I smote him not."

So saying, he sprang upon him, and seized him by the helmet with thick crest of horse-hair, and whirling him about began to drag him towards the well-greaved Achaeans; and Paris was choked by the richly-broidered strap beneath his soft throat, that was drawn tight beneath his chin to hold his helm. And now would Menelaus have dragged him away, and won glory unspeakable, had not Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, been quick to see, and to his cost broken in twain the thong, cut from the hide of a slaughtered ox; and the empty helm came away in his strong hand. This he then tossed with a swing into the company of the well-greaved Achaeans, and his trusty comrades gathered it up; but himself he sprang back again, eager to slay his foe with spear of bronze. But him Aphrodite snatched up, full easily as a goddess may, and shrouded him in thick mist, and set him down in his fragrant, vaulted[1] chamber, and herself went to summon Helen. Her she found on the high wall, and round about her in throngs were the women of Troy. Then with her hand the goddess laid hold of her fragrant robe, and plucked it, and spake to her in the likeness of an ancient dame, a wool-comber, who had been wont to card the fair wool for her when she dwelt in Lacedaemon, and who was well loved of her; in her likeness fair Aphrodite spake: "Come hither; Alexander calleth thee to go to thy home. There is he in his chamber and on his inlaid couch, gleaming with beauty and fair raiment. Thou wouldest not deem

that he had come thither from warring with a foe, but rather that he was going to the dance, or sat there as one that had but newly ceased from the dance."

So spake she, and stirred Helen's heart in her breast; and when she marked the beauteous neck of the goddess, her lovely bosom, and her flashing eyes, then amazement seized her, and she spake, and addressed her, saying: "Strange goddess, why art thou minded to beguile me thus? Verily thou wilt lead me yet further on to one of the well-peopled cities of Phrygia or lovely Maeonia, if there too there be some one of mortal men who is dear to thee, seeing that now Menelaus hath conquered goodly Alexander, and is minded to lead hateful me to his home. It is for this cause that thou art now come hither with guileful thought. Go thou, and sit by his side, and depart from the way of the gods, neither let thy feet any more bear thee back to Olympus; but ever be thou troubled for him, and guard him, until he make thee his wife, or haply his slave. But thither will I not go—it were a shameful thing—to array that man's couch; all the women of Troy will blame me hereafter; and I have measureless griefs at heart.

Then stirred to wrath fair Aphrodite spake to her: "Provoke me not, rash woman, lest I wax wroth and desert thee, and hate thee, even as now I love thee wondrously; and lest I devise grievous hatred between both, Trojans alike and Danaans; then wouldst thou perish of an evil fate."

So spake she, and Helen, sprung from Zeus, was seized with fear; and she went, wrapping herself

in her bright shining mantle, in silence; and she was unseen of the Trojan women; and the goddess[1] led the way.

Now when they were come to the beautiful palace of Alexander, the handmaids turned forthwith to their tasks, but she, the fair lady, went to the high-roofed chamber. And the goddess, laughter-loving Aphrodite, took for her a chair, and set it before the face of Alexander. Thereon Helen sate her down, the daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis, with eyes turned askance; and she chid her lord, and said: "Thou hast come back from the war; would thou hadst perished there, vanquished by a valiant man that was my former lord. Verily it was thy boast aforetime that thou wast a better man than Menelaus, dear to Ares, in the might of thy hands and with thy spear. But go now, challenge Menelaus, dear to Ares, again to do battle with thee, man to man. But, nay, I of myself bid thee refrain, and not war amain against fair-haired Menelaus, nor fight with him in thy folly, lest haply thou be vanquished anon by his spear."

Then Paris made answer, and spake to her, saying: "Chide not my heart, lady, with hard words of reviling. For this present hath Menelaus vanquished me with Athene's aid, but another time shall I vanquish him; on our side too there be gods. But come, let us take our joy, couched together in love; for never yet hath desire so encompassed my soul—nay, not when at the first I snatched thee from lovely Lacedaemon and sailed with thee on my seafaring ships, and on the isle of Cranaë had dalliance with thee on the couch of love—as now I love thee, and sweet desire layeth hold of me."

He spake, and led the way to the couch, and with him followed his wife.

Thus the twain were couched upon the corded bed; but the son of Atreus ranged through the throng like a wild beast, if anywhere he might have sight of godlike Alexander. But none of the Trojans or their famed allies could then discover Alexander to Menelaus, dear to Ares. Not for love verily were they fain to hide him, could any have seen him, for he was hated of all even as black death. Then the king of men, Agamemnon, spake among them, saying: "Hearken to me, ye Trojans and Dardanians and allies. Victory is now of a surety seen to rest with Menelaus, dear to Ares; do ye therefore give up Argive Helen and the treasure with her, and pay ye in requital such recompense as beseemeth, even such as shall abide in the minds of men that are yet to be."

So spake the son of Atreus, and all the Achaeans shouted assent.

BOOK IV

Now the gods, seated by the side of Zeus, were holding assembly on the golden floor, and in their midst the queenly Hebe poured them nectar, and they with golden goblets pledged one the other as they looked forth upon the city of the Trojans. And forthwith the son of Cronos made essay to provoke Hera with mocking words, and said with malice: "Twain of the goddesses hath Menelaus for helpers, even Argive Hera, and Alalcomenean[1] Athene. Howbeit these verily sit apart and take their pleasure in beholding, whereas by the side of that other laughter-loving Aphrodite ever standeth, and wardeth from him fate, and but now she saved him, when he thought to perish. But of a surety victory rests with Menelaus, dear to Ares; let us therefore take thought how these things are to be; whether we shall again rouse evil war and the dread din of battle, or put friendship between the hosts. If this might in any wise be welcome to all and their good pleasure, then might the city of king Priam still be an habitation, and Menelaus take back Argive Helen."

So spake he, and thereat Athene and Hera

murmured, who sat side by side, and were devising ills for the Trojans. Athene verily held her peace and said naught, wroth though she was at father Zeus, and fierce anger gat hold of her; howbeit Hera's breast contained not her anger, but she spake to him, saying: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! How art thou minded to render my labour vain and of none effect, and the sweat that I sweated in my toil,—aye, and my horses twain waxed weary with my summoning the host for the bane of Priam and his sons? Do thou as thou wilt; but be sure we other gods assent not all thereto."

Then, stirred to hot anger, spake to her Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Strange queen, wherein do Priam and the sons of Priam work thee ills so many, that thou ragest unceasingly to lay waste the well-built citadel of Ilios? If thou wert to enter within the gates and the high walls, and to devour Priam raw and the sons of Priam and all the Trojans besides, then perchance mightest thou heal thine anger. Do as thy pleasure is; let not this quarrel in time to come be to thee and me a grievous cause of strife between us twain. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. When it shall be that I, vehemently eager to lay waste a city, choose one wherein dwell men that are dear to thee, seek thou in no wise to hinder my anger, but suffer me; since I too have yielded to thee of mine own will, yet with soul unwilling. For of all cities beneath sun and starry heaven wherein men that dwell upon the face of the earth have their abodes, of these sacred Ilios was most honoured of my heart, and Priam and the people of Priam,

with goodly spear of ash. For never at any time was mine altar in lack of the equal feast, the drink-offering, and the savour of burnt-offering, even the worship that is our due."

Then in answer to him spake ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Verily have I three cities that are far dearest in my sight, Argos and Sparta and broad-wayed Mycenae; these do thou lay waste whensoe'er they shall be hateful to thy heart. Not in their defence do I stand forth, nor account them too greatly. For even though I grudge thee, and am fain to thwart their overthrow, I avail naught by my grudging, for truly thou art far the mightier. Still it beseemeth that my labour too be not made of none effect; for I also am a god, and my birth is from the stock whence is thine own, and crooked-counselling Cronos begat me as the most honoured of his daughters in twofold wise, for that I am eldest, and am called thy wife, whilst thou art king among all the immortals. Nay then, let us yield one to the other herein, I to thee and thou to me, and all the other immortal gods will follow with us; and do thou straightway bid Athene go her way into the dread din of battle of Trojans and Achaeans, and contrive how that the Trojans may be first in defiance of their oaths to work evil upon the Achaeans that exult in their triumph."

So said she, and the father of men and gods failed not to hearken; forthwith he spake to Athene winged words: "Haste thee with all speed unto the host into the midst of Trojans and Achaeans, and contrive how that the Trojans may be first in defiance of their oaths to work evil upon the Achaeans that exult in their triumph."

So saying, he stirred on Athene that was already eager, and down from the peaks of Olympus she went darting. Even in such wise as the son of crooked-counselling Cronos sendeth a star to be a portent for seamen or for a wide host of warriors, a gleaming star, and therefrom the sparks fly thick; even so darted Pallas Athene to earth, and down she leapt into the midst; and amazement came upon all that beheld, on horse-taming Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans; and thus would a man say with a glance at his neighbour: "Verily shall we again have evil war and the dread din of battle, or else friendship is set amid the hosts by Zeus, who is for men the dispenser of battle."

So would many a one of Achaeans and Trojans speak. But Athene entered the throng of the Trojans in the guise of a man, even of Laodocus, son of Antenor, a valiant spearman, in quest of god-like Pandarus, if haply she might find him. And she found Lycaon's son, peerless and stalwart, as he stood, and about him were the stalwart ranks of the shield-bearing hosts that followed him from the streams of Aesepus. Then she drew near, and spake to him winged words: "Wilt thou now hearken to me, thou wise-hearted son of Lycaon? Then wouldst thou dare to let fly a swift arrow upon Menelaus, and wouldst win favour and renown in the eyes of all the Trojans, and of king Alexander most of all. From him of a surety wouldst thou before all others bear off glorious gifts, should he see Menelaus, the warlike son of Atreus, laid low by thy shaft, and set upon the grievous pyre. Nay, come, shoot thine arrow at glorious Menelaus, and

vow to Apollo, the wolf-born[1] god, famed for his bow, that thou wilt sacrifice a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs, when thou shalt come to thy home, the city of sacred Zeleia."

So spake Athene, and persuaded his heart in his folly. Straightway he uncovered his polished bow of the horn of a wild ibex, that himself on a time had smitten beneath the breast as it came forth from a rock, he lying in wait the while in a place of ambush, and had struck it in the chest, so that it fell backward in a cleft of the rock. From its head the horns grew to a length of sixteen palms; these the worker in horn had wrought and fitted together, and smoothed all with care, and set thereon a tip of gold. This bow he bent, leaning it against the ground, and laid it carefully down; and his goodly comrades held their shields before him, lest the warrior sons of the Achaeans should leap to their feet or ever Menelaus, the warlike son of Atreus, was smitten. Then opened he the lid of his quiver, and took forth an arrow, a feathered arrow that had never been shot, freighted[2] with dark pains; and forthwith he fitted the bitter arrow to the string, and made a vow to Apollo, the wolf-born god, famed for his bow, that he would sacrifice a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs, when he should come to his home, the city of sacred Zeleia. And he drew the bow, clutching at once the notched arrow and the string of ox's sinew: the string he brought to his breast and to the bow the iron arrow-head. But when he had drawn the great bow into a round, the bow

(xiv. 182, and *Odyssey* xviii. 297). The word occurs in later Greek in the sense of "ballast," and this may give a clue to the meaning here.

twanged and the string sang aloud, and the keen arrow leapt, eager to wing its way amid the throng.

Then, O Menelaus, the blessed gods, the immortals, forgat thee not; and before all the daughter of Zeus, she that driveth the spoil, who took her stand before thee, and warded off the stinging arrow. She swept it just aside from the flesh, even as a mother sweepeth a fly from her child when he lieth in sweet slumber; and of herself she guided it where the golden clasps of the belt were fastened and the corselet overlapped. On the clasped belt lighted the bitter arrow, and through the belt richly dight was it driven, and clean through the curiously wrought corselet did it force its way, and through the taslet[1] which he wore, a screen for his flesh and a barrier against darts, wherein was his chiefest defence; yet even through this did it speed. So the arrow grazed the outermost flesh of the warrior, and forthwith the dark blood flowed from the wound.

As when a woman staineth ivory with scarlet, some woman of Maeonia or Caria, to make a cheek-piece for horses, and it lieth in a treasure-chamber, though many horsemen pray to wear it; but it lieth there as a king's treasure, alike an ornament for his horse and to its driver a glory; even in such wise, Menelaus, were thy thighs stained with blood, thy shapely thighs and thy legs and thy fair ankles beneath.

Thereat shuddered the king of men, Agamemnon, as he saw the black blood flowing from the wound,

For a full discussion of the problem see Helbig, *Das homerische Epos*², 290 ff.; Reichel, *Homerische Waffen*², 74 f., 91 f., and Leaf, *Iliad*² i. 579 f.

and Menelaus, dear to Ares, himself likewise shuddered. But when he saw that the sinew[1] and the barbs were without the flesh, back again into his breast was his spirit gathered. But with a heavy moan spake among them lord Agamemnon, holding Menelaus by the hand; and his comrades too made moan: "Dear brother, it was for thy death, meseems, that I swore this oath with sacrifice, setting thee forth alone before the face of the Achaeans to do battle with the Trojans, seeing the Trojans have thus smitten thee, and trodden under foot the oaths of faith. Yet in no wise is an oath of none effect and the blood of lambs and drink-offerings of unmixed wine and the hand-clasps, wherein we put our trust. For even if for the moment the Olympian vouchsafeth not fulfilment, yet late and at length doth he fulfil them, and with a heavy price do men make atonement, even with their own heads and their wives and their children. For of a surety know I this in heart and soul: the day shall come when sacred Ilios shall be laid low, and Priam, and the people of Priam, with goodly spear of ash; and Zeus, son of Cronos, throned on high, that dwelleth in the heaven, shall himself shake over them all his dark aegis in wrath for this deceit. These things verily shall not fail of fulfilment; yet dread grief for thee shall be mine, O Menelaus, if thou shalt die and fill up thy lot of life. Aye, and as one most despised should I return to thirsty Argos, for straightway will the Achaeans bethink them of their native land, and so should we leave to Priam and the Trojans their boast, even Argive Helen. And thy bones shall the earth rot as thou liest in the land of Troy with thy task unfinished;

and thus shall many a one of the overweening Trojans say, as he leapeth upon the barrow of glorious Menelaus: 'Would that in every matter it may be thus that Agamemnon may fulfil his wrath, even as now he led hither a host of the Achaeans to no purpose, and lo! he hath departed home to his dear native land with empty ships, and hath left here noble Menelaus." So shall some man speak in aftertime; in that day let the wide earth gape for me."

But fair-haired Menelaus spake and heartened him, saying: "Be thou of good cheer, neither affright in any wise the host of the Achaeans. Not in a fatal spot hath the shaft been fixed; ere that my flashing belt stayed it, and the kilt beneath, and the taslet that the coppersmiths fashioned."

Then in answer to him spake lord Agamemnon: "Would it may be so, dear Menelaus. But the leech shall search the wound and lay thereon simples that shall make thee cease from dark pains."

Therewith he spake to Talthybius, the godlike herald: "Talthybius, make haste to call hither Machaon, son of Asclepius, the peerless leech, to see warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, whom some man well skilled in archery hath smitten with an arrow, some Trojan or Lycian, compassing glory for himself but for us sorrow."

So spake he, and the herald failed not to hearken, as he heard, but went his way throughout the host of the brazen-coated Achaeans, glancing this way and that for the warrior Machaon; and he marked him as he stood, and round about him were the stalwart ranks of the shield-bearing hosts that followed him from Trica, the pastureland of horses.

And he came up to him, and spake winged words, saying: "Rouse thee, son of Asclepius; lord Agamemnon calleth thee to see warlike Menelaus, captain of the Achaeans, whom some man, well skilled in archery, hath smitten with an arrow, some Trojan or Lycian, compassing glory for himself but for us sorrow."

So spake he, and roused the heart in his breast, and they went their way in the throng throughout the broad host of the Achaeans. And when they were come where was fair-haired Menelaus, wounded, and around him were gathered in a circle all they that were chieftains, the godlike hero came and stood in their midst, and straightway drew forth the arrow from the clasped belt; and as it was drawn forth the sharp barbs were broken backwards. And he loosed the flashing belt and the kilt beneath and the taslet that the coppersmiths fashioned. But when he saw the wound where the bitter arrow had lighted, he sucked out the blood, and with sure knowledge spread thereon soothing simples, which of old Cheiron had given to his father with kindly thought.

While they were thus busied with Menelaus, good at the war-cry, meanwhile the ranks of the shield-bearing Trojans came on; and the Achaeans again did on their battle-gear, and bethought them of war.

Then wouldst thou not have seen goodly Agamemnon slumbering, nor cowering, nor with no heart for fight, but full eager for battle where men win glory. His horses and his chariot adorned with bronze he let be, and his squire, Eurymedon, son of Peiraeus' son Ptolemaeus, kept the snorting steeds

withdrawn apart; and straitly did Agamemnon charge him to have them at hand, whenever weariness should come upon his limbs, as he gave commands throughout all the host; but he himself ranged on foot through the ranks of warriors. And whomsoever of the Danaans with swift steeds he saw eager, to these would he draw nigh, and hearten them earnestly, saying: "Ye Argives, relax ye no whit of your furious valour; for father Zeus will be no helper of lies; nay, they that were the first to work violence in defiance of their oaths, their tender flesh of a surety shall vultures devour, and we shall bear away in our ships their dear wives and little children, when we shall have taken their citadel."

And whomsoever again he saw holding back from hateful war, them would he chide roundly with angry words: "Ye Argives that rage with the bow, ye men of dishonour,[1] have ye no shame? Why is it that ye stand thus dazed, like fawns that, when they have grown weary with running over a wide plain, stand still, and in their hearts is no valour found at all? Even so ye stand dazed and fight not. Is it that ye wait for the Trojans to come near where your ships with stately sterns are drawn up on the shore of the grey sea, that ye may know if haply the son of Cronos will stretch forth his arm over you?"

Thus ranged he giving his commands through the ranks of warriors; and he came to the Cretans as he fared through the throng of men. These were arming them for war around wise-hearted Idomeneus; and Idomeneus stood amid the foremost fighters like a wild boar in valour, while Meriones was speeding on the hindmost battalions. At sight of them

Agamemnon, king of men, waxed glad, and forthwith he spake to Idomeneus with gentle words: "Idomeneus, beyond all the Danaans with swift steeds do I show honour to thee both in war and in tasks of other sort, and at the feast, when the chieftains of the Argives let mingle in the bowl the flaming wine of the elders. For even though the other long-haired Achaeans drink an allotted portion, thy cup standeth ever full, even as for mine own self, to drink whensoever thy heart biddeth thee. Come, rouse thee for battle, such a one as of old thou declaredst thyself to be."

To him then Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer, saying: "Son of Atreus, of a surety will I be to thee a trusty comrade, even as at the first I promised and gave my pledge; but do thou urge on the other long-haired Achaeans that we may fight with speed, seeing the Trojans have made of none effect our oaths. Death and woes shall hereafter be their lot, for that they were the first to work violence in defiance of the oaths."

So spake he, and the son of Atreus passed on, glad at heart, and came to the Aiantes as he fared through the throng of warriors; these were arming them for battle, and a cloud of footmen followed with them. Even as when from some place of outlook a goatherd seeth a cloud coming over the face of the deep before the blast of the West Wind, and to him being afar off it seemeth blacker than pitch as it passeth over the face of the deep, and it bringeth a mighty whirlwind; and he shuddereth at sight of it, and driveth his flock beneath a cave; even in such wise by the side of the Aiantes did the thick battalions of youths, nurtured of Zeus, move

into furious war—dark battalions, bristling with shields and spears. At sight of these lord Agamemnon waxed glad, and he spake and addressed them with winged words: "Ye Aiantes, leaders of the brazen-coated Argives, to you twain, for it beseemeth not to urge you, I give no charge; for of yourselves ye verily bid your people fight amain. I would, O father Zeus and Athene and Apollo, that such spirit as yours might be found in the breasts of all; then would the city of king Priam forthwith bow her head, taken and laid waste beneath our hands."

So saying, he left them there and went to others. Then found he Nestor, the clear-voiced orator of the Pylians, arraying his comrades and urging them to fight, around mighty Pelagon and Alastor and Chromius and lord Haemon and Bias, shepherd of the host. The charioteers first he arrayed with their horses and cars, and behind them the footmen, many and valiant, to be a bulwark of battle; but the cowards he drave into the midst, that were he never so loath each man must needs fight perforce. Upon the charioteers was he first laying charge, and he bade them keep their horses in hand, nor drive tumultuously on amid the throng. "Neither let any man, trusting in his horsemanship and his valour, be eager to fight with the Trojans alone in front of the rest, nor yet let him draw back; for so will ye be the feebler. But what man soe'er from his own car can come at a car of the foe, let him thrust forth with his spear, since verily it is far better so. Thus also did men of olden time lay waste cities and walls, having in their breasts mind and spirit such as this."

So was the old man urging them on, having know-

ledge of battles from of old. At sight of him lord Agamemnon waxed glad, and he spake, and addressed him with winged words : " Old Sir, I would that even as is the spirit in thy breast, so thy limbs might obey, and thy strength be firm. But evil[1] old age presseth hard upon thee ; would that some other among the warriors had thy years, and that thou wert among the youths."

To him then made answer the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia : " Son of Atreus, verily I myself could wish that I were such a one as on the day when I slew goodly Ereuthalion. But in no wise do the gods grant to men all things at one time. As I was then a youth, so now doth old age attend me. Yet even so will I abide among the charioteers and urge them on by counsel and by words ; for that is the office of elders. Spears shall the young men wield who are more youthful than I and have confidence in their strength."

So spake he, and the son of Atreus passed on glad at heart. He found Menestheus, driver of horses, son of Peteos, as he stood, and about him were the Athenians, masters of the war-cry. And hard by stood Odysseus of many wiles, and with him the ranks of the Cephallenians, no weakling folk, stood still ; for their host had not as yet heard the war-cry, seeing the battalions of the horse-taming Trojans and the Achaeans had but newly bestirred them to move ; wherefore these stood, and waited until some other serried battalions of the Achaeans should advance to set upon the Trojans, and begin the

glossographers and understand the word as an equivalent of κακος, although we need not go so far as to read ὀλοΐος, with Nauck.

battle. At sight of these Agamemnon, king of men, chid them, and spoke, and addressed them with winged words: "O son of Peteos, the king nurtured of Zeus, and thou that excellest in evil wiles, thou of crafty mind, why stand ye apart cowering, and wait for others? For you twain were it seemly that ye take your stand amid the foremost, and confront blazing battle; for ye are the first to hear my bidding to the feast, whenso we Achaeans make ready a banquet for the elders. Then are ye glad to eat roast meat and drink cups of honey-sweet wine as long as ye will. But now would ye gladly behold it, aye if ten serried battalions of the Achaeans were to fight in front of you with the pitiless bronze."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles addressed him: "Son of Atreus, what a word hath escaped the barrier of thy teeth! How sayest thou that we are slack in battle, whenso we Achaeans rouse keen war against the horse-taming Trojans? Thou shalt see, if so be thou wilt and if thou carest aught therefor, the father of Telemachus mingling with the foremost fighters of the horse-taming Trojans. This that thou sayest is as empty wind."

Then lord Agamemnon spake to him with a smile, when he knew that he was wroth, and took back his words: "Zeus-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, neither do I chide thee overmuch nor urge thee on, for I know that the heart in thy breast knoweth kindly thoughts, seeing thou art minded even as I am. Nay, come, these things will we make good hereafter, if any harsh word hath been spoken now; and may the gods make all to come to naught."

So saying he left them there and went to others. Then found he the son of Tydeus, Diomedes high of heart, as he stood in his jointed car; and by his side stood Sthenelus, son of Capaneus. At sight of him too lord Agamemnon chid him, and spake and addressed him with winged words: "Ah me, thou son of wise-hearted Tydeus, tamer of horses, why cowerest thou, why gazest thou at the dykes of battle[1]? Tydeus of a surety was not wont thus to cower, but far in advance of his comrades to fight against the foe, as they tell who saw him amid the toil of war; for I never met him, neither saw him; but men say that he was pre-eminent over all. Once verily he came to Mycenae, not as an enemy, but as a guest, in company with godlike Polyneices, to gather a host; for in that day they were waging a war against the sacred walls of Thebe, and earnestly did they make prayer that glorious allies be granted them; and the men of Mycenae were minded to grant them, and were assenting even as they bade, but Zeus turned their minds by showing tokens of ill. So when they had departed and were got forth upon their way, and had come to Asopus with deep reeds, that coucheth in the grass, there did the Achaeans send forth Tydeus on an embassage. And he went his way, and found the many sons of Cadmus feasting in the house of mighty Eteocles. Then, for all he was a stranger, the horseman Tydeus feared not, all alone though he was amid the many Cadmeians, but challenged them all to feats of strength, and in every one vanquished he them full easily; such a helper was Athene to him. But the Cadmeians, goaders of horses, waxed wroth, and as he journeyed back, brought and set a strong ambush,

even fifty youths, and two there were as leaders, Maeon, son of Haemon, peer of the immortals, and Autophonus' son, Polyphontes, staunch in fight. But Tydeus even upon these let loose a shameful fate, and slew them all; one only man suffered he to return home; Maeon he sent forth in obedience to the portents of the gods. Such a man was Tydeus of Aetolia; howbeit the son that he begat is worse than he in battle, though in the place of gathering he is better."

So he spake, and stalwart Diomedes answered him not a word, but had respect to the reproof of the king revered. But the son of glorious Capaneus made answer: "Son of Atreus, utter not lies, when thou knowest how to speak truly. We declare ourselves to be better men by far than our fathers: we took the seat of Thebe of the seven gates, when we twain had gathered a lesser host against a stronger wall, putting our trust in the portents of the gods and in the aid of Zeus; whereas they perished through their own blind folly. Wherefore I bid thee put not our fathers in like honour with us."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows stalwart Diomedes addressed him: "Good friend, abide in silence, and hearken to my word. I count it not shame that Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, should urge on to battle the well-greaved Achaeans; for upon him will great glory attend, if the Achaeans shall slay the Trojans and take sacred Ilios, and upon him likewise will fall great sorrow, if the Achaeans be slain. Nay, come, let us twain also bethink us of furious valour."

He spake, and leapt in his armour from his chariot

to the ground, and terribly rang the bronze upon the breast of the prince as he moved; thereat might terror have seized even one that was steadfast of heart.

As when on a sounding beach the swell of the sea beats, wave after wave, before the driving of the West Wind; out on the deep at the first is it gathered in a crest, but thereafter is broken upon the land and thundereth aloud, and round about the headlands it swelleth and reareth its head, and speweth forth the salt brine: even in such wise on that day did the battalions of the Danaans move, rank after rank, without cease, into battle; and each captain gave charge to his own men, and the rest marched on in silence; thou wouldst not have deemed that they that followed in such multitudes had any voice in their breasts, all silent as they were through fear of their commanders; and on every man flashed the inlaid armour wherewith they went clad. But for the Trojans, even as ewes stand in throngs past counting in the court of a man of much substance to be milked of their white milk, and bleat without ceasing as they hear the voices of their lambs: even so arose the clamour of the Trojans throughout the wide host; for they had not all like speech or one language, but their tongues were mingled, and they were a folk summoned from many lands. These were urged on by Ares, and the Greeks by flashing-eyed Athene, and Terror, and Rout, and Discord that rageth incessantly, sister and comrade of man-slaying Ares; she at the first rears her crest but little, yet thereafter planteth her head in heaven, while her feet tread on earth. She it was that now cast evil strife into their midst as she fared through the throng, making the groanings of men to wax.

Now when they were met together and come into one place, then dashed they together shields and spears and the fury of bronze-mailed warriors ; and the bossed shields closed each with each, and a great din arose. Then were heard alike the sound of groaning and the cry of triumph of the slayers and the slain, and the earth flowed with blood. As when winter torrents, flowing down the mountains from their great springs to a place where two valleys meet, join their mighty floods in a deep gorge, and far off amid the mountains the shepherd heareth the thunder thereof ; even so from the joining of these in battle came shouting and toil.

Antilochus was first to slay a warrior of the Trojans in full armour, a goodly man amid the foremost fighters, Echepolus, son of Thalysius. Him was he first to smite upon the horn of his helmet with crest of horse-hair, and into his forehead drave the spear, and the point of bronze passed within the bone ; and darkness enfolded his eyes, and he crashed as doth a wall, in the mighty conflict. As he fell lord Elephenor caught him by the feet, the son he of Chalcodon, and captain of the great-souled Abantes, and sought to drag him from beneath the missiles, fain with all speed to strip off his armour ; yet but for a scant space did his striving endure ; for as he was haling the corpse great-souled Agenor caught sight of him, and where his side was left uncovered of his shield, as he stooped, even there he smote him with a thrust of his bronze-shod spear, and loosed his limbs. So his spirit left him, and over his body was wrought grievous toil of Trojans and Achaeans. Even as wolves leapt they one upon the other, and man made man to reel.

Then Telamonian Aias smote Anthemion's son, the lusty youth Simoeisius, whom on a time his mother had born beside the banks of Simoïs, as she journeyed down from Ida, whither she had followed with her parents to see their flocks. For this cause they called him Simoeisius; yet paid he not back to his dear parents the recompense of his upbringing, and but brief was the span of his life, for that he was laid low by the spear of great-souled Aias. For, as he strode amid the foremost, he was smitten on the right breast beside the nipple; and clean through his shoulder went the spear of bronze, and he fell to the ground in the dust like a poplar-tree that hath grown up in the bottom-land of a great marsh, smooth of stem, but from the top thereof branches grow: this hath some wainwright felled with the gleaming iron that he might bend him a felloe for a beauteous chariot, and it lieth drying by a river's banks. Even in such wise did Zeus-born Aias slay Simoeisius, son of Anthemion. And at him Priam's son Antiphus, of the flashing corselet, cast with his sharp spear amid the throng. Him he missed, but smote in the groin Odysseus, goodly comrade, Leucus, as he was drawing the corpse to the other side; so he fell upon it, and the body slipped from his grasp. For his slaying waxed Odysseus mightily wroth at heart, and strode amid the foremost warriors, harnessed in flaming bronze; close to the foe he came and took his stand, and glancing warily about him hurled with his bright spear; and back did the Trojans shrink from the warrior as he cast. Not in vain did he let fly his spear, but smote Priam's bastard son Democoön, that had come at his call from Abydus, from his stud

of swift mares. Him Odysseus, wroth for his comrade's sake, smote with his spear on the temple, and out through the other temple passed the spear-point of bronze, and darkness enfolded his eyes, and he fell with a thud and upon him his armour clanged. Then the foremost warriors and glorious Hector gave ground; and the Argives shouted aloud, and drew off the bodies, and charged far further onward. And Apollo, looking down from Pergamus, had indignation, and called with a shout to the Trojans: "Rouse ye, horse-taming Trojans, give not ground in fight before Argives; not of stone nor of iron is their flesh to resist the bronze that cleaveth the flesh, when they are smitten. Nay, and Achilles moreover fighteth not, the son of fair-haired Thetis, but amid the ships nurseth his bitter wrath."

So spake the dread god from the city; but the Achaeans were urged on by the daughter of Zeus, most glorious Tritogeneia, who fared throughout the throng wheresoever she saw them giving ground.

Then was Amarynceus' son, Diores, caught in the snare of fate; for with a jagged stone was he smitten on the right leg by the ankle, and it was the leader of the Thracians that made the cast, even Peiros, son of Imbrasus, that had come from Aenus. The sinews twain and the bones did the ruthless stone utterly crush; and he fell backward in the dust and stretched out both his hands to his dear comrades, gasping out his life; and there ran up he that smote him, Peiros, and dealt him a wound with a thrust of his spear beside the navel; and forth upon the ground gushed all his bowels, and darkness enfolded his eyes.

But as the other sprang back Thoas of Aetolia

smote him with a cast of his spear in the breast above the nipple, and the bronze was fixed in his lung; and Thoas came close to him, and plucked forth from his chest the mighty spear, and drew his sharp sword and smote him therewith full upon the belly, and took away his life. Howbeit of his armour he stripped him not, for about him his comrades, men of Thrace that wear the hair long at the top, stood with long spears grasped in their hands, and for all that he was great and mighty and lordly, drave him back from them, so that he reeled and gave ground. Thus the twain lay stretched in the dust each by the other, captains the one of the Thracians and the other of the brazen-coated Epeians; and about them were others full many likewise slain.

Then could no man any more enter into the battle and make light thereof, whoso still unwounded by missile or by thrust of sharp bronze, might move throughout the midst, being led of Pallas Athene by the hand, and by her guarded from the onrush of missiles: for multitudes of Trojans and Achaeans alike were that day stretched one by the other's side with faces in the dust.

BOOK V

And now to Tydeus' son, Diomedes, Pallas Athene gave might and courage, that he should prove himself pre-eminent amid all the Argives, and win glorious renown. She kindled from his helm and shield flame unwearying, like to the star of harvest-time that shineth bright above all others when he hath bathed him in the stream of Ocean. Even such a flame did she kindle from his head and shoulders; and she sent him into the midst where men thronged the thickest.

Now there was amid the Trojans one Dares, a rich man and blameless, a priest of Hephaestus; and he had two sons, Phegeus and Idaeus, both well skilled in all manner of fighting. These twain separated themselves from the host and went forth against Diomedes, they in their car, while he charged on foot upon the ground. And when they were come near, as they advanced against each other, first Phegeus let fly his far-shadowing spear; and over the left shoulder of the son of Tydeus passed the point of the spear, and smote him not. Then Tydeus' son rushed on with the bronze, and not in vain did the shaft speed from his hand, but he smote his foe on the breast between the nipples, and thrust him from the car. And Idaeus sprang back, and left the beauteous chariot, and had no heart to

bestride his slain brother. Nay, nor would he himself have escaped black fate, had not Hephaestus guarded him, and saved him, enfolding him in darkness, that his aged priest might not be utterly fordone with grief. Howbeit the horses did the son of great-souled Tydeus drive forth and give to his comrades to bring to the hollow ships. But when the great-souled Trojans beheld the two sons of Dares, the one in flight and the other slain beside the car, the hearts of all were dismayed. And flashing-eyed Athene took furious Ares by the hand and spake to him, saying: "Ares, Ares, thou bane of mortals, thou blood-stained stormer of walls, shall we not now leave the Trojans and Achaeans to fight, to whichsoever of the two it be that father Zeus shall vouchsafe glory? But for us twain, let us give place, and avoid the wrath of Zeus."

So spake she, and led furious Ares forth from the battle. Then she made him to sit down on the sandy banks of Scamander, and the Trojans were turned in flight by the Danaans. Each one of the captains slew his man; first the king of men, Agamemnon, thrust from his car the leader of the Halizones, great Odius, for as he turned first of all to flee he fixed his spear in his back between the shoulders and drave it through his breast; and he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged.

And Idomeneus slew Phaestus, son of Borus the Maeonian, that had come from deep-soiled Tarne. Him even as he was mounting his chariot Idomeneus, famed for his spear, pierced with a thrust of his long spear through the right shoulder; and he fell from his car, and hateful darkness gat hold of him.

Him then the squires of Idomeneus stripped of

his armour; and Scamandrius, son of Strophius, cunning in the chase, did Atreus' son Menelaus slay with his sharp spear, even him the mighty hunter; for Artemis herself had taught him to smite all wild things that the mountain forest nurtureth. Yet in no wise did the archer Artemis avail him now, neither all that skill in archery wherein of old he excelled; but the son of Atreus, Menelaus famed for his spear, smote him as he fled before him with a thrust of his spear in the back between the shoulders, and drave it through his breast. So he fell face foremost, and upon him his armour clanged.

And Meriones slew Phereclus, son of Tecton, Harmon's son, whose hands were skilled to fashion all manner of curious work; for Pallas Athene loved him above all men. He it was that had also built for Alexander the shapely ships, source of ills, that were made the bane of all the Trojans and of his own self, seeing he knew not in any wise the oracles of the gods. After him Meriones pursued, and when he had come up with him, smote him in the right buttock, and the spear-point passed clean through even to the bladder beneath the bone; and he fell to his knees with a groan, and death enfolded him.

And Pedaeus, Antenor's son, was slain of Meges; he was in truth a bastard, howbeit goodly Theano had reared him carefully even as her own children, to do pleasure to her husband. To him Phyleus' son, famed for his spear, drew nigh and smote him with a cast of his sharp spear on the sinew of the head;[1] and straight through amid the teeth the bronze shore away the tongue at its base. So he fell in the dust, and bit the cold bronze with his teeth.

And Eurypylus, son of Euaemon, slew goodly Hypsenor, son of Dolopion high of heart, that was made priest of Scamander, and was honoured of the folk even as a god—upon him did Eurypylus, Euaemon's glorious son, rush with his sword as he fled before him, and in mid-course smite him upon the shoulder and lop off his heavy arm. So the arm all bloody fell to the ground; and down over his eyes came dark death and mighty fate.

Thus toiled they in the mighty conflict; but of Tydeus' son couldst thou not have told with which host of the twain he was joined, whether it was with the Trojans that he had fellowship or with the Achaeans. For he stormed across the plain like unto a winter torrent at the full, that with its swift flood sweeps away the embankments; this the close-fenced embankments hold not back, neither do the walls of the fruitful vineyards stay its sudden coming when the rain of Zeus driveth it on; and before it in multitudes the fair works of men fall in ruin. Even in such wise before Tydeus' son were the thick battalions of the Trojans driven in rout, nor might they abide him for all they were so many.

But when the glorious son of Lycaon was ware of him as he raged across the plain and drove the battalions in rout before him, forthwith he bent against the son of Tydeus his curved bow, and with sure aim smote him as he rushed onwards upon the right shoulder on the plate of his corselet; through this sped the bitter arrow and held straight on its way, and the corselet was spattered with blood. Over him then shouted aloud the glorious son of Lycaon: "Rouse you, great-souled Trojans, ye goaders of horses. Smitten is the best man of the

Achaeans, and I deem he will not for long endure the mighty shaft, if in very truth the king, the son of Zeus, sped me on my way when I set forth from Lycia."

So spake he vauntingly; howbeit that other did the swift arrow not lay low, but he drew back, and took his stand before his horses and chariot, and spake to Sthenelus, son of Capaneus: "Rouse thee, good son of Capaneus; get thee down from the car, that thou mayest draw forth from my shoulder the bitter arrow."

So spake he, and Sthenelus leapt from his chariot to the ground, and stood beside him, and drew forth the swift arrow clean through his shoulder; and the blood spurted up through the pliant[1] tunic. And thereat Diomedes, good at the war-cry, made prayer: "Hear me, child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, unwearied one! If ever with kindly thought thou stoodest by my father's side amid the fury of battle, even so do thou now be likewise kind to me, Athene. Grant that I may slay this man, and that he come within the cast of my spear, that hath smitten me or ever I was ware of him, and boasteth over me, and declareth that not for long shall I behold the bright light of the sun."

So spake he in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him, and made his limbs light, his feet and his hands above; and she drew near to his side and spake to him winged words: "Be of good courage now, Diomedes, to fight against the Trojans, for in thy breast have I put the might of thy father, the dauntless might, such as the horseman Tydeus,

[1] Others render "woven," or "woven of twisted yarn." Aristarchus took the *στρεπτὸς χιτών* to mean a coat of mail.

wielder of the shield, was wont to have. And the mist moreover have I taken from thine eyes that afore was upon them, to the end that thou mayest well discern both god and man. Wherefore now if any god come hither to make trial of thee, do not thou in any wise fight face to face with any other immortal gods, save only if Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, shall enter the battle, her do thou smite with a thrust of the sharp bronze."

When she had thus spoken, the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, departed, and the son of Tydeus returned again and mingled with the foremost fighters; and though afore his heart had been eager to do battle with the Trojans, now verily did fury thrice so great lay hold upon him, even as upon a lion that a shepherd in the field, guarding his fleecy sheep, hath wounded as he leapt over the wall of the sheep-fold, but hath not vanquished; his might hath he roused, but thereafter maketh no more defence, but slinketh amid the farm buildings, and the flock all unprotected is driven in rout, and the sheep are strewn in heaps, each hard by each, but the lion in his fury leapeth forth from the high fold; even in such fury did mighty Diomedes mingle with the Trojans.

Then slew he Astynous and Hypeiron, shepherd of the host; the one he smote above the nipple with a cast of his bronze-shod spear, and the other he struck with his great sword upon the collar-bone beside the shoulder, and shore off the shoulder from the neck and from the back. These then he let be, but went his way in pursuit of Abas and Polyidus, sons of the old man Eurydamas, the reader of dreams; howbeit they came not back for the old

man to interpret dreams for them,[1] but mighty Diomedes slew them. Then went he on after Xanthus and Thoön, sons twain of Phaenops, and both well beloved; and their father was fordone with grievous old age, and begat no other son to leave in charge of his possessions. There Diomedes slew them, and bereft them of dear life, both the twain; but for the father he left lamentation and grievous sorrow, seeing they lived not for him to welcome them on their return; and the next of kin divided his goods.

Then took he two sons of Priam, Dardanus' son, Echemmon and Chromius, the twain being in one car. Even as a lion leapeth among the kine and breaketh the neck of a heifer or a cow as they graze in a woodland pasture, so did Tydeus' son thrust both these in evil wise from their car, sorely against their will, and thereafter despoiled them of their armour; and the horses he gave to his comrades to drive to the ships.

But Aeneas was ware of him as he made havoc of the ranks of warriors, and went his way along the battle amid the hurtling of the spears in quest of godlike Pandarus, if so be he might anywhere find him. He found the son of Lycaon, goodly and valiant, and took his stand before his face, and spake to him, saying: "Pandarus, where now are thy bow and thy winged arrows, and thy fame? Therein may no man of this land vie with thee, nor any in Lycia declare himself to be better than thou. Come now, lift up thy hands in prayer to Zeus, and let fly a shaft at this man, whoe'er he be that prevaileth thus, and hath verily wrought the Trojans much mischief, seeing he hath loosed the knees of

many men and goodly ; if indeed he be not some god that is wroth with the Trojans, angered by reason of sacrifices ; with grievous weight doth the wrath of god rest upon men." [1]

To him then spake the glorious son of Lycaon : " Aeneas, counsellor of the brazen-coated Trojans, to the wise-hearted son of Tydeus do I liken him in all things, knowing him by his shield and his crested helm, and when I look on his horses ; yet I know not surely if he be not a god. But if he be the man I deem him, even the wise-hearted son of Tydeus, not without the aid of some god doth he thus rage, but one of the immortals standeth hard by him, his shoulders wrapped in cloud, and turned aside from him my swift shaft even as it lighted. For already have I let fly a shaft at him, and I smote him upon the right shoulder clean through the plate of his corselet ; and I deemed that I should send him forth to Aïdoneus, yet I subdued him not ; verily he is some wrathful god. And horses have I not at hand, neither car whereon I might mount—yet in Lycaon's halls, I ween, there be eleven fair chariots, new-wrought, new-furnished, with cloths spread over them ; and by each standeth its yoke of horses feeding on white barley and spelt. Aye, and as I set out hither the old spearman Lycaon straitly charged me in our well-built house : he bade me be mounted on horse and car, and so lead the Trojans in mighty conflicts. Howbeit I hearkened not—verily it had been better far !—but spared the horses lest in the multitude of men they should lack fodder, they that were wont to eat their fill. So I left them, and am come on foot to Ilios, trusting in my

[1] Possibly, " and the wrath of a god be heavy upon us."

bow; but this, meseems, was to avail me not. Already have I let fly a shaft at two chieftains, the son of Tydeus and Atreus' son, and smitten them fairly, and from them both of a surety I drew forth blood, yet did I but arouse them the more. Wherefore with ill hap was it that I took from the peg my curved bow on that day when I led my Trojans to lovely Ilios to do pleasure to Hector. But if so be I shall return and behold with mine eyes my native land and my wife and great, high-roofed palace, then may some alien forthwith cut my head from me, if I break not this bow with my hands and cast it into the blazing fire; for worthless as wind doth it attend me."

To him then spake in answer Aeneas, leader of the Trojans: "Nay, speak not thus; things shall in no wise be any better before that we twain with horses and chariot go to face this man and make trial of him in arms. Nay, come, mount upon my car, that thou mayest see of what sort are the horses of Tros, well skilled to course fleetly hither and thither over the plain whether in pursuit or in flight. They twain will bring the two of us safely to the city, if again Zeus shall vouchsafe glory to Tydeus' son Diomedes. Come, therefore, take thou now the lash and the shining reins, and I will dismount to fight; or else do thou await his onset, and I will look to the horses."

Then made answer to him the glorious son of Lycaon: "Aeneas, keep thou the reins thyself, and drive thine own horses; better will they draw the curved car under their wonted charioteer, if so be we must flee from the son of Tydeus. I would not that they take fright and run wild, and for want

of thy voice be not minded to bear us forth from the battle, and so the son of great-souled Tydeus leap upon us and slay the two of us, and drive off the single-hooved horses. Nay, drive thou thyself thine own car and thine own horses, and I will abide this man's onset with my sharp spear."

So saying they mounted upon the inlaid car and eagerly drave the swift horses against the son of Tydeus. And Sthenelus, the glorious son of Capaneus, saw them and straightway spake to Tydeus' son winged words : " Diomedes, son of Tydeus, dear to my heart, I behold two valiant warriors eager to fight against thee, endued with measureless strength. The one is well skilled with the bow, even Pandarus, and moreover avoweth him to be the son of Lycaon ; while Aeneas avoweth himself to be born of peerless Anchises, and his mother is Aphrodite. Nay, come, let us give ground on the car, neither rage thou thus, I pray thee, amid the foremost fighters, lest thou haply lose thy life."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows mighty Diomedes spake to him : " Talk not thou to me of flight, for I deem thou wilt not persuade me. Not in my blood is it to fight a skulking fight or to cower down ; still is my strength steadfast. And I have no mind to mount upon a car, but even as I am will I go to face them ; that I should quail Pallas Athene suffereth not. As for these twain, their swift horses shall not bear both back from us again, even if one or the other escape. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. If so be Athene, rich in counsel, shall vouchsafe me this glory, to slay them both, then do thou hold here these swift horses, binding the reins taut to the

chariot rim ; but be mindful to rush upon the horses of Aeneas and drive them forth from the Trojans to the host of the well-greaved Achaeans. For they are of that stock wherefrom Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, gave to Tros recompense for his son Ganymedes, for that they were the best of all horses that are beneath the dawn and the sun. Of this stock the king of men Anchises stole a breed, putting his mares to them while Laomedon knew naught thereof. And from these a stock of six was born him in his palace ; four he kept himself and reared at the stall, and the other two he gave to Aeneas, devisers of rout.[1] Could we but take these twain, we should win us goodly renown."

Thus they spake on this wise one to the other, and forthwith drew near those other twain, driving the swift horses. And Lycaon's glorious son spake first to him, saying : " Thou son of lordly Tydeus, stalwart and wise of heart, verily my swift shaft subdued thee not, the bitter arrow ; now will I again make trial of thee with my spear, if so be I may hit thee."

So saying, he poised and hurled his far-shadowing spear, and smote upon the shield of Tydeus' son ; and straight therethrough sped the point of bronze and reached the corselet. Then over him shouted aloud the glorious son of Lycaon : " Thou art smitten clean through the belly, and not for long, methinks, shalt thou endure ; but to me hast thou granted great glory."

Then with no touch of fear spake to him mighty Diomedes : " Thou hast missed and not hit ; but

ye twain, I deem, shall not cease till one or the other of you shall have fallen and glutted with his blood Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide."

So spake he and hurled; and Athene guided the spear upon his nose beside the eye, and it pierced through his white teeth. So the stubborn bronze shore off his tongue at its root, and the spear-point came out by the base of the chin. Then he fell from out the car, and his armour all bright and flashing clanged upon him, and the swift-footed horses swerved aside; and there his spirit and his strength were undone.

But Aeneas leapt down with shield and long spear, seized with fear lest perchance the Achaeans might drag from him the dead man. Over him he strode like a lion confident in his strength, and before him he held his spear and his shield that was well balanced on every side, eager to slay the man whosoever should come to seize the corpse, and crying a terrible cry. But the son of Tydeus grasped in his hand a stone—a mighty deed—one that not two men could bear, such as mortals now are; yet lightly did he wield it even alone. Therewith he smote Aeneas on the hip, where the thigh turns in the hip-joint,—the cup, men call it—and crushed the cup-bone, and broke furthermore both sinews, and the jagged stone tore the skin away. Then the warrior fell upon his knees, and thus abode, and with his stout hand leaned he upon the earth; and dark night enfolded his eyes.

And now would the king of men, Aeneas, have perished, had not the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, been quick to mark, even his mother, that conceived him to Anchises as he tended his kine. About her

dear son she flung her white arms, and before him she spread a fold of her bright garment to be a shelter against missiles, lest any of the Danaans with swift horses might hurl a spear of bronze into his breast and take away his life.

She then was bearing her dear son forth from out the battle; but the son of Capaneus forgat not the commands that Diomedes good at the war-cry laid upon him. He held his own single-hooved horses away from the turmoil, binding the reins taut to the chariot rim, but rushed upon the fair-maned horses of Aeneas, and drave them forth from the Trojans into the host of the well-greaved Achaeans, and gave them to Deïpylus his dear comrade, whom he honoured above all the companions of his youth, because he was like-minded with himself; him he bade drive them to the hollow ships. Then did the warrior mount his own car and take the bright reins, and straightway drive his stout-hooved horses in eager quest of Tydeus' son. He the while had gone in pursuit of Cypris with his pitiless bronze, discerning that she was a weakling goddess, and not one of those that lord it in the battle of warriors,—no Athene she, nor Enyo, sacker of cities. But when he had come upon her as he pursued her through the great throng, then the son of great-souled Tydeus thrust with his sharp spear and leapt upon her, and wounded the surface of her delicate hand, and forthwith through the ambrosial raiment that the Graces themselves had wrought for her the spear pierced the flesh upon the wrist above the palm · and forth flowed the immortal blood of the goddess, the ichor, such as floweth in the blessed gods; for they eat not bread neither drink flaming

wine, wherefore they are bloodless, and are called immortals. She then with a loud cry let fall her son, and Phoebus Apollo took him in his arms and saved him in a dark cloud, lest any of the Danaans with swift horses might hurl a spear of bronze into his breast and take away his life. But over her shouted aloud Diomedes good at the war-cry: "Keep thee away, daughter of Zeus, from war and fighting. Sufficeth it not that thou beguilest weakling women? But if into battle thou wilt enter, verily methinks thou shalt shudder at the name thereof, if thou hearest it even from afar."

So spake he, and she departed frantic, and was sore distressed; and wind-footed Iris took her and led her forth from out the throng, racked with pain, and her fair flesh was darkened. Anon she found furious Ares abiding on the left of the battle, and upon a cloud was his spear leaning, and at hand were his swift horses twain. Then she fell upon her knees and with instant prayer begged for her dear brother's horses with frontlets of gold: "Dear brother, save me, and give me thy horses, that I may get me to Olympus, where is the abode of the immortals. For sorely am I pained with a wound which a mortal man dealt me, Tydeus' son, that would now fight even with father Zeus."

So spake she, and Ares gave her his horses with frontlets of gold; and she mounted upon the car, her heart distraught, and beside her mounted Iris and took the reins in her hand. She touched the horses with the lash to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. Straightway then they came to the abode of the gods, to steep Olympus; and there wind-footed, swift Iris stayed the horses

and loosed them from the car, and cast before them food ambrosial; but fair Aphrodite flung herself upon the knees of her mother Dione. She clasped her daughter in her arms, and stroked her with her hand and spake to her, saying: "Who now of the sons of heaven, dear child, hath entreated thee thus wantonly, as though thou wert working some evil before the face of all?"

To her then made answer laughter-loving Aphrodite: "Tydeus' son, Diomedes high of heart, wounded me, for that I was bearing forth from out the war my dear son Aeneas, who is in my eyes far the dearest of all men. For no longer is the dread battle one between Trojans and Achaeans; nay, the Danaans now fight even with the immortals."

To her then made answer Dione, the fair goddess: "Be of good heart, my child, and endure for all thy suffering; for full many of us that have dwellings on Olympus have suffered at the hands of men, in bringing grievous woes one upon the other. So suffered Ares, when Otus and mighty Ephialtes, the sons of Aloeus, bound him in cruel bonds, and in a brazen jar he lay bound for thirteen months; and then would Ares, insatiate of war, have perished, had not the stepmother of the sons of Aloeus, the beauteous Eëriboea, brought tidings unto Hermes; and he stole forth Ares, that was now sore distressed, for his grievous bonds were overpowering him. So suffered Hera, when the mighty son of Amphitryon smote her on the right breast with a three-barbed arrow; then upon her too came pain that might in no wise be assuaged. And so suffered monstrous Hades even as the rest a bitter arrow, when this same man, the son of Zeus that beareth the aegis,

smote him in Pylos amid the dead, and gave him over to pains. But he went to the house of Zeus and to high Olympus with grief at heart, pierced through with pains; for into his mighty shoulder had the shaft been driven, and distressed his soul. But Paeeon spread thereon simples that slay pain, and healed him; for verily he was in no wise of mortal mould. Rash man, worker of violence, that recked not of his evil deeds, seeing that with his arrows he vexed the gods that hold Olympus. And upon thee has the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, set this man—fool that he is; for the heart of Tydeus' son knoweth not this, that verily he endureth not for long who fighteth with the immortals, nor do his children prattle about his knees when he is come back from war and the dread conflict. Wherefore now let Tydeus' son, for all he is so mighty, beware lest one better than thou fight against him, lest in sooth Aegialeia, the daughter of Adrastus, passing wise, wake from sleep with her long lamentings all her household, as she wails for her wedded husband, the best man of the Achaeans, even she, the stately wife of horse-taming Diomedes."

She spake, and with both her hands wiped the ichor from the arm; the arm was restored, and the grievous pains assuaged. But Athene and Hera, as they looked upon her, sought to anger Zeus, son of Cronos, with mocking words. And among them the goddess flashing-eyed Athene was first to speak: "Father Zeus, wilt thou anywise be wroth with me for the word that I shall say? Of a surety now Cypris has been urging some one of the women of Achaea to follow after the Trojans, whom now she so wondrously loveth; and while stroking such a

one of the fair-robed women of Achaea, she hath scratched upon her golden brooch her delicate hand."

So spake she, but the father of men and gods smiled, and calling to him golden Aphrodite, said: "Not unto thee, my child, are given works of war; nay, follow thou after the lovely works of marriage, and all these things shall be the business of swift Ares and Athene."

On this wise spake they one to the other; but Diomedes, good at the war-cry, leapt upon Aeneas, though well he knew that Apollo himself held forth his arms above him; yet had he no awe even of the great god, but was still eager to slay Aeneas and strip from him his glorious armour. Thrice then he leapt upon him, furiously fain to slay him, and thrice did Apollo beat back his shining shield. But when for the fourth time he rushed upon him like a god, then with a terrible cry spake to him Apollo that worketh afar: "Bethink thee, son of Tydeus, and give place, neither be thou minded to be like of spirit with the gods; seeing in no wise of like sort is the race of immortal gods and that of men who walk upon the earth."

So spake he, and the son of Tydeus gave ground a scant space backward, avoiding the wrath of Apollo that smiteth afar. Aeneas then did Apollo set apart from the throng in sacred Pergamus where was his temple builded. There Leto and the archer Artemis healed him in the great sanctuary, and glorified him; but Apollo of the silver bow fashioned a wraith in the likeness of Aeneas' self and in armour like to his; and over the wraith the Trojans and goodly Achaeans smote the bull's-hide

bucklers about one another's breasts, the round shields and fluttering targets.[1] Then unto furious Ares spake Phoebus Apollo: "Ares, Ares, thou bane of mortals, thou blood-stained stormer of walls, wilt thou not now enter into the battle and withdraw this man therefrom, this son of Tydeus, who now would fight even against father Zeus? Cypris first hath he wounded in close fight on the hand at the wrist, and thereafter rushed he upon mine own self like unto a god."

So spake he, and himself sate him down upon the height of Pergamus, and baneful Ares entered amid the Trojans' ranks and urged them on, in the likeness of swift Acamas, leader of the Thracians. To Priam's sons, nurtured of Zeus, he called, saying: "Ye sons of Priam, the king nurtured of Zeus, how long will ye still suffer your host to be slain by the Achaeans? Shall it be until such time as they fight about our well-built gates? Low lieth a man whom we honoured even as goodly Hector, Aeneas, son of great-hearted Anchises. Nay, come, let us save from out the din of conflict our noble comrade."

So saying he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. And Sarpedon moreover sternly chid goodly Hector, saying: "Hector, where now is the strength gone that aforetime thou hadst? Thou saidst forsooth that without hosts and allies thou wouldst hold the city alone with the aid of thy sisters' husbands and thy brothers; howbeit of these can I now neither behold nor mark anyone, but they cower as dogs about a lion; and it is we

that fight, we that are but allies among you. For I that am but an ally am come from very far; afar is Lycia by eddying Xanthus, where I left my dear wife and infant son, and my great wealth the which every man that is in lack coveteth. Yet even so urge I on the Lycians, and am fain myself to fight my man, though here is naught of mine such as the Achaeans might bear away or drive; whereas thou standest and dost not even urge thy hosts to abide and defend their wives. Beware lest thou and they, as if caught in the meshes of all-ensnaring flax, become a prey and spoil unto your foemen; and they shall anon lay waste your well-peopled city. On thee should all these cares rest by night and day, and thou shouldest beseech the captains of thy far-famed allies to hold their ground unflinchingly, and so put away from thee strong rebukings."

So spake Sarpedon, and his word stung Hector to the heart. Forthwith he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground, and brandishing his two sharp spears went everywhere throughout the host, urging men to fight, and roused the dread din of battle. So they rallied and took their stand with their faces towards the Achaeans; and the Argives in close throng abode their coming and fled not. And even as the wind carrieth chaff about the sacred threshing-floors of men that are winnowing, when fair-haired Demeter amid the driving blasts of wind separates the grain from the chaff, and the heaps of chaff grow white; even so now did the Achaeans grow white over head and shoulders beneath the cloud of dust that through the midst of the warriors the hooves of their horses beat up to the brazen heaven, as the fight was joined again; and

the charioteers wheeled round. The might of their hands they bare straight forward, and about the battle furious Ares drew a veil of night to aid the Trojans, ranging everywhere; so fulfilled he the behest of Phoebus Apollo of the golden sword, who bade him rouse the spirit of the Trojans, whenso he saw that Pallas Athene was departed; for she it was that bare aid to the Danaans. And Apollo himself sent Aeneas forth from out the rich sanctuary, and put courage in the breast of the shepherd of the host. And Aeneas took his place in the midst of his comrades, and these waxed glad as they saw him come to join them alive and whole and possessed of valiant courage. Howbeit they questioned him not at all, for toil of other sort forbade them, even that which he of the silver bow was stirring, and Ares the bane of mortals, and Discord that rageth without ceasing.

On the other side the Aiantes twain and Odysseus and Diomedes roused the Danaans to fight; yet these even of themselves quailed not before the Trojans' violence and their onsets, but stood their ground like mists that in still weather the son of Cronos setteth on the mountain-tops moveless, what time the might of the North Wind sleepeth and of the other furious winds that blow with shrill blasts and scatter this way and that the shadowy clouds; even so the Danaans withstood the Trojans steadfastly, and fled not. And the son of Atreus ranged throughout the throng with many a word of command: 'My friends, be men, and take to you hearts of valour, and have shame each of the other in the fierce conflict. Of men that have shame more are saved than are slain, but from them that flee cometh neither glory nor any avail."

He spake, and hurled his spear swiftly and smote a foremost warrior, a comrade of great-souled Aeneas, Deïcoön, son of Pergasus, whom the Trojans honoured even as the sons of Priam, for that he was swift to fight amid the foremost. Him did lord Agamemnon smite with his spear upon the shield, and this stayed not the spear, but clean through it passed the bronze, and into the lower belly he drave it through the belt; and he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged.

Then Aeneas slew two champions of the Danaans, the sons of Diocles, Crethon and Orsilochus, whose father dwelt in well-built Pherae, a man rich in substance, and in lineage was he sprung from the river Alpheius that flows in broad stream through the land of the Pylians, and that begat Orsilochus to be king over many men. And Orsilochus begat great-souled Diocles, and of Diocles were born twin sons, Crethon and Orsilochus, well skilled in all manner of fighting. Now when the twain had reached manhood, they followed with the Argives on the black ships to Ilios famed for its horses, seeking to win recompense for the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus; but their own selves in that land did the doom of death enfold. Like them two lions upon the mountain tops are reared by their dam in the thickets of a deep wood; and the twain snatch cattle and goodly sheep and make havoc of the farmsteads of men, until themselves are slain by the hands of men with the sharp bronze; even in such wise were these twain vanquished beneath the hands of Aeneas, and fell like tall fir-trees.

But as they fell Menelaus dear to Ares had pity for them, and strode through the foremost fighters,

harnessed in flaming bronze and brandishing his spear; and Ares roused his might with intent that he might be vanquished beneath the hands of Aeneas. But Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, beheld him, and strode through the foremost fighters; for greatly did he fear for the shepherd of the host, lest aught befall him, and he utterly thwart them of their toil. Now the twain were holding forth their hands and their sharp spears each against the other, fain to do battle, when Antilochus came close beside the shepherd of the host. Then Aeneas abode not, swift warrior though he was, when he beheld the two holding their ground side by side; and they, when they had dragged the dead to the host of the Achaeans, laid the hapless pair in the arms of their comrades, and themselves turned back and fought amid the foremost.

Then the twain slew Pylaemenes, peer of Ares, the leader of the great-souled Paphlagonian shield-men. Him as he stood still, the son of Atreus, spear-famed Menelaus, pierced with his spear, smiting him upon the collar-bone; and Antilochus made a cast at Mydon, his squire and charioteer, the goodly son of Atymnius, even as he was turning the single-hooved horses, and smote him with a stone full upon the elbow; and the reins, white with ivory, fell from his hands to the ground in the dust. Then Antilochus leapt upon him and drave his sword into his temple, and gasping he fell forth from out the well-built car headlong in the dust on his head and shoulders. Long time he stood there—for he lighted on deep sand—until his horses kicked him and cast him to the ground in the dust; and them Antilochus lashed, and drave into the host of the Achaeans.

But Hector marked them across the ranks, and rushed upon them shouting aloud, and with him followed the strong battalions of the Trojans; and Ares led them and the queen Enyo, she bringing ruthless Din of War,[1] while Ares wielded in his hands a monstrous spear, and ranged now in front of Hector and now behind him.

At sight of him Diomedes, good at the war-cry, shuddered; and even as a man in passing over a great plain halteth in dismay at a swift-streaming river that floweth on to the sea, and seeing it seething with foam starteth backward, even so now did the son of Tydeus give ground, and he spake to the host: "Friends, look you how we were ever wont to marvel at goodly Hector, deeming him a spearman and a dauntless warrior; whereas ever by his side is some god that wardeth from him ruin, even as now Ares is by his side in the likeness of a mortal man. But with faces turned toward the Trojans give ye ground ever backwards, neither rage ye to fight amain with gods."

So spake he, and the Trojans came very close to them. Then Hector slew two warriors well skilled in fight, Menesthes and Anchialus, the twain being in one car. And as they fell great Telamonian Aias had pity of them, and came and stood close at hand, and with a cast of his shining spear smote Amphius, son of Selagus, that dwelt in Paesus, a man rich in substance, rich in corn-land; but fate led him to bear aid to Priam and his sons. Him Telamonian Aias smote upon the belt, and in the lower belly

[1] ἔχουσα means "bearing in her hands," rather than "bringing in her train," and that by κυδοιμός we are to understand some symbolic attribute of Enyo.

was the far-shadowing spear fixed, and he fell with a thud. Then glorious Aias rushed upon him to strip him of his armour, and the Trojans rained upon him their spears, all sharp and gleaming, and his shield caught many thereof. But he planted his heel upon the corpse and drew forth the spear of bronze, yet could he not prevail likewise to strip the rest of the fair armour from his shoulders, for he was sore pressed with missiles. Furthermore, he feared the strong defence of the lordly Trojans, that beset him both many and valiant with spears in their hands and, for all he was so tall and mighty and lordly, thrust him from them; and he gave ground and was made to reel.

So these toiled in the mighty conflict, but Tlepolemus, son of Heracles, a valiant man and tall, was roused by resistless fate against godlike Sarpedon. And when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, the son and grandson of Zeus the cloud-gatherer, then Tlepolemus was first to speak, saying: "Sarpedon, counsellor of the Lycians, why must thou be skulking here, that art a man unskilled in battle? They speak but a lie that say thou art sprung from Zeus that beareth the aegis, seeing thou art inferior far to those warriors that were sprung from Zeus in the days of men of old. Of other sort, men say, was mighty Heracles, my father, staunch in fight, the lion-hearted, who on a time came hither by reason of the mares of Laomedon with but six ships and a scantier host, yet sacked the city of Ilios and made waste her streets. But thine is a coward's heart, and thy people are minishing. In no wise methinks shall thy coming from Lycia prove a defence to the

men of Troy, though thou be never so strong, but thou shalt be vanquished by my hand and pass the gates of Hades."

And to him Sarpedon, captain of the Lycians, made answer: "Tlepolemus, thy sire verily destroyed sacred Ilios through the folly of the lordly man, Laomedon, who chid with harsh words him that had done him good service, and rendered him not the mares for the sake of which he had come from afar. But for thee, I deem that death and black fate shall here be wrought by my hands, and that vanquished beneath my spear thou shalt yield glory to me, and thy soul to Hades of the goodly steeds."

So spake Sarpedon, and Tlepolemus lifted on high his ashen spear, and the long spears sped from the hands of both at one moment. Sarpedon smote him full upon the neck, and the grievous point passed clean through, and down upon his eyes came the darkness of night and enfolded him. And Tlepolemus smote Sarpedon upon the left thigh with his long spear, and the point sped through furiously and grazed the bone; howbeit his father as yet warded from him destruction.

Then his goodly companions bare godlike Sarpedon forth from out the fight, and the long spear burdened him sore, as it trailed, but no man marked it or thought in their haste to draw forth from his thigh the spear of ash, that he might stand upon his feet; such toil had they in tending him.

And on the other side the well-greaved Achaeans bare Tlepolemus from out the fight, and goodly Odysseus of the enduring soul was ware of it, and his spirit waxed furious within him; and he pondered then in heart and soul whether he should pursue

further after the son of Zeus that thundereth aloud, or should rather take the lives of more Lycians. But not for great-hearted Odysseus was it ordained to slay with the sharp bronze the valiant son of Zeus; wherefore Athene turned his mind toward the host of the Lycians. Then slew he Coeranus and Alastor and Chromius and Alcandrus and Halius and Noëmon and Prytanis; and yet more of the Lycians would goodly Odysseus have slain, but that great Hector of the flashing helm was quick to see, and strode through the foremost fighters harnessed in flaming bronze, bringing terror to the Danaans. Then glad at his coming was Sarpedon, son of Zeus, and spake to him a piteous word: "Son of Priam, suffer me not to lie here a prey to the Danaans, but bear me aid; thereafter, if need be, let life depart from me in your city, seeing it might not be that I should return home to mine own native land to make glad my dear wife and infant son."

So spake he, yet Hector of the flashing helm spake no word in answer, but hastened by, eager with all speed to thrust back the Argives and take the lives of many. Then his goodly comrades made godlike Sarpedon to sit beneath a beauteous oak of Zeus that beareth the aegis, and forth from his thigh valiant Pelagon, that was his dear comrade, thrust the spear of ash; and his spirit failed him, and down over his eyes a mist was shed. Howbeit he revived, and the breath of the North Wind as it blew upon him made him to live again after in grievous wise he had breathed forth his spirit.

But the Argives before the onset of Ares and Hector harnessed in bronze neither turned them to make for the black ships, nor yet could they hold

out in fight, but they ever gave ground backward, when they heard that Ares was amid the Trojans.

Who then was first to be slain and who last by Hector, Priam's son, and brazen Ares? Godlike Teuthras, and thereafter Orestes, driver of horses, Trechus, spearman of Aetolia, and Oenomaus, and Helenus, son of Oenops, and Oresbius with flashing taslet, he that dwelt in Hyle on the border of the Cephisian mere, having great care of his wealth; and hard by him dwelt other Boeotians having a land exceeding rich.

But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, was ware of them as they made havoc of the Argives in the fierce conflict, forthwith she spake winged words to Athene: "Out upon it, thou child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, unwearied one, verily it was for naught that we pledged our word to Menelaus, that not until he had sacked well-walled Ilios should he get him home, if we are to suffer baneful Ares thus to rage. Nay, come, let us twain likewise bethink us of furious valour."

So spake she, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, failed not to hearken. Then Hera, the queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, went to and fro harnessing the horses of golden frontlets, and Hebe quickly put to the car on either side the curved wheels of bronze, eight-spoked, about the iron axle-tree. Of these the felloe verily is of gold imperishable, and thereover are tires of bronze fitted, a marvel to behold; and the naves are of silver, revolving on this side and on that; and the body is plaited tight with gold and silver thongs, and two rims there are that run about it. From the body stood forth the pole of silver, and on the end

thereof she bound the fair golden yoke, and cast thereon the fair golden breast-straps; and Hera led beneath the yoke the swift-footed horses, and was eager for strife and the war-cry.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis, let fall upon her father's floor her soft robe, richly broidered, that herself had wrought and her hands had fashioned, and put on her the tunic of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and arrayed her in armour for tearful war. About her shoulders she flung the tasselled aegis, fraught with terror, all about which Rout is set as a crown, and therein is Strife, therein Valour, and therein Onset, that maketh the blood run cold, and therein is the head of the dread monster, the Gorgon, dread and awful, a portent of Zeus that beareth the aegis. And upon her head she set the helmet with two horns and with bosses four,[1] wrought of gold, and fitted with the men-at-arms of an hundred cities. Then she stepped upon the flaming car and grasped her spear, heavy and huge and strong, wherewith she vanquisheth the ranks of men—of warriors with whom she is wroth, she, the daughter of the mighty sire. And Hera swiftly touched the horses with the lash, and self-bidden groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven which the Hours had in their keeping, to whom are entrusted great heaven and Olympus, whether to throw open the thick cloud or shut it to. There through the gate they drave their horses patient of the goad; and they found the son of Cronos as he sat apart from the other gods on the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus. Then the goddess, white-armed Hera, stayed the horses, and made question of Zeus most high, the son of Cronos, and spake to him: "Father

Zeus, hast thou no indignation with Ares for these violent deeds, that he hath destroyed so great and so goodly a host of the Achaeans recklessly and in no seemly wise to my sorrow; while at their ease Cypris and Apollo of the silver bow take their joy, having set on this madman that regardeth not any law? Father Zeus, wilt thou in any wise be wroth with me if I smite Ares in sorry fashion and drive him out of the battle?"

Then in answer spake to her Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Nay, come now, rouse against him Athene, driver of the spoil, who has ever been wont above others to bring sore pain upon him."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken, but touched her horses with the lash; and nothing loath the pair flew on between earth and starry heaven. As far as a man seeth with his eyes into the haze of distance as he sitteth on a place of outlook and gazeth over the wine-dark deep, even so far do the loud-neighing horses of the gods spring at a bound. But when they were come to the land of Troy and the two flowing rivers, where the Simoïs and Scamander join their streams, there the goddess, white-armed Hera, stayed her horses, and loosed them from the car, and shed thick mist about them; and Simoïs made ambrosia to spring up for them to graze upon.

Then the goddesses twain went their way with steps like those of timorous doves, eager to bring aid to the Argive warriors. And when they were come where the most and the bravest stood close thronging about mighty Diomedes, tamer of horses, in semblance like ravening lions or wild boars, whose is no weakling strength, there the goddess, white-

armed Hera, stood and shouted in the likeness of great-hearted Stentor of the brazen voice, whose voice is as the voice of fifty other men: "Fie, ye Argives, base things of shame, fair in semblance only! So long as goodly Achilles was wont to fare into battle, never would the Trojans come forth even before the Dardanian gate; for of his mighty spear had they dread; but now far from the city they are fighting at the hollow ships."

So saying she roused the strength and spirit of every man. And to the side of Tydeus' son sprang the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene. She found that prince beside his horses and car, cooling the wound that Pandarus had dealt him with his arrow. For the sweat vexed him beneath the broad baldric of his round shield; therewith was he vexed and his arm grew weary, so he was lifting up the baldric and wiping away the dark blood. Then the goddess laid hold of the yoke of his horses, and said: "Verily little like himself was the son that Tydeus begat. Tydeus was small in stature, but a warrior. Even when I would not suffer him to fight or make a show of prowess, what time he came, and no Achaean with him, on an embassage to Thebes into the midst of the many Cadmeians—I bade him feast in their halls in peace—yet he having his valiant soul as of old challenged the youths of the Cadmeians and vanquished them in everything full easily; so present a helper was I to him. But as for thee, I verily stand by thy side and guard thee, and of a ready heart I bid thee fight with the Trojans, yet either hath weariness born of thy many onsets

entered into thy limbs, or haply spiritless terror possesseth thee. Then art thou no offspring of Tydeus, the wise-hearted son of Oeneus."

Then in answer to her spake mighty Diomedes: "I know thee, daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis; therefore with a ready heart will I tell thee my thought and hide it not. In no wise doth spiritless terror possess me nor any slackness, but I am still mindful of thy behest which thou didst lay upon me. Thou wouldest not suffer me to fight face to face with the other blessed gods, but if Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus should enter the battle, her thou badest me smite with the sharp bronze. Therefore it is that I now give ground myself and have given command to all the rest of the Argives to be gathered here likewise; for I discern Ares lording it over the battle-field."

And the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him, saying: "Son of Tydeus, Diomedes, dear to my heart, fear thou not Ares for that, neither any other of the immortals; so present a helper am I to thee. Nay, come, at Ares first drive thou thy single-hooved horses, and smite him in close fight, neither have thou awe of furious Ares that raveth here, a full-wrought bane, a renegade, that but now spake with me and Hera, and made as though he would fight against the Trojans but give aid to the Argives; yet now he consorteth with the Trojans and hath forgotten these."

So saying, with her hand she drew back Sthenelus, and thrust him from the car to earth, and he speedily leapt down; and she stepped upon the car beside goodly Diomedes, a goddess eager for battle. Loudly did the oaken axle creak beneath its burden,

for it bare a dread goddess and a peerless warrior. Then Pallas Athene grasped the lash and the reins, and against Ares first she speedily drave the single-hooved horses. He was stripping of his armour huge Periphas that was far the best of the Aetolians, the glorious son of Ochesius. Him was blood-stained Ares stripping; but Athene put on the cap of Hades, to the end that mighty Ares should not see her.

Now when Ares, the bane of mortals, was ware of goodly Diomedes, he let be huge Periphas to lie where he was, even where at the first he had slain him and taken away his life, but made straight for Diomedes, tamer of horses. And when they were now come near as they advanced one against the other, Ares first let drive over the yoke and the reins of the horses with his spear of bronze, eager to take away the other's life; but the spear the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, caught in her hand and thrust above the car to fly its way in vain. Next Diomedes, good at the war-cry, drave at Ares with his spear of bronze, and Pallas Athene sped it mightily against his nethermost belly, where he was girded with his taslets. There did he thrust and smite him, rending the fair flesh, and forth he drew the spear again. Then brazen Ares bellowed loud as nine thousand warriors or ten thousand cry in battle, when they join in the strife of the War-god; and thereat trembling came upon Achaeans alike and Trojans, and fear gat hold of them; so mightily bellowed Ares insatiate of war.

Even as a black darkness appeareth from the clouds when after heat a blustering wind ariseth, even in such wise unto Diomedes, son of Tydeus, did

brazen Ares appear, as he fared amid the clouds unto broad heaven. Speedily he came to the abode of the gods, to steep Olympus, and sate him down by the side of Zeus, son of Cronos, grieved at heart, and shewed the immortal blood flowing from the wound, and with wailing spake to him winged words : " Father Zeus, hast thou no indignation to behold these violent deeds ? Ever do we gods continually suffer most cruelly by one another's devices, whenas we show favour to men. With thee are we all at strife, for thou art father to that mad and baneful maid, whose mind is ever set on deeds of lawlessness. For all the other gods that are in Olympus are obedient unto thee, and subject to thee, each one of us ; but to her thou payest no heed whether in word or in deed, but rather settest her on, for that this pestilent maiden is thine own child. Now hath she set on the son of Tydeus, Diomedes high of heart, to vent his rage upon immortal gods. Cypris first he wounded with a thrust in close fight upon the hand at the wrist, and thereafter rushed upon mine own self as he had been a god. Howbeit my swift feet bare me away ; otherwise had I long suffered woes there amid the gruesome heaps of the dead, or else had lived strengthless by reason of the smitings of the spear."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Zeus, the cloud-gatherer : " Sit thou not in any wise by me and whine, thou renegade. Most hateful to me art thou of all gods that hold Olympus, for ever is strife dear to thee and wars and fightings. Thou hast the unbearable, unyielding spirit of thy mother, even of Hera ; her can I scarce control by my words. Wherefore it is by her

promptings, meseems, that thou sufferest thus. Howbeit I will no longer endure that thou shouldest be in pain, for thou art mine offspring, and it was to me that thy mother bare thee ; but wert thou born of any other god, thus pestilent as thou art, then long ere this hadst thou been lower than the sons of heaven."[1]

He spake, and bade Paeëon heal his hurt ; and Paeëon spread thereon simples that slay pain, and healed him ; for verily he was in no wise of mortal mould. Even as the juice of the fig speedily maketh to grow thick the white milk that is liquid, but is quickly curdled as a man stirreth it, even so swiftly healed he furious Ares. And Hebe bathed him, and clad him in beautiful raiment, and he sate him down by the side of Zeus, son of Cronos, exulting in his glory.

Then back to the palace of great Zeus fared Argive Hera and Alalcomenean Athene, when they had made Ares, the bane of mortals, to cease from his man-slaying.

BOOK VI

So was the dread strife of the Trojans and Achaeans left to itself, and oft to this side and to that surged the battle over the plain, as they aimed one at the other their bronze-tipped spears between the Simoïs and the streams of Xanthus.

Aias, son of Telamon, bulwark of the Achaeans, was first to break a battalion of the Trojans, and to bring a light of deliverance to his comrades, for he smote a man that was chiefest among the Thracians, even Eüssorus' son Acamas, a valiant man and tall. Him he was first to smite upon the horn of his helmet with thick crest of horse-hair, and drave the spear into his forehead so that the point of bronze pierced within the bone ; and darkness enfolded his eyes.

And Diomedes, good at the war-cry, slew Axylus, Teuthras' son, that dwelt in well-built Arisbe, a man rich in substance, that was beloved of all men ; for he dwelt in a home by the high-road and was wont to give entertainment to all. Howbeit of all these was there not one on this day to meet the foe before his face, and ward from him woeful destruction ; but Diomedes robbed the twain of life, himself and his squire Calesius, that was then the driver of his car ; so they two passed beneath the earth.

Then Euryalus slew Dresus and Opheltius, and

went on after Aesepus and Pedasus, whom on a time the fountain-nymph Abarbarea bare to peerless Bucolion. Now Bucolion was son of lordly Laomedon, his eldest born, though the mother that bare him was unwed; he while shepherding his flocks lay with the nymph in love, and she conceived and bare twin sons. Of these did the son of Mecisteus loose the might and the glorious limbs and strip the armour from their shoulders.

And Polypoetes staunch in fight slew Astyalus, and Odysseus with his spear of bronze laid low Pidytes of Percote, and Teucer goodly Aretaon. And Antilochus, son of Nestor, slew Ablerus with his bright spear, and the king of men, Agamemnon, slew Elatus that dwelt in steep Pedasus by the banks of fair-flowing Satnioeis. And the warrior Leïtus slew Phylacus, as he fled before him; and Eurypylus laid Melanthius low.

But Adrastus did Menelaus, good at the war-cry, take alive; for his two horses, coursing in terror over the plain, became entangled in a tamarisk bough, and breaking the curved car at the end of the pole, themselves went on toward the city whither the rest were fleeing in rout; but their master rolled from out the car beside the wheel headlong in the dust upon his face. And to his side came Menelaus, son of Atreus, bearing his far-shadowing spear. Then Adrastus clasped him by the knees and besought him: "Take me alive, thou son of Atreus, and accept a worthy ransom; treasures full many lie stored in the palace of my wealthy father, bronze and gold and iron wrought with toil; thereof would my father grant thee ransom past counting, should he hear that I am alive at the ships of the Achaeans."

So spake he, and sought to persuade the other's heart in his breast, and lo, Menelaus was about to give him to his squire to lead to the swift ships of the Achaeans, but Agamemnon came running to meet him, and spake a word of reproof, saying: "Soft-hearted Menelaus, why carest thou thus for the men? Hath then so great kindness been done thee in thy house by Trojans? Of them let not one escape sheer destruction and the might of our hands, nay, not the man-child whom his mother bears in her womb; let not even him escape, but let all perish together out of Ilios, unmourned and unmarked."

So spake the warrior, and turned his brother's mind, for he counselled aright; so Menelaus with his hand thrust from him the warrior Adrastus, and lord Agamemnon smote him on the flank, and he fell backward; and the son of Atreus planted his heel on his chest, and drew forth the ashen spear.

Then Nestor shouted aloud, and called to the Argives: "My friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, let no man now abide behind in eager desire for spoil, that he may come to the ships bearing the greatest store; nay, let us slay the men; thereafter in peace shall ye strip the armour from the corpses that lie dead over the plain."

So saying he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then would the Trojans have been driven again by the Achaeans dear to Ares up to Ilios, vanquished in their weakness, had not the son of Priam, Helenus, far the best of augurs, come up to Aeneas and Hector, and said to them: "Aeneas and Hector, seeing that upon you above all others rests the war-toil of Trojans and Lycians, for that

in every undertaking ye are the best both in war and in counsel, hold ye your ground, and go ye this way and that throughout the host and keep them back before the gates, or ever in flight they fling themselves in their women's arms, and be made a joy to their foemen. But when ye have aroused all our battalions, we verily will abide here and fight against the Danaans, sore wearied though we be, for necessity weighs hard upon us; but do thou, Hector, go thy way to the city and speak there to her that is thy mother and mine; let her gather the aged wives to the temple of flashing-eyed Athene in the citadel, and when she has opened with the key the doors of the holy house, the robe that seemeth to her the fairest and amplest in her hall, and that is far dearest to her own self, this let her lay upon the knees of fair-haired Athene, and vow to her that she will sacrifice in her temple twelve sleek heifers that have not felt the goad, if she will have compassion on the city and the Trojan's wives and their little children; in hope she may hold back from sacred Ilios the son of Tydeus, that savage spearman, a mighty deviser of rout, who has verily, meseems, proved himself the mightiest of the Achaeans. Not even Achilles did we ever fear on this wise, that leader of men, who, they say, is born of a goddess; nay, this man rageth beyond all measure, and no one can vie with him in might."

So spake he, and Hector was in no wise disobedient unto his brother's word. Forthwith he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground, and brandishing his two sharp spears went everywhere throughout the host, urging them to fight; and he roused the dread din of battle. So they rallied, and took their

stand with their faces toward the Achaeans, and the Argives gave ground and ceased from slaying; and they deemed that one of the immortals had come down from starry heaven to bear aid to the Trojans, that they rallied thus. And Hector shouted aloud and called to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans, high of heart, and far-famed allies, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, the while I go to Ilios and bid the elders that give counsel, and our wives to make prayer to the gods, and promise them hecatombs."

So saying, Hector of the flashing helm departed, and the black hide at either end smote against his ankles and his neck,[1] even the rim that ran about the outermost edge of his bossed shield.

But Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, and the son of Tydeus came together in the space between the two hosts, eager to do battle. And when the twain were now come near as they advanced one against the other, Diomedes, good at the war-cry, was first to speak, saying: "Who art thou, mighty one, among mortal men? For never have I seen thee in battle where men win glory until this day, but now hast thou come forth far in advance of all in thy hardihood, in that thou abidest my far-shadowing spear. Unhappy are they whose children face my might. But and if thou art one of the immortals come down from heaven, then will I not fight with the heavenly gods. Nay, for even the son of Dryas, mighty Lycurgus, lived not long, seeing that he strove with heavenly gods — he that on a time drave down over the sacred mount of Nysa the nursing mothers of mad Dionysus; and they all

let fall to the ground their wands, smitten with an ox-goad by man-slaying Lycurgus. But Dionysus fled, and plunged beneath the wave of the sea, and Thetis received him in her bosom, filled with dread, for mighty terror gat hold of him at the man's threatenings. Then against Lycurgus did the gods that live at ease wax wroth, and the son of Cronos made him blind; and he lived not for long, seeing that he was hated of all the immortal gods. So would not I be minded to fight against the blessed gods. But if thou art of men, who eat the fruit of the field, draw nigh, that thou mayest the sooner enter the toils of destruction."[1]

Then spake to him the glorious son of Hippolochus: "Great-souled son of Tydeus, wherefore inquirest thou of my lineage? Even as are the generations of leaves, such are those also of men. As for the leaves, the wind scattereth some upon the earth, but the forest, as it bourgeons, putteth forth others when the season of spring is come; even so of men one generation springeth up and another passeth away. Howbeit, if thou wilt, hear this also, that thou mayest know well my lineage; and many there be that know it. There is a city Ephyre in the heart of Argos, pasture-land of horses, and there dwelt Sisyphus that was craftiest of men, Sisyphus, son of Aeolus; and he begat a son Glaucus; and Glaucus begat peerless Bellerophon. To him the gods granted beauty and lovely manliness; but Proetus in his heart devised against him evil, and drave him, seeing he was mightier far, from the

[1] *τέλος θανάτου* might suggest the rendering "destruction unto the uttermost." The translation given above is furthermore supported by vii. 402, and xii. 79.

land of the Argives; for Zeus had made them subject to his sceptre. Now the wife of Proetus, fair Anteia, lusted madly for Bellerophon, to lie with him in secret love, but could in no wise prevail upon wise-hearted Bellerophon, for that his heart was upright. So she made a tale of lies, and spake to king Proetus: 'Either die thyself, Proetus, or slay Bellerophon, seeing he was minded to lie with me in love against my will.' So she spake, and wrath gat hold upon the king to hear that word. To slay him he forbare, for his soul had awe of that; but he sent him to Lycia, and gave him baneful tokens, graving in a folded tablet many signs and deadly,[1] and bade him show these to his own wife's father, that he might be slain. So he went his way to Lycia under the blameless escort of the gods. And when he was come to Lycia and the stream of Xanthus, then with a ready heart did the king of wide Lycia do him honour: for nine days' space he shewed him entertainment, and slew nine oxen. Howbeit when the tenth rosy-fingered Dawn appeared, then at length he questioned him and asked to see whatever token he bare from his daughter's husband, Proetus. But when he had received from him the evil token of his daughter's husband, first he bade him slay the raging Chimaera. She was of divine stock, not of men, in the fore part a lion, in the hinder a serpent, and in the midst a goat, breathing forth in terrible wise the might of blazing fire. And Bellerophon slew her, trusting in the signs of the gods. Next fought he with the glorious Solymi, and this, said he, was the mightest battle of warriors that ever he entered; and thirdly he slew the Amazons,

women the peers of men. And against him, as he journeyed back therefrom, the king wove another cunning wile; he chose out of wide Lycia the bravest men and set an ambush; but these returned not home in any wise, for peerless Bellerophon slew them one and all. But when the king now knew that he was the valiant offspring of a god, he kept him there, and offered him his own daughter, and gave to him the half of all his kingly honour; moreover the Lycians meted out for him a demesne pre-eminent above all, a fair tract of orchard and of plough-land, to possses it. And the lady bare to wise-hearted Bellerophon three children, Isander and Hippolochus and Laodameia. With Laodameia lay Zeus the counsellor, and she bare godlike Sarpedon, the warrior harnessed in bronze. But when even Bellerophon came to be hated of all the gods, then verily he wandered alone over the Aleian plain, devouring his own soul, and shunning the paths of men; and Isander his son was slain by Ares, insatiate of battle, as he fought against the glorious Solymi; and his daughter was slain in wrath by Artemis of the golden reins. But Hippolochus begat me and of him do I declare that I am sprung; and he sent me to Troy and straitly charged me ever to be bravest and pre-eminent above all, and not bring shame upon the race of my fathers, that were far the noblest in Ephyre and in wide Lycia. This is the lineage and the blood whereof I avow me sprung."

So spake he, and Diomedes, good at the war-cry, waxed glad. He planted his spear in the bounteous earth, and with gentle words spake to the shepherd of the host: "Verily now art thou a

friend of my father's house from of old : for goodly Oeneus on a time entertained peerless Bellerophon in his halls, and kept him twenty days ; and moreover they gave one to the other fair gifts of friendship. Oeneus gave a belt bright with scarlet, and Bellerophon a double cup of gold which I left in my palace as I came hither. But Tydeus I remember not, seeing I was but a little child when he left, what time the host of the Achaeans perished at Thebes. Therefore now am I a dear guest-friend to thee in the midst of Argos, and thou to me in Lycia, whenso I journey to the land of that folk. So let us shun one another's spears even amid the throng ; full many there be for me to slay, both Trojans and famed allies, whomsoever a god shall grant me and my feet overtake ; and many Achaeans again for thee to slay whomsoever thou canst. And let us make exchange of armour, each with the other, that these men too may know that we declare ourselves to be friends from our fathers' days."

When they had thus spoken, the twain leapt down from their chariots and clasped each other's hands and pledged their faith. And then from Glaucus did Zeus, son of Cronos, take away his wits, seeing he made exchange of armour with Diomedes, son of Tydeus, giving golden for bronze, the worth of an hundred oxen for the worth of nine.

But when Hector was come to the Scaean gate and the oak-tree, round about him came running the wives and daughters of the Trojans asking of their sons and brethren and friends and husbands. But he thereupon bade them make prayer to the gods, all of them in turn ; yet over many were sorrows hung.

But when he was now come to the beauteous palace of Priam, adorned with polished colonnades —and in it were fifty chambers of polished stone, built each hard by the other; therein the sons of Priam were wont to sleep beside their wedded wives; and for his daughters over against them on the opposite side within the court were twelve roofed chambers of polished stone, built each hard by the other; therein slept Priam's sons-in-law beside their chaste wives—there his bounteous mother came to meet him, leading in Laodice, fairest of her daughters to look upon; and she clasped him by the hand and spake and addressed him: "My child, why hast thou left the fierce battle and come hither? Of a surety the sons of the Achaeans, of evil name, are pressing sore upon thee as they fight about our city, and thy heart hath bid thee come hitherward and lift up thy hands to Zeus from the citadel. But stay till I have brought thee honey-sweet wine that thou mayest pour libation to Zeus and the other immortals first, and then shalt thou thyself have profit thereof, if so be thou wilt drink. When a man is spent with toil wine greatly maketh his strength to wax, even as thou art spent with defending thy fellows."

Then in answer to her spake great Hector of the flashing helm: "Bring me no honey-hearted wine, honoured mother, lest thou cripple me, and I be forgetful of my might and my valour; moreover with hands unwashen I have awe to pour libation of flaming wine to Zeus; nor may it in any wise be that a man should make prayer to the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, all befouled with blood and filth. Nay, do thou go to the temple of Athene,

driver of the spoil, with burnt-offerings, when thou hast gathered together the aged wives; and the robe that seemeth to thee the fairest and amplest in thy hall, and that is dearest far to thine own self, this do thou lay upon the knees of fair-haired Athene and vow to her that thou wilt sacrifice in her temple twelve sleek heifers that have not felt the goad, if she will take pity on Troy and the Trojans' wives and their little children; in hope she may hold back the son of Tydeus from sacred Ilios, that savage spearman, a mighty deviser of rout. So go thou to the temple of Athene, driver of the spoil; and I will go after Paris, to summon him, if haply he will hearken to my bidding. Would that the earth might straightway gape for him! for in grievous wise hath the Olympian reared him as a bane to the Trojans and to great-hearted Priam, and the sons of Priam. If I but saw him going down to the house of Hades, then might I deem that my heart had forgotten its woe."

So spake he, and she went to the hall and called to her handmaidens; and they gathered together the aged wives throughout the city. But the queen herself went down to the vaulted treasure-chamber wherein were her robes, richly broidered, the handiwork of Sidonian women, whom godlike Alexander had himself brought from Sidon, as he sailed over the wide sea on that journey on the which he brought back high-born Helen. Of these Hecabe took one, and bare it as an offering for Athene, the one that was fairest in its broiderings and amplest, and shone like a star, and lay undermost of all. Then she went her way, and the throng of aged wives hastened after her.

Now when they were come to the temple of Athene in the citadel, the doors were opened for them by fair-cheeked Theano, daughter of Cisseus, the wife of Antenor, tamer of horses; for her had the Trojans made priestess of Athene. Then with sacred cries they all lifted up their hands to Athene; and fair-cheeked Theano took the robe and laid it upon the knees of fair-haired Athene, and with vows made prayer to the daughter of great Zeus: "Lady Athene, that dost guard our city, fairest among goddesses, break now the spear of Diomedes, and grant furthermore that himself may fall headlong before the Scaean gates; to the end that we may now forthwith sacrifice to thee in thy temple twelve sleek heifers that have not felt the goad, if thou wilt take pity on Troy and the Trojans' wives and their little children." So spake she praying, but Pallas Athene denied the prayer.

Thus were these praying to the daughter of great Zeus, but Hector went his way to the palace of Alexander, the fair palace that himself had builded with the men that were in that day the best builders in deep-soiled Troy; these had made him a chamber and hall and court hard by the palaces of Priam and Hector in the citadel. There entered in Hector, dear to Zeus, and in his hand he held a spear of eleven cubits, and before him blazed the spear-point of bronze, around which ran a ring of gold. He found Paris in his chamber busied with his beauteous arms, his shield and his corselet, and handling his curved bow; and Argive Helen sat amid her serving-women and appointed to them their glorious handiwork. And at sight of him Hector rebuked him with words of shame:

"Strange man, thou dost not well to nurse this anger in thy heart. Thy people are perishing about the town and the steep wall in battle, and it is because of thee that the battle-cry and the war are ablaze about this city; thou wouldest thyself vent wrath on any other, whomso thou shouldest haply see shrinking from hateful war. Nay, then, rouse thee, lest soon the city blaze with consuming fire."

And to him did godlike Alexander make answer, saying: "Hector, seeing that thou dost chide me duly, and not beyond what is due, therefore will I tell thee; and do thou take thought and hearken unto me. Not so much by reason of wrath and indignation against the Trojans sat I in my chamber, but I was minded to yield myself to sorrow. Even now my wife sought to turn my mind with gentle words and urged me to the war: and I, mine own self, deem that it will be better so; victory shifteth from man to man. But come now, tarry a while, let me don my harness of war; or go thy way, and I will follow; and methinks I shall overtake thee."

So said he, and Hector of the flashing helm answered him not a word, but unto him spake Helen with gentle words: "O Brother of me that am a dog, a contriver of mischief and abhorred of all, I would that on the day when first my mother gave me birth an evil storm-wind had borne me away to some mountain or to the wave of the loud-resounding sea, where the wave might have swept me away or ever these things came to pass. Howbeit, seeing the gods thus ordained these ills, would that I had been wife to a better man, that could feel the indignation of his fellows and their many revilings. But this

man's understanding is not now stable, nor ever will be hereafter; thereof I deem that he will e'en reap the fruit. But come now, enter in, and sit thee upon this chair, my brother, since above all others has trouble encompassed thy heart because of shameless me, and the folly of Alexander; on whom Zeus hath brought an evil doom, that even in days to come we may be a song for men that are yet to be."

Then made answer to her great Hector of the flashing helm: "Bid me not sit, Helen, for all thou lovest me; thou wilt not persuade me. Even now my heart is impatient to bear aid to the Trojans that sorely long for me that am not with them. Nay, but rouse thou this man, and let him of himself make haste, that he may overtake me while yet I am within the city. For I shall go to my home, that I may behold my housefolk, my dear wife, and my infant son; for I know not if any more I shall return home to them again, or if even now the gods will slay me beneath the hands of the Achaeans."

So saying, Hector of the flashing helm departed, and came speedily to his well-built house. But he found not white-armed Andromache in his halls; she with her child and a fair-robed handmaiden had taken her stand upon the wall, weeping and wailing. So Hector when he found not his peerless wife within, went and stood upon the threshold, and spake amid the serving-women: "Come now, ye serving-women, tell me true; whither went white-armed Andromache from the hall? Is she gone to the house of any of my sisters or my brothers' fair-robed wives, or to the temple of Athene, where the other fair-tressed women of Troy are seeking to propitiate the dread goddess?"

Then a busy house-dame spake to him, saying: "Hector, seeing thou straitly biddest us tell thee true, neither is she gone to any of thy sisters or thy brothers' fair-robed wives, nor yet to the temple of Athene, where the other fair-tressed Trojan women are seeking to propitiate the dread goddess; but she went to the great wall of Ilios, for that she heard the Trojans were sorely pressed, and great victory rested with the Achaeans. So is she gone in haste to the wall, like one beside herself; and with her the nurse beareth the child."

So spake the house-dame, and Hector hasted from the house back over the same way along the well-built streets. When now he was come to the gate, as he passed through the great city, the Scaean gate, whereby he was minded to go forth to the plain, there came running to meet him his bounteous wife, Andromache, daughter of great-hearted Eëtion, Eëtion that dwelt beneath wooded Placus, in Thebe under Placus, and was lord over the men of Cilicia; for it was his daughter that bronze-harnessed Hector had to wife. She now met him, and with her came a handmaid bearing in her bosom the tender boy, a mere babe, the well-loved son of Hector, like to a fair star. Him Hector was wont to call Scamandrius, but other men Astyanax; for only Hector guarded Ilios.[1] Then Hector smiled, as he glanced at his boy in silence, but Andromache came close to his side weeping, and clasped his hand and spake to him, saying: "Ah, my husband, this prowess of thine will be thy doom, neither hast

plain in this passage (Plato, *Cratyl.* 393 A ὁ γὰρ ἄναξ καὶ ὁ ἕκτωρ σχεδόν τι ταὐτὸν σημαίνει), although Hector was ἄναξ of Troy only in the sense of being its guardian or defender.

thou any pity for thine infant child nor for hapless me that soon shall be thy widow; for soon will the Achaeans all set upon thee and slay thee. But for me it were better to go down to the grave if I lose thee, for nevermore shall any comfort be mine, when thou hast met thy fate, but only woes. Neither father have I nor queenly mother. My father verily goodly Achilles slew, for utterly laid he waste the well-peopled city of the Cilicians, even Thebe of lofty gates. He slew Eëtion, yet he despoiled him not, for his soul had awe of that; but he burnt him in his armour, richly dight, and heaped over him a barrow; and all about were elm-trees planted by nymphs of the mountain, daughters of Zeus that beareth the aegis. And the seven brothers that were mine in our halls, all these on the selfsame day entered into the house of Hades, for all were slain of swift-footed, goodly Achilles, amid their kine of shambling gait and their white-fleeced sheep. And my mother, that was queen beneath wooded Placus, her brought he hither with the rest of the spoil, but thereafter set her free, when he had taken ransom past counting; and in her father's halls Artemis the archer slew her. Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and queenly mother, thou art brother, and thou art my stalwart husband. Come now, have pity, and remain here on the wall, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow. And for thy host, stay it by the wild fig-tree, where the city may best be scaled, and the wall is open to assault. For thrice at this point came the most valiant in company with the twain Aiantes and glorious Idomeneus and the sons of Atreus and the valiant son of Tydeus,

and made essay to enter: whether it be that one well-skilled in soothsaying told them, or haply their own spirit urgeth and biddeth them thereto."

Then spake to her great Hector of the flashing helm: "Woman, I too take thought of all this, but wondrously have I shame of the Trojans, and the Trojans' wives, with trailing robes, if like a coward I skulk apart from the battle. Nor doth mine own heart suffer it, seeing I have learnt to be valiant always and to fight amid the foremost Trojans, striving to win my father's great glory and mine own. For of a surety know I this in heart and soul: the day shall come when sacred Ilios shall be laid low, and Priam, and the people of Priam with goodly spear of ash. Yet not so much doth the grief of the Trojans that shall be in the aftertime move me, neither Hecabe's own, nor king Priam's, nor my brethren's, many and brave, who then shall fall in the dust beneath the hands of their foemen, as doth thy grief, when some brazen-coated Achaean shall lead thee away weeping and rob thee of thy day of freedom. Then haply in Argos shalt thou ply the loom at another's bidding, or bear water from Messeïs or Hypereia, sorely against thy will, and strong necessity shall be laid upon thee. And some man shall say as he beholdeth thee weeping: 'Lo, the wife of Hector, that was pre-eminent in war above all the horse-taming Trojans, in the day when men fought about Ilios.' So shall one say; and to thee shall come fresh grief in thy lack of a man like me to ward off the day of bondage. But let me be dead, and let the heaped-up earth cover me, ere I hear thy cries as they hale thee into captivity."

So saying, glorious Hector stretched out his arms to his boy, but back into the bosom of his fair-girdled nurse shrank the child crying, affrighted at the aspect of his dear father, and seized with dread of the bronze and the crest of horse-hair, as he marked it waving dreadfully from the topmost helm. Aloud then laughed his dear father and queenly mother; and forthwith glorious Hector took the helm from his head and laid it all-gleaming upon the ground. But he kissed his dear son, and fondled him in his arms, and spake in prayer to Zeus and the other gods: "Zeus and ye other gods, grant that this my child may likewise prove, even as I, pre-eminent amid the Trojans, and as valiant in might, and that he rule mightily over Ilios. And some day may some man say of him as he cometh back from war, 'He is better far than his father'; and may he bear the blood-stained spoils of the foeman he hath slain, and may his mother's heart wax glad."

So saying, he laid his child in his dear wife's arms, and she took him to her fragrant bosom, smiling through her tears; and her husband was touched with pity at sight of her, and he stroked her with his hand, and spake to her, saying: "Dear wife, in no wise, I pray thee, grieve overmuch at heart; no man beyond my fate shall send me forth to Hades; only his doom, methinks, no man hath ever escaped, be he coward or valiant, when once he hath been born. Nay, go thou to the house and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their work: but war shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me, of them that dwell in Ilios."

So spake glorious Hector and took up his helm with horse-hair crest; and his dear wife went forthwith to her house, oft turning back, and shedding big tears. Presently she came to the well-built palace of man-slaying Hector and found therein her many handmaidens; and among them all she roused lamentation. So in his own house they made lament for Hector while yet he lived; for they deemed that he should never more come back from battle, escaped from the might and the hands of the Achaeans.

Nor did Paris tarry long in his lofty house, but did on his glorious armour, dight with bronze, and hastened through the city, trusting in his fleetness of foot. Even as when a stalled horse that has fed his fill at the manger breaketh his halter and runneth stamping over the plain—being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing river—and exulteth; on high doth he hold his head, and about his shoulders his mane floateth streaming, and as he glorieth in his splendour, his knees nimbly bear him to the haunts and pastures of mares; even so Paris, son of Priam, strode down from high Pergamus, all gleaming in his armour like the shining sun, laughing for glee, and his swift feet bare him on. Speedily then he overtook goodly Hector, his brother, even as he was about to turn back from the place where he had dallied with his wife. Then godlike Alexander was first to speak to him, saying: "My brother, full surely I delay thee in thine haste by my long tarrying, and came not in due season, as thou badest me."

Then in answer to him spake Hector of the flashing helm: "Strange man, no one that is right-

minded could make light of thy work in battle, for thou art valiant; but of thine own will art thou slack, and hast no care; and thereat my heart is grieved within me, whenso I hear regarding thee words of shame from the lips of the Trojans, who because of thee have grievous toil. But let us go our way; these things we will make good hereafter, if so be Zeus shall grant us to set for the heavenly gods that are for ever a bowl of deliverance in our halls, when we have driven forth from the land of Troy the well-greaved Achaeans."

BOOK VII

So saying, glorious Hector hastened forth from the gates, and with him went his brother Alexander; and in their hearts were both eager for war and battle. And as a god giveth to longing seamen a fair wind when they have grown weary of beating the sea with polished oars of fir, and with weariness are their limbs fordone; even so appeared these twain to the longing Trojans.

Then the one of them slew the son of king Areïthous, Menesthius, that dwelt in Arne, who was born of the mace-man Areïthous and ox-eyed Phylomedusa; and Hector with his sharp spear smote Eïoneus on the neck beneath the well-wrought helmet of bronze, and loosed his limbs. And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycians, made a cast with his spear in the fierce conflict at Iphinous, son of Dexios, as he sprang upon his car behind his swift mares, and smote him upon the shoulder; so he fell from his chariot to the ground and his limbs were loosed.

But when the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, was ware of them as they were slaying the Argives in the fierce conflict, she went darting down from the peaks of Olympus to sacred Ilios. And Apollo sped forth to meet her, for he looked down from out of Pergamus and beheld her, and was fain to have

victory for the Trojans. So the twain met one with the other by the oak-tree. Then to her spake first the king Apollo, son of Zeus : " Wherefore art thou again come thus eagerly from Olympus, thou daughter of great Zeus, and why hath thy proud spirit sent thee ? Is it that thou mayest give to the Danaans victory to turn the tide of battle, seeing thou hast no pity for the Trojans, that perish ? But if thou wouldst in anywise hearken unto me—and so would it be better far—let us now stay the war and fighting for this day. Hereafter shall they fight again until they win the goal of Ilios, since thus it seemeth good to the hearts of you immortal goddesses, to lay waste this city."

And in answer to him spake the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene : " So be it, thou god that workest afar ; with this in mind am I myself come from Olympus to the midst of Trojans and Achaeans. But come, how art thou minded to stay the battle of the warriors ? "

Then in answer to her spake king Apollo, son of Zeus : " Let us rouse the valiant spirit of horse-taming Hector, in hope that he may challenge some one of the Danaans in single fight to do battle with him man to man in dread combat. So shall the bronze-greaved Achaeans have indignation and rouse some one to do battle in single combat against goodly Hector."

So he spake, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, failed not to hearken. And Helenus, the dear son of Priam, understood in spirit this plan that had found pleasure with the gods in council ; and he came and stood by Hector's side, and spake to him, saying : " Hector, son of Priam, peer of

Zeus in counsel, wouldst thou now in anywise hearken unto me? for I am thy brother. Make the Trojans to sit down, and all the Achaeans, and do thou challenge whoso is best of the Achaeans to do battle with thee man to man in dread combat. Not yet is it thy fate to die and meet thy doom; for thus have I heard the voice of the gods that are for ever."

So spake he, and Hector rejoiced greatly when he heard his words; and he went into the midst and kept back the battalions of the Trojans with his spear grasped by the middle; and they all sate them down, and Agamemnon made the well-greaved Achaeans to sit. And Athene and Apollo of the silver bow in the likeness of vultures sate them upon the lofty oak of father Zeus that beareth the aegis, rejoicing in the warriors; and the ranks of these sat close, bristling with shields and helms and spears. Even as there is spread over the face of the deep the ripple of the West Wind, that is newly risen, and the deep groweth black beneath it, so sat the ranks of the Achaeans and Trojans in the plain. And Hector spake between the two hosts: "Hear me, ye Trojans and well-greaved Achaeans, that I may speak what the heart in my breast biddeth me. Our oaths the son of Cronos, throned on high, brought not to fulfilment, but with ill intent ordaineth a time for both hosts, until either ye take well-walled Troy or yourselves be vanquished beside your seafaring ships. With you are the chieftains of the whole host of the Achaeans; of these let now that man, whose heart soever biddeth him fight with me, come hither from among you all to be your champion against goodly Hector. And thus do I declare my word, and be Zeus our witness thereto:

if so be he shall slay me with the long-edged bronze, let him spoil me of my armour and bear it to the hollow ships, but my body let him give back to my home, that the Trojans and the Trojan wives may give me my due meed of fire in my death. But if so be I slay him, and Apollo give me glory, I will spoil him of his armour and bear it to sacred Ilios and hang it upon the temple of Apollo, the god that smiteth afar, but his corpse will I render back to the well-benched ships, that the long-haired Achaeans may give him burial, and heap up for him a barrow by the wide Hellespont. And some one shall some day say even of men that are yet to be, as he saileth in his many-benched ship over the wine-dark sea: 'This is a barrow of a man that died in olden days, whom on a time in the midst of his prowess glorious Hector slew.' So shall some man say, and my glory shall never die."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence; shame had they to deny him, but they feared to meet him. Howbeit at length Menelaus arose among them and spake, chiding them with words of reviling, and deeply did he groan at heart: "Ah me, ye braggarts, ye women of Achaea, men no more! Surely shall this be a disgrace dread and dire, if no man of the Danaans shall now go to meet Hector. Nay, may ye one and all turn to earth and water,[1] ye that sit there each man with no heart in him, utterly inglorious. Against this man will I myself arm me; but from on high are the issues of victory holden of the immortal gods."

So spake he, and did on his fair armour. And

now, Menelaus, would the end of life have appeared for thee at the hands of Hector, seeing he was mightier far, had not the kings of the Achaeans sprung up and laid hold of thee. And Atreus' son himself, wide-ruling Agamemnon, caught him by the right hand and spake to him, saying: "Thou art mad, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, and this thy madness beseemeth thee not. Hold back, for all thy grief, and be not minded in rivalry to fight with one better than thou, even with Hector, son of Priam, of whom others besides thee are adread. Even Achilles shuddereth to meet this man in battle, where men win glory; and he is better far than thou. Nay, go thou for this present, and sit thee amid the company of thy fellows; against this man shall the Achaeans raise up another champion. Fearless though he be and insatiate of battle, methinks he will be glad to bend his knees in rest, if so be he escape from the fury of war and the dread conflict."

So spake the warrior and turned his brother's mind, for he counselled aright; and Menelaus obeyed. Then with gladness his squires took his armour from his shoulders; and Nestor rose up and spake amid the Argives: "Fie upon you! In good sooth is great grief come upon the land of Achaea. Verily aloud would old Peleus groan, the driver of chariots, goodly counsellor, and orator of the Myrmidons, who on a time questioned me in his own house, and rejoiced greatly as he asked of the lineage and birth of all the Argives. If he were to hear that these were now all cowering before Hector then would he lift up his hands to the immortals in instant prayer that his soul might depart from his limbs into the house of Hades. I would,

O father Zeus and Athene and Apollo, that I were young as when beside swift-flowing Celadon the Pylians and Arcadians that rage with spears gathered together and fought beneath the walls of Pheia about the streams of Iardanus. On their side stood forth Ereuthalion as champion, a godlike man, bearing upon his shoulders the armour of king Areïthous, goodly Areïthous that men and fair-girdled women were wont to call the mace-man, for that he fought not with bow or long spear, but with a mace of iron brake the battalions. Him Lycurgus slew by guile and nowise by might, in a narrow way, where his mace of iron saved him not from destruction. For ere that might be Lycurgus came upon him at unawares and pierced him through the middle with his spear, and backward was he hurled upon the earth; and Lycurgus despoiled him of the armour that brazen Ares had given him. This armour he thereafter wore himself amid the turmoil of Ares, but when Lycurgus grew old within his halls he gave it to Ereuthalion, his dear squire, to wear. And wearing this armour did Ereuthalion challenge all the bravest; but they trembled sore and were afraid, nor had any man courage to abide him. But me did my enduring heart set on to battle with him in my hardihood, though in years I was youngest of all. So fought I with him, and Athene gave me glory. The tallest was he and the strongest man that ever I slew: as a huge sprawling bulk he lay stretched this way and that. Would I were now as young and my strength as firm, then should Hector of the flashing helm soon find one to

face him. Whereas ye that are chieftains of the whole host of the Achaeans, even ye are not minded with a ready heart to meet Hector face to face."

So the old man chid them, and there stood up nine in all. Upsprang far the first the king of men, Agamemnon, and after him Tydeus' son, mighty Diomedes, and after them the Aiantes, clothed in furious valour, and after them Idomeneus and Idomeneus' comrade Meriones, the peer of Enyalius, slayer of men, and after them Eurypylus, the glorious son of Euaemon; and upsprang Thoas, son of Andraemon, and goodly Odysseus; all these were minded to do battle with goodly Hector. Then among them spake again the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia: "Cast ye the lot now from the first unto the last for him whoso shall be chosen; for he shall verily profit the well-greaved Achaeans, and himself in his own soul shall profit withal, if so be he escape from the fury of war and the dread conflict."

So said he, and they marked each man his lot and cast them in the helmet of Agamemnon, son of Atreus; and the host made prayer, and lifted up their hands to the gods. And thus would one say with a glance up to the broad heaven: "Father Zeus, grant that the lot fall on Aias or the son of Tydeus or else on the king himself of Mycene rich in gold."

So spake they, and the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, shook the helmet, and forth therefrom leapt the lot that themselves desired, even the lot of Aias. And the herald bare it everywhither throughout the throng, and showed it from left to right to all the chieftains of the Achaeans; but they knew it not, and denied it every man. But

when in bearing it everywhither throughout the throng he was come to him that had marked it and cast it into the helm, even to glorious Aias, then Aias held forth his hand, and the herald drew near and laid the lot therein ; and Aias knew at a glance the token on the lot, and waxed glad at heart. The lot then he cast upon the ground beside his foot, and spake : " My friends, of a surety the lot is mine, and mine own heart rejoiceth, for I deem that I shall vanquish goodly Hector. But come now, while I am doing on me my battle gear, make ye prayer the while to king Zeus, son of Cronos, in silence by yourselves, that the Trojans learn naught thereof—nay, or openly, if ye will, since in any case we fear no man. For by force shall no man drive me in flight of his own will and in despite of mine, nor yet by skill ; since as no skilless wight methinks was I born and reared in Salamis."

So spake he, and they made prayer to king Zeus, son of Cronos ; and thus would one speak with a glance up to the broad heaven : " Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, vouchsafe victory to Aias and that he win him glorious renown ; or if so be thou lovest Hector too, and carest for him, vouchsafe to both equal might and glory."

So they spake, and Aias arrayed him in gleaming bronze. But when he had clothed about his flesh all his armour, then sped he in such wise as huge Ares goeth forth when he enters into battle amid warriors whom the son of Cronos hath brought together to contend in the fury of soul-devouring strife. Even in such wise sprang forth huge Aias, the bulwark of the Achaeans, with a smile on his

grim face ; and he went with long strides of his feet beneath him, brandishing his far-shadowing spear. Then were the Argives glad as they looked upon him, but upon the Trojans crept dread trembling on the limbs of every man, and Hector's own heart beat fast within his breast. Howbeit in no wise could he any more flee or shrink back into the throng of the host, seeing he had made challenge to fight. So Aias drew near, bearing his shield that was like a city wall, a shield of bronze with sevenfold bull's-hide, the which Tychius had wrought with toil, he that was far best of workers in hide, having his home in Hyle, who had made him his flashing shield of seven hides of sturdy bulls, and thereover had wrought an eighth layer of bronze. This Telamonian Aias bare before his breast, and he came and stood close by Hector, and spake threatening : " Hector, now verily shalt thou know of a surety, man to man, what manner of chieftains there be likewise among the Danaans, even after Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, the lion-hearted. Howbeit he abideth amid his beaked seafaring ships in utter wrath against Agamemnon, Atreus' son, shepherd of the host ; yet are we such as to face thee, yea, full many of us. But begin thou war and battle."

To him then made answer great Hector of the flashing helm : " Aias, sprung from Zeus, thou son of Telamon, captain of the host, in no wise make thou trial of me as of some puny boy or a woman that knoweth not deeds of war. Nay, full well know I battles and slayings of men. I know well how to wield to right, and well how to wield to left my shield of seasoned hide, which I deem a sturdy thing to

wield in fight ;[1] and I know how to charge into the mellay of chariots drawn by swift mares ; and I know how in close fight to tread the measure of furious Ares. Yet am I not minded to smite thee, being such a one as thou art, by spying thee at unawares ; but rather openly, if so be I may hit thee."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it ; and he smote Aias' dread shield of sevenfold bull's-hide upon the outermost bronze, the eighth layer that was thereon. Through six folds shore the stubborn bronze, but in the seventh hide it was stayed. Then in turn Zeus-born Aias hurled his far-shadowing spear, and smote upon the son of Priam's shield, that was well balanced upon every side. Through the bright shield went the mighty spear, and through the corselet, richly dight, did it force its way ; and straight on beside his flank the spear shore through his tunic ; but he bent aside, and escaped black fate. Then the twain both at one moment drew forth with their hands their long spears, and fell to, in semblance like ravening lions or wild boars, whose is no weakling strength. Then the son of Priam smote full upon the shield of Aias with a thrust of his spear, howbeit the bronze brake not through, for its point was turned ; but Aias leapt upon him and pierced his buckler, and clean through went the spear and made him reel in his onset ; even to his neck it made its way, and gashed it, and the dark blood welled up. Yet not even so did Hector of the flashing-helm cease from fight, but giving ground he seized with stout hand a stone that lay upon the plain, black and jagged and great ; therewith

he smote Aias' dread shield of sevenfold bull's-hide full upon the boss; and the bronze rang about it. Then Aias in turn lifted on high a far greater stone, and swung and hurled it, putting into the cast measureless strength; and he burst the buckler inwards with the cast of the rock that was like unto a mill-stone, and beat down Hector's knees; so he was stretched upon his back, gathered together under his shield; howbeit Apollo straightway raised him up. And now had they been smiting with their swords in close fight, but that the heralds, messengers of Zeus and men, came, one from the Trojans and one from the brazen-coated Achaeans, even Talthybius and Idaeus, men of prudence both. Between the two they held forth their staves, and the herald Idaeus, skilled in prudent counsel, spake, saying: "Fight ye no more, dear sons, neither do battle; both ye twain are loved of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and both are spearmen; that verily know we all. Moreover night is now upon us, and it is well to yield obedience to night's behest."

Then in answer to him spake Telamonian Aias: "Idaeus, bid ye Hector speak these words, for it was he who of himself challenged to combat all our best. Let him be first, and I verily will hearken even as he shall say."

Then spake unto him great Hector of the flashing helm: "Aias, seeing God gave thee stature and might, aye, and wisdom, and with thy spear thou art pre-eminent above all the Achaeans, let us now cease from battle and strife for this day; hereafter shall we fight again until God judge between us, and give victory to one side or the other. Howbeit night is now upon us, and it is well to yield obedience

to night's behest, that thou mayest make glad all the Achaeans beside their ships, and most of all the kinsfolk and comrades that are thine ; and I throughout the great city of king Priam shall make glad the Trojan men and Trojan women with trailing robes, who because of me will enter the gathering of the gods[1] with thanksgivings. But come, let us both give each to the other glorious gifts, to the end that many a one of Achaeans and Trojans alike may thus say : ' The twain verily fought in rivalry of soul-devouring strife, but thereafter made them a compact and were parted in friendship.' "

When he had thus said, he brought and gave him his silver-studded sword with its scabbard and well-cut baldric ; and Aias gave his belt bright with scarlet. So they parted, and one went his way to the host of the Achaeans and the other betook him to the throng of the Trojans. And these waxed glad when they saw Hector coming to join them alive and whole, escaped from the fury of Aias and his invincible hands ; and they brought him to the city scarce deeming that he was safe. And Aias on his part was led of the well-greaved Achaeans unto goodly Agamemnon, filled with joy of his victory.

And when they were now come to the huts of the son of Atreus, then did the king of men, Agamemnon, slay them a bull, a male of five years, for the son of Cronos, supreme in might. This they flayed and dressed, and cut up all the limbs. Then they sliced these cunningly, and spitted them and roasted them carefully and drew all off the spits. But when they had ceased from their labour and had made ready the meal, they feasted, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. And unto

Aias for his honour was the long chine given by the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, first of all the old man began to weave the web of counsel for them, even Nestor, whose rede had of old ever seemed the best. He with good intent addressed their gathering and spake among them: "Son of Atreus and ye other princes of the hosts of Achaea, lo, full many long-haired Achaeans are dead, whose dark blood keen Ares hath now spilt about fair-flowing Scamander, and their souls have gone down to the house of Hades; therefore were it well that thou make the battle of the Achaeans to cease at daybreak, and we will gather to hale hither on carts the corpses with oxen and mules; and we will burn them a little way from the ships that each man may bear their bones home to their children, whenso we return again to our native land. And about the pyre let us heap a single barrow, rearing[1] it from the plain for all alike, and thereby build with speed a lofty wall, a defence for our ships and for ourselves. And therein let us build gates close-fastening, that through them may be a way for the driving of chariots; and without let us dig a deep ditch hard by, which shall intervene and keep back chariots and footmen, lest ever the battle of the lordly Trojans press heavily upon us."

So spake he, and all the kings assented thereto. And of the Trojans likewise was a gathering held in the citadel of Ilios, a gathering fierce and tumultuous, beside Priam's doors. Among them wise Antenor was first to speak, saying: "Hearken

to me, ye Trojans and Dardanians and allies, that I may speak what the heart in my breast biddeth me. Come ye now, let us give Argive Helen and the treasure with her unto the sons of Atreus to take away. Now do we fight after proving false to our oaths of faith, wherefore have I no hope that aught will issue to our profit, if we do not thus."

When he had thus spoken he sate him down, and among them uprose goodly Alexander, lord of fair-haired Helen; he made answer, and spake to him winged words: "Antenor, this that thou sayest is no longer to my pleasure; yea thou knowest how to devise better words than these. But if thou verily speakest this in earnest, then of a surety have the gods themselves destroyed thy wits. Howbeit I will speak amid the gathering of horse-taming Trojans and declare outright: my wife will I not give back; but the treasure that I brought from Argos to our home, all this am I minded to give, and to add thereto from mine own store."

When he had thus spoken he sate him down, and among them uprose Priam, son of Dardanus, peer of the gods in counsel. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "Hearken to me, ye Trojans and Dardanians and allies, that I may say what the heart in my breast biddeth me. For this present take ye your supper throughout the city, even as of old, and take heed to keep watch, and be wakeful every man; and at dawn let Idaeus go to the hollow ships to declare to Atreus' sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus, the word of Alexander, for whose sake strife hath been set afoot. And let him furthermore declare to them this word of wisdom, whether they are minded

to cease from dolorous war till we have burned the dead; thereafter shall we fight again until God judge between us, and give victory to one side or the other."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him, and obeyed; then they took their supper throughout the host by companies, and at dawn Idaeus went his way to the hollow ships. There he found in the place of gathering the Danaans, squires of Ares, beside the stern of Agamemnon's ship; and the loud-voiced herald took his stand in the midst and spake among them: "Son of Atreus, and ye other princes of the hosts of Achaea, Priam and the other lordly Trojans bade me declare to you—if haply it be your wish and your good pleasure—the saying of Alexander, for whose sake strife hath been set afoot. The treasure that Alexander brought to Troy in his hollow ships—would that he had perished first!—all this he is minded to give, and to add thereto from his own store; but the wedded wife of glorious Menelaus, he declares he will not give; though verily the Trojans bid him do it. Moreover they bade me declare unto you this word also, whether ye be minded to cease from dolorous war till we have burned the dead; thereafter shall we fight again until God judge between us and give victory to one side or the other."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence. But at length there spake among them Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Let no man now accept the treasure from Alexander, nay, nor Helen; known is it, even to him who hath no wit at all, that now the cords of destruction are made fast upon the Trojans."

So spake he, and all the sons of the Achaeans

shouted aloud, applauding the saying of Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then to Idaeus spake lord Agamemnon: "Idaeus, verily of thyself thou hearest the word of the Achaeans, how they make answer to thee; and mine own pleasure is even as theirs. But as touching the dead I in no wise grudge that ye burn them; for to dead corpses should no man grudge, when once they are dead, the speedy consolation of fire. But to our oaths let Zeus be witness, the loud-thundering lord of Hera."

So saying, he lifted up his staff before the face of all the gods, and Idaeus went his way back to sacred Ilios. Now they were sitting in assembly, Trojans and Dardanians alike, all gathered in one body waiting until Idaeus should come; and he came and stood in their midst and declared his message. Then they made them ready with all speed for either task, some to bring the dead, and others to seek for wood. And the Argives over against them hasted from the benched ships, some to bring the dead and others to seek for wood.

The sun was now just striking on the fields, as he rose from softly-gliding, deep-flowing Oceanus, and climbed the heavens, when the two hosts met together. Then was it a hard task to know each man again; howbeit with water they washed from them the clotted blood, and lifted them upon the waggons, shedding hot tears the while. But great Priam would not suffer his folk to wail aloud; so in silence they heaped the corpses upon the pyre, their hearts sore stricken; and when they had burned them with fire they went their way to sacred Ilios. And in like manner over against them the well-greaved Achaeans heaped the corpses upon the

pyre, their hearts sore stricken, and when they had burned them with fire they went their way to the hollow ships.

Now when dawn was not yet, but night was still 'twixt light and dark, then was there gathered about the pyre the chosen host of the Achaeans, and they made about it a single barrow, rearing it from the plain for all alike; and thereby they built a wall and a lofty rampart, a defence for their ships and for themselves. And therein they made gates, close-fastening, that through them might be a way for the driving of chariots. And without they dug a deep ditch hard by, wide and great, and therein they planted stakes.

Thus were they toiling, the long-haired Achaeans; and the gods, as they sat by the side of Zeus, the lord of the lightning, marvelled at the great work of the brazen-coated Achaeans. And among them Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, was first to speak: "Father Zeus, is there now anyone of mortals on the face of the boundless earth, that will any more declare to the immortals his mind and counsel? Seest thou not that now again the long-haired Achaeans have builded them a wall to defend their ships, and about it have drawn a trench, but gave not glorious hecatombs to the gods? Of a surety shall the fame thereof reach as far as the dawn spreadeth, and men will forget the wall that I and Phoebus Apollo built with toil for the warrior Laomedon."

Then greatly troubled, Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, spake to him: "Ah me, thou Shaker of Earth, wide of sway, what a thing thou hast said! Another of the gods might haply fear this device, whoso was

feebler far than thou in hand and might; whereas thy fame shall of a surety reach as far as the dawn spreadeth. Go to now, when once the long-haired Achaeans have gone with their ships to their dear native land, then do thou burst apart the wall and sweep it all into the sea, and cover the great beach again with sand, that so the great wall of the Achaeans may be brought to naught of thee."

On this wise spake they, one to the other, and the sun set, and the work of the Achaeans was accomplished; and they slaughtered oxen throughout the huts and took supper. And ships full many were at hand from Lemnos, bearing wine, sent forth by Jason's son, Euneüs, whom Hypsipyle bare to Jason, shepherd of the host. And for themselves alone unto the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, had Euneüs given wine to be brought them, even a thousand measures. From these ships the long-haired Achaeans bought them wine, some for bronze, some for gleaming iron, some for hides, some for whole cattle, and some for slaves; and they made them a rich feast. So the whole night through the long-haired Achaeans feasted, and the Trojans likewise in the city, and their allies; and all night long Zeus, the counsellor, devised them evil, thundering in terrible wise. Then pale fear gat hold of them, and they let the wine flow from their cups upon the ground, neither durst any man drink until he had made a drink-offering to the son of Cronos, supreme in might. Then they laid them down, and took the gift of sleep.

BOOK VIII

Now Dawn the saffron-robed was spreading over the face of all the earth, and Zeus that hurleth the thunderbolt made a gathering of the gods upon the topmost peak of many-ridged Olympus, and himself addressed their gathering; and all the gods gave ear: "Hearken unto me, all ye gods and goddesses, that I may speak what the heart in my breast biddeth me. Let not any goddess nor yet any god essay this thing, to thwart my word, but do ye all alike assent thereto, that with all speed I may bring these deeds to pass. Whomsoever I shall mark minded apart from the gods to go and bear aid either to Trojans or Danaans, smitten in no seemly wise shall he come back to Olympus, or I shall take and hurl him into murky Tartarus, far, far away, where is the deepest gulf beneath the earth, the gates whereof are of iron and the threshold of bronze, as far beneath Hades as heaven is above earth: then shall ye know how far the mightiest am I of all gods. Nay, come, make trial, ye gods, that ye all may know. Make ye fast from heaven a chain of gold, and lay ye hold thereof, all ye gods and all goddesses; yet could ye not drag to earth from out of heaven Zeus the counsellor most high, not though ye laboured sore. But whenso I were minded to

draw of a ready heart, then with earth itself should I draw you and with sea withal ; and the rope should I thereafter bind about a peak of Olympus and all those things should hang in space. By so much am I above gods and above men."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence, marvelling at his words ; for full masterfully did he address their gathering. But at length there spake among them the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene : " Father of us all, thou son of Cronos, high above all lords, well know we of ourselves that thy might is unyielding, yet even so have we pity for the Danaan spearmen who now shall perish and fulfil an evil fate. Yet verily will we refrain us from battle, even as thou dost bid ; howbeit counsel will we offer to the Argives which shall be for their profit, that they perish not all by reason of thy wrath."

Then with a smile spake to her Zeus the cloud-gatherer : " Be of good cheer, Tritogeneia, dear child. In no wise do I speak with full purpose of heart, but am minded to be kindly to thee."

So saying, he let harness beneath his car his bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, with flowing manes of gold ; and with gold he clad himself about his body, and grasped the well-wrought whip of gold, and stepped upon his car and touched the horses with the lash to start them ; and nothing loath the pair sped onward midway between earth and starry heaven. To Ida he fared, the many-fountained, mother of wild beasts, even to Gargarus, where is his demesne and his fragrant altar. There did the father of men and gods stay his horses, and loose them from the car, and shed thick mist upon

them; and himself sat amid the mountain peaks exulting in his glory, looking upon the city of the Trojans and the ships of the Achaeans.

But the long-haired Achaeans took their meal hastily throughout the huts, and as they rose up therefrom arrayed them in armour; and in like manner, the Trojans, on their side, armed themselves throughout the city; fewer they were, but even so were they eager to contend in battle through utter need, for their children's sake and their wives'. And all the gates were opened, and the host hasted forth, footmen alike and charioteers; and a great din arose.

But when they were met together and come into one place, then clashed they their shields and spears, and the fury of bronze-mailed warriors; and the bossed shields closed each with each, and a great din arose. Then were heard alike the sound of groaning and the cry of triumph of the slayers and the slain, and the earth flowed with blood.

Now as long as it was morn and the sacred day was waxing, so long the missiles of either side struck home, and the folk kept falling. But when the sun had reached mid heaven, then verily the Father lifted on high his golden scales, and set therein two fates of grievous death, one for the horse-taming Trojans, and one for the brazen-coated Achaeans; then he grasped the balance by the midst and raised it, and down sank the day of doom of the Achaeans. So the Achaeans' fates settled down upon the bounteous earth and those of the Trojans were raised aloft toward wide heaven. Then himself he thundered aloud from Ida, and sent a blazing flash amid the host of the Achaeans; and at sight thereof they were seized with wonder, and pale fear gat hold of all.

Then had neither Idomeneus the heart to abide, nor Agamemnon, nor yet the Aiantes twain, squires of Ares; only Nestor of Gerenia abode, the warder of the Achaeans, and he nowise of his own will, but his horse was sore wounded, seeing goodly Alexander, lord of fair-haired Helen, had smitten him with an arrow upon the crown of the head where the foremost hairs of horses grow upon the skull, and where is the deadliest spot. So, stung with agony the horse leapt on high as the arrow sank into his brain, and he threw into confusion horses and car as he writhed upon the bronze. And while the old man sprang forth and with his sword was cutting away the traces, meanwhile the swift horses of Hector came on through the tumult, bearing a bold charioteer, even Hector. And now would the old man here have lost his life, had not Diomedes, good at the war-cry, been quick to see; and he shouted with a terrible shout, urging on Odysseus: "Zeus-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, whither fleest thou with thy back turned, like a coward in the throng? Let it not be that as thou fleest some man plant his spear in thy back. Nay, hold thy ground, that we may thrust back from old Nestor this wild warrior."

So spake he, howbeit the much-enduring goodly Odysseus heard him not,[1] but hasted by to the hollow ships of the Achaeans. But the son of Tydeus, alone though he was, mingled with the foremost fighters, and took his stand before the horses of the old man, Neleus' son, and spake and addressed him with winged words: "Old sir, of a surety young warriors press thee sore; whereas thy might is

would not hearken," and the phrase was so taken by Aristarchus.

broken and grievous old age attends thee, and thy squire is a weakling and thy horses slow. Nay, come, mount upon my car, that thou mayest see of what sort are the horses of Tros, well skilled to course fleetly hither and thither over the plain whether in pursuit or in flight, even those that once I took from Aeneas, devisers of rout. Thy horses shall our two squires tend, but these twain shall thou and I drive straight against the horse-taming Trojans, that Hector too may know whether my spear also rageth in my hands."

So spake he, and the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, failed not to hearken. So the mares of Nestor were tended by the two squires, valiant Sthenelus and Eurymedon the kindly; and the other twain mounted both upon the car of Diomedes. Nestor took in his hands the shining reins, and touched the horses with the lash, and speedily they drew nigh to Hector. Upon him then as he charged straight at them the son of Tydeus made a cast: him he missed, but his squire that drave the chariot, Eniopeus, son of Thebaeus, high of heart, even as he was holding the reins, he smote on the breast beside the nipple. So he fell from out the car, and the swift-footed horses swerved aside thereat; and there his spirit and his strength were undone. Then was the soul of Hector clouded with dread sorrow for his charioteer. Yet left he him to lie there, albeit he sorrowed for his comrade, and sought him a bold charioteer; nor did his horses twain long lack a master, for straightway he found Iphitus' son, bold Archeptolemus, and made him mount behind his swift-footed horses, and gave the reins into his hands.

Then had ruin come and deeds beyond remedy

been wrought, and they had been penned in Ilios like lambs, had not the father of men and gods been quick to see. He thundered terribly and let fly his white lightning-bolt, and down before the horses of Diomedes he hurled it to earth; and a terrible flame arose of burning sulphur, and the two horses, seized with terror, cowered beneath the car. Then from the hands of Nestor slipped the shining reins, and he waxed afraid at heart, and spake to Diomedes: "Son of Tydeus, come now, turn thou in flight thy single-hooved horses. Seest thou not that victory from Zeus waited not on thee? Now to yon man doth Zeus, the son of Cronos, vouchsafe glory for this day; hereafter shall he grant it also to us, if so be he will. But a man may in no wise thwart the purpose of Zeus, be he never so valiant; for in sooth he is mightier far."

And in answer to him spake Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Yea, verily, old sir, all this hast thou spoken according to right. But herein dread grief cometh upon my heart and soul, for Hector will some day say, as he speaketh in the gathering of the Trojans: 'Tydeus' son, driven in flight before me, betook him to the ships.' So shall he some day boast—on that day let the wide earth gape for me."

And in answer to him spake the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia: "Ah me, thou son of wise-hearted Tydeus, what a thing hast thou said! For though Hector shall call thee coward and weakling, yet will not the Trojans or the Dardanians hearken to him, nor the wives of the great-souled Trojans, bearers of the shield, they whose lusty husbands thou hast hurled in the dust."

So spake he, and turned in flight his single-

hooved horses, back through the tumult; and the Trojans and Hector with wondrous shouting poured forth upon them their missiles fraught with groanings. Over him then shouted aloud great Hector of the flashing helm: "Son of Tydeus, above all others were the Danaans with swift steeds wont to honour thee with a seat of honour and meats and full cups, but now will they scorn thee; thou art, it appeareth, no better than a woman. Begone, cowardly puppet; since through no flinching of mine shalt thou mount upon our walls, and carry away our women in thy ships; ere that will I deal thee thy doom."

So spake he, and the son of Tydeus was divided in counsel whether he should not wheel his horses and fight him face to face. Thrice he wavered in heart and soul and thrice from the mountains of Ida Zeus the counsellor thundered, giving to the Trojans a sign and victory to turn the tide of battle. And Hector shouted aloud and called to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians, that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour. I perceive that of a ready heart the son of Cronos hath given unto me victory and great glory, and to the Danaans woe. Fools they are, that contrived forsooth these walls, weak and of none account; these shall not withhold our might, and our horses shall lightly leap over the digged ditch. But when I be at length come amid the hollow ships, then see ye that consuming fire be not forgotten, that with fire I may burn the ships and furthermore slay the men, even the Argives beside their ships, distraught by reason of the smoke."

So saying he shouted to his horses, and said:

"Xanthus, and thou Podargus, and Aethon, and goodly Lampus, now pay me back your tending wherewith in abundance Andromache, daughter of great-hearted Eëtion, set before you honey-hearted wheat, and mingled wine for you to drink when your souls bade you, sooner than for me, that avow me to be her stalwart husband. Nay, haste ye in pursuit, that we may take the shield of Nestor, the fame whereof now reacheth unto heaven, that it is all of gold, the rods alike and the shield itself; and may take moreover from the shoulders of horse-taming Diomedes his breastplate richly-dight, which Hephaestus wrought with toil. Could we but take these twain, then might I hope to make the Achaeans this very night embark upon their swift ships."

So spake he vauntingly, and queenly Hera had indignation thereat; she shook herself on her throne and made high Olympus to quake, and to the mighty god Poseidon she spake, saying: "Ah me, thou Shaker of Earth, wide of sway, not even hath the heart in thy breast pity of the Danaans that are perishing. Yet in thine honour do they bring to Helice and Aegae offerings many and gracious and hitherto thou didst wish them victory. For did we but will, all we that are aiders of the Danaans, to drive back the Trojans and to withhold Zeus whose voice is borne afar, then, in vexation of spirit, would he sit alone there upon Ida."

Then, his heart sore troubled, the lord, the Shaker of Earth, spake to her: "Hera, reckless in speech, what a word hast thou spoken! It is not I that were fain to see us all at strife with Zeus, son of Cronos, for he verily is mightier far."

On this wise spake they, one to the other; and now was all the space that the moat of the wall enclosed on the side of the ships filled alike with chariots and shield-bearing men huddled together: and huddled they were by Hector, Priam's son, the peer of swift Ares, now that Zeus vouchsafed him glory. And now would he have burned the shapely ships with blazing fire, had not queenly Hera put it in Agamemnon's mind himself to bestir him, and speedily rouse on the Achaeans. So he went his way along the huts and ships of the Achaeans, bearing his great purple cloak in his stout hand, and took his stand by Odysseus' black ship, huge of hull, that was in the midst so that a shout could reach to either end, both to the huts of Aias, son of Telamon, and to those of Achilles; for these had drawn up their shapely ships at the furthermost ends, trusting in their valour and in the strength of their hands. There uttered he a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Danaans: "Fie, ye Argives, base things of shame, fair in semblance only! Whither are gone our boastings, when forsooth we declared that we were bravest, the boasts that when ye were in Lemnos ye uttered vaingloriously as ye ate abundant flesh of straight-horned kine and drank bowls brim full of wine, saying that each man would stand to face in battle an hundred, aye, two hundred Trojans! whereas now can we match not even one, this Hector, that soon will burn our ships with blazing fire. Father Zeus, was there ever ere now one among mighty kings whose soul thou didst blind with blindness such as this, and rob him of great glory? Yet of a surety do I deem that never in my benched ship did I pass by fair altar of thine on my ill-

starred way hither, but upon all I burned the fat and the thighs of bulls, in my eagerness to lay waste well-walled Troy. Nay, Zeus, this desire fulfil thou me: ourselves at least do thou suffer to flee and escape, and permit not the Achaeans thus to be vanquished by the Trojans."

So spake he, and the Father had pity on him as he wept, and vouchsafed him that his folk should be saved and not perish. Forthwith he sent an eagle, surest of omens among winged birds, holding in his talons a fawn, the young of a swift hind. Beside the fair altar of Zeus he let fall the fawn, even where the Achaeans were wont to offer sacrifice to Zeus from whom all omens come. So they, when they saw that it was from Zeus that the bird was come, leapt the more upon the Trojans and bethought them of battle.

Then might no man of the Danaans, for all they were so many, vaunt that he before the son of Tydeus guided his swift horses to drive them forth across the trench and to fight man to man; nay he was first by far to slay a mailed warrior of the Trojans, even Agelaus, Phradmon's son. He in sooth had turned his horses to flee, but as he wheeled about Diomedes fixed his spear in his back between the shoulders, and drave it through his breast; so he fell from out the car, and upon him his armour clanged.

And after him came the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, and after them the Aiantes, clothed in furious valour, and after them Idomeneus and Idomeneus' comrade, Meriones, peer of Enyalius, slayer of men, and after them Eurypylus, the glorious son of Euaemon; and Teucer came as the

ninth, stretching his back-bent bow, and took his stand beneath the shield of Aias, son of Telamon. Then would Aias move his shield aside from over him, and the warrior would spy his chance; and when he had shot his bolt and had smitten one in the throng, then would that man fall where he was and give up his life, and Teucer would hie him back, and as a child beneath his mother, so betake him for shelter to Aias; and Aias would ever hide him with his shining shield.

Whom first then of the Trojans did peerless Teucer slay? Orsilochus first and Ormenus and Ophelestes and Daetor and Chromius and godlike Lycophontes and Amopaon, Polyaemon's son, and Melanippus. All these, one after another, he brought down to the bounteous earth. And at sight of him Agamemnon, king of men, waxed glad, as with his mighty bow he made havoc of the battalions of the Trojans; and he came and stood by his side and spake to him, saying: "Teucer, beloved, son of Telamon, captain of hosts, shoot on in this wise, if so be thou mayest prove a light of deliverance to the Danaans and a glory to thy father Telamon, who reared thee when thou wast a babe, and for all thou wast a bastard cherished thee in his own house; him, far away though he be, do thou bring to honour. Moreover, I will declare to thee as it verily shall be brought to pass. If Zeus that beareth the aegis, and Athene shall vouchsafe me to lay waste the well-built citadel of Ilios, in thy hand first after mine own self will I place a meed of honour, either a tripod or two horses with their car, or a woman that shall go up into thy bed."

Then in answer to him spake peerless Teucer:

" Most glorious son of Atreus, why urgest thou me on, that of myself am eager ? Verily I forbear not so far as might is in me, but from the time when we drave them toward Ilios, even from that moment I lie in wait with my bow and slay the men. Eight long-barbed arrows have I now let fly, and all are lodged in the flesh of youths swift in battle ; only this mad dog can I not smite."

He spake, and shot another arrow from the string straight against Hector ; and his heart was fain to smite him. Howbeit him he missed, but peerless Gorgythion he smote in the breast with his arrow, Priam's valiant son, that a mother wedded from Aesyme had born, even fair Castianeira, in form like to the goddesses. And he bowed his head to one side like a poppy that in a garden is laden with its fruit and the rains of spring ; so bowed he to one side his head, laden with his helmet.

And Teucer shot another arrow from the string straight against Hector, and his heart was fain to smite him. Howbeit he missed him once again, for Apollo made his dart to swerve, but Archeptolemus, the bold charioteer of Hector, as he hasted into battle he smote on the breast beside the nipple. So he fell from out the car, and the swift-footed horses swerved aside thereat ; and there his spirit and his strength were undone. Then was the soul of Hector clouded with dread sorrow for his charioteer. Yet left he him to lie there, though he sorrowed for his comrade, and bade Cebriones, his own brother, that was nigh at hand, take the reins of the horses ; and he heard and failed not to hearken. And himself Hector leapt to the ground from his gleaming car crying a terrible cry, and

seizing a stone in his hand made right at Teucer, and his heart bade him smite him. Now Teucer had drawn forth from the quiver a bitter arrow, and laid it upon the string, but even as he was drawing it back Hector of the flashing helm smote him beside the shoulder where the collar-bone parts the neck and the breast, where is the deadliest spot; even there as he aimed eagerly against him he smote him with the jagged stone, and he brake the bow-string; but his hand grew numb at the wrist, and he sank upon his knees and thus abode, and the bow fell from his hand. Howbeit Aias was not unmindful of his brother's fall, but ran and bestrode him and flung before him his shield as a cover. Then two trusty comrades stooped beneath him, even Mecisteus, son of Echius, and goodly Alastor, and bare him, groaning heavily, to the hollow ships.

Then once again the Olympian aroused might in the hearts of the Trojans; and they thrust the Achaeans straight toward the deep ditch; and amid the foremost went Hector exulting in his might. And even as a hound pursueth with swift feet after a wild boar or a lion, and snatcheth at him from behind either at flank or buttock, and watcheth for him as he wheeleth; even so Hector pressed upon the long-haired Achaeans, ever slaying the hindmost; and they were driven in rout. But when in their flight they had passed through stakes and trench, and many had been vanquished beneath the hands of the Trojans, then beside their ships they halted and abode, calling one upon the other, and lifting up their hands to all the gods they made fervent prayer each man of them. But Hector

wheeled this way and that his fair-maned horses, and his eyes were as the eyes of the Gorgon or of Ares, bane of mortals.

Now at sight of them the goddess, white-armed Hera, had pity; and forthwith spake winged words to Athene: "Out upon it, thou child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, shall not we twain any more take thought of the Danaans that are perishing, even for this last time? Now will they fill up the measure of evil doom and perish before the onset of one single man, even of Hector, Priam's son, who now rageth past all bearing, and lo, hath wrought evils manifold."

Then spake unto her the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "Yea, verily, fain were I that this fellow lose strength and life, slain beneath the hands of the Argives in his own native land; howbeit mine own father rageth with evil mind, cruel that he is, ever froward, a thwarter of my purposes; neither hath he any memory of this, that full often I saved his son when he was fordone by reason of Eurystheus' tasks. For verily he would make lament toward heaven and from heaven would Zeus send me forth to succour him. Had I but known all this in the wisdom of my heart when Eurystheus sent him forth to the house of Hades the Warder, to bring from out of Erebus the hound of loathed Hades, then had he not escaped the sheer-falling waters of Styx. Howbeit now Zeus hateth me, and hath brought to fulfilment the counsels of Thetis, that kissed his knees and with her hand clasped his chin, beseeching him to show honour to Achilles, sacker of cities. Verily the day shall come when he shall again call me his flashing-eyed darling.

But now make thou ready for us twain our single-hooved horses, the while I enter into the palace of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, and array me in armour for battle, to the end that I may see whether Priam's son, Hector of the flashing helm, will rejoice when we twain appear to view along the dykes of battle. Nay of a surety many a one of the Trojans shall glut the dogs and birds with his fat and flesh, when he is fallen at the ships of the Achaeans."

So spake she, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken. She then went to and fro harnessing the horses of golden frontlets, even Hera, the queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos ; but Athene, daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis, let fall upon her father's floor her soft robe, richly broidered, that herself had wrought and her hands had fashioned, and put on her the tunic of Zeus the cloud-gatherer, and arrayed her in armour for tearful war. Then she stepped upon the flaming car and grasped her spear, heavy and huge and strong, wherewith she vanquisheth the ranks of men, of warriors with whom she is wroth, she the daughter of the mighty sire. And Hera swiftly touched the horses with the lash, and self-bidden groaned upon their hinges the gates of heaven, which the Hours had in their keeping, to whom are entrusted great heaven and Olympus, whether to throw open the thick cloud or shut it to. There through the gate they drave their horses patient of the goad.

But when father Zeus saw them from Ida he waxed wondrous wroth, and sent forth golden-winged Iris to bear a message : " Up, go, swift Iris ; turn them back and suffer them not to come face to face with me, seeing it will be in no happy

wise that we shall join in combat. For thus will I speak and verily this thing shall be brought to pass. I will maim their swift horses beneath the chariot, and themselves will I hurl from out the car, and will break in pieces the chariot; nor in the space of ten circling years shall they heal them of the wounds wherewith the thunderbolt shall smite them; that she of the flashing eyes may know what it is to strive against her own father. But against Hera have I not so great indignation nor wrath, seeing she is ever wont to thwart me in whatsoe'er I have decreed."

So spake he, and storm-footed Iris hasted to bear his message, and went forth from the mountains of Ida to high Olympus. And even at the entering-in of the gate of many-folded Olympus she met them and stayed them, and declared to them the saying of Zeus: "Whither are ye twain hastening? Why is it that the hearts are mad within your breasts? The son of Cronos suffereth not that ye give succour to the Argives. For on this wise he threateneth, even as he will bring it to pass: he will maim your swift horses beneath your chariot, and yourselves will he hurl from out the car, and will break in pieces the chariot; nor in the space of ten circling years shall ye heal you of the wounds wherewith the thunderbolt shall smite you; that thou mayest know, thou of the flashing eyes, what it is to strive against thine own father. But against Hera hath he not so great indignation nor wrath, seeing she is ever wont to thwart him in whatsoe'er he hath decreed. But most dread art thou, thou bold and shameless thing, if in good sooth thou wilt dare to raise thy mighty spear against Zeus."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed; but Hera spake to Athene, saying: "Out upon it, thou child of Zeus that beareth the aegis! I verily will no more suffer that we twain seek to wage war against Zeus for mortals' sake. Of them let one perish and another live, even as it may befall; and for him, let him take his own counsel in his heart and judge between Trojans and Danaans, as is meet."

So spake she, and turned back her single-hooved horses. Then the Hours unyoked for them their fair-maned horses, and tethered them at their ambrosial mangers, and leaned the chariot against the bright entrance wall; and the goddesses sate them down upon golden thrones amid the other gods, with sore grief at heart.

But father Zeus drave from Ida his well-wheeled chariot and his horses unto Olympus, and came to the session of the gods. And for him the famed Shaker of Earth both unyoked his horses and set the car upon a stand, and spread thereover a cloth; and Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, himself sat upon his throne of gold, and beneath his feet great Olympus quaked. Only Athene and Hera sat apart from Zeus, and spake no word to him nor made question. But he knew in his heart and spake, saying: "Why are ye thus grieved, Athene and Hera? Surely ye twain be not grown weary with making havoc of the Trojans in battle, wherein men win glory, seeing ye cherish against them wondrous hate! Come what will, seeing I have such might and hands irresistible, all the gods that are in Olympus could not turn me; and for you twain, trembling gat hold of your glorious limbs or ever

ye had sight of war and the grim deeds of war. For thus will I speak, and verily this thing had been brought to pass: not upon your car, once ye were smitten by the thunderbolt, would ye have fared back to Olympus, where is the abode of the immortals."

So spake he, and thereat murmured Athene and Hera, that sat by his side and were devising ills for the Trojans. Athene verily held her peace and said naught, wroth though she was with father Zeus, and fierce anger gat hold of her; howbeit Hera's breast contained not her anger, but she spake to him, saying: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! Well know we of ourselves that thine is no weakling strength; yet even so have we pity for the Danaan spearmen who now shall perish and fulfil an evil fate. Yet verily will we refrain us from battle, if so thou biddest; howbeit counsel will we offer to the Argives which shall be for their profit, that they perish not all by reason of thy wrath."

Then in answer spake to her Zeus the cloud-gatherer: "At dawn shalt thou behold, if so be thou wilt, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera, the most mighty son of Cronos making yet more grievous havoc of the great host of Argive spearmen; for dread Hector shall not refrain him from battle until the swift-footed son of Peleus be uprisen beside his ships on the day when at the sterns of the ships they shall be fighting in grimmest stress about Patroclus fallen; for thus it is ordained of heaven. But of thee I reck not in thine anger, no, not though thou shouldst go to the nethermost bounds of earth and sea, where abide Iapetus and Cronos, and have

joy neither in the rays of Helios Hyperion nor in any breeze, but deep Tartarus is round about them. Though thou shouldst fare even thither in thy wanderings, yet reck I not of thy wrath, seeing there is naught more shameless than thou."

So said he; howbeit white-armed Hera spake no word in answer. Then into Oceanus fell the bright light of the sun drawing black night over the face of the earth, the giver of grain. Sorely against the will of the Trojans sank the daylight, but over the Achaeans welcome, aye, thrice-prayed-for, came the darkness of night.

Then did glorious Hector make a gathering of the Trojans, leading them apart from the ships beside the eddying river in an open space, where the ground shewed clear of dead. Forth from their chariots they stepped upon the ground, to hearken to the word that Hector dear to Zeus spake among them. In his hand he held a spear of eleven cubits, and before him blazed the spear-point of bronze, around which ran a ring of gold. Thereon he leaned, and spake his word among the Trojans: "Hearken to me, ye Trojans and Dardanians and allies: I deemed but now to make havoc of the ships and all the Achaeans, and so return back again to windy Ilios; but darkness came on ere that might be, the which above all else hath now saved the Argives and their ships upon the beach of the sea. So then for this present let us yield to black night and make ready our supper; loose ye from the cars your fair-maned horses, and cast fodder before them; and from the city bring ye oxen and goodly sheep with speed, and get you honey-hearted wine and bread from your houses, and furthermore gather abundant

wood, that all night long until early dawn we may burn fires full many and the gleam thereof may reach to heaven, lest haply even by night the long-haired Achaeans make haste to take flight over the broad back of the sea. Nay, verily, not without a struggle let them board their ships neither at their ease; but see ye that many a one of them has a missile to brood over even at home, being smitten either with an arrow or sharp-pointed spear as he leapt upon his ship; that so others may dread to bring tearful war against the horse-taming Trojans. And let heralds, dear to Zeus, make proclamation throughout the city that stripling boys and old men of hoary temples gather them round the city upon the battlement builded of the gods; and for the women folk, let them build each one a great fire in her halls; and let a diligent watch be kept, lest an ambush enter the city while the host is afield. Thus be it, great-hearted Trojans, even as I proclaim; of counsel, good and sound for this present, be this enough; but more will I proclaim at dawn amid the horse-taming Trojans. I pray in high hope to Zeus and the other gods to drive out from hence these dogs borne by the fates, whom the fates bare on their black ships. Howbeit for the night will we guard our own selves, but in the morning at the coming of dawn arrayed in our armour let us arouse sharp battle at the hollow ships. I shall know whether the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes, will thrust me back from the ships to the wall, or whether I shall slay him with the bronze and bear off his bloody spoils. To-morrow shall he come to know his valour, whether he can abide the on-coming of my spear. Nay,

amid the foremost, methinks, shall he lie smitten with a spear-thrust, and full many of his comrades round about him at the rising of to-morrow's sun. I would that mine own self I might be immortal and ageless all my days, and that I might be honoured even as Athene and Apollo, so surely as now this day bringeth evil upon the Argives."

So Hector addressed their gathering, and thereat the Trojans shouted aloud. Their sweating horses they loosed from beneath the yoke, and tethered them with thongs, each man beside his own chariot; and from the city they brought oxen and goodly sheep with speed, and got them honey-hearted wine and bread from their houses, and furthermore gathered abundant wood; and to the immortals they offered hecatombs that bring fulfilment. And from the plain the winds bore the savour up into heaven—a sweet savour, but thereof the blessed gods partook not, neither were minded thereto; for utterly hated of them was sacred Ilios, and Priam, and the people of Priam with goodly spear of ash.

These then with high hearts abode the whole night through along the dykes of war, and their fires burned in multitudes. Even as in heaven about the gleaming moon the stars shine clear, when the air is windless, and forth to view appear all mountain peaks and high headlands and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air,[1] and

[1] The meaning of *ὑπερράγη* is clearer in the parallel passage, xvi. 300, where clouds hanging over a mountain peak are, as it were, rent asunder, thus admitting a burst of light from the highest heavens. In the present passage the familiar idiom should be noted whereby the Greek has "from heaven," where we should say "unto heaven."

all stars are seen, and the shepherd joyeth in his heart; even in such multitudes between the ships and the streams of Xanthus shone the fires that the Trojans kindled before the face of Ilios. A thousand fires were burning in the plain and by each sat fifty men in the glow of the blazing fire. And their horses, eating of white barley and spelt, stood beside the cars and waited for fair-throned Dawn.

BOOK IX

Thus kept the Trojans watch, but the Achaeans were holden of wondrous Panic, the handmaid of numbing fear and with grief intolerable were all the noblest stricken. Even as two winds stir up the teeming deep, the North Wind and the West Wind that blow from Thrace, coming suddenly, and forthwith the dark wave reareth itself in crests and casteth much tangle out along the sea; even so were the hearts of the Achaeans rent within their breasts.

But the son of Atreus, stricken to the heart with sore grief, went this way and that, bidding the clear-voiced heralds summon every man by name to the place of gathering, but not to shout aloud; and himself he toiled amid the foremost. So they sat in the place of gathering, sore troubled, and Agamemnon stood up weeping even as a fountain of dark water that down over the face of a beetling cliff poureth its dusky stream; even so with deep groaning spake he amid the Argives, saying: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, great Zeus, son of Cronos, hath ensnared me in grievous blindness of heart, cruel god! seeing that of old he promised me, and bowed his head thereto, that not until I had sacked well-walled Ilios should I get me home; but now hath he planned cruel deceit, and biddeth

me return inglorious to Argos, when I have lost much people. So, I ween, must be the good pleasure of Zeus supreme in might, who hath laid low the heads of many cities, yea, and shall lay low; for his power is above all. Nay, come, even as I shall bid let us all obey: let us flee with our ships to our dear native land; for no more is there hope that we shall take broad-wayed Troy."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence. Long time were they silent in their grief, the sons of the Achaeans, but at length there spake among them Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Son of Atreus, with thee first will I contend in thy folly, where it is meet, O king, even in the place of gathering: and be not thou anywise wroth thereat. My valour didst thou revile at the first amid the Danaans, and saidst that I was no man of war but a weakling; and all this know the Achaeans both young and old. But as for thee, the son of crooked-counselling Cronos hath endowed thee in divided wise: with the sceptre hath he granted thee to be honoured above all, but valour he gave thee not, wherein is the greatest might. Strange king, dost thou indeed deem that the sons of the Achaeans are thus unwarlike and weaklings as thou sayest? Nay, if thine own heart is eager to return, get thee gone; before thee lies the way, and thy ships stand beside the sea, all the many ships that followed thee from Mycenae. Howbeit the other long-haired Achaeans will abide here until we have laid waste Troy. Nay, let them also flee in their ships to their dear native land; yet will we twain, Sthenelus and

[2] ἠμὲν . . . γέροντες: ἠγήτορες ἠδὲ μέδοντες Zenodotus.
[3] Line 44 was rejected by Aristarchus.

I, fight on, until we win the goal of Ilios ; for with the aid of heaven are we come."

So spake he, and all the sons of the Achaeans shouted aloud, applauding the word of Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then uprose and spake among them the horseman Nestor : " Son of Tydeus, above all men art thou mighty in battle, and in council art the best amid all those of thine own age. Not one of all the Achaeans will make light of what thou sayest neither gainsay it ; yet hast thou not reached a final end of words. Moreover, thou art in sooth but young, thou mightest e'en be my son, my youngest born ; yet thou givest prudent counsel to the princes of the Argives, seeing thou speakest according to right. But come, I that avow me to be older than thou will speak forth and will declare the whole ; neither shall any man scorn my words, no, not even lord Agamemnon. A clanless, lawless, hearthless man is he that loveth dread strife among his own folk. Howbeit for this present let us yield to black night and make ready our supper ; and let sentinels post themselves severally along the digged ditch without the wall. To the young men give I this charge; but thereafter do thou, son of Atreus, take the lead, for thou art most kingly. Make thou a feast for the elders ; this were but right and seemly for thee. Full are thy huts of wine that the ships of the Achaeans bring thee each day from Thrace, over the wide sea ; all manner of entertainment hast thou at hand, seeing thou art king over many. And when many are gathered together thou shalt follow him whoso shall devise the wisest counsel. And sore need have all the Achaeans of counsel both good and prudent, seeing that foemen hard by

the ships are kindling their many watchfires ; what man could rejoice thereat ? This night shall either bring to ruin or save our host."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed. Forth hasted the sentinels in their harness around Nestor's son Thrasymedes, shepherd of the host, and Ascalaphus and Ialmenus, sons of Ares, and Meriones and Aphareus and Deïpyrus, and the son of Creon, goodly Lycomedes. Seven were the captains of the sentinels, and with each fared an hundred youths bearing long spears in their hands ; then they went and sate them down midway betwixt trench and wall ; and there they kindled a fire and made ready each man his meal.

But the son of Atreus led the counsellors of the Achaeans all together to his hut, and set before them a feast to satisfy the heart. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, first of all the old man began to weave the web of counsel for them, even Nestor, whose rede had of old ever seemed the best. He with good intent addressed their gathering and spake among them : " Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, with thee will I begin and with thee make an end, for that thou art king over many hosts, and to thee Zeus hath vouchsafed the sceptre and judgments, that thou mayest take counsel for thy people. Therefore it beseemeth thee above all others both to speak and to hearken, and to fulfil also for another whatsoever his heart may bid him speak for our profit ; for on thee will depend whatsoever any man may begin. So will

I speak what seemeth to me to be best. No man beside shall devise a better thought than this I have in mind from old even until now, even since the day when thou, O king sprung from Zeus, didst take from the hut of the angry Achilles the damsel Briseïs and go thy way—in no wise according to our will. Nay, for I, mine own self, urgently sought to dissuade thee; but thou didst yield to thy lordly spirit, and upon a man most mighty, whom the very immortals honoured, didst thou put dishonour; for thou tookest away and keepest his prize. Howbeit let us still even now take thought how we may make amends, and persuade him with kindly gifts and with gentle words."

To him then spake in answer the king of men, Agamemnon: "Old sir, in no false wise hast thou recounted the tale of my blind folly. Blind I was, myself I deny it not. Of the worth of many hosts is the man whom Zeus loveth in his heart, even as now he honoureth this man and destroyeth the host of the Achaeans. Yet seeing I was blind, and yielded to my miserable passion, I am minded to make amends and to give requital past counting. In the midst of you all let me name the glorious gifts; seven tripods that the fire hath not touched, and ten talents of gold and twenty gleaming cauldrons, and twelve strong horses, winners in the race, that have won prizes by their fleetness. Not without booty were a man, nor unpossessed of precious gold, whoso had wealth as great as the prizes my single-hooved steeds have won me. And I will give seven women skilled in goodly handiwork, women of Lesbos, whom on the day when himself took well-built Lesbos I chose me from out the spoil, and that in

beauty surpass all women folk. These will I give him, and amid them shall be she that then I took away, the daughter of Briseus; and I will furthermore swear a great oath that never went I up into her bed neither had dalliance with her as is the appointed way of mankind, even of men and women. All these things shall be ready to his hand forthwith; and if hereafter it so be the gods grant us to lay waste the great city of Priam, let him then enter in, what time we Achaeans be dividing the spoil, and heap up his ship with store of gold and bronze, and himself choose twenty Trojan women that be fairest after Argive Helen. And if we return to Achaean Argos, the richest of lands, he shall be my son, and I will honour him even as Orestes that is reared in all abundance, my son well-beloved. Three daughters have I in my well-builded hall, Chrysothemis, and Laodice, and Iphianassa; of these let him lead to the house of Peleus which one he will, without gifts of wooing, and I will furthermore give a dower full rich, such as no man ever yet gave with his daughter. And seven well-peopled cities will I give him, Cardamyle, Enope, and grassy Hire, and sacred Pherae and Antheia with deep meadows, and fair Aepeia and vine-clad Pedasus. All are nigh to the sea, on the uttermost border of sandy Pylos, and in them dwell men rich in flocks and rich in kine, men that shall honour him with gifts as though he were a god, and beneath his sceptre shall bring his ordinances to prosperous fulfilment. All this will I bring to pass for him, if he but cease from his wrath. Let him yield—Hades, I ween, is not to be soothed, neither overcome, wherefore he is most hated by mortals of all gods. And let him

submit himself unto me, seeing I am more kingly, and avow me his elder in years."

Then made answer the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, the gifts that thou offerest the prince Achilles may no man any more contemn. Come, therefore, let us send forth chosen men to go forthwith to the hut of Peleus' son, Achilles. Nay, rather, whomsoever I shall choose, let them consent. First of all let Phoenix, dear to Zeus, lead the way, and after him great Aias and goodly Odysseus; and of the heralds let Odius and Eurybates attend them. And now bring ye water for our hands, and bid keep holy silence, that we may make prayer unto Zeus, son of Cronos, if so be he will have compassion upon us."

So said he, and the words that he spake were pleasing unto all. Then heralds poured water over their hands, and youths filled the bowls brim full of drink, and served out to all, pouring first drops for libation into the cups. But when they had made libation and had drunk to their hearts' content, they went forth from the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. And the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, laid strait command upon them with many a glance at each, and chiefly upon Odysseus, that they should make essay to persuade the peerless son of Peleus.

So the twain[1] went their way along the shore of the loud-resounding sea, with many an instant prayer to the god that holdeth the earth and shaketh it, that they might easily persuade the great heart of the son of Aeacus. And they came to the huts and the ships of the Myrmidons, and found him delighting his soul with a clear-toned lyre, fair

and richly wrought, whereon was a bridge of silver; this had he taken from the spoil when he laid waste the city of Eëtion. Therewith was he delighting his soul, and he sang of the glorious deeds of warriors; and Patroclus alone sat over against him in silence, waiting until Aeacus' son should cease from singing. But the twain came forward and goodly Odysseus led the way, and they took their stand before his face; and Achilles leapt up in amazement with the lyre in his hand, and left the seat whereon he sat; and in like manner Patroclus when he beheld the men uprose. Then swift-footed Achilles greeted the two and spake, saying: "Welcome, verily ye be friends that are come—sore must the need be[1]—ye that even in mine anger are to me the dearest of the Achaeans."

So saying, goodly Achilles led them in and made them sit on couches and rugs of purple; and forthwith he spake to Patroclus, that was near: "Set forth a larger bowl, thou son of Menoetius; mingle stronger drink, and prepare each man a cup, for these be men most dear, that are beneath my roof."

So he spake, and Patroclus gave ear to his dear comrade. He cast down a great fleshing-block in the light of the fire and laid thereon a sheep's back and a fat goat's, and the chine of a great hog withal, rich with fat. And Automedon held them for him, while goodly Achilles carved. Then he sliced the meat with care and spitted it upon spits, and the son of Menoetius, a godlike man, made the fire blaze high. But when the fire had burned down and the flame was abated, he scattered the embers and laid thereover the spits, and sprinkled the

[1] Possibly "it is high time."

morsels with holy salt when he had set them upon the fire-dogs. But when he had roasted the meat and laid it on platters, Patroclus took bread and dealt it forth on the table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt the meat. Himself he sate him down over against godlike Odysseus, by the other wall, and bade Patroclus, his comrade, offer sacrifice to the gods; and Patroclus cast burnt-offering into the fire. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, Aias nodded to Phoenix; and goodly Odysseus was ware thereof, and filling a cup with wine he pledged Achilles: "Hail, O Achilles, of the equal feast have we no stinting, either in the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, or now in thine; for here is abundance that satisfies the heart to feast withal. Yet matters of the delicious feast are not in our thoughts, nay, Zeus-nurtured one, it is utter ruin that we behold, and are afraid; for it is in doubt whether we save the benched ships or they perish, except thou clothe thee in thy might. Hard by the ships and the wall have the Trojans, high of heart, and their far-famed allies set their bivouac, and kindled many fires throughout the host, and they deem that they shall no more be stayed, but will fall upon our black ships.[1] And Zeus, son of Cronos, shows them signs upon the right with his lightnings, and Hector exulting greatly in his might rageth furiously, trusting in Zeus, and recketh not of men nor gods, for mighty madness hath possessed him. His prayer is that with all speed sacred Dawn may appear, for he declareth that he will hew from the ships' sterns the topmost ensigns, and burn the very hulls with

consuming fire, and amidst them make havoc of the Achaeans, distraught by reason of the smoke. This then is the great fear of my heart, lest the gods fulfil for him his boastings, and it be our fate to perish here in Troy, far from horse-pasturing Argos. Nay, up then, if thou art minded even at the last to save from the war-din of the Trojans the sons of the Achaeans, that are sore bested. To thine own self shall sorrow be hereafter, nor can healing be found for ill once wrought—nay, rather, ere it be too late bethink thee how thou mayest ward from the Danaans the day of evil. Good friend, surely it was to thee that thy father Peleus gave command on the day when he sent thee to Agamemnon forth from Phthia: 'My son, strength shall Athene and Hera give thee if they be so minded, but do thou curb thy proud spirit in thy breast, for gentle-mindedness is the better part; and withdraw thee from strife, contriver of mischief, that so the Argives both young and old may honour thee the more.' On this wise did that old man charge thee, but thou forgettest. Yet do thou cease even now, and put from thee thy bitter wrath. To thee Agamemnon offereth worthy gifts, so thou wilt cease from thine anger. Nay come, hearken thou to me, and I will tell the tale of all the gifts that in his hut Agamemnon promised thee: seven tripods, that the fire hath not touched, and ten talents of gold and twenty gleaming cauldrons, and twelve strong horses, winners in the race, that have won prizes by their fleetness. Not without booty were a man nor unpossessed of precious gold, whoso had wealth as great as the prizes Agamemnon's horses have won by their speed. And he will give seven women skilled in

goodly handiwork, women of Lesbos, whom on the day when thou thyself tookest well-built Lesbos he chose him from the spoil, and that in beauty surpassed all women folk. These will he give thee, and amid them shall be she whom he then took away, the daughter of Briseus; and he will furthermore swear a great oath, that never went he up into her bed, neither had dalliance with her, as is the appointed way, O king, of men and women. All these things shall be ready to thy hand forthwith; and if hereafter it so be the gods grant us to lay waste the great city of Priam, do thou then enter in, what time we Achaeans be dividing the spoil, and heap up thy ship with store of gold and bronze, and thyself choose twenty Trojan women that be fairest after Argive Helen. And if we return to Achaean Argos, richest of lands, thou shalt be his son, and he will honour thee even as Orestes, that is reared in all abundance, his son well-beloved. Three daughters has he in his well-builded hall, Chrysothemis, and Laodice, and Iphianassa; of these mayest thou lead to the house of Peleus which one thou wilt, without gifts of wooing; and he will furthermore give a dower full rich, such as no man ever yet gave with his daughter. And seven well-peopled cities will he give thee, Cardamyle, Enope, and grassy Hire, and sacred Pherae, and Antheia, with deep meadows, and fair Aipeia, and vine-clad Pedasus. All are nigh the sea, on the uttermost borders of sandy Pylos, and in them dwell men rich in flocks and rich in kine, men that shall honour thee with gifts as though thou wert a god, and beneath thy sceptre shall bring thy ordinances to prosperous fulfilment. All this will he bring to pass for thee, if thou but cease

from thy wrath. But if the son of Atreus be too utterly hated by thee at heart, himself and his gifts, yet have thou pity at least on the rest of the Achaeans, that are sore bested throughout the host; these shall honour thee as though thou wert a god, for verily shalt thou win great glory in their eyes. Now mightest thou slay Hector, seeing he would come very nigh thee in his baneful rage, for he deemeth there is no man like unto him among the Danaans that the ships brought hither."

Then in answer to him spake swift-footed Achilles: "Zeus-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, needs must I verily speak my word outright, even as I am minded, and as it shall be brought to pass, that ye sit not by me here on this side and on that and prate endlessly. For hateful in my eyes, even as the gates of Hades, is that man that hideth one thing in his mind and sayeth another. Nay, I will speak what seemeth to me to be best. Not me, I ween, shall Atreus' son, Agamemnon, persuade, nor yet shall the other Danaans, seeing there were to be no thanks, it seemeth, for warring against the foemen ever without respite. Like portion hath he that abideth at home, and if one warreth his best, and in one honour are held both the coward and the brave; death cometh alike to the idle man and to him that worketh much. Neither have I aught of profit herein, that I suffered woes at heart, ever staking my life in fight. Even as a bird bringeth in her bill to her unfledged chicks whatever she may find, but with her own self it goeth ill, even so was I wont to watch through many a sleepless night, and bloody days did I pass in battle, fighting with warriors for their women's sake. Twelve cities of

men have I laid waste with my ships and by land eleven, I avow, throughout the fertile land of Troy; from out all these I took much spoil and goodly, and all would I ever bring and give to Agamemnon, this son of Atreus; but he staying behind, even beside his swift ships, would take and apportion some small part, but keep the most. Some he gave as prizes to chieftains and kings, and for them they abide untouched; but from me alone of the Achaeans hath he taken and keepeth my wife,[1] the darling of my heart. Let him lie by her side and take his joy. But why must the Argives wage war against the Trojans? Why hath he gathered and led hither his host, this son of Atreus? Was it not for fair-haired Helen's sake? Do they then alone of mortal men love their wives, these sons of Atreus? Nay, for whoso is a true man and sound of mind, loveth his own and cherisheth her, even as I too loved her with all my heart, though she was but the captive of my spear. But now, seeing he hath taken from my arms my prize, and hath deceived me, let him not tempt me that know him well; he shall not persuade me. Nay, Odysseus, together with thee and the other princes let him take thought to ward from the ships consuming fire. Verily full much hath he wrought without mine aid; lo, he hath builded a wall and digged a ditch hard by, wide and great, and therein hath he planted stakes; yet even so availeth he not to stay the might of man-slaying Hector. But so long as I was warring amid the Achaeans Hector had no mind to rouse battle far from the wall, but would come only so far as the Scaean gates and the oak-tree; there once he awaited me in single combat and hardly did he

escape my onset. But now, seeing I am not minded to battle with goodly Hector, to-morrow will I do sacrifice to Zeus and all the gods, and heap well my ships, when I have launched them on the sea; then shalt thou see, if so be thou wilt, and carest aught therefor, my ships at early dawn sailing over the teeming Hellespont, and on board men right eager to ply the oar; and if so be the great Shaker of the Earth grants me fair voyaging, on the third day shall I reach deep-soiled Phthia. Possessions full many have I that I left on my ill-starred way hither, and yet more shall I bring from hence, gold and ruddy bronze, and fair-girdled women and grey iron—all that fell to me by lot; howbeit my prize hath he that gave it me taken back in his arrogant pride, even lord Agamemnon, son of Atreus. To him do ye declare all, even as I bid, openly, to the end that other Achaeans also may be wroth, if haply he hopeth to deceive yet some other of the Danaans, seeing he is ever clothed in shamelessness. Yet not in my face would he dare to look, though he have the front of a dog. Neither counsel will I devise with him nor any work, for utterly hath he deceived me and sinned against me. Never again shall he beguile me with words; the past is enough for him. Nay, let him go to his ruin in comfort, seeing that Zeus the counsellor hath utterly robbed him of his wits. Hateful in my eyes are his gifts, I count them at a hair's[1] worth. Not though he gave me ten times, aye twenty times all that now he hath, and if yet other should be added thereto I care not whence, not though it were all the wealth that goeth in to Orchomenus, or to Thebes of Egypt, where treasures in greatest store are laid up in men's

houses,—Thebes which is a city of an hundred gates wherefrom sally forth through each two hundred warriors with horses and cars ;—nay, not though he gave gifts in number as sand and dust ; not even so shall Agamemnon any more persuade my soul, until he hath paid the full price of all the despite that stings my heart. And the daughter of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, will I not wed, not though she vied in beauty with golden Aphrodite and in handiwork were the peer of flashing-eyed Athene : not even so will I wed her ; let him choose another of the Achaeans that is of like station with himself and more kingly than I. For if the gods preserve me, and I reach my home, Peleus methinks will thereafter of himself seek me a wife. Many Achaean maidens there be throughout Hellas and Phthia, daughters of chieftains that guard the cities ; of these whomsoever I choose shall I make my dear wife. Full often was my proud spirit fain to take me there a wedded wife, a fitting helpmeet, and to have joy of the possessions that the old man Peleus won him. For in my eyes not of like worth with life is even all that wealth that men say Ilios possessed, the well-peopled citadel, of old in time of peace or ever the sons of the Achaeans came,—nay, nor all that the marble threshold of the Archer Phoebus Apollo encloseth in rocky Pytho. For by harrying may cattle be had and goodly sheep, and tripods by the winning and chestnut horses withal ; but that the spirit of man should come again when once it hath passed the barrier of his teeth, neither harrying availeth nor winning. For my mother the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, telleth me that twofold fates are bearing me toward the doom of death :

if I abide here and war about the city of the Trojans, then lost is my home-return, but my renown shall be imperishable; but if I return home to my dear native land, lost then is my glorious renown, yet shall my life long endure, neither shall the doom of death come soon upon me. Aye, and I would counsel you others also to sail back to your homes; seeing there is no more hope that ye shall win the goal of steep Ilios; for mightily doth Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, hold forth his hand above her, and her people are filled with courage. But go ye your way and declare my message to the chieftains of the Achaeans—for that is the office of elders—to the end that they may devise some other plan in their minds better than this, even such as shall save their ships, and the host of the Achaeans beside the hollow ships; seeing this is not to be had for them, which now they have devised, by reason of the fierceness of my anger. Howbeit let Phoenix abide here with us, and lay him down to sleep, that he may follow with me on my ships to my dear native land on the morrow, if so he will; but perforce will I not take him."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence, marvelling at his words; for with exceeding vehemence did he deny them. But at length there spake among them the old horseman Phoenix, bursting into tears, for that greatly did he fear for the ships of the Achaeans: "If verily thou layest up in thy mind, glorious Achilles, the purpose of returning, neither art minded at all to ward from the swift ships consuming fire, for that wrath hath fallen upon thy heart; how can I then, dear child, be left here without thee, alone? It was to thee

that the old horseman Peleus sent me on the day when he sent thee to Agamemnon, forth from Phthia, a mere child, knowing naught as yet of evil war, neither of gatherings wherein men wax pre-eminent. For this cause sent he me to instruct thee in all these things, to be both a speaker of words and a doer of deeds. Wherefore, dear child, I am not minded hereafter to be left alone without thee, nay, not though a god himself should pledge him to strip from me my old age and render me strong in youth as in the day when first I left Hellas, the home of fair women, fleeing from strife with my father Amyntor, son of Ormenus; for he waxed grievously wroth against me by reason of his fair-haired concubine, whom himself he ever cherished, and scorned his wife, my mother. So she besought me by my knees continually, to have dalliance with that other first myself, that the old man might be hateful in her eyes. I hearkened to her and did the deed, but my father was ware thereof forthwith and cursed me mightily, and invoked the dire Erinyes that never should there sit upon his knees a dear child begotten of me; and the gods fulfilled his curse, even Zeus of the nether world and dread Persephone. Then I took counsel to slay him with the sharp sword, but some one of the immortals stayed mine anger, bringing to my mind the voice of the people and the many revilings of men, to the end that I should not be called a father-slayer amid the Achaeans. Then might the heart in my breast in no wise be any more stayed to linger in the halls of my angered father. My fellows verily and my kinsfolk beset me about with many prayers and sought to stay me there in the halls, and many

goodly sheep did they slaughter, and sleek kine of shambling gait, and many swine, rich with fat, were stretched to singe over the flame of Hephaestus, and wine in plenty was drunk from the jars of that old man. For nine nights' space about mine own body did they watch the night through; in turn kept they watch, neither were the fires quenched, one beneath the portico of the well-fenced court, and one in the porch before the door of my chamber. Howbeit when the tenth dark night was come upon me, then verily I burst the cunningly fitted doors of my chamber and leapt the fence of the court full easily, unseen of the watchmen and the slave women. Thereafter I fled afar through spacious Hellas, and came to deep-soiled Phthia, mother of flocks, unto king Peleus; and he received me with a ready heart, and cherished me as a father cherisheth his only son and well-beloved, that is heir to great possessions; and he made me rich and gave much people to me, and I dwelt on the furthermost border of Phthia, ruling over the Dolopians. And I reared thee to be such as thou art, O godlike Achilles, loving thee from my heart; for with none other wouldest thou go to the feast neither take meat in the hall, till I had set thee on my knees and given thee thy fill of the savoury morsel cut first for thee, and had put the wine cup to thy lips. Full often hast thou wetted the tunic upon my breast, sputtering forth the wine in thy sorry helplessness. So have I suffered much for thee and toiled much, ever mindful of this that the gods would in no wise vouchsafe me a son born of mine own body. Nay, it was thou that I sought to make my son, O godlike Achilles, to the end that thou mayest hereafter save

me from shameful ruin. Wherefore Achilles, do thou master thy proud spirit; it beseemeth thee not to have a pitiless heart. Nay, even the very gods can bend, and theirs withal is more excellent worth and honour and might. Their hearts by incense and reverent vows and libations and the savour of sacrifice do men turn from wrath with supplication, whenso any man transgresseth and doeth sin. For Prayers are the daughters of great Zeus, halting and wrinkled and of eyes askance,[1] and they are ever mindful to follow in the steps of Sin. Howbeit Sin is strong and fleet of foot, wherefore she far outrunneth them all, and goeth before them over the face of all the earth making men to fall, and Prayers follow after, seeking to heal the hurt. Now whoso revereth the daughters of Zeus when they draw nigh, him they greatly bless, and hear him, when he prayeth; but if a man denieth them and stubbornly refuseth, then they go their way and make prayer to Zeus, son of Cronos, that Ate[2] may follow after such a one to the end that he may fall and pay full atonement. Nay, Achilles, see thou too that reverence attend upon the daughters of Zeus, even such as bendeth the hearts of all men that are upright. For if the son of Atreus were not offering thee gifts and telling of yet others hereafter, but were ever furiously wroth, I of a surety should not bid thee cast aside thine anger and bear aid to the Argives even in their sore need. But now he offereth thee many gifts forthwith, and promiseth thee more hereafter, and hath sent forth warriors to beseech thee, choosing them that are best throughout the

personified in the present passage is in harmony with the methods of Homeric thought.

host of the Achaeans, and that to thine own self are dearest of the Argives; have not thou scorn of their words, neither of their coming hither; though till then no man could blame thee that thou wast wroth. Even in this manner have we heard the fame of men of old that were warriors, whenso furious wrath came upon any; won might they be by gifts, and turned aside by pleadings. Myself I bear in mind this deed of old days and not of yesterday, how it was; and I will tell it among you that are all my friends. The Curetes on a time were fighting and the Aetolians staunch in battle around the city of Calydon, and were slaying one another, the Aetolians defending lovely Calydon and the Curetes fain to waste it utterly in war. For upon their folk had Artemis of the golden throne sent a plague in wrath that Oeneus offered not to her the first-fruits of the harvest in his rich orchard land; whereas the other gods feasted on hecatombs, and it was to the daughter of great Zeus alone that he offered not, whether haply he forgat, or marked it not; and he was greatly blinded in heart. Thereat the Archer-goddess, the child of Zeus, waxed wroth and sent against him a fierce wild boar, white of tusk, that wrought much evil, wasting[1] the orchard land of Oeneus; many a tall tree did he uproot and cast upon the ground, aye, root and apple blossom therewith. But the boar did Meleager, son of Oeneus, slay, when he had gathered out of many cities huntsmen and hounds; for not of few men could the boar have been slain, so huge was he; and many a man set he upon the grievous pyre. But about his body the goddess brought to pass much clamour and shouting concerning his head and shaggy

hide, between the Curetes and the great-souled Aetolians. Now so long as Meleager, dear to Ares, warred, so long went it ill with the Curetes, nor might they abide without their wall, for all they were very many. But when wrath entered into Meleager, wrath that maketh the heart to swell in the breasts also of others, even though they be wise, he then, wroth at heart against his dear mother[1] Althaea, abode beside his wedded wife, the fair Cleopatra, daughter of Marpessa of the fair ankles, child of Evenus, and of Idas that was mightiest of men that were then upon the face of earth; who also took his bow to face the king Phoebus Apollo for the sake of the fair-ankled maid.[2] Her of old in their halls had her father and honoured mother called Halcyone by name, for that the mother herself in a plight even as that of the halcyon-bird of many sorrows,[3] wept because Apollo that worketh afar had snatched her child away. By her side lay Meleager nursing his bitter anger, wroth because of his mother's curses; for she prayed instantly to the gods, being grieved for her brother's slaying; and furthermore instantly beat with her hands upon the all-nurturing earth, calling upon Hades and dread Persephone, the while she knelt and made the folds of her bosom wet with tears, that they should bring death upon her son; and the Erinys that walketh in darkness heard her from Erebus,

the mortal dared to face the god in strife. But Zeus bade Marpessa choose between the two, and she chose Idas.

[3] The mother, stricken with grief at the loss of her daughter, is likened to the kingfisher (ἀλκυών), whose plaintive note seemed to the ancients the expression of desolate sadness. Hence the name Halcyone was given to the daughter.

even she of the ungentle heart. Now anon was the din of the foemen risen about their gates, and the noise of the battering of walls, and to Meleager the elders of the Aetolians made prayer, sending to him the best of the priests of the gods, that he should come forth and succour them, and they promised him a mighty gift; they bade him, where the plain of lovely Calydon was fattest, there choose him out a fair tract of fifty acres, the half of it vine-land, and the half clear plough-land, to be cut from out the plain. And earnestly the old horseman Oeneus besought him, standing upon the threshold of his high-roofed chamber, and shaking the jointed doors, in prayer to his son, and earnestly too did his sisters and his honoured mother beseech him—but he denied them yet more—and earnestly his companions that were truest and dearest to him of all; yet not even so could they persuade the heart in his breast, until at the last his chamber was being hotly battered, and the Curetes were mounting upon the walls and firing the great city. Then verily his fair-girdled wife besought Meleager with wailing, and told him all the woes that come on men whose city is taken; the men are slain and the city is wasted by fire, and their children and low-girdled women are led captive of strangers. Then was his spirit stirred, as he heard the evil tale, and he went his way and did on his body his gleaming armour. Thus did he ward from the Aetolians the day of evil, yielding to his own spirit; and to him thereafter they paid not the gifts, many and gracious; yet even so did he ward from them evil. But, friend, let me not see thee thus minded in heart, neither let heaven turn thee into this path; it were a harder task

to save the ships already burning. Nay, come while yet gifts may be had; the Achaeans shall honour thee even as a god. But if without gifts thou enter into the battle, the bane of men, thou shalt not then be in like honour, for all thou mayest ward off the battle."

Then in answer to him spake Achilles, swift of foot: "Phoenix, old sire, my father, nurtured of Zeus, in no wise have I need of this honour: honoured have I been, I deem, by the apportionment of Zeus, which shall be mine amid the beaked ships so long as the breath abideth in my breast and my knees are quick. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart; seek not to confound my spirit by weeping and sorrowing, to do the pleasure of the warrior, son of Atreus; it beseemeth thee not to cherish him, lest thou be hated of me that cherish thee. Well were it that with me thou shouldest vex him whosoever vexeth me. Be thou king even as I am, and share the half of my honour. Howbeit these shall bear my message, but abide thou here and lay thee down on a soft couch, and at break of day we will take counsel whether to return to our own or to tarry here."

He spake and to Patroclus nodded his brow in silence that he should spread for Phoenix a thick couch, that the others might forthwith bethink them to depart from the hut. But among them Aias, the godlike son of Telamon, spake, saying: "Zeus-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, let us go our way, for the fulfilment of the charge laid on us will not methinks be brought to pass by our coming hither; and it behoveth us with speed to declare the message, though it be no wise good, to the Danaans,

that, I ween, now sit waiting therefor. But Achilles hath wrought to fury the proud heart within him, cruel man! neither recketh he of the love of his comrades wherewith we ever honoured him amid the ships above all others—pitiless one! Lo, a man accepteth recompense from the slayer of his brother, or for his dead son; and the slayer abideth in his own land for the paying of a great price, and the kinsman's heart and proud spirit are restrained by the taking of recompense. But as for thee, the gods have put in thy breast a heart that is obdurate and evil by reason of one only girl; whereas we now offer thee seven, far the best that there be, and many other gifts besides; nay then, take to thee a heart of grace, and have respect unto thine hall; for under thy roof are we come from the host of the Danaans, and we would fain be nearest to thee and dearest beyond all other Achaeans as many as there be."

Then in answer to him spake Achilles, swift of foot: "Aias, sprung from Zeus, thou son of Telamon, captain of the host, all this thou seemest to speak almost after mine own mind; but my heart swelleth with wrath whenso I think of this, how the son of Atreus hath wrought indignity upon me amid the Argives, as though I were some alien that had no rights. Howbeit do ye go and declare my message, for I will not sooner bethink me of bloody war until wise-hearted Priam's son, even goodly Hector, be come to the huts and ships of the Myrmidons, as he slays the Argives, and have smirched the ships with fire. But about my hut and my black ship I deem that Hector will be stayed, eager though he be for battle."

So spake he, but they took each man a two-handled cup, and when they had made libation went their way along the lines of ships, and Odysseus led. But Patroclus bade his comrades and the handmaids spread forthwith a thick couch for Phoenix; and they obeyed, and spread the couch, as he bade, fleeces and a rug and soft fabric of linen. There the old man laid him down and waited for bright Dawn. But Achilles slept in the innermost part of the well-builded hut, and by his side lay a woman that he had brought from Lesbos, even the daughter of Phorbas, fair-cheeked Diomede. And Patroclus laid him down on the opposite side, and by him in like manner lay fair-girdled Iphis, whom goodly Achilles had given him when he took steep Scyrus, the city of Enyeus.

But when the others were now come to the huts of the son of Atreus, the sons of the Achaeans stood up on this side and that and pledged them in cups of gold, and questioned them, and the king of men, Agamemnon, was the first to ask: "Come, tell me now, Odysseus, greatly to be praised, thou great glory of the Achaeans, is he minded to ward off consuming fire from the ships, or said he nay, and doth wrath still possess his proud spirit?"

Then much-enduring goodly Odysseus answered him: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, he verily is not minded to quench his wrath but is filled yet more with fury, and will have none of thee, or of thy gifts. For thine own self he biddeth thee to take counsel amid the Argives how thou mayest save the ships and the host of the

Achaeans. But himself he threateneth that at break of day he will launch upon the sea his well-benched curved ships. Aye and he said that he would counsel the others also to sail back to their homes, seeing there is no more hope that ye shall win the goal of steep Ilios; for mightily doth Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, hold forth his hand above her, and her people are filled with courage. So spake he, and these be here also to tell thee this, even they that followed with me, Aias and the heralds twain, men of prudence both. But the old man Phoenix laid him down there to rest, for so Achilles bade, that he may follow with him on his ships to his dear native land on the morrow, if he will, but perforce will he not take him."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence, marvelling at his words; for full masterfully did he address their gathering. Long time were they silent in their grief, the sons of the Achaeans, but at length there spake among them Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, would thou hadst never besought the peerless son of Peleus, nor offered countless gifts; haughty is he even of himself, and now hast thou yet far more set him amid haughtinesses. But verily we will let him be; he may depart or he may tarry; hereafter will he fight when the heart in his breast shall bid him, and a god arouse him. But come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. For this present go ye to your rest, when ye have satisfied your hearts with meat and wine, for therein is courage and strength; but so soon as fair, rosy-fingered Dawn appeareth,

forthwith do thou array before the ships thy folk and thy chariots, and urge them on; and fight thou thyself amid the foremost."

So spake he, and all the kings assented thereto, marvelling at the words of Diomedes, tamer of horses. Then they made libation, and went every man to his hut, and there laid them down and took the gift of sleep.

BOOK X

Now beside their ships all the other chieftains of the host of the Achaeans were slumbering the whole night through, overcome of soft sleep, but Agamemnon, son of Atreus, shepherd of the host, was not holden of sweet sleep, so many things debated he in mind. Even as when the lord of fair-haired Hera lighteneth, what time he maketh ready either a mighty rain unspeakable or hail or snow, when the snow-flakes sprinkle the fields, or haply the wide mouth of bitter war[1]; even so often did Agamemnon groan from the deep of his breast, and his heart trembled within him. So often as he gazed toward the Trojan plain, he marvelled at the many fires that burned before the face of Ilios, and at the sound of flutes and pipes, and the din of men; but whensoever he looked toward the ships and the host of the Achaeans, then many were the hairs that he pulled from his head by the very roots in appeal to Zeus that is above, and in his noble heart he groaned mightily. And this plan seemed to his mind the best, to go first of all to Nestor, son of Neleus, if so be he might contrive with him some goodly device that should be for the warding off of evil from the Danaan host. So he sate him up and did on his tunic

naturally to be a sign portending war. The phrase *πολέμου στόμα* recurs in xix. 313, and xx. 359.

about his breast, and beneath his shining feet bound his fair sandals, and thereafter clad him in the tawny skin of a lion, fiery and great, a skin that reached his feet; and he grasped his spear.

And even in like manner was Menelaus holden of trembling fear—for on his eyelids too sleep settled not down—lest aught should befall the Argives who for his sake had come to Troy over the wide waters of the sea, pondering in their hearts fierce war. With a leopard's skin first he covered his broad shoulders, a dappled fell, and lifted up and set upon his head a helmet of bronze, and grasped a spear in his stout hand. Then he went his way to rouse his brother, that ruled mightily over all the Argives, and was honoured of the folk even as a god. Him he found putting about his shoulders his fair armour by the stern of his ship, and welcome was he to him as he came. To him first spake Menelaus, good at the war-cry: "Wherefore, my brother, art thou thus arming? Wilt thou be rousing some man of thy comrades to spy upon the Trojans? Nay, sorely am I afraid lest none should undertake for thee this task, to go forth alone and spy upon the foemen, through the immortal night; right hardy of heart must that man be."

Then in answer to him spake lord Agamemnon: "Need have we, both thou and I, O Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, of shrewd counsel that shall save and deliver the Argives and their ships, seeing the mind of Zeus is turned. To the sacrifices of Hector, it seemeth, his heart inclineth rather than to ours. For never have I seen neither heard by the telling of another that one man devised in one day so many terrible deeds, as Hector, dear to Zeus, hath wrought

upon the sons of the Achaeans, by himself alone, he that is not the dear son of goddess or of god. Deeds hath he wrought that methinks will be a sorrow to the Argives for ever and aye, so many evils hath he devised against the Achaeans. But go now, run swiftly along the lines of ships and call hither Aias and Idomeneus, and I will go to goodly Nestor and bid him arise, if so be he will be minded to go to the sacred company of the sentinels and give them charge. To him would they hearken as to no other, for his son is captain over the guard, he and Meriones, comrade of Idomeneus ; for to them above all we entrusted this charge."

Then made answer to him Menelaus, good at the war-cry : " With what meaning doth thy word thus charge and command me ? Shall I abide there with them, waiting until thou shalt come, or run back to thee again, when I have duly laid on them thy command ? "

And to him did the king of men, Agamemnon, make answer, saying : " Abide there, lest haply we miss each other as we go, for many are the paths throughout the camp. But lift up thy voice wheresoever thou goest, and bid men be awake, calling each man by his lineage and his father's name, giving due honour to each, and be not thou proud of heart but rather let us ourselves be busy ; even thus I ween hath Zeus laid upon us even at our birth the heaviness of woe."

So spake he, and sent forth his brother when he had duly given him commandment. But he went his way after Nestor, shepherd of the host, and found him by his hut and his black ship on his soft bed, and beside him lay his armour richly dight, his

shield and two spears and gleaming helmet. And by his side lay the flashing girdle, wherewith the old man was wont to gird himself, whenso he arrayed him for battle, the bane of men, and led forth his people, for he yielded not to grievous old age. He rose upon his elbow, lifting up his head, and spake to the son of Atreus, and questioned him, saying: "Who art thou that art faring alone by the ships throughout the camp in the darkness of night, when other mortals are sleeping? Seekest thou one of thy mules, or of thy comrades? Speak, and come not silently upon me. Of what hast thou need?"

Then made answer the king of men, Agamemnon: "Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, thou shalt know Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whom beyond all others Zeus hath set amid toils continually, so long as the breath abideth in my breast and my knees are quick. I wander thus, because sweet sleep settleth not upon mine eyes, but war is a trouble to me and the woes of the Achaeans. Wondrously do I fear for the Danaans, nor is my mind firm, but I am tossed to and fro, and my heart leapeth forth from out my breast, and my glorious limbs tremble beneath me. But if thou wouldest do aught, seeing on thee too sleep cometh not, come, let us go to the sentinels, that we may look to them, lest fordone with toil and drowsiness they be slumbering, and have wholly forgot their watch. The foemen bivouac hard by, nor know we at all whether haply they may not be fain to do battle even in the night."

Then made answer to him the horseman Nestor of Gerenia: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, of a surety not all his purposes

shall Zeus the counsellor fulfil for Hector, even all that now he thinketh ; nay methinks he shall labour amid troubles yet more than ours, if so be Achilles shall turn his heart from grievous anger. Howbeit with thee will I gladly follow, but let us moreover arouse others also, both the son of Tydeus, famed for his spear, and Odysseus, and the swift Aias, and the valiant son of Phyleus.[1] And I would that one should go and summon these also, the godlike Aias and lord Idomeneus, for their ships are furthest of all and nowise nigh at hand. But Menelaus will I chide, dear though he be and honoured, aye, though thou shouldest be angry with me, nor will I hide my thought, for that he sleepeth thus, and hath suffered thee to toil alone. Now had it been meet that he laboured among all the chieftains, beseeching them, for need has come upon them that may no longer be borne."

And to him did the king of men, Agamemnon, make answer, saying : " Old sir, at another time shalt thou chide him even at mine own bidding, seeing he is often slack and not minded to labour, neither yielding to sloth nor to heedlessness of mind, but ever looking to me and awaiting my leading. But now he awoke even before myself, and came to me, and myself I sent him forth to summon those of whom thou inquirest. But let us go ; we shall find them before the gates amid the sentinels, for there I bade them gather."

Then made answer to him the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia : " So will no man be wroth at him or disobey him of all the Argives, whenso he urgeth any man or giveth commands."

So saying he did on his tunic about his breast,

and beneath his shining feet bound his fair sandals and around him buckled a purple cloak of double fold and wide, whereon the down was thick. And he grasped a mighty spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and went his way among the ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans. Then Odysseus first, the peer of Zeus in counsel, did the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, awaken out of sleep with his voice, and forthwith the call rang all about his mind and he came forth from the hut and spake to them, saying: "How is it that ye fare thus alone by the ships throughout the camp in the immortal night? What need so great hath come upon you?"

Then made answer to him the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia: "Zeus-born son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, be not thou wroth, for great sorrow hath overmastered the Achaeans. Nay, follow, that we may arouse another also, whomsoever it behoveth to take counsel, whether to flee or to fight."

So spake he, and Odysseus of many wiles went to the hut and cast about his shoulders a shield richly dight, and followed after them. And they came to Tydeus' son, Diomedes, and him they found outside his hut with his arms; and around him his comrades were sleeping with their shields beneath their heads, but their spears were driven into the ground erect on their spikes, and afar shone the bronze like the lightning of father Zeus. But the warrior was sleeping, and beneath him was spread the hide of an ox of the field, and beneath his head was stretched a bright carpet. To his side came the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, and woke him, stirring him with a touch of his heel, and aroused him, and chid him to his face: "Awake, son of Tydeus, why slumberest

thou the whole night through in sleep? Knowest thou not that the Trojans on the rising ground of the plain are camped hard by the ships, and but scant space still holdeth them off?"

So said he, but the other right swiftly sprang up out of sleep, and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "Hardy art thou, old sir, and from toil thou never ceasest. Are there not other sons of the Achaeans that be younger, who might then rouse each one of the kings, going everywhere throughout the host? But with thee, old sir, may no man deal."

Then the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, answered him: "Nay verily, friend, all this hast thou spoken according to right. Peerless sons have I, and folk there be full many, of whom any one might go and call others. But in good sooth great need hath overmastered the Achaeans, for now to all it standeth on a razor's edge, either woeful ruin for the Achaeans, or to live. But go now and rouse swift Aias and the son of Phyleus, for thou art younger —if so be thou pitiest me."

So spake he, and Diomedes clad about his shoulders the skin of a lion, fiery and great, a skin that reached his feet, and grasped his spear; and he went his way, and roused those warriors from where they were, and brought them.

Now when they had joined the company of the sentinels as they were gathered together, they found not the leaders of the sentinels asleep, but all were sitting awake with their arms. And even as dogs keep painful watch about sheep in a fold, when they hear the wild beast, stout of heart, that cometh through the wood among the hills, and a great

din ariseth about him of men and dogs, and from them sleep perisheth; even so from their eyelids did sweet sleep perish, as they kept watch through the evil night; for toward the plain were they ever turning if haply they might hear the Trojans coming on. At sight of them the old man waxed glad and heartened them, and spake and addressed them with winged words: "Even so now, dear children, keep your watch, neither let sleep seize any man, lest we become a cause of rejoicing to our foes."

So saying he hasted through the trench, and there followed with him the kings of the Argives, even all that had been called to the council. But with them went Meriones and the glorious son of Nestor; for of themselves they bade these share in their counsel. So they went through and out from the digged ditch and sate them down in an open space, where the ground shewed clear of dead men fallen, even where mighty Hector had turned back again from destroying the Argives, when night enfolded him. There they sate them down and spake one to the other, and among them the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, was first to speak: "My friends, is there then no man who would trust his own venturous spirit to go among the great-souled Trojans, if so be he might slay some straggler of the foemen, or haply hear some rumour among the Trojans, and what counsel they devise among themselves, whether to abide where they be by the ships afar, or to withdraw again to the city, seeing they have worsted the Achaeans? All this might he learn, and come back to us unscathed: great would his fame be under heaven among all men, and a goodly gift shall be his. For of all the princes that

hold sway over the ships, of all these shall every man give him a black ewe with a lamb at the teat—therewith may no possession compare;—and ever shall he be with us at feasts and drinking-bouts."

So said he, and they all became hushed in silence. Then spake among them Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Nestor, my heart and proud spirit urge me to enter the camp of the foemen that are near, even of the Trojans; howbeit if some other man were to follow with me, greater comfort would there be, and greater confidence. When two go together, one discerneth before the other how profit may be had; whereas if one alone perceive aught, yet is his wit the shorter, and but slender his device."

So spake he, and many there were that were fain to follow Diomedes. Fain were the two Aiantes, squires of Ares, fain was Meriones, and right fain the son of Nestor, fain was the son of Atreus, Menelaus, famed for his spear, and fain too was the steadfast Odysseus to steal into the throng of the Trojans, for ever daring was the spirit in his breast. Then among them spake the king of men, Agamemnon: "Diomedes, son of Tydeus, dear to my heart, that man shalt thou choose as thy comrade, whomsoever thou wilt, the best of them that offer themselves, for many are eager. And do not thou out of reverent heart leave the better man behind, and take as thy comrade one that is worse, yielding to reverence, and looking to birth, nay, not though one be more kingly."

So said he, since he feared for the sake of fair-haired Menelaus. But among them spake again Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "If of a truth ye bid me of myself choose me a comrade, how

should I then forget godlike Odysseus, whose heart and proud spirit are beyond all others eager in all manner of toils; and Pallas Athene loveth him. If he but follow with me, even out of blazing fire might we both return, for wise above all is he in understanding."

Then spake unto him much enduring goodly Odysseus: "Son of Tydeus, praise me not overmuch, neither blame me in aught: this thou sayest among the Argives that themselves know all. Nay, let us go, for verily the night is waning and dawn draweth near; lo, the stars have moved onward, and of the night more than two watches have past, and the third alone is left us."

So saying the twain clothed them in their dread armour. To Tydeus' son Thrasymedes, staunch in fight, gave a two-edged sword—for his own was left by his ship—and a shield, and about his head he set a helm of bull's hide without horn and without crest, a helm that is called a skull-cap, and that guards the heads of lusty youths. And Meriones gave to Odysseus a bow and a quiver and a sword, and about his head he set a helm wrought of hide, and with many a tight-stretched thong was it made stiff within, while without the white teeth of a boar of gleaming tusks were set thick on this side and that, well and cunningly, and within was fixed a lining of felt. This cap Autolycus on a time stole out of Eleon when he had broken into the stout-built house of Amyntor, son of Ormenus; and he gave it to Amphidamas of Cythera to take to Scandeia, and Amphidamas gave it to Molus as a guest-gift, but he gave it to his own son Meriones to wear; and now, being set thereon, it covered the head of Odysseus.

So when the twain had clothed them in their dread armour, they went their way and left there all the chieftains. And for them Pallas Athene sent forth on their right a heron, hard by the way, and though they saw it not through the darkness of night, yet they heard its cry. And Odysseus was glad at the omen, and made prayer to Athene: "Hear me, child of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, thou that dost ever stand by my side in all manner of toils, nor am I unseen of thee where'er I move; now again be thou my friend, Athene, as ne'er thou wast before, and grant that with goodly renown we come back to the ships, having wrought a great work that shall be a sorrow to the Trojans."

And after him again prayed Diomedes, good at the war-cry: "Hearken thou now also to me, child of Zeus, unwearied one. Follow now with me even as thou didst follow with my father, goodly Tydeus, into Thebes, what time he went forth as a messenger of the Achaeans. Them he left by the Asopus, the brazen-coated Achaeans, and he bare a gentle word thither to the Cadmeians; but as he journeyed back he devised deeds right terrible[1] with thee, fair goddess, for with a ready heart thou stoodest by his side. Even so now of thine own will stand thou by my side, and guard me. And to thee in return will I sacrifice a sleek heifer, broad of brow, unbroken, which no man hath yet led beneath the yoke. Her will I sacrifice to thee and will overlay her horns with gold."

So they spake in prayer and Pallas Athene heard them. But when they had prayed to the daughter of great Zeus, they went their way like

two lions through the black night, amid the slaughter, amid the corpses, through the arms and the black blood.

Nay, nor did Hector suffer the lordly Trojans to sleep, but he called together all the noblest, as many as were leaders and rulers of the Trojans; and when he had called them together he contrived a cunning plan, and said: "Who is there now that would promise me this deed and bring it to pass for a great gift? Verily his reward shall be sure. For I will give him a chariot and two horses with high arched necks, even those that be the best at the swift ships of the Achaeans, to the man whosoever will dare—and for himself win glory withal—to go close to the swift-faring ships, and spy out whether the swift ships be guarded as of old, or whether by now our foes, subdued beneath our hands, are planning flight among themselves and have no mind to watch the night through, being fordone with dread weariness."

So spake he and they all became hushed in silence. Now there was among the Trojans one Dolon, the son of Eumedes the godlike herald, a man rich in gold, rich in bronze, that was ill-favoured to look upon, but withal swift of foot; and he was the only brother among five sisters. He then spake a word to the Trojans and to Hector: "Hector, my heart and proud spirit urge me to go close to the swift-faring ships and spy out all. But come, I pray thee, lift up thy staff and swear to me that verily thou wilt give me the horses and the chariot, richly dight with bronze, even them that bear the peerless son of Peleus. And to thee shall I prove no vain scout, neither one to deceive thy hopes.

For I will go straight on to the camp, even until I come to the ship of Agamemnon, where, I ween, the chieftains will be holding council, whether to flee or to fight."

So spake he, and Hector took the staff in his hands, and sware to him, saying: "Now be my witness Zeus himself, the loud-thundering lord of Hera, that on those horses no other man of the Trojans shall mount, but it is thou, I declare, that shalt have glory in them continually."

So spake he, and swore thereto an idle oath, and stirred the heart of Dolon. Forthwith then he cast about his shoulders his curved bow, and thereover clad him in the skin of a grey wolf, and on his head he set a cap of ferret skin, and grasped a sharp javelin, and went his way toward the ships from the host; howbeit he was not to return again from the ships, and bear tidings to Hector. But when he had left the throng of horses and of men, he went forth eagerly on the way, and Odysseus, sprung from Zeus, was ware of him as he drew nigh, and spake to Diomedes: "Yonder, Diomedes, cometh some man from the camp, I know not whether as a spy upon our ships, or with intent to strip one or another of the corpses of the dead. But let us suffer him at the first to pass by us on the plain a little way, and thereafter let us rush forth upon him and seize him speedily; and if so be he outrun us twain by speed of foot ever do thou hem him in toward the ships away from the host, darting after him with thy spear, lest in any wise he escape toward the city."

So saying the twain laid them down among the

dead apart from the path, but he ran quickly past them in his witlessness. But when he was as far off as is the range of mules in ploughing [1]—for they are better than oxen to draw through deep fallow land the jointed plough—then the two ran after him, and he stood still when he heard the sound, for in his heart he supposed that they were friends coming from amid the Trojans to turn him back, and that Hector was withdrawing the host. But when they were a spear-cast off or even less, he knew them for foemen and plied his limbs swiftly in flight, and they speedily set out in pursuit. And as when two sharp-fanged hounds, skilled in the hunt, press hard on a doe or a hare in a wooded place, and it ever runneth screaming before them; even so did the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, sacker of cities, cut Dolon off from the host and ever pursue hard after him. But when he was now about to come among the sentinels, as he fled towards the ships, then verily Athene put strength into Tydeus' son, that no man among the brazen-coated Achaeans might before him boast to have dealt the blow, and he come too late. And mighty Diomedes rushed upon him with his spear, and called: "Stand, or I shall reach thee with the spear, and I deem thou shalt not long escape sheer destruction at my hand."

He spake, and hurled his spear, but of purpose he missed the man, and over his right shoulder passed the point of the polished spear, and fixed itself in the ground; and Dolon stood still, seized with terror, stammering and pale with fear, and the teeth clattered in his mouth; and the twain panting for breath came upon him, and seized his hands; and he with a burst of tears spake to them, saying:

"Take me alive, and I will ransom myself; for at home have I store of bronze and gold and iron, wrought with toil; thereof would my father grant you ransom past counting, should he hear that I am alive at the ships of the Achaeans."

Then in answer to him spake Odysseus of many wiles: "Be of good cheer, and let not death be in thy thoughts. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. Whither dost thou fare thus alone to the ships from the host in the darkness of night, when other mortals are sleeping? Is it with intent to strip one or another of the corpses of the dead? Did Hector send thee forth to the hollow ships to spy out all, or did thine own heart bid thee?"

To him then Dolon made answer, and his limbs trembled beneath him: "With many infatuate hopes did Hector lead my wits astray, who pledged him to give me the single-hooved horses of the lordly son of Peleus, and his chariot richly dight with bronze; and he bade me go through the swift, black night close to the foemen, and spy out whether the swift ships be guarded as of old, or whether by now our foes, subdued beneath our hands, are planning flight among themselves, and have no mind to watch the night through, being fordone with dread weariness."

Then smiling upon him Odysseus of many wiles made answer: "Verily now on great rewards was thy heart set, even the horses of the wise-hearted son of Aeacus, but hard are they for mortal men to

[3] Lines 397-399 were rejected by Aristophanes and Aristarchus.

master or to drive, save only for Achilles whom an immortal mother bare. But come tell me this, and declare it truly: where now, as thou camest hither, didst thou leave Hector, shepherd of the host? Where lies his battle-gear, and where his horses? And how are disposed the watches and the sleeping-places of the other Trojans? And what counsel devise they among themselves?—to abide where they be by the ships afar, or to withdraw again to the city, seeing they have worsted the Achaeans?"

Then made answer to him Dolon, son of Eumedes: "Verily now will I frankly tell thee all. Hector with all them that are counsellors is holding council by the tomb of godlike Ilus, away from the turmoil; but as touching the guards whereof thou askest, O warrior, no special guard keepeth or watcheth the host. By all the watch-fires[1] of the Trojans verily, they that needs must, lie awake and bid one another keep watch, but the allies, summoned from many lands, are sleeping; for to the Trojans they leave it to keep watch, seeing their own children abide not nigh, neither their wives."

Then in answer to him spake Odysseus of many wiles: "How is it now, do they sleep mingled with the horse-taming Trojans, or apart? tell me at large that I may know."

Then made answer to him Dolon, son of Eumedes: Verily now this likewise will I frankly tell thee. Towards the sea lie the Carians and the Paeonians, with curved bows, and the Leleges and Caucones, and the goodly Pelasgi. And towards Thymbre fell the lot of the Lycians and the lordly Mysians,

[1] The word *ἐσχάραι* should mean "hearths," or by a natural transfer, "families," but it is difficult so to render it in this context.

and the Phrygians that fight from chariots and the Maeonians, lords of chariots. But why is it that ye question me closely regarding all these things? For if ye are fain to enter the throng of the Trojans, lo, here apart be the Thracians, new comers, the outermost of all, and among them their king Rhesus, son of Eïoneus. His be verily the fairest horses that ever I saw, and the greatest, whiter than snow, and in speed like the winds. And his chariot is cunningly wrought with gold and silver, and armour of gold brought he with him, huge of size, a wonder to behold. Such armour it beseemeth not that mortal men should wear, but immortal gods. But bring ye me now to the swift-faring ships, or bind me with a cruel bond and leave me here, that ye may go and make trial of me, whether or no I have spoken to you according to right."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows, spake to him mighty Diomedes: "Nay, I bid thee, Dolon, put no thought of escape in thy heart, even though thou hast brought good tidings, seeing thou hast come into our hands. For if so be we release thee now or let thee go, yet even hereafter wilt thou come to the swift ships of the Achaeans, either to spy upon us, or to fight in open combat; but if, subdued beneath my hands, thou lose thy life, never again wilt thou prove a bane to the Argives."

He spake, and the other was at point to touch his chin with his stout hand and make entreaty, but Diomedes sprang upon him with his sword and smote him full upon the neck, and shore off both the sinews, and even while he was yet speaking his head was mingled with the dust. Then from him they stripped the cap of ferret skin from off his head,

and the wolf's hide, and the back-bent bow and the long spear, and these things did goodly Odysseus hold aloft in his hand to Athene, the driver of the spoil, and he made prayer, and spake, saying: "Rejoice, goddess, in these, for on thee, first of all the immortals in Olympus, will we call; but send thou us on against the horses and the sleeping-places of the Thracian warriors."

So spake he, and lifted from him the spoils on high, and set them on a tamarisk bush, and set thereby a mark plain to see, gathering handfuls of reeds and luxuriant branches of tamarisk, lest they two might miss the place as they came back through the swift, black night. But the twain went forward through the arms and the black blood, and swiftly came in their course to the company of the Thracian warriors. Now these were slumbering, foredone with weariness, and their goodly battle-gear lay by them on the ground, all in due order, in three rows, and hard by each man was his yoke of horses. But Rhesus slept in the midst, and hard by him his swift horses were tethered by the reins to the topmost rim of the chariot. Him Odysseus was first to espy, and shewed him to Diomedes: "Lo, here, Diomedes, is the man, and here are the horses whereof Dolon, that we slew, told us. But come now, put forth mighty strength; it beseemeth thee not at all to stand idle with thy weapons; nay, loose the horses; or do thou slay the men, and I will look to the horses."

So spake he, and into the other's heart flashing-eyed Athene breathed might, and he fell to slaying on this side and on that, and from them uprose hideous groaning as they were smitten with the

sword, and the earth grew red with blood. And even as a lion cometh on flocks unshepherded, on goats or on sheep, and leapeth upon them with fell intent, so up and down amid the Thracian warriors went the son of Tydeus until he had slain twelve. But whomsoever the son of Tydeus drew nigh and smote with the sword, him would Odysseus of the many wiles seize by the foot from behind and drag aside, with this thought in mind, that the fair-maned horses might easily pass through and not be affrighted at heart as they trod over dead men; for they were as yet unused thereto. But when the son of Tydeus came to the king, him the thirteenth he robbed of honey-sweet life, as he breathed hard, for like to an evil dream there stood above his head that night the son of Oeneus' son,[1] by the device of Athene. Meanwhile steadfast Odysseus loosed the single-hooved horses and bound them together with the reins, and drave them forth from the throng, smiting them with his bow, for he had not thought to take in his hands the bright whip from the richly dight car; and he whistled to give a sign to goodly Diomedes.

But he tarried and pondered what most reckless deed he might do, whether to take the chariot, where lay the war-gear richly dight, and draw it out by the pole, or lift it on high and so bear it forth, or whether he should rather take the lives of yet more Thracians. The while he was pondering this in heart, even then Athene drew nigh and spake to goodly Diomedes: "Bethink thee now of returning, son of great-souled Tydeus, to the hollow ships, lest thou go thither in full flight, and haply some other god rouse up the Trojans."

So spake she, and he knew the voice of the goddess as she spoke, and swiftly mounted the horses; and Odysseus smote them with his bow, and they sped toward the swift ships of the Achaeans.

But no blind watch did Apollo of the silver bow keep, when he saw Athene attending the son of Tydeus; in wrath against her he entered the great throng of the Trojans, and aroused a counsellor of the Thracians, Hippocoön, the noble kinsman of Rhesus. And he leapt up out of sleep, and when he saw the place empty where the swift horses had stood, and the men gasping amid gruesome streams of blood, then he uttered a groan, and called by name upon his dear comrade. And from the Trojans arose a clamour and confusion unspeakable as they hasted together; and they gazed upon the terrible deeds, even all that the warriors had wrought and thereafter gone to the hollow ships.

But when these were now come to the place where they had slain the spy of Hector, then Odysseus, dear to Zeus, stayed the swift horses, and the son of Tydeus leaping to the ground placed the bloody spoils in the hands of Odysseus, and again mounted; and he touched the horses with the lash, and nothing loath the pair sped on to the hollow ships, for there were they fain to be.[1] And Nestor was first to hear the sound, and he spake, saying: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, shall I be wrong, or speak the truth? Nay, my heart bids me speak. The sound of swift-footed horses strikes upon mine ears. I would that Odysseus and the valiant Diomedes may even thus

[1] The line appears to be an interpolation from xi. 520. Why should Thracian horses be eager to reach the Greek camp?

speedily have driven forth from among the Trojans single-hooved horses ; but wondrously do I fear at heart lest those bravest of the Argives have suffered some ill through the battle din of the Trojans."

Not yet was the word fully uttered, when they came themselves. Down they leapt to earth, and the others were seized with joy and welcomed them with hand-clasps and with gentle words. And the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, was first to question them : " Come tell me now, Odysseus, greatly to be praised, great glory of the Achaeans, how ye twain took these horses. Was it by entering the throng of the Trojans ? Or did some god that met you give you them ? Wondrous like are they to rays of the sun. Ever do I mingle in battle with the Trojans and nowise methinks do I tarry by the ships, old warrior though I be ; howbeit never yet saw I such horses neither thought of such. Nay, methinks some god hath met you and given you them ; for both of you twain doth Zeus the cloud-gatherer love and the daughter of Zeus that beareth the aegis, even flashing-eyed Athene."

Then in answer spake unto him Odysseus of many wiles : " Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, easily might a god that willed it bestow even better horses than these, for the gods are mightier far. But these horses, old sir, whereof thou askest, are newly come from Thrace, and their lord did brave Diomedes slay, and beside him twelve of his comrades, all them that were the best. And for the thirteenth we slew a scout near the ships, one that Hector and the other lordly Trojans had sent forth to spy upon our camp."

So spake he, and drave the single-hooved horses

through the trench, exultingly, and with him went joyously the rest of the Achaeans. But when they were come to the well-builded hut of the son of Tydeus, the horses they bound with shapely thongs at the manger where stood the swift-footed horses of Diomedes, eating honey-sweet corn. And on the stern of his ship did Odysseus place the bloody spoils of Dolon until they should make ready a sacred offering to Athene. But for themselves they entered the sea and washed away the abundant sweat from shins and necks and thighs. And when the wave of the sea had washed the abundant sweat from their skin, and their hearts were refreshed, they went into polished baths and bathed. But when the twain had bathed and anointed them richly with oil, they sate them down at supper, and from the full mixing-bowl they drew off honey-sweet wine and made libation to Athene.

BOOK XI

Now Dawn rose from her couch from beside lordly Tithonus, to bring light to immortals and to mortal men; and Zeus sent forth Strife unto the swift ships of the Achaeans, dread Strife, bearing in her hands a portent of war. And she took her stand by Odysseus' black ship, huge of hull, that was in the midst so that a shout could reach to either end, both to the huts of Aias, son of Telamon, and to those of Achilles; for these had drawn up their shapely ships at the furthermost ends, trusting in their valour and the strength of their hands. There stood the goddess and uttered a great and terrible shout, a shrill cry of war, and in the heart of each man of the Achaeans she put great strength to war and to fight unceasingly. And to them forthwith war became sweeter than to return in their hollow ships to their dear native land.

But the son of Atreus shouted aloud, and bade the Argives array them for battle, and himself amid them did on the gleaming bronze. The greaves first he set about his legs; beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces; next he did on about his chest the corselet that on a time Cinyras had given him for a guest-gift. For he heard afar in Cyprus the great rumour that the Achaeans were about to sail forth to Troy in their ships, wherefore

he gave him the breastplate to do pleasure to the king. Thereon verily were ten bands of dark cyanus,[1] and twelve of gold, and twenty of tin; and serpents of cyanus writhed up toward the neck, three on either side, like rainbows that the son of Cronos hath set in the clouds, a portent for mortal men. And about his shoulders he flung his sword, whereon gleamed studs of gold, while the scabbard about it was of silver, fitted with golden chains. And he took up his richly dight, valorous shield, that sheltered a man on both sides, a fair shield, and round about it were ten circles of bronze, and upon it twenty bosses of tin, gleaming white, and in the midst of them was one of dark cyanus. And thereon was set as a crown[2] the Gorgon, grim of aspect, glaring terribly, and about her were Terror and Rout. From the shield was hung a baldric of silver, and thereon writhed a serpent of cyanus, that had three heads turned this way and that, growing forth from one neck. And upon his head he set his helmet with two horns and with bosses four, with horsehair crest, and terribly did the plume nod from above. And he took two mighty spears, tipped with bronze; keen they were, and far from him into heaven shone the bronze; and thereat Athene and Hera thundered, doing honour to the king of Mycenae, rich in gold.

Then on his own charioteer each man laid command to hold in his horses well and orderly there at

with the suggestion of something mysterious and awe-inspiring, the details of which are left to the imagination; *cf.* the description of Athena's aegis and helm in v. 738-744. Note further the vagueness of the mysterious "portent of war" which Eris bears in her hands (line 4). *Cf.* also the note on v. 592.

the trench, but themselves on foot, arrayed in their armour, ranged swiftly forward, and a cry unquenchable rose up before the face of Dawn. Long[1] in advance of the charioteers were they arrayed at the trench, but after them a little space followed the charioteers. And among them the son of Cronos roused an evil din, and down from on high from out of heaven he sent dew-drops dank with blood, for that he was about to send forth to Hades many a valiant head.

And the Trojans over against them on the rising ground of the plain mustered about great Hector and peerless Polydamas and Aeneas that was honoured of the folk of the Trojans even as a god, and the three sons of Antenor, Polybus and goodly Agenor and young Acamas, like to the immortals. And Hector amid the foremost bare his shield that was well balanced upon every side. Even as from amid the clouds there gleameth a baneful star, all glittering, and again it sinketh behind the shadowy clouds, even so Hector would now appear amid the foremost and now amid the hindmost giving them commands; and all in bronze he flashed like the lightning of father Zeus that beareth the aegis.

And as reapers over against each other drive their swathes in a rich man's field of wheat or barley, and the handfuls fall thick and fast; even so the Trojans and Achaeans leapt upon one another and made havoc, nor would either side take thought of ruinous flight; and equal heads had the battle,[2] and they raged like wolves. And Strife, that is fraught with many groanings, was glad as she looked

[1] both the contending lines remained erect, neither going down before the other.

thereon ; for alone of the gods she was with them in their fighting ; whereas the other gods were not among them, but abode in peace in their own halls, where for each one a fair palace was builded amid the folds of Olympus. And all were blaming the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, for that he willed to give glory to the Trojans. Howbeit of them the father recked not ; but aloof from the others he sat apart exulting in his glory, looking upon the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achaeans, on the flashing of the bronze, and on the slayers and the slain.

Now as long as it was morn and the sacred day was waxing, so long the missiles of either side struck home, and the folk kept falling; but at the hour when a woodman maketh ready his meal in the glades of a mountain, when his arms are grown tired with felling tall trees, and weariness cometh upon his soul, and desire of sweet food seizeth his heart, even then the Danaans by their valour brake the battalions, calling to their fellows through the lines. And among them Agamemnon rushed forth the first and slew a warrior, Bienor, shepherd of the host,—himself and after him his comrade, Oïleus, driver of horses. Oïleus verily leapt down from his chariot and stood and faced him, but even as he rushed straight upon him the king smote him on the forehead with his sharp spear, nor was the spear stayed by his helm, heavy with bronze, but passed through it and through the bone, and all his brain was spattered about within ; so stayed he him in his fury. These then did Agamemnon, king of men, leave there, gleaming with their naked breasts, when he had stripped off their tunics, and went on to slay Isus and Antiphus,

two sons of Priam, one a bastard and one born in wedlock, the twain being in one car: the bastard held the reins, but glorious Antiphus stood by his side to fight. These twain had Achilles on a time bound with fresh withes amid the spurs of Ida, taking them as they were herding their sheep, and had set them free for a ransom. But now the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, struck Isus on the breast above the nipple with a cast of his spear, and Antiphus he smote hard by the ear with his sword, and cast him from the chariot. Then he made haste to strip from the twain their goodly battle-gear, knowing them full well, for he had seen them before by the swift ships, when Achilles, fleet of foot, brought them from Ida. And as a lion easily crusheth the little ones of a swift hind, when he hath seized them with his strong teeth, and hath come to their lair, and taketh from them their tender life,—and the mother, though she chance to be very near, cannot succour them, for on herself too cometh dread trembling, and swiftly she darteth through the thick brush and the woodland, hasting and sweating before the onset of the mighty beast; even so was no one of the Trojans able to ward off destruction from these twain, but themselves were driven in flight before the Argives.

Then took he Peisander and Hippolochus, staunch in fight. Sons were they of wise-hearted Antimachus, who above all others in hope to receive gold from Alexander, goodly gifts, would not suffer that Helen be given back to fair-haired Menelaus. His two sons lord Agamemnon took, the twain being in one car, and together were they seeking to drive the swift horses, for the shining reins had

calling to the Argives. And as when consuming fire falls upon thick woodland, and the whirling wind beareth it everywhither, and the thickets fall utterly as they are assailed by the onrush of the fire; even so beneath Agamemnon, son of Atreus, fell the heads of the Trojans as they fled, and many horses with high-arched necks rattled empty cars along the dykes of battle, lacking their peerless charioteers, who were lying upon the ground dearer far to the vultures than to their wives.

But Hector did Zeus draw forth from the missiles and the dust, from the man-slaying and the blood and the din; but the son of Atreus followed after, calling fiercely to the Danaans. And past the tomb of ancient Ilos, son of Dardanus, over the midst of the plain, past the wild fig-tree they sped, striving to win to the city, and ever did the son of Atreus follow shouting, and with gore were his invincible hands bespattered. But when they were come to the Scaean gates and the oak-tree, there then the two hosts halted and awaited each the other. Howbeit some were still being driven in rout over the midst of the plain like kine that a lion hath scattered, coming upon them in the dead of night; all hath he scattered, but to one appeareth sheer destruction; her neck he seizeth first in his strong teeth and breaketh it, and thereafter devoureth the blood and all the inward parts: even in like manner did lord Agamemnon, son of Atreus, follow hard upon the Trojans, ever slaying the hindmost, and they were driven in rout. And many fell from their chariots upon their faces or upon their backs beneath the hands of Atreus' son, for around and before him he raged with his spear. But when he was now about

to come beneath the city and the steep wall, then, verily, the father of men and gods came down from heaven, and sate him down on the peaks of many-fountained Ida; and in his hands he held the thunderbolt. And he sent forth golden-winged Iris to bear his message: "Up go, swift Iris, and declare this word unto Hector: So long as he shall see Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, raging amid the foremost fighters, laying waste the ranks of men, so long let him hold back, and bid the rest of the host fight with the foe in the fierce conflict. But when, either wounded by a spear-thrust or smitten by an arrow, Agamemnon shall leap upon his chariot, then will I vouchsafe strength to Hector to slay and slay until he come to the well-benched ships, and the sun sets and sacred darkness cometh on."

So spake he, and wind-footed swift Iris failed not to hearken, but went down from the hills of Ida to sacred Ilios. She found the son of wise-hearted Priam, goodly Hector, standing in his jointed car; and swift-footed Iris drew nigh him and spake unto him, saying: "Hector, son of Priam, peer of Zeus in counsel, Zeus the father hath sent me forth to declare to thee this message. So long as thou shalt see Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, raging amid the foremost fighters, laying waste the ranks of men, so long do thou give place from battle, but bid the rest of the host fight with the foe in the fierce conflict. But when either wounded by a spear-thrust or smitten with an arrow Agamemnon shall leap upon his chariot, then will Zeus vouchsafe strength to thee to slay and slay until thou come to the well-benched ships, and the sun sets and sacred darkness cometh on."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed; and Hector leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground, and brandishing his two sharp spears went everywhere throughout the host, urging them to fight, and roused the dread din of battle. So they rallied, and took their stand with their faces toward the Achaeans, and the Argives over against them made strong their battalions. And the battle was set in array, and they stood over against each other, and among them Agamemnon rushed forth the first, and was minded to fight far in advance of all.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, who it was that first came to face Agamemnon, either of the Trojans themselves or of their famed allies. It was Iphidamas, son of Antenor, a valiant man and tall, that was nurtured in deep-soiled Thrace, mother of flocks, and Cisseus reared him in his house while he was yet but a little child, even his mother's father, that begat fair-cheeked Theano. But when he came to the measure of glorious youth he sought to keep him there, and offered him his own daughter; howbeit, a bridegroom newly wed, forth from his bridal chamber he went after the rumour of the coming of the Achaeans, with twelve beaked ships that followed him. Now these he had left at Percote, the shapely ships, but himself had come by land to Ilios; he it was that now came to face Agamemnon, son of Atreus. And when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside, but Iphidamas stabbed him on the girdle beneath the corselet, and put his weight into the thrust, trusting in his heavy hand;

howbeit he pierced not the flashing girdle, for long ere that the spear-point struck the silver, and was bent like lead. Then wide-ruling Agamemnon seized the spear in his hand and drew it toward him furiously like a lion, and pulled it from the hand of Iphidamas, and smote him on the neck with his sword and loosed his limbs. So there he fell, and slept a sleep of bronze,[1] unhappy youth, far from his wedded wife, bearing aid to his townsfolk—far from the bride of whom he had known no joy, yet much had he given for her ; first he gave an hundred kine, and thereafter promised a thousand, goats and sheep together, which were herded for him in flocks past counting. Then did Agamemnon, son of Atreus, strip him, and went through the throng of the Achaeans bearing his goodly armour.

But when Coön, pre-eminent among warriors, eldest son of Antenor, marked him, strong grief enfolded his eyes for his brother's fall, and he took his stand on one side with his spear, unseen of goodly Agamemnon, and stabbed him full upon the arm below the elbow, and clean through went the point of the shining spear. Thereat shuddered Agamemnon, king of men, yet even so he ceased not from battle and war, but, wind-nurtured[2] spear in hand, leapt upon Coön. Now he was eagerly drawing by the foot Iphidamas, his own brother, begotten of the one father, and was calling upon all the bravest, but even as he dragged him through the throng Agamemnon smote him with a thrust of his bronze-shod spear beneath his bossed shield, and loosed his limbs ; and he drew near and struck off his head over Iphidamas. There then the sons of

Antenor beneath the hands of the king, the son of Atreus, fulfilled the measure of their fate, and went down to the house of Hades.

But Agamemnon ranged along the ranks of the other warriors with spear and sword and great stones, so long as the blood welled yet warm from his wound. But when the wound waxed dry, and the blood ceased to flow, then sharp pains came upon the mighty son of Atreus. And even as when the sharp dart striketh a woman in travail, the piercing dart that the Eilithyiae, the goddesses of childbirth, send—even the daughters of Hera that have in their keeping bitter pangs; even so sharp pains came upon the mighty son of Atreus. Then he leapt upon his chariot and bade his charioteer drive to the hollow ships, for he was sore pained at heart. And he uttered a piercing shout, and called to the Danaans: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, do ye now ward from the seafaring ships the grievous din of battle, for Zeus the counsellor suffereth me not to war the whole day through against the Trojans."

So spake he, and the charioteer lashed the fair-maned horses towards the hollow ships, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. With foam were their breasts flecked, and with dust their bellies stained beneath them as they bore the wounded king forth from the battle.

But when Hector saw Agamemnon departing, to Trojans and Lycians he called with a loud shout: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour. Gone is the best of the men, and to me hath Zeus, son of Cronos,

granted great glory. Nay, drive your single-hooved horses straight towards the valiant Danaans, that ye may win the glory of victory."

So saying he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. And even as when a huntsman sets his white-toothed hounds upon a wild boar or a lion, so upon the Achaeans did Hector, son of Priam, peer of Ares, the bane of mortals, set the great-souled Trojans. Himself with high heart he strode among the foremost, and fell upon the conflict like a blustering tempest, that leapeth down and lasheth to fury the violet-hued deep.

Who then was first to be slain, and who last by Hector, Priam's son, when Zeus vouchsafed him glory? Asaeus first, and Autonous, and Opites and Dolops, son of Clytius, and Opheltius, and Agelaus, and Aesymnus, and Orus, and Hipponous, staunch in fight. These leaders of the Danaans he slew and thereafter fell upon the multitude, and even as when the West Wind driveth the clouds of the white South Wind, smiting them with a violent squall, and many a swollen wave rolleth onward, and on high the spray is scattered beneath the blast of the wandering wind; even so many heads of the host were laid low by Hector.

Then had ruin come, and deeds beyond remedy been wrought, and now would the Achaeans in flight have flung themselves upon their ships, had not Odysseus called to Diomedes, son of Tydeus: "Tydeus' son, what has come over us that we have forgotten our furious valour? Nay, come thou hither, good friend, and take thy stand by my side, for verily shame will it be if Hector of the flashing helm shall take the ships."

Then in answer to him spake mighty Diomedes: "Of a surety will I abide and endure, howbeit but for scant space shall be our profit, for Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, plainly willeth to give victory to the Trojans rather than to us."

He spake, and thrust Thymbraeus from his chariot to the ground, smiting him with his spear on the left breast, and Odysseus smote Molion, the godlike squire of that prince. These then they let be, when they had made them cease from war; but the twain ranged throughout the throng, making havoc of it, as when two boars with high hearts fall upon hunting hounds; even so they turned again upon the Trojans and slew them, and the Achaeans gladly had respite in their flight before goodly Hector.

Then took they a chariot and two men, the best of their people, sons twain of Merops of Percote, that was above all men skilled in prophesying, and would not suffer his sons to go into war, the bane of men; but the twain would in no wise hearken to him, for the fates of black death were leading them on. These did the son of Tydeus, Diomedes, famed for his spear, rob of spirit and of life, and took from them their goodly battle-gear. And Odysseus slew Hippodamus and Hypeirochus.

Then the son of Cronos stretched evenly for them the line of battle, as he looked down from Ida, and they kept slaying one another. Tydeus' son wounded the warrior Agastrophus, son of Paeon, on the hip with a thrust of his spear; nor were his horses near at hand for him to flee, but he was greatly blinded at heart, for his squire held the horses withdrawn apart, and he on foot was raging amid the foremost fighters until he lost his life.

But Hector was quick to mark them across the ranks, and rushed upon them, shouting, and with him followed the battalions of the Trojans. At sight of him Diomedes, good at the war-cry, shuddered, and forthwith spake to Odysseus that was near: "On us twain is this ruin rolling, even mighty Hector; but come, let us stand, and ward off his onset abiding where we are."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it, nor missed he the mark at which he aimed, but smote him on the head, on the top of the helmet, but the bronze was turned aside by bronze, and reached not his fair flesh, for it was stayed by the threefold crested helm, which Phoebus Apollo had bestowed upon him. But Hector sprang back a wondrous way, and mingled with the throng, and he fell upon his knees and thus abode, and with his stout hand leaned upon the earth, and dark night enfolded his eyes. But while the son of Tydeus was following after the cast of his spear far through the foremost fighters, where he had seen it fix itself in the earth, meanwhile Hector revived again, and leaping back into his chariot drave forth into the throng, and escaped black fate. And rushing after him with his spear mighty Diomedes spake to him: "Now again, thou dog, art thou escaped from death, though verily thy bane came nigh thee; but once more hath Phoebus Apollo saved thee, to whom of a surety thou must make prayer whenso thou goest amid the hurtling of spears. Verily I will yet make an end of thee when I meet thee hereafter, if so be any god is helper to me likewise. But now will I make after the rest, whomsoever I may light upon."

So spake he, and went on to strip of his armour the son of Paeon, famed for his spear. But Alexander, lord of fair-haired Helen, aimed an arrow at Tydeus' son, shepherd of the host, leaning the while against a pillar on the barrow that men's hands reared for Ilus, son of Dardanus, an elder of the people in days of old. Now Diomedes was stripping the gleaming corselet of valiant Agastrophus from about his breast, and the shield from off his shoulder, and his heavy helm, when Paris drew the centre-piece of the bow and smote him—for not in vain did the shaft speed from his hand—upon the flat of the right foot, and the arrow passed clean through and fixed itself in the ground; and with a right merry laugh Paris leapt up from his lair and spake vauntingly: "Thou art smitten, not in vain hath my shaft sped; would that I had smitten thee in the nethermost belly, and taken away thy life. So would the Trojans have had respite from their woe, who now tremble before thee as bleating goats before a lion."

But with no touch of fear mighty Diomedes spake to him: "Bowman, reviler, proud of thy curling locks,[1] thou ogler of girls! O that thou wouldst make trial of me man to man in armour, then would thy bow and thy swift-falling arrows help thee not; whereas now having but grazed the flat of my foot thou boastest vainly. I reck not thereof, any more than if a woman had struck me or a witless child, for blunt is the dart of one that is a weakling and a man of naught. Verily in other wise when sped by my hand, even though it do but touch, does the spear prove its edge, and forthwith layeth low its man; torn then with wailing are the two

cheeks of his wife, and his children fatherless, while he, reddening the earth with his blood, rotteth away, more birds than women around him."

So spake he, and to him did Odysseus, famed for his spear, draw nigh, and take his stand before him, and Diomedes sat down behind him, and drew forth the sharp arrow from his foot, and a sore pang shot through his flesh. Then leapt he upon his chariot and bade his charioteer drive to the hollow ships, for he was sore pained at heart.

Now Odysseus, famed for his spear, was left alone, nor did anyone of the Argives abide by him, for that fear had laid hold of them all. Then mightily moved he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Woe is me; what is to befall me? Great evil were it if I flee, seized with fear of the throng; yet this were a worse thing, if I be taken all alone, for the rest of the Danaans hath the son of Cronos scattered in flight. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? For I know that they are cowards that depart from battle, whereas whoso is pre-eminent in fight, him verily it behoveth to hold his ground boldly, whether he be smitten, or smite another."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, meanwhile the ranks of the shield-bearing Trojans came on and hemmed him in the midst, setting among them their own bane. And even as hounds and lusty youths press upon a boar on this side and on that, and he cometh forth from the deep thicket, whetting his white tusks in his curving jaws, and they charge upon him on either side, and thereat ariseth the sound of the gnashing of tusks; but forthwith they abide his onset, how dread soever he be; even

so then around Odysseus, dear to Zeus, did the Trojans press. But first he smote peerless Deïopites from above in the shoulder, leaping upon him with sharp spear; and thereafter he slew Thoön and Eunomus, and then Chersidamas as he leapt down from his car he stabbed with his spear upon the navel beneath his bossed shield; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. These then he let be, but smote Charops, son of Hippasus, with a thrust of his spear, even the own brother of wealthy Socus. And to bear him aid came Socus, a godlike man; close to Odysseus he came, and took his stand, and he spake, saying: "Odysseus, greatly to be praised, insatiate in wiles and in toil, this day shalt thou either boast over both the sons of Hippasus, for that thou hast slain two such warriors and stripped them of their armour, or else smitten by my spear shalt thou lose thy life."

So saying, he smote upon his shield that was well balanced upon every side. Through the bright shield went the mighty spear, and through the corselet, richly dight, did it force its way, and all the flesh it tore from his side; but Pallas Athene suffered it not to pierce the bowels of the warrior. And Odysseus knew that the spear had in no wise lighted on a fatal spot, and he drew back and spake to Socus, saying: "Ah wretch, of a surety is sheer destruction come upon thee. Verily hast thou made me to cease from warring against the Trojans; but upon thee I deem that here this day death and black fate shall come, and that vanquished beneath my spear thou shalt yield glory to me, and thy soul to Hades of the goodly steeds."

He spake, and the other turned back and started

to flee, but even as he turned Odysseus fixed the spear in his back between the shoulders, and drave it through his breast. And he fell with a thud, and goodly Odysseus exulted over him: "Ah Socus, son of wise-hearted Hippasus, tamer of horses, the end of death has been too quick in coming upon thee; thou hast not escaped it. Ah, poor wretch, thy father and queenly mother shall not close thine eyes in death, but the birds that eat raw flesh shall rend thee, beating their wings thick and fast about thee; whereas to me, if I die, the goodly Achaeans shall give burial."

So saying he drew the mighty spear of wise-hearted Socus forth from his flesh and from his bossed shield, and when it was drawn out the blood gushed forth and distressed his spirit. But the great-souled Trojans, when they beheld the blood of Odysseus, called one to another through the throng and made at him all together. But he gave ground, and shouted to his comrades; thrice shouted he then loud as a man's head can shout,[1] and thrice did Menelaus, dear to Ares, hear his call, and forthwith he spake to Aias that was nigh at hand: "Aias, sprung from Zeus, thou son of Telamon, captain of the host, in mine ears rang the cry of Odysseus, of the steadfast heart, like as though the Trojans had cut him off in the fierce conflict and were overpowering him alone as he is. Nay, come, let us make our way through the throng; to bear him aid is the better course. I fear lest some evil befall him, alone mid the Trojans, valiant though he be, and great longing for him come upon the Danaans."

So saying he led the way, and Aias followed, a godlike man. Then found they Odysseus, dear to

Zeus, and round about the Trojans beset him, as tawny jackals in the mountains about a horned stag that hath been wounded, that a man hath smitten with an arrow from the string; from him the stag hath escaped and fleeth swiftly so long as the blood flows warm and his knees are quick, but when at length the swift arrow overpowereth him, then ravening jackals rend him amid the mountains in a shadowy grove; but lo, God bringeth against them a murderous lion, and the jackals scatter in flight, and he rendeth the prey: even so then did the Trojans, many and valiant, beset Odysseus round about, the wise and crafty-minded; but the warrior darting forth with his spear warded off the pitiless day of doom. Then Aias drew near, bearing his shield that was like a city wall, and stood forth beside him, and the Trojans scattered in flight, one here, one there. And warlike Menelaus led Odysseus forth from the throng, holding him by the hand, till his squire drave up the horses and car.

Then Aias leapt upon the Trojans and slew Doryclus, bastard son of Priam, and after him smote Pandocus with a thrust, and likewise Lysander and Pyrasus and Pylartes. And as when a river in flood cometh down upon a plain, a winter torrent from the mountains, driven on by the rain of Zeus, and many a dry oak and many a pine it beareth in its course, and much drift it casteth into the sea; even so glorious Aias charged tumultuously over the plain on that day, slaying horses and men. Nor did Hector as yet know aught thereof, for he was fighting on the left of all the battle by the banks of the river Scamander, where chiefly the heads of warriors were falling, and a cry unquenchable arose,

round about great Nestor and warlike Idomeneus. With these had Hector dalliance,[1] and terrible deeds he wrought with the spear and in horsemanship, and he laid waste the battalions of the young men. Yet would the goodly Achaeans in no wise have given ground from their course, had not Alexander, the lord of fair-haired Helen, stayed Machaon, shepherd of the host, in the midst of his valorous deeds, and smitten him on the right shoulder with a three-barbed arrow. Then sorely did the Achaeans breathing might fear for him, lest haply men should slay him in the turning of the fight. And forthwith Idomeneus spake to goodly Nestor: "Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, come, get thee upon thy chariot, and let Machaon mount beside thee, and swiftly do thou drive to the ships thy single-hooved horses. For a leech is of the worth of many other men for the cutting out of arrows and the spreading of soothing simples."

So spake he, and the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, failed not to hearken. Forthwith he got him upon his chariot, and beside him mounted Machaon, the son of Asclepius the peerless leech; and he touched the horses with the lash, and nothing loath the pair sped on to the hollow ships, for there were they fain to be.

But Cebriones beheld the Trojans being driven in rout, as he stood by Hector's side in his chariot, and he spake to him, saying: "Hector, we twain have dalliance with the Danaans here, on the skirts of dolorous war, whereas the other Trojans are driven in rout confusedly, both horses and men. And it is Aias, son of Telamon, that driveth them; well do I know him, for wide is the shield he hath

about his shoulders. Nay, let us too drive thither our horses and car, where most of all horsemen and footmen, vying in evil rivalry, are slaying one another, and the cry goes up unquenchable."

So saying he smote the fair-maned horses with the shrill-sounding lash, and they, feeling the blow, fleetly bare the swift car amid the Trojans and Achaeans, trampling on the dead and on the shields, and with blood was all the axle sprinkled beneath, and the rims round about the car, with the drops that smote upon them from the horses' hooves and from the tires. And Hector was eager to enter the throng of men, to leap in and shatter it, and an evil din of war he sent among the Danaans, and scant rest did he give his spear.[1] Nay, he ranged along the ranks of the other warriors with spear and sword and with great stones; only he avoided battle with Aias, son of Telamon.

Now father Zeus, throned on high, roused Aias to flight, and he stood in a daze, and on his back he cast his sevenfold shield of bull's-hide, and with an anxious glance toward the throng he gave way, like a wild beast, ever turning him about and retreating slowly step by step. And even as a tawny lion is driven from the fold of the kine by dogs and country folk, that suffer him not to seize the fattest of the herd, watching the whole night through, but he in his lust for flesh goeth straight on, yet accomplisheth naught thereby, for thick the darts fly to meet him, hurled by bold hands, and blazing brands withal, before which he quaileth, how eager

[1] The phrase is of doubtful meaning: possibly we should render, "for but scant space did he hold back from the spear (of the foe)."

soever he be, and at dawn he departeth with sullen heart; so Aias then gave way before the Trojans sullen at heart, and sorely against his will, for exceedingly did he fear for the ships of the Achaeans. And as when an ass that passeth by a cornfield getteth the better of boys—a lazy ass about whose ribs many a cudgel is broken, and he goeth in and wasteth the deep grain, and the boys beat him with cudgels, though their might is but puny, and hardly do they drive him forth when he hath had his fill of fodder; even so then did the Trojans, high of heart, and their allies, gathered from many lands, smite great Aias, son of Telamon, with spears full upon his shield, and ever press upon him. And Aias would now be mindful of his furious valour, and wheeling upon them would hold back the battalions of the horse-taming Trojans, and now again he would turn him to flee. But he barred them all from making way to the swift ships, and himself stood between Trojans and Achaeans, battling furiously. And the spears hurled by bold hands were some of them lodged in his great shield, as they sped onward, and many, ere ever they reached his white body, stood fixed midway in the earth, fain to glut themselves with flesh.

But when Euaemon's glorious son, Eurypylus, saw him oppressed by thick-flying missiles, he came and stood by his side and hurled with his shining spear, and smote Apisaon, son of Phausius, shepherd of the host, in the liver below the midriff, and straightway loosed his knees; and Eurypylus leapt upon him and set him to strip the harness from his shoulders. But when godlike Alexander marked him stripping the harness from Apisaon, forthwith

he drew his bow against Eurypylus, and smote him with an arrow on the right thigh ; and the reed of the arrow brake, yet was his thigh made heavy. Then back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, and he uttered a piercing shout, and called to the Danaans : " My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, turn ye and stand, and ward off the pitiless day of doom from Aias who is oppressed with missiles ; nor do I deem that he will escape from dolorous war. Nay, verily, stand ye and face the foe about great Aias, son of Telamon."

So spake the wounded Eurypylus, and they came and stood close beside him, leaning their shields against their shoulders and holding their spears on high ; and toward them came Aias, and turned and stood when he had reached the throng of his comrades.

So fought they like unto blazing fire ; but the mares of Neleus, all bathed in sweat, bare Nestor forth from the battle, and bare also Machaon, shepherd of the host. And swift-footed goodly Achilles beheld and marked him, for Achilles was standing by the stern of his ship, huge of hull, gazing upon the utter toil of battle and the tearful rout. And forthwith he spake to his comrade Patroclus, calling to him from beside the ship ; and he heard, and came forth from the hut like unto Ares ; and this to him was the beginning of evil. Then the valiant son of Menoetius spake the first : " Wherefore dost thou call me, Achilles ? What need hast thou of me ? " And in answer to him spake Achilles, swift of foot : " Goodly son of Menoetius, dear to this heart of mine, now methinks will the Achaeans be standing about my knees in

prayer, for need has come upon them that may no longer be borne. Yet go now, Patroclus, dear to Zeus, and ask Nestor who it is that he bringeth wounded from out the war. Of a truth from behind he seemeth in all things like Machaon, son of Asclepius, but I saw not the eyes of the man, for the horses darted by me, speeding eagerly onward."

So spake he, and Patroclus gave ear to his dear comrade, and went running along the huts and the ships of the Achaeans.

But when those others were come to the hut of the son of Neleus, they stepped forth upon the bounteous earth, and Eurymedon the squire loosed old Nestor's horses from the car, and the twain dried the sweat from their tunics standing in the breeze by the shore of the sea; and thereafter they went into the hut and sate them down on chairs. And for them fair-tressed Hecamede mixed a potion, she that old Nestor had taken from out of Tenedos, when Achilles sacked it, the daughter of great-hearted Arsinous; for the Achaeans had chosen her out for him, for that in counsel he was ever best of all. She first drew before the twain a table, fair, with feet of cyanus, and well-polished, and set thereon a basket of bronze, and therewith an onion, a relish for their drink, and pale honey, and ground meal of sacred barley; and beside them a beauteous cup, that the old man had brought from home, studded with bosses of gold; four were the handles thereof, and about each twain doves were feeding, while below were two supports.[1] Another man

the cup. These correspond well to the *πυθμένες* mentioned in the text. The bosses may be merely ornamental, or else they are the heads of the rivets holding the several parts together.

could scarce have availed to lift that cup from the table, when it was full, but old Nestor would raise it right easily. Therein the woman, like to the goddesses, mixed a potion for them with Pramnian wine, and on this she grated cheese of goat's milk with a brazen grater, and sprinkled thereover white barley meal; and she bade them drink, when she had made ready the potion. Then when the twain had drunk, and sent from them parching thirst, they took delight in tales, speaking each to the other; and lo, Patroclus stood at the doors, a godlike man. At sight of him the old man sprang from his bright chair, and took him by the hand and led him in, and bade him be seated. But Patroclus from over against him refused, and spake, saying: "I may not sit, old sir, fostered of Zeus, nor wilt thou persuade me. Revered and to be dreaded is he who sent me forth to learn who it is that thou bringest home wounded. But even of myself I know, and behold Machaon, shepherd of the host. And now will I go back again a messenger, to bear word to Achilles. Well knowest thou, old sir, fostered of Zeus, of what sort is he, dread man; lightly would he blame even one in whom was no blame."

Then made answer the horseman Nestor of Gerenia: "Wherefore now doth Achilles thus have pity for the sons of the Achaeans, as many as have been smitten with missiles? Nor knoweth he at all what grief hath arisen throughout the camp; for the best men lie among the ships smitten by darts or wounded with spear-thrusts. Smitten is the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes, wounded with spear-thrust is Odysseus, famed for his spear, and Aga-

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memnon, and smitten is Eurypylus too with an arrow in the thigh, and this man beside have I but now borne forth from the war smitten with an arrow from the string. Yet Achilles, valiant though he be, careth not for the Danaans, neither hath pity. Doth he wait until the swift ships hard by the sea, in despite of the Argives, shall blaze with consuming fire, and ourselves be slain man after man? For my strength is not such as of old it was in my supple limbs. Would that I were young and my strength were firm as when strife was set afoot between the Eleans and our folk about the lifting of kine, what time I slew Itymoneus, the valiant son of Hypeirochus, a man that dwelt in Elis, when I was driving off what we had seized in reprisal; and he while fighting for the kine was smitten amid the foremost by a spear from my hand; and he fell, and the country folk about him fled in terror. And booty exceeding great did we drive together from out the plain, fifty herds of kine, as many flocks of sheep, as many droves of swine, as many roving herds of goats, and chestnut horses an hundred and fifty, all mares, and many of them had foals at the teat. These then we drave into Neleian Pylos by night into the citadel, and Neleus was glad at heart for that much spoil had fallen to me when going as a stripling into war. And heralds made loud proclamation at break of dawn that all men should come to whomsoever a debt was owing in goodly Elis; and they that were leaders of the Pylians gathered together and made division, for to many did the Epeians owe a debt, seeing that we in Pylos were few and oppressed. For mighty Heracles had come and oppressed us in the years that were before,

and all that were our bravest had been slain. Twelve were we that were sons of peerless Neleus, and of these I alone was left, and all the rest had perished; wherefore the brazen-coated Epeans, proud of heart thereat, in wantonness devised mischief against us. And from out the spoil old Neleus chose him a herd of kine and a great flock of sheep, choosing three hundred and their herdsman with them. For to him a great debt was owing in goodly Elis, even four horses, winners of prizes, with their car, that had gone to the games, for they were to race for a tripod; but Augeias, king of men, kept them there, and sent back their driver, sorrowing for his horses. By reason of these things, both deeds and words, was the old man wroth, and chose him recompense past telling; and the rest he gave to the people to divide, that so far as in him lay no man might go defrauded of an equal share. So we were disposing of all that there was, and round about the city were offering sacrifice to the gods; and on the third day the Epeians came all together, many men and single-hooved horses, with all speed, and among them the two Moliones did on their battle-gear, though they were as yet but striplings unskilled in furious valour. Now there is a city Thryoessa, a steep hill, far off on the Alpheius, the nethermost of sandy Pylos; about this they set their camp, fain to raze it utterly. But when they had coursed over the whole plain, to us came Athene, speeding down from Olympus by night with the message that we should array us for battle, and nowise loath were the folk she gathered in Pylos, but right eager for war. Now Neleus would not suffer me to arm myself, but hid away my horses, for he deemed that as yet

I knew naught of deeds of war. Howbeit even so I was pre-eminent among our horsemen, on foot though I was, for so did Athene order the fight. There is a river Minyeïus that empties into the sea hard by Arene, where we waited for bright Dawn, we the horsemen of the Pylians, and the throngs of footmen flowed ever after. Thence with all speed, arrayed in our armour, we came at midday to the sacred stream of Alpheius. There we sacrificed goodly victims to Zeus, supreme in might, and a bull to Alpheius, and a bull to Poseidon, but to flashing-eyed Athene a heifer of the herd; and thereafter we took supper throughout the host by companies, and laid us down to sleep, each man in his battle-gear, about the streams of the river. But the great-souled Epeians were marshalled about the city, fain to raze it utterly; but ere that might be there appeared unto them a mighty deed of war; for when the bright sun stood above the earth we made prayer to Zeus and Athene, and joined battle. But when the strife of the Pylians and Epeians began, I was first to slay my man, and to get me his single-hooved horses—even the spearman Mulius; son by marriage was he of Augeias, and had to wife his eldest daughter, fair-haired Agamede, who knew all simples that the wide earth nourisheth. Him as he came against me I smote with my bronze-tipped spear, and he fell in the dust; but I leapt upon his chariot and took my stand amid the foremost fighters. But the great-souled Epeians fled one here, one there, when they saw the man fallen, even him that was leader of the horsemen and pre-eminent in fight. But I sprang upon them like a

black tempest and fifty chariots I took, and about each one two warriors bit the ground, quelled by my spear. And now had I slain the two Moliones, of the blood of Actor, but that their father, the wide-ruling Shaker of Earth, saved them from war, and shrouded them in thick mist. Then Zeus vouchsafed great might to the men of Pylos, for so long did we follow through the wide plain, slaying the men, and gathering their goodly battle-gear, even till we drave our horses to Buprasium, rich in wheat, and the rock of Olen and the place where is the hill called the hill of Alesium, whence Athene again turned back the host. Then I slew the last man, and left him; but the Achaeans drave back their swift horses from Buprasium to Pylos, and all gave glory among the gods to Zeus, and to Nestor among men.

Of such sort was I among warriors, as sure as ever I was. But Achilles would alone have profit of his valour. Nay, verily, methinks he will bitterly lament hereafter, when the folk perisheth. Ah, friend, of a surety Menoetius thus laid charge upon thee on the day when he sent thee forth from Phthia to Agamemnon. And we twain were within, I and goodly Odysseus, and in the halls we heard all things, even as he gave thee charge. For we had come to the well-builded house of Peleus, gathering the host throughout the bounteous land of Achaia. There then we found in the house the warrior Menoetius and thee, and with you Achilles; and the old man Peleus, driver of chariots, was burning the fat thighs of a bull to Zeus that hurleth the thunderbolt, in the enclosure of the court, and he held in his hand a golden cup, pouring forth the flaming wine to accompany the burning offerings.

Ye twain were busied about the flesh of the bull, and lo, we stood in the doorway; and Achilles, seized with wonder, sprang up, and took us by the hand and led us in, and bade us be seated, and he set before us abundant entertainment, all that is the due of strangers. But when we had had our fill of food and drink, I was first to speak, and bade you follow with us; and ye were both right eager, and those twain laid on you many commands. Old Peleus bade his son Achilles ever be bravest, and pre-eminent above all, but to thee did Menoetius, son of Actor, thus give command: 'My child, in birth is Achilles nobler than thou, but thou art the elder, though in might he is the better far. Yet do thou speak to him well a word of wisdom and give him counsel, and direct him; and he will obey thee to his profit.' Thus did the old man charge thee, but thou forgettest. Yet even now at the last do thou speak thus to wise-hearted Achilles, if so be he may hearken. Who knows but that heaven helping thou mightest rouse his spirit with thy persuading? A good thing is the persuasion of a friend. But if in his heart he is shunning some oracle and his queenly mother hath declared to him aught from Zeus, yet let him send thee forth, and with thee let the rest of the host of the Myrmidons follow, if so be thou mayest prove a light of deliverance to the Danaans; and let him give thee his fair armour to bear into the war, in hope that the Trojans may take thee for him, and so hold aloof from battle, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, wearied though they be; for scant is the breathing-space in battle. And lightly might

ye that are unwearied drive men that are wearied with battle back toward the city from the ships and the huts."

So spake he, and roused the heart in the breast of Patroclus, and he set out to run along the line of the ships to Achilles, son of Aeacus. But when in his running Patroclus was come to the ships of godlike Odysseus, where was their place of gathering and of the giving of dooms, whereby also were builded their altars of the gods, there Eurypylus met him, the Zeus-born son of Euaemon, smitten in the thigh with an arrow, limping from out the battle. And in streams down from his head and shoulders flowed the sweat, and from his grievous wound the black blood was gushing, yet was his spirit unshaken. At sight of him the valiant son of Menoetius had pity on him, and with wailing spake to him winged words: "Ah ye wretched men, leaders and lords of the Danaans, thus then were ye destined, far from your friends and your native land, to glut with your white fat the swift dogs in Troy. But come, tell me this, Eurypylus, warrior fostered of Zeus, will the Achaeans haply still hold back mighty Hector, or will they now perish, slain beneath his spear?"

And to him again made answer the wounded Eurypylus: "No longer, Zeus-born Patroclus, will there be any defence of the Achaeans, but they will fling themselves upon the black ships. For verily all they that aforetime were bravest, lie among the ships smitten by darts or wounded with spear-thrusts at the hands of the Trojans, whose strength ever waxeth. But me do thou succour, and lead me to my black ship, and cut the arrow from my thigh, and wash the black blood from it with warm water,

and sprinkle thereon kindly simples of healing power, whereof men say that thou hast learned from Achilles, whom Cheiron taught, the most righteous of the Centaurs. For the leeches, Podaleirius and Machaon, the one methinks lieth wounded amid the huts, having need himself of a goodly leech, and the other in the plain abideth the sharp battle of the Trojans."

And to him again spake the valiant son of Menoetius: "How may these things be? What shall we do, warrior Eurypylus? I am on my way to declare to wise-hearted Achilles a message wherewith Nestor of Gerenia, warder of the Achaeans, charged me. Nay, but even so will I not neglect thee that art in grievous plight."

He spake and clasped the shepherd of the host beneath the breast, and led him to his hut, and his squire when he saw them strewed upon the ground hides of oxen. There Patroclus made him lie at length, and with a knife cut from his thigh the sharp-piercing arrow, and from the wound washed the black blood with warm water, and upon it cast a bitter root, when he had rubbed it between his hands, a root that slayeth pain, which stayed all his pangs; and the wound waxed dry, and the blood ceased.

BOOK XII

So then amid the huts the valiant son of Menoetius was tending the wounded Eurypylus, but the others, Argives and Trojans, fought on in throngs, nor were the ditch of the Danaans and their wide wall above long to protect them, the wall that they had builded as a defence for their ships and had drawn a trench about it—yet they gave not glorious hecatombs to the gods—that it might hold within its bounds their swift ships and abundant spoil, and keep all safe. Howbeit against the will of the immortal gods was it builded; wherefore for no long time did it abide unbroken. As long as Hector yet lived, and Achilles yet cherished his wrath, and the city of king Priam was unsacked, even so long the great wall of the Achaeans likewise abode unbroken. But when all the bravest of the Trojans had died and many of the Argives—some were slain and some were left—and the city of Priam was sacked in the tenth year, and the Argives had gone back in their ships to their dear native land, then verily did Poseidon and Apollo take counsel to sweep away the wall, bringing against it the might of all the rivers that flow forth from the mountains of Ida to the sea—Rhesus and Heptaporus and Caresus and Rhodius, and Granicus and Aesepus, and goodly Scamander, and Simoïs, by the banks whereof many

shields of bull's-hide and many helms fell in the dust, and the race of men half-divine—of all these did Phoebus Apollo turn the mouths together, and for nine days' space he drave their flood against the wall; and Zeus rained ever continually, that the sooner he might whelm the wall in the salt sea. And the Shaker of Earth, bearing his trident in his hands, was himself the leader, and swept forth upon the waves all the foundations of beams and stones, that the Achaeans had laid with toil, and made all smooth along the strong stream of the Hellespont, and again covered the great beach with sand, when he had swept away the wall; and the rivers he turned back to flow in the channel, where aforetime they had been wont to pour their fair streams of water.

Thus were Poseidon and Apollo to do in the after-time; but then war and the din of war blazed about the well-builded wall, and the beams of the towers rang, as they were smitten; and the Argives, conquered by the scourge of Zeus, were penned by their hollow ships, and held in check in terror of Hector, the mighty deviser of rout, while he as aforetime fought like unto a whirlwind. And as when, among hounds and huntsmen, a wild boar or a lion wheeleth about, exulting in his strength, and these array them in ranks in fashion like a wall, and stand against him, and hurl from their hands javelins thick and fast; yet his valiant heart feareth not nor anywise quaileth, though his valour is his bane; and often he wheeleth him about and maketh trial of the ranks of men, and wheresoever he chargeth, there the ranks of men give way: even on this wise Hector went ever through the throng and besought his comrades, urging them to cross the trench. Howbeit

his swift-footed horses dared not, but loudly they neighed, standing on the sheer brink, for the trench affrighted them, so wide was it, easy neither to o'erleap at a bound nor to drive across; for overhanging banks stood all about its circuit on this side and on that, and at the top it was set with sharp stakes that the sons of the Achaeans had planted, close together and great, a defence against foemen. Not lightly might a horse, tugging at the wheeled car, get within that circuit; but the footmen were eager, if they might achieve it. Then verily Polydamas drew nigh to Hector, and spake, saying: "Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, it is but folly that we seek to drive across the trench our swift horses; hard in sooth is it to cross, for sharp stakes are set in it, and close anigh them is the wall of the Achaeans. There is it no wise possible for charioteers to descend and fight; for the space is narrow, and then methinks shall we suffer hurt. For if Zeus, that thundereth on high, is utterly to crush our foes in his wrath, and is minded to give aid unto the Trojans, there verily were I too fain that this might forthwith come to pass, that the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name; but if they turn upon us and we be driven back from the ships and become entangled in the digged ditch, then methinks shall not one man of us return back to the city from before the Achaeans when they rally, even to bear the tidings. But come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. As for the horses, let the squires hold them back by the trench, but let us on foot, arrayed in our armour,

follow all in one throng after Hector; and the Achaeans will not withstand us, if so be the bonds of destruction are made fast upon them."

So spake Polydamas, and his prudent counsel was well pleasing unto Hector, and forthwith he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground. Nor did the other Trojans remain gathered together upon their chariots, but they all leapt forth when they beheld goodly Hector afoot. Then on his own charioteer each man laid command to hold in his horses well and orderly there at the trench, but the men divided and arrayed themselves, and marshalled in five companies they followed after the leaders.

Some went with Hector and peerless Polydamas, even they that were most in number and bravest, and that were most fain to break through the wall and fight by the hollow ships, and with them followed Cebriones as the third; for by his chariot had Hector left another man, weaker than Cebriones. The second company was led by Paris and Alcathous and Agenor, and the third by Helenus and godlike Deïphobus—sons twain of Priam; and a third was with them, the warrior Asius,—Asius son of Hyrtacus, whom his horses tawny and great had borne from Arisbe, from the river Selleïs. And of the fourth company the valiant son of Anchises was leader, even Aeneas, and with him were Antenor's two sons, Archelochus and Acamas, well skilled in all manner of fighting. And Sarpedon led the glorious allies, and he chose as his comrades Glaucus and warlike Asteropaeus, for these seemed to him to be the bravest beyond all others after his own self, but he was pre-eminent even amid all. These then when they had fenced one another with their well-

wrought shields of bull's-hide, made straight for the Danaans, full eagerly, nor deemed they that they would any more be stayed, but would fall upon the black ships.

Then the rest of the Trojans and their far-famed allies obeyed the counsel of blameless Polydamas, but Asius, son of Hyrtacus, leader of men, was not minded to leave there his horses and his squire the charioteer, but chariot and all he drew nigh to the swift ships, fool that he was! for he was not to escape the evil fates, and return, glorying in horses and chariot, back from the ships to windy Ilios. Nay, ere that might be, fate, of evil name, enfolded him, by the spear of Idomeneus, the lordly son of Deucalion. For he made for the left wing of the ships, even where the Achaeans were wont to return from the plain with horses and chariots: there drave he through his horses and car, and at the gate he found not the doors shut nor the long bar drawn, but men were holding them flung wide open, if so be they might save any of their comrades fleeing from out the battle toward the ships. Thither of set purpose drave he his horses, and after him followed his men with shrill cries, for they deemed that they would no more be stayed of the Achaeans, but would fall upon the black ships—fools that they were! for at the gate they found two warriors most valiant, high-hearted sons of Lapith spearmen, the one stalwart Polypoetes, son of Peirithous, and the other Leonteus, peer of Ares the bane of men. These twain before the high gate stood firm even as oaks of lofty crest among the mountains, that ever abide the wind and rain day by day, firm fixed with roots great and long; even so these twain,

trusting in the might of their arms, abode the oncoming of great Asius, and fled not. But their foes came straight against the well-built wall, lifting on high their shields of dry bull's-hide with loud shouting, round about king Asius, and Iamenus, and Orestes, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Thoön and Oenomaus. And the Lapiths for a time from within the wall had been rousing the well-greaved Achaeans to fight in defence of the ships; but when they saw the Trojans rushing upon the wall, while the Danaans with loud cries turned in flight, forth rushed the twain and fought in front of the gate like wild boars that amid the mountains abide the tumultuous throng of men and dogs that cometh against them, and charging from either side they crush the trees about them, cutting them at the root, and therefrom ariseth a clatter of tusks, till one smite them and take their life away: even so clattered the bright bronze about the breasts of the twain, as they were smitten with faces toward the foe; for right hardily they fought, trusting in the host above them and in their own might. For the men above kept hurling stones from the well-built towers, in defence of their own lives and of the huts and of the swift-faring ships. And like snow-flakes the stones fell ever earthward, like flakes that a blustering wind, as it driveth the shadowy clouds, sheddeth thick and fast upon the bounteous earth; even so flowed the missiles from the hands of these, of Achaeans alike and Trojans; and helms rang harshly and bossed shields, as they were smitten with great stones. Then verily Asius, son of Hyrtacus, uttered a groan, and smote both his thighs, and in sore indignation he spake, saying:

"Father Zeus, of a surety thou too then art utterly a lover of lies! for I deemed not that the Achaean warriors would stay our might and our invincible hands. But they like wasps of nimble[1] waist, or bees that have made their nest in a rugged path, and leave not their hollow home, but abide, and in defence of their young ward off hunter folk; even so these men, though they be but two, are not minded to give ground from the gate, till they either slay or be slain."

So spake he, but with these words he moved not the mind of Zeus, for it was to Hector that Zeus willed to vouchsafe glory.

But others were fighting in battle about the other gates, and hard were it for me, as though I were a god, to tell the tale of all these things, for everywhere about the wall of stone rose the wondrous-blazing fire; for the Argives, albeit in sore distress, defended their ships perforce; and the gods were grieved at heart, all that were helpers of the Danaans in battle. And the Lapiths clashed in war and strife.

Then the son of Peirithous, mighty Polypoetes, cast with his spear and smote Damasus through the helmet with cheek pieces of bronze; and the bronze helm stayed not the spear, but the point of bronze brake clean through the bone, and all the brain was spattered about within; so stayed he him in his fury. And thereafter he slew Pylon and Ormenus. And Leonteus, scion of Ares, smote Hippomachus, son of Antimachus, with a cast of his spear, striking him upon the girdle. And again he drew from its sheath

cf. xix. 404 *πόδας αἰόλος ἵππος*; xxii. 509 *αἰόλαι εὐλαί*. So in 208 *αἰόλος*, used of the serpent, seems to mean "writhing," rather than "with glancing scales."

his sharp sword and darting upon him through the throng smote Antiphates first in close fight, so that he was hurled backward upon the ground; and thereafter Menon, and Iamenus, and Orestes, all of these one after the other he brought down to the bounteous earth.

While they were stripping from these their shining arms, meanwhile the youths that followed with Polydamas and Hector, even they that were most in number and bravest, and that most were fain to break through the wall and burn the ships with fire, these still tarried in doubt, as they stood by the trench. For a bird had come upon them, as they were eager to cross over, an eagle of lofty flight, skirting the host on the left, and in its talons it bore a blood-red, monstrous snake, still alive and struggling, nor was it yet forgetful of combat; for it writhed backward, and smote him that held it on the breast beside the neck, till the eagle, stung with pain, cast it from him to the ground, and let it fall in the midst of the throng, and himself with a loud cry sped away down the blasts of the wind. And the Trojans shuddered when they saw the writhing snake lying in the midst of them, a portent of Zeus that beareth the aegis. Then verily Polydamas drew near, and spake to bold Hector: "Hector, ever dost thou rebuke me in the gatherings of the folk, though I give good counsel, since it were indeed unseemly that a man of the people should speak contrariwise to thee, be it in council or in war, but he should ever increase thy might; yet now will I speak even as seemeth to me to be best. Let us not go forward to fight with the Danaans for the ships. For thus, methinks, will

the issue be, seeing that in sooth this bird has come upon the Trojans, as they were eager to cross over, an eagle of lofty flight, skirting the host on the left, bearing in his talons a blood-red, monstrous snake, still living, yet straightway let it fall before he reached his own nest, neither finished he his course, to bring and give it to his little ones—even so shall we, though we break the gates and the wall of the Achaeans by our great might, and the Achaeans give way, come back over the selfsame road from the ships in disarray ; for many of the Trojans shall we leave behind, whom the Achaeans shall slay with the bronze in defence of the ships. On this wise would a soothsayer interpret, one that in his mind had clear knowledge of omens, and to whom the folk gave ear."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Hector of the flashing helm : " Polydamas, this that thou sayest is no longer to my pleasure ; yea, thou knowest how to devise better words than these. But if thou verily speakest thus in earnest, then of a surety have the gods themselves destroyed thy wits, seeing thou biddest me forget the counsels of loud-thundering Zeus, that himself promised me and bowed his head thereto. But thou biddest us be obedient to birds long of wing, that I regard not, nor take thought thereof, whether they fare to the right, toward the Dawn and the sun, or to the left toward the murky darkness. Nay, for us, let us be obedient to the counsel of great Zeus, that is king over all mortals and immortals. One omen is best, to fight for one's country. Wherefore dost thou fear war and battle ? For if the rest of us be slain one and all at the ships

of the Argives, yet is there no fear that thou shouldest perish, for thy heart is not staunch in fight nor warlike. Howbeit, if thou shalt hold aloof from battle, or shalt beguile with thy words any other, and turn him from war, forthwith smitten by my spear shalt thou lose thy life."

So spake he and led the way; and they followed after with a wondrous din; and thereat Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt, roused from the mountains of Ida a blast of wind, that bare the dust straight against the ships; and he bewildered the mind of the Achaeans, but vouchsafed glory to the Trojans and to Hector. Trusting therefore in his portents and in their might they sought to break the great wall of the Achaeans. The pinnets[1] of the fortifications they dragged down and overthrew the battlements, and pried out the supporting beams that the Achaeans had set first in the earth as buttresses for the wall. These they sought to drag out, and hoped to break the wall of the Achaeans. Howbeit not even now did the Danaans give ground from the path, but closed up the battlements with bull's-hides, and therefrom cast at the foemen, as they came up against the wall.

And the two Aiantes ranged everywhere along the walls urging men on, and arousing the might of the Achaeans. One man with gentle words, another with harsh would they chide, whomsoever they saw giving ground utterly from the fight: "Friends, whoso is pre-eminent among the Danaans, whoso holds a middle place, or whoso is lesser, for in nowise

the κρόσσαι, but these are distinct from the ἔπαλξις, or battlement, which appears to have been a wooden rampart, breaks in which could be closed up with hides (263).

are all men equal in war, now is there a work for all, and this, I ween, ye know even of yourselves. Let no man turn him back to the ships now that he has heard one that cheers him on[1]; nay, press ye forward, and urge ye one the other, in hope that Olympian Zeus, lord of the lightning, may grant us to thrust back the assault and drive our foes to the city."

So shouted forth the twain, and aroused the battle of the Achaeans. And as flakes of snow fall thick on a winter's day, when Zeus, the counsellor, bestirreth him to snow, shewing forth to men these arrows of his, and he lulleth the winds and sheddeth the flakes continually, until he hath covered the peaks of the lofty mountains and the high headlands, and the grassy plains, and the rich tillage of men; aye, and over the harbours and shores of the grey sea is the snow strewn, albeit the wave as it beateth against it keepeth it off, but all things beside are wrapped therein, when the storm of Zeus driveth it on: even so from both sides their stones flew thick, some upon the Trojans, and some from the Trojans upon the Achaeans, as they cast at one another; and over all the wall the din arose.

Yet not even then would the Trojans and glorious Hector have broken the gates of the wall and the long bar, had not Zeus the counsellor roused his own son, Sarpedon, against the Argives, as a lion against sleek kine. Forthwith he held before him his shield that was well balanced upon every side, a fair shield of hammered bronze, that the bronze-smith had hammered out, and had stitched the many bull's-hides within with stitches[2] of gold that ran all about its circuit. This he held before him, and

brandished two spears, and so went his way like a mountain-nurtured lion that hath long lacked meat, and his proud spirit biddeth him go even into the close-built fold to make an attack upon the flocks. For even though he find thereby the herdsmen with dogs and spears keeping watch over the sheep, yet is he not minded to be driven from the steading ere he maketh essay; but either he leapeth amid the flock and seizeth one, or is himself smitten as a foremost champion by a javelin from a swift hand: even so did his spirit then urge godlike Sarpedon to rush upon the wall, and break down the battlements. Straightway then he spake to Glaucus, son of Hippolochus: "Glaucus, wherefore is it that we twain are held in honour above all with seats, and messes, and full cups in Lycia, and all men gaze upon us as on gods? Aye, and we possess a great demesne by the banks of Xanthus, a fair tract of orchard and of wheat-bearing plough-land. Therefore now it behoveth us to take our stand amid the foremost Lycians, and confront the blazing battle, that many a one of the mail-clad Lycians may say: "Verily no inglorious men be these that rule in Lycia, even our kings, they that eat fat sheep and drink choice wine, honey-sweet: nay, but their might too is goodly, seeing they fight amid the foremost Lycians. Ah friend, if once escaped from this battle we were for ever to be ageless and immortal, neither should I fight myself amid the foremost, nor should I send thee into battle where men win glory; but now—for in any case fates of death beset us, fates past counting, which no mortal may escape or avoid—now let us go forward, whether we shall give glory to another, or another to us."

So spake he, and Glaucus turned not aside, neither disobeyed him, but the twain went straight forward, leading the great host of the Lycians. At sight of them, Menestheus, son of Peteos, shuddered, for it was to his part of the wall that they came, bearing with them ruin ; and he looked in fear along the wall of the Achaeans, in hope that he might see one of the leaders who would ward off bane from his comrades ; and he marked the Aiantes twain, insatiate in war, standing there, and Teucer that was newly come from his hut, close at hand ; howbeit it was no wise possible for him to shout so as to be heard of them, so great a din was there, and the noise went up to heaven of smitten shields and helms with crests of horse-hair, and of the gates, for all had been closed, and before them stood the foe, and sought to break them by force, and enter in. Forthwith then to Aias he sent the herald Thoötes : " Go, goodly Thoötes, run thou, and call Aias, or rather the twain, for that were far best of all, seeing that here will utter ruin soon be wrought. Hard upon us here[1] press the leaders of the Lycians, who of old have ever been fierce in mighty conflicts. But if with them too yonder the toil of war and strife have arisen, yet at least let valiant Aias, son of Telamon, come alone, and let Teucer, that is well skilled with the bow, follow with him."

So spake he, and the herald failed not to hearken as he heard, but set him to run beside the wall of the brazen-coated Achaeans, and he came and stood by the Aiantes, and straightway said : " Ye Aiantes twain, leaders of the brazen-coated Achaeans, the

359, I follow Zenodotus. Most editors read ὧδε in both lines, giving it its common Homeric sense of " thus."

son of Peteos, nurtured of Zeus, biddeth you go thither, that, though it be but for a little space, ye may confront the toil of war—both of you, if so may be, for that were far best of all, seeing that yonder will utter ruin soon be wrought. Hard upon them there press the leaders of the Lycians, who of old have ever been fierce in mighty conflicts. But if here too war and strife have arisen, yet at least let valiant Aias, son of Telamon, go alone, and let Teucer, that is well skilled with the bow, follow with him."

So spake he, and great Telamonian Aias failed not to hearken. Forthwith he spake winged words to the son of Oïleus : " Aias, do ye twain, thou and strong Lycomedes, stand fast here and urge on the Danaans to fight amain, but I will go thither, and confront the war, and quickly will I come again, when to the full I have borne them aid."

So saying Telamonian Aias departed, and with him went Teucer, his own brother, begotten of one father, and with them Pandion bare the curved bow of Teucer. Now when, as they passed along within the wall, they reached the post of great-souled Menestheus—and to men hard pressed they came—the foe were mounting upon the battlements like a dark whirlwind, even the mighty leaders and rulers of the Lycians ; and they clashed together in fight, and the battle-cry arose.

Then Aias, son of Telamon, was first to slay his man, even great-souled Epicles, comrade of Sarpedon, for he smote him with a huge jagged rock, that lay the topmost of all within the wall by the battlements. Not easily with both hands could a man, such as mortals now are, hold it, were he never so

young and strong, but Aias lifted it on high and hurled it, and he shattered the four-horned helmet, and crushed together all the bones of the head of Epicles; and he fell like a diver from the high wall, and his spirit left his bones. And Teucer smote Glaucus, the stalwart son of Hippolochus, as he rushed upon them, with an arrow from the high wall, where he saw his arm uncovered; and he stayed him from fighting. Back from the wall he leapt secretly, that no man of the Achaeans might mark that he had been smitten, and vaunt over him boastfully. But over Sarpedon came grief at Glaucus' departing, so soon as he was ware thereof, yet even so forgat he not to fight, but smote with a thrust of his spear Alcmaon, son of Thestor, with sure aim, and again drew forth the spear. And Alcmaon, following the spear, fell headlong, and about him rang his armour, dight with bronze. But Sarpedon with strong hands caught hold of the battlement and tugged, and the whole length of it gave way, and the wall above was laid bare, and he made a path for many.

But against him came Aias and Teucer at the one moment: Teucer smote him with an arrow on the gleaming baldric of his sheltering shield about his breast, but Zeus warded off the fates from his own son that he should not be laid low at the ships' sterns; and Aias leapt upon him and thrust against his shield, but the spear-point passed not through, howbeit he made him reel in his onset. So he gave ground a little space from the battlement, yet withdrew not wholly, for his spirit hoped to win him glory. And he wheeled about, and called to the godlike Lycians: "Ye Lycians, wherefore are ye thus slack in furious valour? Hard is it for me,

how mighty so ever I be, alone to breach the wall, and make a path to the ships. Nay, have at them with me ; the more men the better work."

So spake he; and they, seized with fear of the rebuke of their king, pressed on the more around about their counsellor and king, and the Argives over against them made strong their battalions within the wall; and before them was set a mighty work. For neither could the mighty Lycians break the wall of the Danaans, and make a path to the ships, nor ever could the Danaan spearmen thrust back the Lycians from the wall, when once they had drawn nigh thereto. But as two men with measuring-rods in hand strive about the landmark-stones in a common field, and in a narrow space contend each for his equal share ; even so did the battlements hold these apart, and over them they smote the bull's-hide bucklers about one another's breasts, the round shields and fluttering targets. And many were wounded in the flesh by thrusts of the pitiless bronze, both whensoever any turned and his back was left bare, as they fought, and many clean through the very shield. Yea, everywhere the walls and battlements were spattered with blood of men from both sides, from Trojans and Achaeans alike. Howbeit even so they could not put the Achaeans to rout, but they held their ground, as a careful woman that laboureth with her hands at spinning, holdeth the balance and raiseth the weight and the wool in either scale, making them equal, that she may win a meagre wage for her children ; so evenly was strained their war and battle, until Zeus vouchsafed the glory of victory to Hector, son of Priam, that was first to leap within the wall of the Achaeans

He uttered a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Trojans: "Rouse you, horse-taming Trojans, break the wall of the Argives, and fling among the ships wondrous-blazing fire."

So spake he, urging them on, and they all heard with their ears, and rushed straight upon the wall in one mass, and with sharp spears in their hands mounted upon the pinnets. And Hector grasped and bore a stone that lay before the gate, thick at the base, but sharp at the point; not easily might two men, the mightiest of the folk, have upheaved it from the ground upon a wain—men, such as mortals now are—yet lightly did he wield it even alone; and the son of crooked-counselling Cronos made it light for him. And as when a shepherd easily beareth the fleece of a ram, taking it in one hand, and but little doth the weight thereof burden him; even so Hector lifted up the stone and bare it straight against the doors that guarded the close and strongly fitted gates—double gates they were, and high, and two cross bars held them within, and a single bolt fastened them. He came and stood hard by, and planting himself smote them full in the midst, setting his feet well apart that his cast might lack no strength; and he brake off both the hinges, and the stone fell within by its own weight, and loudly groaned the gates on either side, nor did the bars hold fast, but the doors were dashed apart this way and that beneath the onrush of the stone. And glorious Hector leapt within, his face like sudden night; and he shone in terrible bronze wherewith his body was clothed about, and in his hands he held two spears. None that met him could have held

him back, none save the gods, when once he leapt within the gates ; and his two eyes blazed with fire. And he wheeled him about in the throng, and called to the Trojans to climb over the wall ; and they hearkened to his urging. Forthwith some clomb over the wall, and others poured in by the strong-built gate, and the Danaans were driven in rout among the hollow ships, and a ceaseless din arose.

BOOK XIII

Now Zeus, when he had brought the Trojans and Hector to the ships, left the combatants there to have toil and woe unceasingly, but himself turned away his bright eyes, and looked afar, upon the land of the Thracian horsemen, and of the Mysians that fight in close combat, and of the lordly Hippemolgi that drink the milk of mares, and of the Abii, the most righteous of men. To Troy he no longer in any wise turned his bright eyes, for he deemed not in his heart that any of the immortals would draw nigh to aid either Trojans or Danaans.

But the lord, the Shaker of Earth, kept no blind watch, for he sat marvelling at the war and the battle, high on the topmost peak of wooded Samothrace, for from thence all Ida was plain to see; and plain to see were the city of Priam, and the ships of the Achaeans. There he sat, being come forth from the sea, and he had pity on the Achaeans that they were overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he mightily wroth.

Forthwith then he went down from the rugged mount, striding forth with swift footsteps, and the high mountains trembled and the woodland beneath the immortal feet of Poseidon as he went. Thrice he strode in his course, and with the fourth stride he

reached his goal, even Aegae, where was his famous palace builded in the depths of the mere, golden and gleaming, imperishable for ever. Thither came he, and let harness beneath his car his two bronze-hooved horses, swift of flight, with flowing manes of gold; and with gold he clad himself about his body, and grasped the well-wrought whip of gold, and stepped upon his car, and set out to drive over the waves. Then gambolled the sea-beasts beneath him on every side from out the deeps, for well they knew their lord, and in gladness the sea parted before him; right swiftly sped they on, and the axle of bronze was not wetted beneath; and unto the ships of the Achaeans did the prancing steeds bear their lord.

There is a wide cavern in the depths of the deep mere, midway between Tenedos and rugged Imbros. There Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, stayed his horses, and loosed them from the car, and cast before them food ambrosial to graze upon, and about their feet he put hobbles of gold, neither to be broken nor loosed, that they might abide fast where they were against the return of their lord; and himself he went to the host of the Achaeans.

But the Trojans, all in one body, like flame or tempest-blast were following furiously after Hector, son of Priam, with loud shouts and cries, and they deemed that they would take the ships of the Achaeans, and slay thereby all the bravest. Howbeit Poseidon, the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth, set him to urge on the Argives, when he had come forth from the deep sea, in the likeness of Calchas, both in form and untiring voice. To the two Aiantes spake he first, that were of themselves full eager:

"Ye Aiantes twain, ye two shall save the host of the Achaeans, if ye are mindful of your might, and think not of chill rout. Not otherwhere do I dread the invincible hands of the Trojans that have climbed over the great wall in their multitude, for the well-greaved Achaeans will hold back all; nay it is here that I have wondrous dread lest some evil befall us, here where yon madman is leading on like a flame of fire, even Hector, that boasts him to be a son of mighty Zeus. But in the hearts of you twain may some god put it, here to stand firm yourselves, and to bid others do the like; so might ye drive him back from the swift-faring ships, despite his eagerness, aye, even though the Olympian himself be urging him on."

Therewith the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth smote the twain with his staff, and filled them with valorous strength and made their limbs light, their feet and their hands above. And himself, even as a hawk, swift of flight, speedeth forth to fly, and poising himself aloft above a high sheer rock, darteth over the plain to chase some other bird; even so from them sped Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth. And of the twain swift Aias, son of Oïleus, was first to mark the god, and forthwith spake to Aias, son of Telamon: "Aias, seeing it is one of the gods who hold Olympus that in the likeness of the seer biddeth the two of us fight beside the ships—not Calchas is he, the prophet, and reader of omens, for easily did I know the tokens behind him of feet and of legs as he went from us; and plain to be known are the gods—lo, mine own heart also within my breast is the more eager to war and do battle, and my feet beneath and my hands above are full fain."

Then in answer spake to him Telamonian Aias: "Even so too mine own hands invincible are fain now to grasp the spear, and my might is roused, and both my feet are swift beneath me; and I am eager to meet even in single fight Hector, Priam's son, that rageth incessantly."

On this wise spake they one to the other, rejoicing in the fury of fight which the god put in their hearts; and meanwhile the Enfolder of Earth roused the Achaeans that were in the rear beside the swift ships, and were refreshing their hearts. Their limbs were loosed by their grievous toil and therewithal sorrow waxed in their hearts, as they beheld the Trojans that had climbed over the great wall in their multitude. Aye, as they looked upon these they let tears fall from beneath their brows, for they deemed not that they should escape from ruin. But the Shaker of Earth, lightly passing among them, aroused their strong battalions. To Teucer first he came and to Leïtus, to bid them on, and to the warrior Peneleos, and Thoas and Deïpyrus, and Meriones and Antilochus, masters of the war-cry; to these he spake, spurring them on with winged words: "Shame, ye Argives, mere striplings! It was in your fighting that I trusted for the saving of our ships; but if ye are to flinch from grievous war, then of a surety hath the day now dawned for us to be vanquished beneath the Trojans. Out upon it! Verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold, a dread thing that I deemed should never be brought to pass: the Trojans are making way against our ships, they that heretofore were like panic-stricken hinds that in the woodland become the prey of jackals and pards and wolves, as they wander vainly in their

cowardice, nor is there any fight in them. Even so the Trojans aforetime had never the heart to abide and face the might and the hands of the Achaeans, no not for a moment. But lo, now far from the city they are fighting at the hollow ships because of the baseness of our leader and the slackness of the folk, that, being at strife with him, have no heart to defend the swift-faring ships, but are slain in the midst of them. But if in very truth the warrior son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, is the cause of all, for that he wrought dishonour on the swift-footed son of Peleus, yet may we in no wise prove slack in war. Nay, let us atone for the fault with speed : the hearts of good men admit of atonement.[1] But it is no longer well that ye are slack in furious valour, all ye that are the best men in the host. Myself I would not quarrel with one that was slack in war, so he were but a sorry wight, but with you I am exceeding wroth at heart. Ye weaklings, soon ye shall cause yet greater evil by this slackness. Nay, take in your hearts, each man of you, shame and indignation ; for in good sooth mighty is the conflict that has arisen. Hector, good at the war-cry, is fighting at the ships, strong in his might, and hath broken the gates and the long bar."

Thus did the Earth-enfolder arouse the Achaeans with his word of command, and round about the twain Aiantes their battalions took their stand, so strong in might, that not Ares might have entered in and made light of them, nor yet Athene, the rouser of hosts ; for they that were the chosen bravest abode the onset of the Trojans and goodly Hector,

fencing spear with spear, and shield with serried[1] shield; buckler pressed on buckler, helm on helm, and man on man; and the horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they one by another, and spears in stout hands overlapped[2] each other, as they were brandished; and their minds swerved not, but they were fain to fight.

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng and Hector led them, pressing ever forward, like a boulder from a cliff that a river swollen by winter rains thrusteth from the brow of a hill, when it has burst with its wondrous flood the foundations of the ruthless stone; high aloft it leapeth, as it flies, and the woods resound beneath it, and it speedeth on its course and is not stayed until it reacheth the level plain, but then it rolleth no more for all its eagerness; even so Hector for a time threatened lightly to make his way even to the sea through the huts and ships of the Achaeans, slaying as he went, but when he encountered the close-set battalions, then was he stayed, as he drew close against them. And the sons of the Achaeans faced him, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, and drave him back from them, so that he gave ground and was made to reel. Then he uttered a piercing shout, calling aloud to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, stand ye fast. No long space shall the Achaeans hold me back, for all they have arrayed themselves in fashion like a wall; nay, methinks, they will give

ground before my spear, if verily the highest of gods hath urged me on, the loud-thundering lord of Hera."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then among them with high heart strode Deïphobus, son of Priam, and before him he held his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, stepping forward lightly on his feet and advancing under cover of his shield. And Meriones aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast, and missed not, but smote the shield of bull's hide, that was well balanced upon every side, yet drave not in any wise therethrough ; nay, well ere that might be, the long spear-shaft was broken in the socket ; and Deïphobus held from him the shield of bull's hide, and his heart was seized with fear of the spear of wise-hearted Meriones ; but that warrior shrank back into the throng of his comrades, and waxed wondrous wroth both for the loss of victory and for the spear which he had shattered. And he set out to go along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to fetch him a long spear that he had left in his hut.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. And Teucer, son of Telamon, was first to slay his man, even the spearman Imbrius, the son of Mentor, rich in horses. He dwelt in Pedaeum before the sons of the Achaeans came, and had to wife a daughter of Priam that was born out of wedlock, even Medesicaste ; but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he returned back to Ilios and was pre-eminent among the Trojans, and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honour with his own children. Him did the son of Telamon smite beneath the ear with a thrust of his long spear, and again drew forth the spear ; and he fell like an

ash-tree that, on the summit of a mountain that is seen from afar on every side, is cut down by the bronze, and bringeth its tender leafage to the ground; even so fell he, and about him rang his armour dight with bronze. And Teucer rushed forth eager to strip from him his armour, but Hector, even as he rushed, cast at him with his bright spear. Howbeit Teucer, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze by a little, but Hector smote Amphimachus, son of Cteatus, the son of Actor, in the breast with his spear as he was coming into the battle; and he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged. Then Hector rushed forth to tear from the head of great-hearted Amphimachus the helm that was fitted to his temples, but Aias lunged with his bright spear at Hector as he rushed, yet in no wise reached he his flesh, for he was all clad in dread bronze; but he smote the boss of his shield, and thrust him back with mighty strength, so that he gave ground backward from the two corpses, and the Achaeans drew them off. Amphimachus then did Stichius and goodly Menestheus, leaders of the Athenians, carry to the host of the Achaeans, and Imbrius the twain Aiantes bare away, their hearts fierce with furious valour. And as when two lions that have snatched away a goat from sharp-toothed hounds, bear it through the thick brush, holding it in their jaws high above the ground, even so the twain warrior Aiantes held Imbrius on high, and stripped him of his armour. And the head did the son of Oïleus cut from the tender neck, being wroth for the slaying of Amphimachus, and with a swing he sent it rolling through the throng like a ball; and it fell in the dust before the feet of Hector.

Then verily Poseidon waxed mightily wroth at heart when his son's son fell in the dread conflict, and he went his way along the huts and ships of the Achaeans to arouse the Danaans; but for the Trojans was he fashioning woes. And there met him Idomeneus, famed for his spear, on his way from a comrade that he had but now found coming from the battle smitten in the knee with the sharp bronze. Him his comrades bare forth, but Idomeneus had given charge to the leeches, and was going to his hut, for he was still fain to confront the battle; and the lord, the Shaker of Earth, spake to him, likening his voice to that of Andraemon's son Thoas, that in all Pleuron and steep Calydon was lord over the Aetolians, and was honoured of the folk even as a god: "Idomeneus, thou counsellor of the Cretans, where now, I pray thee, are the threats gone, wherewith the sons of the Achaeans threatened the Trojans?"

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "O Thoas, there is no man now at fault, so far as I wot thereof; for we are all skilled in war. Neither is any man holden of craven terror, nor doth any through dread withdraw him from evil war, but even thus, I ween, must it be the good pleasure of the son of Cronos, supreme in might, that the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. But, Thoas, seeing that aforetime thou wast ever staunch in fight, and dost also urge on another, wheresoever thou seest one shrinking from fight, therefore now cease thou not, but call to every man."

And Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, answered him: "Idomeneus, never may that man any more return

home from Troy-land, but here may he become the sport of dogs, whoso in this day's course of his own will shrinketh from fight. Up then, take thine harness and get thee forth: herein beseems it that we play the man together, in hope there may be help in us, though we be but two. Prowess comes from fellowship even of right sorry folk, but we twain know well how to do battle even with men of valour."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men; and Idomeneus, as soon as he was come to his well-built hut, did on his fair armour about his body, and grasped two spears, and went his way like the lightning that the son of Cronos seizeth in his hand and brandisheth from gleaming Olympus, showing forth a sign to mortals, and brightly flash the rays thereof; even so shone the bronze about his breast as he ran. And Meriones, his valiant squire, met him, while yet he was near the hut; for he was on his way to fetch him a spear of bronze; and mighty Idomeneus spake to him: "Meriones, Molus' son, swift of foot, thou dearest of my comrades, wherefore art thou come, leaving the war and battle? Art thou haply wounded, and doth the point of a dart distress thee? Or art thou come after me on some message? Nay, of mine own self am I fain, not to abide in the huts, but to fight."

To him again the wise Meriones made answer: "Idomeneus, counsellor of the brazen-coated Cretans, I am on my way to fetch a spear, if perchance thou hast one left in the huts; for the one that I bare of old have I shattered, as I cast at the shield of the overweening Deïphobus."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans,

made answer: "Spears, if thou wilt, thou shalt find, be it one or twenty, standing in the hut against the bright entrance wall, spears of the Trojans whereof it is my wont to despoil their slain. For I am not minded to fight with the foemen while standing afar off; wherefore I have spears and bossed shields, and helms, and corselets gleaming bright."

Then to him the wise Meriones made answer: "Aye, in mine own hut also and my black ship are many spoils of the Trojans, but I have them not at hand to take thereof. For I deem that I too am not forgetful of valour, but I take my stand amid the foremost in battle, where men win glory, whenso the strife of war ariseth. Some other of the brazen-coated Achaeans might sooner be unaware of my fighting, but thou methinks of thine own self knowest it well."

And to him Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "I know what manner of man thou art in valour; what need hast thou to tell the tale thereof? For if now all the best of us were being told off besides the ships for an ambush, wherein the valour of men is best discerned—there the coward cometh to light and the man of valour; for the colour of the coward changeth ever to another hue, nor is the spirit in his breast stayed that he should abide steadfast, but he shifteth from knee to knee and resteth on either foot, and his heart beats loudly in his breast as he bodeth death, and the teeth chatter in his mouth; but the colour of the brave man changeth not, neither feareth he overmuch when once he taketh his place in the ambush of warriors, but he prayeth to mingle forthwith in woeful war—

not even in such case, I say, would any man make light of thy courage or the strength of thy hands. For if so be thou wert stricken by a dart in the toil of battle, or smitten with a thrust, not from behind in neck or back would the missile fall; nay, but on thy breast would it light or on thy belly, as thou wert pressing on into the dalliance of the foremost fighters. But come, no longer let us loiter here and talk thus like children, lest haply some man wax wroth beyond measure; nay, but go thou to the hut, and get thee a mighty spear."

So spake he, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, speedily took from the hut a spear of bronze, and followed Idomeneus with high thought of battle. And even as Ares, the bane of mortals, goeth forth to war, and with him followeth Rout, his son, valiant alike and fearless, that turneth to flight a warrior, were he never so staunch of heart—these twain arm themselves and go forth from Thrace to join the Ephyri or the great-hearted Phlegyes, yet they hearken not to both sides, but give glory to one or the other; even in such wise did Meriones and Idomeneus, leaders of men, go forth into the fight, harnessed in flaming bronze. And Meriones spake first to Idomeneus, saying: "Son of Deucalion, at what point art thou eager to enter the throng? On the right of all the host, or in the centre, or shall it be on the left? For verily, methinks, in no other place do the long-haired Achaeans so fail in the fight."

And to him again Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, made answer: "Among the midmost ships there be others for defence, the two Aiantes, and Teucer, best of all the Achaeans in bowmanship,

and a good man too in close fight; these shall drive Hector, Priam's son, to surfeit of war, despite his eagerness, be he never so stalwart. Hard shall it be for him, how furious soever for war, to overcome their might and their invincible hands, and to fire the ships, unless the son of Cronos should himself cast a blazing brand upon the swift ships. But to no man would great Telamonian Aias yield, to any man that is mortal, and eateth the grain of Demeter, and may be cloven with the bronze or crushed with great stones. Nay, not even to Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, would he give way, in close fight at least; but in fleetness of foot may no man vie with Achilles. But for us twain, do thou, even as thou sayest, make for the left of the host, that we may know forthwith whether we shall give glory to another or another to us."

So spake he, and Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, led the way until they came to the host, at the point whither Idomeneus bade him go.

Now when the Trojans had sight of Idomeneus, in might as it were a flame, himself and his squire clad in armour richly dight, they called one to another through the throng, and all made at him; and by the sterns of the ships arose a strife of men clashing together. And as gusts come thick and fast when shrill winds are blowing, on a day when dust lies thickest on the roads, and the winds raise up confusedly a great cloud of dust; even so their battle clashed together, and they were eager in the throng to slay one another with the sharp bronze. And the battle, that brings death to mortals, bristled with long spears which they held for the rending of flesh, and eyes were blinded by the blaze of bronze from gleaming

helmets, and corselets newly burnished, and shining shields, as men came on confusedly. Sturdy in sooth would he have been of heart that took joy at sight of such toil of war, and grieved not.

Thus were the two mighty sons of Cronos, divided in purpose, fashioning grievous woes for mortal warriors. Zeus would have victory for the Trojans and Hector, so giving glory to Achilles, swift of foot; yet was he in no wise minded that the Achaean host should perish utterly before the face of Ilios, but was fain only to give glory to Thetis and to her son, strong of heart. But Poseidon went among the Argives and urged them on, stealing forth secretly from the grey sea; for it vexed him that they were being overcome by the Trojans, and against Zeus was he exceeding wroth. Both the twain verily were of one stock and of one parentage, but Zeus was the elder born and the wiser. Therefore it was that Poseidon avoided to give open aid, but secretly sought ever to rouse the Argives throughout the host, in the likeness of a man. So these twain knotted the ends of the cords[1] of mighty strife and evil war, and drew them taut over both armies, a knot none might break nor undo, that loosed the knees of many men.

Then Idomeneus, albeit his hair was flecked with grey, called to the Danaans, and leaping amid the Trojans turned them to flight. For he slew Othryoneus of Cabesus, a sojourner in Troy, that was but newly come following the rumour of war; and he asked in marriage the comeliest of the daughters of Priam, even Cassandra; he brought no gifts of wooing, but promised a mighty deed, that he would

and that; see xi. 336; xiv. 389; xv. 413, and *cf.* the note on vi. 143.

drive forth perforce out of Troy-land the sons of Achaeans. To him the old man Priam promised that he would give her, and bowed his head thereto, and Othryoneus fought, trusting in his promise. But Idomeneus aimed at him with his bright spear, and cast and smote him as he strode proudly on, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but the spear was fixed full in his belly, and he fell with a thud, and Idomeneus exulted over him, and spake, saying: "Othryoneus, verily above all mortal men do I count thee happy, if in good sooth thou shalt accomplish all that thou didst promise to Dardanian Priam; and he promised thee his own daughter. Aye, and we too would promise the like and would bring all to pass, and would give thee the comeliest of the daughters of the son of Atreus, bringing her forth from Argos that thou mightest wed her; if only thou wilt make cause with us and sack the well-peopled city of Ilios. Nay, follow with us, that at the seafaring ships we may make agreement about the marriage, for thou mayest be sure we deal not hardly in exacting gifts of wooing."

So saying, the warrior Idomeneus dragged him by the foot through the mighty conflict. But Asius came to bear aid to Othryoneus, on foot in front of his horses; and these twain the squire that was his charioteer ever drave so that their breath smote upon the shoulders of Asius. And he was ever fain of heart to cast at Idomeneus; but the other was too quick for him, and smote him with a cast of his spear on the throat beneath the chin, and drave the bronze clean through. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine, that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; even so

before his horses and chariot Asius lay out-stretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And the charioteer, stricken with terror, kept not the wits that afore he had, neither dared turn the horses back and so escape from out the hands of the foemen; but Antilochus, staunch in fight, aimed at him, and pierced him through the middle with his spear, nor did the corselet of bronze that he wore avail him, but he fixed the spear full in his belly. And gasping he fell from out his well-built car, and the horses Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, drave forth from the Trojans into the host of the well-greaved Achaeans.

Then Deïphobus in sore grief for Asius drew very nigh to Idomeneus, and cast at him with his bright spear. Howbeit Idomeneus, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he hid beneath the cover of his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, the which he was wont to bear, cunningly wrought with bull's hide and gleaming bronze, and fitted with two rods[1]; beneath this he gathered himself together, and the spear of bronze flew over; and harshly rang his shield, as the spear grazed thereon. Yet nowise in vain did Deïphobus let the spear fly from his heavy hand, but he smote Hypsenor, son of Hippasus, shepherd of the people, in the liver beneath the midriff, and straightway loosed his knees. And Deïphobus exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud: "Hah, in good sooth not unavenged lies Asius; nay, methinks, even as he fareth to the house of Hades, the strong warder, will he be glad at heart, for lo, I have given him one to escort him on his way!"

So spake he, and upon the Argives came sorrow

by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of wise-hearted Antilochus ; howbeit, despite his sorrow, he was not unmindful of his dear comrade, but ran and bestrode him, and covered him with his shield. Then two trusty comrades stooped down, even Mecisteus, son of Echius, and goodly Alastor, and bare Hypsenor, groaning heavily, to the hollow ships.

And Idomeneus slackened not in his furious might, but was ever fain to enwrap some one of the Trojans in the darkness of night, or himself to fall in warding off ruin from the Achaeans. Then the dear son of Aesyetes, fostered of Zeus, the warrior Alcathous—son by marriage was he to Anchises, and had married the eldest of his daughters, Hippodameia, whom her father and queenly mother heartily loved in their hall, for that she excelled all maidens of her years in comeliness, and in handiwork, and in wisdom ; wherefore the best man in wide Troy had taken her to wife—this Alcathous did Poseidon subdue beneath Idomeneus, for he cast a spell upon his bright eyes and ensnared his glorious limbs that he might nowise flee backwards nor avoid the spear ; but as he stood fixed, even as a pillar or a tree, high and leafy, the warrior Idomeneus smote him with a thrust of his spear full upon the breast, and clave his coat of bronze round about him, that aforetime ever warded death from his body, but now it rang harshly as it was cloven about the spear. And he fell with a thud, and the spear was fixed in his heart, that still beating made the butt thereof to quiver ; howbeit, there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. But Idomeneus exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud : " Deïphobus, shall we now deem per-

chance that due requital hath been made—three men slain for one—seeing thou boasteth thus? Nay, good sir, but stand forth thyself and face me, that thou mayest know what manner of son of Zeus am I that am come hither. For Zeus at the first begat Minos to be a watcher over Crete, and Minos again got him a son, even the peerless Deucalion, and Deucalion begat me, a lord over many men in wide Crete; and now have the ships brought me hither a bane to thee and thy father and the other Trojans."

So spake he, and Deïphobus was divided in counsel, whether he should give ground and take to him as comrade some one of the great-souled Trojans, or should make trial by himself alone. And as he pondered this thing seemed to him the better—to go after Aeneas; and he found him standing last amid the throng, for ever was Aeneas wroth against goodly Priam, for that brave though he was amid warriors Priam honoured him not a whit.[1] Then Deïphobus drew near and spake to him winged words: "Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, now in sooth it behoveth thee to bear aid to thy sister's husband, if in any wise grief for thy kin cometh upon thee. Nay, come thou with me, that we may bear aid to Alcathous, who, for all he was but thy sister's husband, reared thee in the halls when thou wast yet a little child; he, I tell thee, hath been slain of Idomeneus, famed for his spear."

So spake he, and roused the heart in the breast of Aeneas, and he went to seek Idomeneus, with high thoughts of war. Howbeit terror gat not hold of Idomeneus, as he had been some petted boy, but he abode like a boar in the mountains, that trusteth in his strength, and abideth the great, tumultuous

throng of men that cometh against him, in a lonely place; he bristleth up his back and his two eyes blaze with fire, and he whetteth his tusks, eager to ward off dogs and men; even so Idomeneus, famed for his spear, abode the oncoming of Aeneas to bear aid, and gave not ground, but called to his comrades, looking unto Ascalaphus, Aphareus, and Deïpyrus, and Meriones, and Antilochus, masters of the war-cry; to these he spake winged words, and spurred them on: "Hither, friends, and bear aid to me that am alone, and sorely do I dread the oncoming of Aeneas, swift of foot, that cometh against me; right strong is he to slay men in battle, and he hath the flower of youth, wherein is the fulness of strength. Were we but of like age and our mood such as now it is, then forthwith should he win great victory, or haply I."

So spake he, and they all, having one spirit in their breasts, took their stand, each hard by the other, leaning their shields against their shoulders. And Aeneas over against them called to his comrades, looking unto Deïphobus, and Paris, and goodly Agenor, that with himself were leaders of the Trojans; and after them followed the host, as sheep follow after the ram to water from the place of feeding, and the shepherd joyeth in his heart; even so the heart of Aeneas was glad in his breast, when he saw the throng of the host that followed after him.

Then over Alcathous they clashed in close fight with their long spears, and about their breasts the bronze rang terribly as they aimed each at the other in the throng; and above all the rest two men of valour, Aeneas and Idomeneus, peers of Ares, were eager each to cleave the other's flesh with the pitiless

bronze. And Aeneas first cast at Idomeneus, but he, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, and the lance of Aeneas sank quivering down into the earth, for that it sped in vain from his mighty hand. But Idomeneus cast and smote Oenomaus, full upon the belly, and brake the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let forth the bowels therethrough; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth in his palm. And Idomeneus drew forth from out the corpse the far-shadowing spear, yet could he not prevail likewise to strip the rest of the fair armour from his shoulders, since he was sore pressed with missiles. For the joints of his feet were not firm as of old in a charge, that he might rush forth after his own cast, or avoid another's. Wherefore in close fight he warded off the pitiless day of doom, but in flight his feet no longer bare him swiftly from the war. And as he drew back step by step Deïphobus cast at him with his shining spear, for verily he ever cherished a ceaseless hate against him. Howbeit this time again he missed him, and smote with his spear Ascalaphus, son of Enyalius, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its way; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. But as yet loud-voiced dread Ares wist not at all that his son had fallen in the mighty conflict; but he sat on the topmost peak of Olympus beneath the golden clouds, constrained by the will of Zeus, where also were the other immortal gods, being held aloof from the war.

Then over Ascalaphus they clashed in close fight, and Deïphobus tore from Ascalaphus his shining helm, but Meriones, the peer of swift Ares, leapt upon Deïphobus and smote his arm with his spear,

and from his hand the crested helm fell to the ground with a clang. And Meriones sprang forth again like a vulture, and drew forth the mighty spear from the upper arm of Deïphobus, and shrank back into the throng of his comrades. But Polites, the own brother of Deïphobus, stretched his arms around his waist, and led him forth from out the dolorous war, until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict with their charioteer and chariot richly dight. These bare him to the city groaning heavily and sore distressed; and down ran the blood from his newly wounded arm.

But the rest fought on, and a cry unquenchable arose. Then Aeneas leapt upon Aphareus, son of Caletor, that was turned toward him, and struck him on the throat with his sharp spear, and his head sank to one side, and his shield was hurled upon him and his helm withal, and death that slayeth the spirit encompassed him. Then Antilochus, biding his time, leapt upon Thoön, as he turned his back, and smote him with a thrust, and wholly severed the vein that runneth along the back continually until it reacheth the neck; this he severed wholly, and Thoön fell on his back in the dust, stretching out both his hands to his dear comrades. But Antilochus leapt upon him and set him to strip the armour from off his shoulders, looking warily around the while; for the Trojans encircled him and thrust from this side and from that upon his broad, shining shield; howbeit they prevailed not to pierce through and graze the tender flesh of Antilochus with the pitiless bronze; for mightily did Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, guard Nestor's son, even in the midst of many

darts. For never aloof from the foe was Antilochus, but he ranged among them, nor ever was his spear at rest, but was ceaselessly brandished and shaken; and he ever aimed in heart to cast at some foeman, or rush upon him in close fight.

But as he was aiming amid the throng he was not unmarked of Adamas, son of Asius, who smote him full upon the shield with a thrust of the sharp bronze, setting upon him from nigh at hand. But the spear-point was made of none avail by Poseidon, the dark-haired god, who begrudged it the life of Antilochus. And the one part of the spear abode there, like a charred stake, in the shield of Antilochus, and half lay upon the ground; and Adamas shrank back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But Meriones followed after him as he went and cast with his spear, and smote him midway between the privy parts and the navel, where most of all Ares is cruel to wretched mortals. Even there he fixed his spear, and the other, leaning over[1] the shaft which pierced him, writhed as a bull that herdsmen amid the mountains have bound with twisted withes and drag with them perforce; even so he, when he was smitten, writhed a little while, but not long, till the warrior Meriones came near and drew the spear forth from out his flesh; and darkness enfolded his eyes.

Then in close fight Helenus smote Deïpyrus on the temple with a great Thracian sword, and tore away his helm, and the helm, dashed from his head, fell to the ground, and one of the Achaeans gathered it up as it rolled amid the feet of the fighters; and down upon the eyes of Deïpyrus came the darkness of night, and enfolded him.

But the son of Atreus was seized with grief thereat,

even Menelaus, good at the war-cry, and he strode forth with a threat against the prince, the warrior Helenus, brandishing his sharp spear, while the other drew the centre-piece of his bow. So the twain at the one moment let fly, the one with his sharp spear, and the other with an arrow from the string. Then the son of Priam smote Menelaus on the breast with his arrow, on the plate of his corselet, and off therefrom glanced the bitter arrow. And as from a broad shovel in a great threshing-floor the dark-skinned beans or pulse leap before the shrill wind and the might of the winnower; even so from the corselet of glorious Menelaus glanced aside the bitter arrow and sped afar. But the son of Atreus, Menelaus, good at the war-cry, cast, and smote Helenus on the hand wherewith he was holding the polished bow, and into the bow clean through the hand was driven the spear of bronze. Then back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, letting his hand hang down by his side; and the ashen spear trailed after him. This then great-souled Agenor drew forth from his hand, and bound the hand with a strip of twisted sheep's wool, even a sling [1] that his squire carried for him, the shepherd of the host.

But Peisander made straight at glorious Menelaus; howbeit an evil fate was leading him to the end of death, to be slain by thee, Menelaus, in the dread conflict. And when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, the son of Atreus missed, and his spear was turned aside; but Peisander thrust and smote the shield of glorious Menelaus, yet availed not to drive the bronze clean through,

for the wide shield stayed it and the spear brake in the socket; yet had he joy at heart, and hope for victory. But the son of Atreus drew his silver-studded sword, and leapt upon Peisander; and he from beneath his shield grasped a goodly axe of fine bronze, set on a haft of olive-wood, long and well-polished; and at the one moment they set each upon the other. Peisander verily smote Menelaus upon the horn of his helmet with crest of horse-hair —on the topmost part beneath the very plume; but Menelaus smote him as he came against him, on the forehead above the base of the nose; and the bones crashed loudly, and the two eyeballs, all bloody, fell before his feet in the dust, and he bowed and fell; and Menelaus set his foot upon his breast, and despoiled him of his arms, and exulted, saying: "In such wise of a surety shall ye leave the ships of the Danaans, drivers of swift horses, ye overweening Trojans, insatiate of the dread din of battle. Aye, and of other despite and shame lack ye naught, wherewith ye have done despite unto me, ye evil dogs,[1] and had no fear at heart of the grievous wrath of Zeus, that thundereth aloud, the god of hospitality, who shall some day destroy your high city. For ye bare forth wantonly over sea my wedded wife and therewithal much treasure, when it was with her that ye had found entertainment; and now again ye are full fain to fling consuming fire on the sea-faring ships, and to slay the Achaean warriors. Nay, but ye shall be stayed from your fighting, how eager soever ye be! Father Zeus, in sooth men say that in wisdom thou art above all others, both men and gods, yet it is from thee that all these things come; in such wise now dost thou

shew favour to men of wantonness, even the Trojans, whose might is always froward, nor can they ever have their fill of the din of evil war. Of all things is there satiety, of sleep, and love, and of sweet song, and the goodly dance ; of these things verily a man would rather have his fill than of war ; but the Trojans are insatiate of battle."

With this, peerless Menelaus stripped from the body the bloody armour and gave it to his comrades, and himself went back again, and mingled with the foremost fighters.

Then there leapt forth against him the son of king Pylaemenes, even Harpalion, that followed his dear father to Troy unto the war, but came not back again to his dear native land. He then thrust with his spear full upon the shield of the son of Atreus, from nigh at hand, yet availed not to drive the bronze clean through, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate, glancing warily on every side, lest some man should wound his flesh with the bronze. But as he drew back, Meriones let fly at him a bronze-tipped arrow, and smote him on the right buttock, and the arrow passed clean through even to the bladder beneath the bone. And sitting down where he was in the arms of his dear comrades he breathed forth his life, and lay stretched out like a worm on the earth ; and the black blood flowed forth and wetted the ground. Him the great-hearted Paphlagonians tended, and setting him in a chariot they bare him to sacred Ilios, sorrowing the while, and with them went his father,[1] shedding tears ; but there was no blood-price gotten for his dead son.

no vengeance, or blood-money, was exacted for the slain man enhances the pathos, or the disgrace, of his fate.

And for his slaying waxed Paris mightily wroth at heart, for among the many Paphlagonians Harpalion had been his host; and in wrath for his sake he let fly a bronze-tipped arrow. A certain Euchenor there was, son of Polyidus the seer, a rich man and a valiant, and his abode was in Corinth. He embarked upon his ship knowing full well the deadly fate to be, for often had his old sire, good Polyidus, told it him, to wit, that he must either perish of dire disease in his own halls, or amid the ships of the Achaeans be slain by the Trojans; wherefore he avoided at the same time the heavy fine[1] of the Achaeans and the hateful disease, that he might not suffer woes at heart. Him Paris smote beneath the jaw, under the ear, and forthwith his spirit departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness gat hold of him.

So fought they like unto blazing fire; but Hector, dear to Zeus, had not heard, nor wist at all that on the left of the ships his hosts were being slain by the Argives; and soon would the Achaeans have gotten them glory, of such might was the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth that urged on the Argives and withal aided them by his own strength. Nay, Hector pressed on where at the first he had leapt within the gate and the wall, and had burst the close ranks of the Danaan shield-men, even in the place where were the ships of Aias and Protesilaus, drawn up along the beach of the grey sea, and beyond them the wall was builded lowest;[2] there, as in no place beside, the men and their horses waxed furious in fight.

[2] The well-known prowess of Aias was regarded as an adequate defence, so that a low wall was thought to be sufficient.

There the Boeotians and the Ionians,[1] of trailing tunics, and the Locrians, and Phthians, and glorious Epeians, had much ado to stay his onset upon the ships, and availed not to thrust back from themselves goodly Hector, that was like a flame of fire,—even they that were picked men of the Athenians; and among them Menestheus, son of Peteos, was leader, and there followed with him Pheidas and Stichius and valiant Bias, while the Epeians were led by Meges, son of Phyleus, and Amphion and Dracius, and in the forefront of the Phthians were Medon and Podarces, staunch in fight. The one, verily, even Medon, was a bastard son of godlike Oïleus and brother of Aias, but he dwelt in Phylace, far from his native land, for that he had slain a man of the kin of his stepmother Eriopis, that Oïleus had to wife; and the other, Podarces, was the son of Iphiclus, son of Phylacus. These, harnessed in their armour, in the forefront of the great-souled Phthians, were fighting in defence of the ships together with the Boeotians. And Aias, the swift son of Oïleus, would no more in any wise depart from the side of Aias, son of Telamon, no not for an instant; but even as in fallow land two wine-dark oxen with one accord strain at the jointed plough, and about the roots of their horns oozeth up the sweat in streams—the twain the polished yoke alone holdeth apart as they labour through the furrow, till the plough cutteth to the limit of the field; even in such wise did the two Aiantes take their stand and abide each hard by the other's side. After the son of Telamon verily there followed many valiant hosts of his comrades, who would ever take from him his shield, whenso weariness and sweat came upon his limbs. But the Locrians

followed not with the great-hearted son of Oïleus, for their hearts abode not steadfast in close fight, seeing they had no brazen helms with thick plumes of horse-hair, neither round shields, nor spears of ash, but trusting in bows and well-twisted slings of sheep's wool had they followed with him to Ilios; with these thereafter they shot thick and fast, and sought to break the battalions of the Trojans. So the one part in front with their war-gear, richly dight, fought with the Trojans and with Hector in his harness of bronze, and the others behind kept shooting from their cover; and the Trojans bethought them no more of fight, for the arrows confounded them.

Then in sorry wise would the Trojans have given ground from the ships and huts unto windy Ilios, had not Polydamas drawn nigh to bold Hector, and said: "Hector, hard to deal with art thou, that thou shouldest hearken to words of persuasion. Forasmuch as god has given to thee as to none other works of war, therefore in counsel too art thou minded to have wisdom beyond all; but in no wise shalt thou be able of thine own self to compass all things. To one man hath God given works of war, to another the dance, to another the lyre and song, and in the breast of another Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, putteth a mind of understanding, wherefrom many men get profit, and many he saveth; but he knoweth it best himself. So will I speak what seemeth to me to be best. Behold all about thee blazeth a circle of war, and the great-souled Trojans, now that they have passed over the wall, are some of them standing aloof with their arms, and others are fighting, fewer men against more, scattered among the ships. Nay, fall thou back, and call

hither all the bravest. Then shall we consider all manner of counsel, whether we shall fall upon the many-benched ships, if so be the god willeth to give us victory, or thereafter shall return unscathed back from the ships. Verily, for myself, I fear lest the Achaeans shall pay back the debt of yesterday, seeing there abideth by the ships a man insatiate of war, who no longer, methinks, will hold him utterly aloof from battle."

So spake Polydamas, and his prudent counsel was well pleasing unto Hector, and forthwith he leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "Polydamas, do thou hold back here all the bravest, but I will go thither and confront the war, and quickly will I come again, when to the full I have laid on them my charge."

So spake he, and set forth, in semblance like a snowy mountain,[1] and with loud shouting sped he through the Trojans and allies. And they hasted one and all toward the kindly Polydamas, son of Panthous, when they heard the voice of Hector. But he ranged through the foremost fighters, in quest of Deïphobus, and the valiant prince Helenus, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus, if haply he might find them. But he found them no more in any wise unscathed or free from bane, but some were lying at the sterns of the ships of the Achaeans, slain by the hands of the Argives, and some were within the wall, smitten by darts or

the foe to a snowy mountain. Virgil, however, imitated it (*Aen.* xii. 699 ff.). One may, with Nitzsch, think of an avalanche, but there is nothing in the Greek to justify such a rendering, and furthermore avalanches seem to be unknown in Greece.

wounded with spear-thrusts. But one he presently found on the left of the tearful battle, even goodly Alexander, the lord of fair-tressed Helen, heartening his comrades and urging them on to fight; and he drew near and spake to him with words of shame: "Evil Paris, most fair to look upon, thou that art mad after women, thou beguiler, where, I pray thee, is Deïphobus, and the valiant prince Helenus, and Adamas, son of Asius, and Asius, son of Hyrtacus? Aye, and where, tell me, is Othryoneus? Now is steep Ilios wholly plunged into ruin; now, thou mayest see, is utter destruction sure."

Then spake unto him again godlike Alexander: "Hector, seeing it is thy mind to blame one in whom is no blame, at some other time have I haply withdrawn me from war rather than now, for my mother bare not even me wholly a weakling. For from the time thou didst rouse the battle of thy comrades beside the ships, even from that time we abide here and have dalliance with the Danaans ceaselessly; but our comrades are dead of whom thou makest question. Only Deïphobus and the valiant prince Helenus have departed, both of them smitten in the arm with long spears; yet the son of Cronos warded off death. But now lead thou on whithersoever thy heart and spirit bid thee, and as for us, we will follow with thee eagerly, nor, methinks, shall we be anywise wanting in valour, so far as we have strength; but beyond his strength may no man fight, how eager soever he be."

So spake the warrior, and turned his brother's mind; and they set out to go where the battle and the din were fiercest, round about Cebriones and peerless Polydamas, and Phalces, and Orthaeus, and

godlike Polyphetes, and Palmys, and Ascanius, and Morys, son of Hippotion, who had come from deep-soiled Ascania on the morn before to relieve their fellows, and now Zeus roused them to fight. And they came on like the blast of direful winds that rusheth upon the earth beneath the thunder of father Zeus, and with wondrous din mingleth with the sea, and in its track are many surging waves of the loud-resounding sea, high-arched and white with foam, some in the van and after them others; even so the Trojans, in close array, some in the van and after them others, flashing with bronze, followed with their leaders. And Hector, son of Priam, led them, the peer of Ares, the bane of mortals. Before him he held his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, his shield thick with hides, whereon abundant bronze had been welded, and about his temples waved the crest of his shining helm. And everywhere on this side and on that he strode forward and made trial of the battalions, if so be they would give way before him, as he advanced under cover of his shield; yet could he not confound the heart in the breast of the Achaeans. And Aias came on with long strides, and was first to challenge him: "Good sir, draw nigh; wherefore seekest thou thus vainly to affright the Argives? In no wise, I tell thee, are we ignorant of battle, but by the evil scourge of Zeus were we Achaeans subdued. Verily, thy heart hopeth, I ween, to despoil our ships, but be sure we too have hands to defend them. In good sooth your well-peopled city is like, ere that, to be taken and laid waste beneath our hands. And for thine own self, I declare that the day is near when in flight thou shalt pray to father

Zeus and the other immortals, that thy fair-maned horses may be swifter than falcons—they that shall bear thee citywards, coursing in dust over the plain."

Even as he thus spake, there flew forth a bird upon the right hand, an eagle of lofty flight; and thereat the host of the Achaeans shouted aloud, heartened by the omen; but glorious Hector made answer: "Aias, witless in speech, thou braggart, what a thing hast thou said! I would that I mine own self were all my days as surely the son of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, and my mother were the queenly Hera, and that I were honoured even as are Athene and Apollo, as verily this day beareth evil for the Argives, one and all; and among them shalt thou too be slain, if thou have the heart to abide my long spear, that shall rend thy lily-like skin; and thou shalt glut with thy fat and thy flesh the dogs and birds of the Trojans, when thou art fallen amid the ships of the Achaeans."

So spake he, and led the way; and they followed after with a wondrous din, and the host shouted behind. And the Argives over against them shouted in answer, and forgat not their valour, but abode the oncoming of the best of the Trojans; and the clamour of the two hosts went up to the aether and the splendour of Zeus.

BOOK XIV

And the cry of battle was not unmarked of Nestor, albeit at his wine, but he spake winged words to the son of Asclepius : " Bethink thee, goodly Machaon, how these things are to be ; louder in sooth by the ships waxes the cry of lusty youths. Howbeit do thou now sit where thou art and quaff the flaming wine, until fair-tressed Hecamede shall heat for thee a warm bath, and wash from thee the clotted blood, but I will go straightway to a place of outlook and see what is toward."

So spake he and took the well-wrought shield of his son, horse-taming Thrasymedes, that was lying in the hut, all gleaming with bronze ; but the son had the shield of his father. And he grasped a valorous spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and took his stand outside the hut, and forthwith saw a deed of shame, even the Achaeans in rout and the Trojans high of heart driving them ; and the wall of the Achaeans was broken down. And as when the great sea heaveth darkly with a soundless swell, and forebodeth the swift paths of the shrill winds, albeit but vaguely, nor do its waves roll forward to this side or to that until some settled gale cometh down from Zeus ; even so the old man pondered, his mind divided this way and that, whether he should haste into the throng of the Danaans of swift steeds, or go after Agamemnon,

son of Atreus, shepherd of the host. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better—to go after the son of Atreus. But the others meanwhile were fighting on and slaying one another, and about their bodies rang the stubborn bronze, as they thrust one at the other with swords and two-edged spears.

And Nestor was met by the kings, fostered of Zeus, as they went up from the ships, even all they that had been smitten with the bronze, the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son, Agamemnon. Far apart from the battle were their ships drawn up on the shore of the grey sea; for these had they drawn up to land in the foremost row, but had builded the wall close to the hindmost.[1] For albeit the beach was wide, yet might it in no wise hold all the ships, and the host was straitened; wherefore they had drawn up the ships row behind row, and had filled up the wide mouth of all the shore that the headlands shut in between them. The kings therefore were faring all in one body, leaning each on his spear, to look upon the war and the combat, and grieved were the hearts in their breasts. And old Nestor met them, and made the spirit to quail in the breasts of the Achaeans. Then lord Agamemnon lifted up his voice and spake to him: "O Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, wherefore hast thou left the war, the bane of men, and come hither? I fear me lest in sooth mighty Hector

outer rows of ships would be called *πρώτη* would depend on whether the approach was from the seaward side (as here), or from the landward side (as in xv. 654). A slight difficulty is caused by the fact that *πρυμνός* commonly denotes the extremity of some one object, not the last object in a series; but no other rendering seems possible.

make good his word and the threats wherewith on a time he threatened us, as he spake amid the Trojans, even that he would not return to Ilios from the ships till he had burned the ships with fire and furthermore slain the men. On this wise spake he, and now all this is verily being brought to pass. Out upon it! surely the other well-greaved Achaeans are laying up wrath against me in their hearts, even as doth Achilles, and have no mind to fight by the sterns of the ships."

Then made answer to him the horseman Nestor of Gerenia: "Yea, verily, these things have now been brought to pass and are here at hand, neither could Zeus himself, that thundereth on high, fashion them otherwise. For, lo, the wall has been thrown down, wherein we put our trust that it should be an unbreakable bulwark for our ships and ourselves. And the foemen at the swift ships maintain a ceaseless fight, and make no end; nor couldst thou any more tell, wert thou to look never so closely, from what side the Achaeans are driven in rout, so confusedly are they slain, and the cry of battle goeth up to heaven. But for us, let us take thought how these things are to be, if so be wit may aught avail. But into the war I bid not that we should enter; in no wise may a wounded man do battle."

Then again made answer the king of men, Agamemnon: "Nestor, seeing they are fighting at the sterns of the ships, and the well-built wall hath availed not, nor in any wise the trench, whereat the Danaans laboured sore, and hoped in their hearts that it would be an unbreakable bulwark for their ships and for themselves—even so, I ween, must it be the good pleasure of Zeus, supreme in might, that

the Achaeans should perish here far from Argos, and have no name. I knew it when with a ready heart he was aiding the Danaans, and I know it now when he is giving glory to our foes, even as to the blessed gods, and hath bound our might and our hands. Nay, come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. Let us drag down the ships that are drawn up in the first line hard by the sea, and let us draw them all forth into the bright sea, and moor them afloat with anchor-stones, till immortal night shall come, if so be that even at her bidding the Trojans will refrain from war; and thereafter might we drag down all the ships. For in sooth I count it not shame to flee from ruin, nay, not though it be by night. Better it is if one fleeth from ruin and escapeth, than if he be taken."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles addressed him: "Son of Atreus, what a word hath escaped the barrier of thy teeth! Doomed man that thou art, would that thou wert in command of some other, inglorious army, and not king over us, to whom Zeus hath given, from youth right up to age, to wind the skein of grievous wars till we perish, every man of us. Art thou in truth thus eager to leave behind thee the broad-wayed city of the Trojans, for the sake of which we endure many grievous woes? Be silent, lest some other of the Achaeans hear this word, that no man should in any wise suffer to pass through his mouth at all, no man who hath understanding in his heart to utter things that are right, and who is a sceptred king to whom hosts so many yield obedience as are the Argives among whom thou art lord. But now have I altogether scorn of thy wits, that thou speakest

thus, seeing thou biddest us, when war and battle are afoot, draw down our well-benched ships to the sea, that so even more than before the Trojans may have their desire, they that be victors even now, and that on us utter destruction may fall. For the Achaeans will not maintain their fight once the ships are drawn down to the sea, but will ever be looking away, and will withdraw them from battle. Then will thy counsel prove our bane, thou leader of hosts."

To him then made answer, Agamemnon, king of men : " Odysseus, in good sooth thou hast stung my heart with harsh reproof ; yet I urge not that against their will the sons of the Achaeans should drag the well-benched ships down to the sea. But now I would there were one who might utter counsel better than this of mine, be he young man or old ; right welcome were it unto me."

Then among them spake also Diomedes, good at the war-cry : " Near by is that man ; not long shall we seek him, if so be ye are minded to give ear, and be no wise vexed and wroth, each one of you, for that in years I am the youngest among you. Nay, but of a goodly father do I too declare that I am come by lineage, even of Tydeus, whom in Thebe the heaped-up earth covereth. For to Portheus were born three peerless sons, and they dwelt in Pleuron and steep Calydon, even Agrius and Melas, and the third was the horseman Oeneus, that was father to my father, and in valour was pre-eminent among them. He verily abode there, but my father went wandering to Argos, and there was settled, for so I ween was the will of Zeus and the other gods. And he wedded one of the daughters of Adrastus, and dwelt in a house rich in substance, and abundance

was his of wheat-bearing fields, and many orchards of trees round about, and withal many sheep; and with his spear he excelled all the Argives. Of these things it must be that ye have heard, whether I speak sooth. Wherefore ye shall not say that by lineage I am a coward and a weakling, and so despise my spoken counsel, whatsoever I may speak aright. Come, let us go down to the battle, wounded though we be, since needs we must. Thereafter will we hold ourselves aloof from the fight, beyond the range of missiles, lest haply any take wound on wound; but the others will we spur on and send into battle, even them that hitherto have done pleasure to their resentment, and that stand aloof and fight not."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed. So they set out to go, and the king of men, Agamemnon, led them.

And no blind watch did the famed Shaker of Earth keep, but went with them in likeness of an old man, and he laid hold of the right hand of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, and spake, and addressed him with winged words: "Son of Atreus, now in sooth, methinks, doth the baneful heart of Achilles rejoice within his breast, as he beholdeth the slaughter and rout of the Achaeans, seeing he hath no understanding, no, not a whit. Nay, even so may he perish, and a god bring him low. But with thee are the blessed gods in no wise utterly wroth; nay, even yet, I ween, shall the leaders and rulers of the Trojans raise the dust of the wide plain, and thyself behold them fleeing to the city from the ships and huts."

So saying, he shouted mightily, as he sped over the plain. Loud as nine thousand warriors, or ten

thousand, cry in battle when they join in the strife of the War-god, even so mighty a shout did the lord, the Shaker of Earth, send forth from his breast; and in the heart of each man of the Achaeans he put great strength, to war and fight unceasingly.

Now Hera of the golden throne, standing on a peak of Olympus, therefrom had sight of him, and forthwith knew him as he went busily about in the battle where men win glory, her own brother and her lord's withal; and she was glad at heart. And Zeus she marked seated on the topmost peak of many-fountained Ida, and hateful was he to her heart. Then she took thought, the ox-eyed, queenly Hera, how she might beguile the mind of Zeus that beareth the aegis. And this plan seemed to her mind the best—to go to Ida, when she had beauteously adorned her person, if so be he might desire to lie by her side and embrace her body in love, and she might shed a warm and gentle sleep upon his eyelids and his cunning mind. So she went her way to her chamber, that her dear son Hephaestus had fashioned for her, and had fitted strong doors to the door-posts with a secret bolt, that no other god might open. Therein she entered, and closed the bright doors. With ambrosia first did she cleanse from her lovely body every stain, and anointed her richly with oil, ambrosial, soft, and of rich fragrance; were this but shaken in the palace of Zeus with threshold of bronze, even so would the savour thereof reach unto earth and heaven. Therewith she annointed her lovely body, and she combed her hair, and with her hands plaited the bright tresses, fair and ambrosial, that streamed from her immortal head. Then she clothed her about in a robe ambrosial,

which Athene had wrought for her with cunning skill, and had set thereon broideries full many; and she pinned it upon her breast with brooches of gold, and she girt about her a girdle set with an hundred tassels, and in her pierced ears she put ear-rings with three clustering[1] drops; and abundant grace shone therefrom. And with a veil over all did the bright goddess veil herself, a fair veil, all glistering, and white was it as the sun; and beneath her shining feet she bound her fair sandals. But when she had decked her body with all adornment, she went forth from her chamber, and calling to her Aphrodite, apart from the other gods, she spake to her, saying: "Wilt thou now hearken to me, dear child, in what I shall say? or wilt thou refuse me, being angered at heart for that I give aid to the Danaans and thou to the Trojans?"

Then made answer to her Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus: "Hera, queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment."

Then with crafty thought spake to her queenly Hera: "Give me now love and desire, wherewith thou art wont to subdue all immortals and mortal men. For I am faring to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, even them that lovingly nursed and cherished me in their halls, when they had taken me from Rhea, what time Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, thrust Cronos down to dwell beneath earth and the unresting sea. Them am I faring to visit, and will loose for them their

endless strife, since now for a long time's space they hold aloof one from the other from the marriage-bed and from love, for that wrath hath come upon their hearts. If by words I might but persuade the hearts of these twain, and bring them back to be joined together in love, ever should I be called dear by them and worthy of reverence."

To her again spake in answer laughter-loving Aphrodite: "It may not be that I should say thee nay, nor were it seemly; for thou sleepest in the arms of mightiest Zeus."

She spake, and loosed from her bosom the broidered zone, curiously-wrought, wherein are fashioned all manner of allurements; therein is love, therein desire, therein dalliance—beguilement that steals the wits even of the wise. This she laid in her hands, and spake, and addressed her: "Take now and lay in thy bosom this zone, curiously-wrought, wherein all things are fashioned; I tell thee thou shalt not return with that unaccomplished, whatsoever in thy heart thou desirest."

So spake she, and ox-eyed, queenly Hera smiled, and smiling laid the zone in her bosom.

She then went to her house, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, but Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus; on Pieria she stepped and lovely Emathia, and sped over the snowy mountains of the Thracian horsemen, even over their topmost peaks, nor grazed she the ground with her feet; and from Athos she stepped upon the billowy sea, and so came to Lemnos, the city of godlike Thoas. There she met Sleep, the brother of Death; and she clasped him by the hand, and spake and addressed him: "Sleep, lord of all gods and of all men, if ever thou

didst hearken to word of mine, so do thou even now obey, and I will owe thee thanks all my days. Lull me to sleep the bright eyes of Zeus beneath his brows, so soon as I shall have lain me by his side in love. And gifts will I give thee, a fair throne, ever imperishable, wrought of gold, that Hephaestus, mine own son, the god of the two strong arms, shall fashion thee with skill, and beneath it shall he set a foot-stool for the feet, whereon thou mayest rest thy shining feet when thou quaffest thy wine."

Then sweet Sleep made answer to her, saying: "Hera, queenly goddess, daughter of great Cronos, another of the gods, that are for ever, might I lightly lull to sleep, aye, were it even the streams of the river Oceanus, from whom they all are sprung; but to Zeus, son of Cronos, will I not draw nigh, neither lull him to slumber, unless of himself he bid me. For ere now in another matter did a behest of thine teach me a lesson, on the day when the glorious son[1] of Zeus, high of heart, sailed forth from Ilios, when he had laid waste the city of the Trojans. I, verily, beguiled the mind of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, being shed in sweetness round about him, and thou didst devise evil in thy heart against his son, when thou hadst roused the blasts of cruel winds over the face of the deep, and thereafter didst bear him away unto well-peopled Cos, far from all his kinsfolk. But Zeus, when he awakened, was wroth, and flung the gods hither and thither about his palace, and me above all he sought, and would have hurled me from heaven into the deep to be no more seen, had

out to Hera by Zeus, when he awakened from slumber, and in i. 590 ff. of the fate of Hephaestus, who sought to bear aid to his mother.

Night not saved me—Night that bends to her sway both gods and men. To her I came in my flight, and besought her, and Zeus refrained him, albeit he was wroth, for he had awe lest he do aught displeasing to swift Night. And now again thou biddest me fulfil this other task, that may nowise be done."

To him then spake again ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Sleep, wherefore ponderest thou of these things in thine heart? Deemest thou that Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, will aid the Trojans, even as he waxed wroth for the sake of Heracles, his own son? Nay, come, I will give thee one of the youthful Graces to wed, to be called thy wife, even Pasithea, for whom thou ever longest all thy days."

So spake she, and Sleep waxed glad, and made answer saying: "Come now, swear to me by the inviolable water of Styx, and with one hand lay thou hold of the bounteous earth, and with the other of the shimmering sea, that one and all they may be witnesses betwixt us twain, even the gods that are below with Cronos, that verily thou wilt give me one of the youthful Graces, even Pasithea, that myself I long for all my days."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken, but sware as he bade, and invoked by name all the gods below Tartarus, that are called Titans. But when she had sworn and made an end of the oath, the twain left the cities of Lemnos and Imbros, and clothed about in mist went forth, speeding swiftly on their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, the mother of wild creatures, even to Lectum, where first they left the sea; and the twain fared on over the dry land, and the topmost forest quivered beneath their feet. There Sleep did halt, or

ever the eyes of Zeus beheld him, and mounted up on a fir-tree exceeding tall, the highest that then grew in Ida; and it reached up through the mists into heaven. Thereon he perched, thick-hidden by the branches of the fir, in the likeness of a clear-voiced mountain bird, that the gods call Chalcis, and men Cymindis.

But Hera swiftly drew nigh to topmost Gargarus, the peak of lofty Ida, and Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, beheld her. And when he beheld her, then love encompassed his wise heart about, even as when at the first they had gone to the couch and had dalliance together in love, their dear parents knowing naught thereof. And he stood before her, and spake, and addressed her: "Hera, with what desire art thou thus come hither down from Olympus? Lo, thy horses are not at hand, neither thy chariot, whereon thou mightest mount."

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: "I am faring to visit the limits of the all-nurturing earth, and Oceanus, from whom the gods are sprung, and mother Tethys, even them that lovingly nursed me and cherished me in their halls. Them am I faring to visit, and will loose for them their endless strife, since now for long time's space they hold aloof one from the other, from the marriage-bed and from love, for that wrath hath fallen upon their hearts. And my horses stand at the foot of many-fountained Ida, my horses that shall bear me both over the solid land and the waters of the sea. But now it is because of thee that I am come hither down from Olympus, lest haply thou mightest wax wroth with me hereafter, if without a word I depart to the house of deep-flowing Oceanus."

Then in answer spake to her Zeus, the cloud-

gatherer: "Hera, thither mayest thou go even hereafter. But for us twain, come, let us take our joy, couched together in love; for never yet did desire for goddess or mortal woman so shed itself about me and overmaster the heart within my breast—nay, not when I was seized with love of the wife of Ixion, who bare Peirithous, the peer of the gods in counsel; nor of Danaë of the fair ankles, daughter of Acrisius, who bare Perseus, pre-eminent above all warriors; nor of the daughter of far-famed Phoenix, that bare me Minos and godlike Rhadamanthys; nor of Semele, nor of Alcmene in Thebes, and she brought forth Heracles, her son stout of heart, and Semele bare Dionysus, the joy of mortals; nor of Demeter, the fair-tressed queen; nor of glorious Leto; nay, nor yet of thine own self, as now I love thee, and sweet desire layeth hold of me."

Then with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! If now thou art fain to be couched in love on the peaks of Ida, where all is plain to view, what and if some one of the gods that are for ever should behold us twain as we sleep, and should go and tell it to all the gods? Then verily could not I arise from the couch and go again to thy house; that were a shameful thing. But if thou wilt, and it is thy heart's good pleasure, thou hast a chamber, that thy dear son Hephaestus fashioned for thee, and fitted strong doors upon the door-posts. Thither let us go and lay us down, since the couch is thy desire."

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-

gatherer: "Hera, fear thou not that any god or man shall behold the thing, with such a cloud shall I enfold thee withal, a cloud of gold. Therethrough might not even Helios discern us twain, albeit his sight is the keenest of all for beholding."

Therewith the son of Cronos clasped his wife in his arms, and beneath them the divine earth made fresh-sprung grass to grow, and dewy lotus, and crocus, and hyacinth, thick and soft, that upbare them from the ground. Therein lay the twain, and were clothed about with a cloud, fair and golden, wherefrom fell drops of glistering dew.

Thus in quiet slept the Father on topmost Gargarus, by sleep and love overmastered, and clasped in his arms his wife. But sweet Sleep set out to run to the ships of the Argives to bear word to the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth. And he came up to him, and spake winged words, saying: "With a ready heart now, Poseidon, do thou bear aid to the Danaans, and vouchsafe them glory, though it be for a little space, while yet Zeus sleepeth; for over him have I shed soft slumber, and Hera hath beguiled him to couch with her in love."

So spake he and departed to the glorious tribes of men, but Poseidon he set on yet more to bear aid to the Danaans. Forthwith then he leapt forth amid the foremost, and cried aloud: "Argives, are we again in good sooth to yield victory to Hector, son of Priam, that he may take the ships and win him glory? Nay, even so he saith, and vaunteth that it shall be, for that Achilles abideth by the hollow ships, filled with wrath at heart. Howbeit him shall we in no wise miss overmuch if we others bestir ourselves to bear aid one to the other. Nay, come,

even as I shall bid, let us all obey. In the shields that are best in the host and largest let us harness ourselves, and our heads let us cover with helms all-gleaming, and in our hands take the longest spears, and so go forth. And I will lead the way, nor, methinks, will Hector, son of Priam, longer abide, how eager soever he be. And whoso is a man, staunch in fight, but hath a small shield on his shoulder, let him give it to a worser man, and himself harness him in a large shield."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him, and obeyed. And the kings themselves, albeit they were wounded, set them in array, even the son of Tydeus, and Odysseus, and Atreus' son Agamemnon. And going throughout all the host, they made exchange of battle-gear. In good armour did the good warrior harness him, and to the worse they gave the worse. Then when they had clothed their bodies in gleaming bronze, they set forth, and Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, led them, bearing in his strong hand a dread sword, long of edge, like unto the lightning, wherewith it is not permitted that any should mingle in dreadful war, but terror holds men aloof therefrom. But the Trojans over against them was glorious Hector setting in array. Then verily were strained the cords of war's most dreadful strife by dark-haired Poseidon and glorious Hector, bearing aid the one to the Trojans, the other to the Argives. And the sea surged up to the huts and ships of the Argives, and the two sides clashed with a mighty din. Not so loudly bellows the wave of the sea upon the shore, driven up from the deep by the dread blast of the North Wind, nor so loud is the roar of blazing fire in the glades of a mountain

when it leapeth to burn the forest, nor doth the wind shriek so loud amid the high crests of the oaks—the wind that roareth the loudest in its rage—as then was the cry of Trojans and Achaeans, shouting in terrible wise as they leapt upon each other.

At Aias did glorious Hector first cast his spear, as he was turned full toward him, and missed him not, but smote him where the two baldrics—one of his shield and one of his silver-studded sword—were stretched across his breast; and they guarded his tender flesh. And Hector waxed wroth for that the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and back he shrank into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate. But thereupon as he drew back, great Telamonian Aias smote him with a stone; for many there were, props of the swift ships, that rolled amid their feet as they fought; of these he lifted one on high, and smote Hector on the chest over the shield-rim, hard by the neck, and set him whirling like a top with the blow; and he spun round and round. And even as when beneath the blast of father Zeus an oak falleth uprooted, and a dread reek of brimstone ariseth therefrom—then verily courage no longer possesseth him that looketh thereon and standeth near by, for dread is the bolt of great Zeus—even so fell mighty Hector forthwith to the ground in the dust. And the spear fell from his hand, but the shield was hurled upon him, and the helm withal, and round about him rang his armour dight with bronze. Then with loud shouts they ran up, the sons of the Achaeans, hoping to drag him off, and they hurled their spears thick and fast; but no one availed to wound the shepherd of the host with thrust or with cast, for ere that might be, the bravest

stood forth to guard him, even Polydamas, and Aeneas, and goodly Agenor, and Sarpedon, leader of the Lycians, and peerless Glaucus withal, and of the rest was no man unheedful of him, but before him they held their round shields ; and his comrades lifted him up in their arms and bare him forth from the toil of war until he came to the swift horses that stood waiting for him at the rear of the battle and the conflict, with their charioteer and chariot richly dight. These bare him groaning heavily toward the city.

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begat, there they lifted him from the chariot to the ground and poured water upon him. And he revived, and looked up with his eyes, and kneeling on his knees he vomited forth black blood. Then again he sank back upon the ground, and both his eyes were enfolded in black night ; and the blow still overwhelmed his spirit.

But when the Argives saw Hector withdrawing, they leapt yet the more upon the Trojans, and bethought them of battle. Then far the first did swift Aias, son of Oïleus, leap upon Satnius and wound him with a thrust of his sharp spear, even the son of Enops, whom a peerless Naiad nymph conceived to Enops, as he tended his herds by the banks of Satnioeis. To him did the son of Oïleus, famed for his spear, draw nigh, and smite him upon the flank ; and he fell backward, and about him Trojans and Danaans joined in fierce conflict. To him then came Polydamas, wielder of the spear, to bear him aid, even the son of Panthous, and he cast and smote upon the right shoulder Prothoënor, son of Areïlycus, and through the shoulder the mighty spear held its

way ; and he fell in the dust and clutched the ground with his palm. And Polydamas exulted over him in terrible wise, and cried aloud : " Hah, methinks, yet again from the strong hand of the great-souled son of Panthous hath the spear leapt not in vain. Nay, one of the Argives hath got it in his flesh, and leaning thereon for a staff, methinks, will he go down into the house of Hades."

So spake he, but upon the Argives came sorrow by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of Aias, wise of heart, the son of Telamon, for closest to him did the man fall. Swiftly then he cast with his bright spear at the other, even as he was drawing back. And Polydamas himself escaped black fate, springing to one side ; but Archelochus, son of Antenor, received the spear ; for to him the gods purposed death. Him the spear smote at the joining of head and neck on the topmost joint of the spine, and it shore off both the sinews. And far sooner did his head and mouth and nose reach the earth as he fell, than his legs and knees. Then Aias in his turn called aloud to peerless Polydamas : " Bethink thee, Polydamas, and tell me in good sooth, was not this man worthy to be slain in requital for Prothoënor ? No mean man seemeth he to me, nor of mean descent, but a brother of Antenor, tamer of horses, or haply a son ; for he is most like to him in build."

So spake he, knowing the truth full well, and sorrow seized the hearts of the Trojans. Then Acamas, as he bestrode his brother, smote with a thrust of his spear the Boeotian Promachus, who was seeking to drag the body from beneath him by the

feet. And over him Acamas exulted in terrible wise, and cried aloud : " Ye Argives, that rage with the bow, insatiate of threatenings, not for us alone, look you, shall there be toil and woe, but even in like manner shall ye too be slain. Mark how your Promachus sleepeth, vanquished by my spear, to the end that the blood-price of my brother be not long unpaid. Aye, and for this reason doth a man pray that a kinsman be left him in his halls, to be a warder off of ruin."

So spake he, and upon the Argives came sorrow by reason of his exulting, and beyond all did he stir the soul of wise-hearted Peneleos. He rushed upon Acamas, but Acamas abode not the onset of the prince Peneleos. Howbeit Peneleos thrust and smote Ilioneus, son of Phorbas, rich in herds, whom Hermes loved above all the Trojans and gave him wealth ; and to him the mother bare Ilioneus, an only child. Him then did Peneleos smite beneath the brow at the roots of the eyes, and drave out the eyeball, and the shaft went clean through the eye and through the nape of the neck, and he sank down stretching out both his hands. But Peneleos drawing his sharp sword let drive full upon his neck, and smote off to the the ground the head with the helmet, and still the mighty spear stood in the eye ; and holding it on high like a poppy-head he shewed it to the Trojans, and spake a word exultingly : " Tell, I pray you, ye Trojans, to the dear father and the mother of lordly Ilioneus to make wailing in their halls, for neither will the wife of Promachus, son of Alegenor, rejoice in the coming of her dear husband, when we youths of the Achaeans return with our ships from out of Troy-land."

So spake he, and thereat trembling seized the limbs of them all, and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, who was first of the Achaeans to bear away the bloody spoils of warriors, when once the famed Shaker of Earth had turned the battle. Aias verily was first, the son of Telamon. He smote Hyrtius, the son of Gyrtius, leader of the Mysians stalwart of heart; and Antilochus stripped the spoils from Phalces and Mermerus, and Meriones slew Morys and Hippotion, and Teucer laid low Prothoön and Periphetes; thereafter Atreus' son smote with a thrust in the flank Hyperenor, shepherd of the host, and the bronze let forth the bowels, as it clove through, and his soul sped hastening through the stricken wound, and darkness enfolded his eyes. But most men did Aias slay, the swift son of Oïleus; for there was none other like him to pursue with speed of foot amid the rout of men, when Zeus turned them to flight.

BOOK XV

But when the Trojans in their flight had passed over the palisade and the trench, and many had been vanquished beneath the hands of the Danaans, then beside their chariots they stayed, and were halted, pale with fear, terror-stricken ; and Zeus awoke on the peaks of Ida beside Hera of the golden throne. Then he sprang up, and stood, and saw Trojans alike and Achaeans, these in rout, and the Argives driving them on from the rear, and amid them the lord Poseidon. And Hector he saw lying on the plain. while about him sat his comrades, and he was gasping with painful breath, distraught in mind, and vomiting blood ; for not the weakest of the Achaeans was it that had smitten him. At sight of him the father of men and gods had pity, and with a dread glance from beneath his brows he spake to Hera, saying : " Hera, that art hard to deal with, it is the craft of thine evil wiles that hath stayed goodly Hector from the fight, and hath driven the host in rout. Verily I know not but thou shalt yet be the first to reap the fruits of thy wretched ill-contriving, and I shall scourge thee with stripes. Dost thou not remember when thou wast hung from on high, and from thy feet I suspended two anvils, and about thy wrists cast a band of gold that might not be broken ? And in the air amid the clouds thou didst hang, and the

gods had indignation throughout high Olympus; howbeit they availed not to draw nigh and loose thee. Nay, whomsoever I caught, I would seize and hurl from the threshold until he reached the earth, his strength all spent. Yet not even so was my heart eased of its ceaseless pain for godlike Heracles, whom thou when thou hadst leagued thee with the North Wind and suborned his blasts, didst send over the unresting sea, by thine evil devising, and thereafter didst bear him away unto well-peopled Cos. Him did I save from thence, and brought again to horse-pasturing Argos, albeit after he had laboured sore. Of these things will I mind thee yet again, that thou mayest cease from thy beguilings, to the end that thou mayest see whether they anywise avail thee, the dalliance and the couch, wherein thou didst lie with me when thou hadst come forth from among the gods, and didst beguile me."

So spake he, and the ox-eyed, queenly Hera shuddered; and she spake and addressed him with winged words: "Hereto now be Earth my witness and the broad Heaven above, and the down-flowing water of Styx, which is the greatest and most dread oath for the blessed gods, and thine own sacred head, and the couch of us twain, couch of our wedded love, whereby I verily would never forswear myself — not by my will doth Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, work harm to the Trojans and Hector, and give succour to their foes. Nay, I ween, it is his own soul that urgeth and biddeth him on, and he hath seen the Achaeans sore-bested by their ships and taken pity upon them. But I tell thee, I would counsel even him to walk in that way, wherein thou, O lord of the dark cloud, mayest lead him."

So spake she, and the father of men and gods smiled, and made answer, and spake to her with winged words: "If in good sooth, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera, thy thought hereafter were to be one with my thought as thou sittest among the immortals, then would Poseidon, how contrary soever his wish might be, forthwith bend his mind to follow thy heart and mine. But if verily thou speakest in frankness and in truth, go thou now among the tribes of gods and call Iris to come hither, and Apollo, famed for his bow, that she may go amid the host of the brazen-coated Achaeans, and bid the lord Poseidon that he cease from war, and get him to his own house; but let Phoebus Apollo rouse Hector to the fight, and breathe strength into him again, and make him forget the pains that now distress his heart; and let him drive the Achaeans back once more, when he has roused in them craven panic; so shall they flee and fall among the many-benched ships of Achilles, son of Peleus, and he shall send forth his comrade Patroclus; howbeit him shall glorious Hector slay with the spear before the face of Ilios, after himself hath slain many other youths, and among them withal my son, goodly Sarpedon. And in wrath for Patroclus shall goodly Achilles slay Hector. Then from that time forth shall I cause a driving back of the Trojans from the ships evermore continually, until the Achaeans shall take steep Ilios through the counsels of Athene. But until that hour neither do I refrain my wrath, nor will I suffer any other of the immortals to bear aid to the Danaans here, until the desire of the son of Peleus be fulfilled, even as I promised at the first and bowed my head

thereto, on the day when the goddess Thetis clasped my knees, beseeching me to do honour to Achilles, sacker of cities."

So spake he, and the goddess, white-armed Hera, failed not to hearken, but went her way from the mountains of Ida unto high Olympus. And even as swiftly darteth the mind of a man who hath travelled over far lands and thinketh in the wisdom of his heart, "Would I were here, or there," and many are the wishes he conceiveth: even so swiftly sped on in her eagerness the queenly Hera; and she came to steep Olympus, and found the immortal gods gathered together in the house of Zeus, and at sight of her they all sprang up, and greeted her with cups of welcome. She on her part let be the others, but took the cup from Themis, of the fair cheeks, for she ran first to meet her, and spake, and addressed her with winged words: "Hera, wherefore art thou come? Thou art as one distraught. In good sooth the son of Cronos hath affrighted thee, he thine own husband."

Then made answer to her, the goddess, white-armed Hera: "Ask me not at large concerning this, O goddess Themis; of thyself thou knowest what manner of mood is his, how over-haughty and unbending. Nay, do thou begin for the gods the equal feast in the halls, and this shalt thou hear amid all the immortals, even what manner of evil deeds Zeus declareth. In no wise, methinks, will it delight in like manner the hearts of all, whether mortals or gods, if so be any even now still feasteth with a joyful mind."

When she had thus spoken, queenly Hera sate her down, and wroth waxed the gods throughout the hall of Zeus. And she laughed with her lips, but her

forehead above her dark brows relaxed not, and, moved with indignation, she spake among them all: "Fools, that in our witlessness are wroth against Zeus! In sooth we are even yet fain to draw nigh unto him and thwart him of his will by word or by constraint, but he sitteth apart and recketh not, neither giveth heed thereto; for he deemeth that among the immortal gods he is manifestly supreme in might and strength. Wherefore content ye yourselves with whatsoever evil thing he sendeth upon each. Even now I deem that sorrow hath been wrought for Ares, seeing that his son, dearest of men to him, hath perished in battle, even Ascalaphus, whom mighty Ares declareth to be his own."

So spake she, but Ares smote his sturdy thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spake, and said: "Count it not blame for me now, O ye that have dwellings on Olympus, if I go to the ships of the Achaeans and avenge the slaying of my son, even though it be my fate to be smitten with the bolt of Zeus, and to lie low in blood and dust amid the dead."

So spake he and bade Terror and Rout yoke his horses, and himself did on his gleaming armour. Then would yet greater and more grievous wrath and anger have been stirred between Zeus and the immortals, had not Athene, seized with fear for all the gods, sped forth through the doorway, and left the throne whereon she sat, and taken the helm from the head of Ares and the shield from his shoulders; and she took from his strong hand the spear of bronze, and set it down, and with words rebuked furious Ares: "Thou madman, distraught of wit, thou art beside thyself! Verily it is for

naught that thou hast ears for hearing, and thine understanding and sense of right are gone from thee. Hearest thou not what the goddess, white-armed Hera, saith, she that is but now come from Olympian Zeus? Wouldest thou thyself fulfil the measure of manifold woes, and so return to Olympus despite thy grief, perforce, and for all the rest sow the seeds of grievous woe? For he will forthwith leave the Trojans, high of heart, and the Achaeans, and will hie him to Olympus to set us all in tumult, and will lay hands upon each in turn, the guilty alike and him in whom is no guilt. Wherefore now I bid thee put away thy wrath for thine own son. For ere now many a one more excellent than he in might and strength of hand hath been slain, or will yet be slain; and a hard thing it is to preserve the lineage and offspring of men."

She spake she, and made furious Ares to sit down upon his throne. But Hera called Apollo forth from out the hall, and Iris, that is the messenger of the immortal gods; and she spake and addressed them with winged words: "Zeus biddeth you twain go to Ida with all the speed ye may; and when ye have come, and looked upon the face of Zeus, then do ye whatsoever he may order and command."

When she had thus spoken queenly Hera returned again and sate her down upon her throne; and the twain sprang up and sped forth upon their way. To many-fountained Ida they came, mother of wild beasts, and found Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, seated on topmost Gargarus; and about him a fragrant cloud was wreathed. The twain then came before the face of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, and at sight of them his heart waxed nowise wroth,

for that they had speedily obeyed the words of his dear wife. And to Iris first he spake winged words : " Up, go, swift Iris ; unto the lord Poseidon bear thou all these tidings, and see thou tell him true. Bid him cease from war and battle, and go to join the tribes of gods, or into the bright sea. And if so be he will not obey my words, but shall set them at naught, let him bethink him then in mind and heart, lest, how strong soever he be, he have no hardihood to abide my on-coming ; for I avow me to be better far than he in might, and the elder born. Yet his heart counteth it but a little thing to declare himself the peer of me of whom even the other gods are adread."

So spake he, and wind-footed, swift Iris failed not to hearken, but went down from the hills of Ida to sacred Ilios. And as when from the clouds there flieth snow or chill hail, driven by the blast of the North Wind that is born in the bright heaven, even so fleetly sped in her eagerness swift Iris ; and she drew nigh, and spake to the glorious Shaker of Earth, saying : " A message for thee, O Earth-Enfolder, thou dark-haired god, have I come hither to bring from Zeus, that beareth the aegis. He biddeth thee cease from war and battle, and go to join the tribes of gods, or into the bright sea. And if so be thou wilt not obey his words, but shalt set them at naught, he threateneth that he will himself come hither to set his might against thine in battle ; and he biddeth thee avoid thee out of his hands ; for he avoweth him to be better far than thou in might, and the elder born. Yet thy heart counteth it but a little thing to declare thyself the peer of him, of whom even the other gods are adread."

Then, stirred to hot anger, the glorious Shaker of Earth spake unto her: "Out upon it, verily strong though he be he hath spoken overweeningly, if in sooth by force and in mine own despite he will restrain me that am of like honour with himself. For three brethren are we, begotten of Cronos, and born of Rhea,—Zeus, and myself, and the third is Hades, that is lord of the dead below. And in threefold wise are all things divided, and unto each hath been apportioned his own domain. I verily, when the lots were shaken, won for my portion the grey sea to be my habitation for ever, and Hades won the murky darkness, while Zeus won the broad heaven amid the air and the clouds; but the earth and high Olympus remain yet common to us all. Wherefore will I not in any wise walk after the will of Zeus; nay in quiet let him abide in his third portion, how strong soever he be. And with might of hand let him not seek to affright me, as though I were some coward. His daughters and his sons were it better for him to threaten with blustering words, even them that himself begat, who perforce will hearken to whatsoever he may bid."

Then wind-footed swift Iris answered him: "Is it thus in good sooth, O Earth-Enfolder, thou dark-haired god, that I am to bear to Zeus this message, unyielding and harsh, or wilt thou anywise turn thee; for the hearts of the good may be turned? Thou knowest how the Erinyes ever follow to aid the elder-born."[1]

Then answered her again Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth: "Goddess Iris, this word of thine is right

fitly spoken; and a good thing verily is this, when a messenger hath an understanding heart. But herein dread grief cometh upon my heart and soul, whenso any is minded to upbraid with angry words one of like portion with himself, to whom fate hath decreed an equal share. Howbeit for this present will I yield, despite mine indignation; yet another thing will I tell thee, and make this threat in my wrath: if in despite of me, and of Athene, driver of the spoil, and of Hera, and Hermes, and lord Hephaestus, he shall spare steep Ilios, and shall be minded not to lay it waste, neither to give great might to the Argives, let him know this, that between us twain shall be wrath that naught can appease."

So saying, the Shaker of Earth left the host of the Achaeans, and fared to the sea and plunged therein; and the Achaean warriors missed him sore.

Then unto Apollo spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer: "Go now, dear Phoebus, unto Hector, harnessed in bronze, for now is the Enfolder and Shaker of Earth gone into the bright sea, avoiding our utter wrath; else verily had others too heard of our strife, even the gods that are in the world below with Cronos. But this was better for both, for me and for his own self, that ere then he yielded to my hands despite his wrath, for not without sweat would the issue have been wrought. But do thou take in thine hands the tasselled aegis, and shake it fiercely over the Achaean warriors to affright them withal. And for thine own self, thou god that smitest afar, let glorious Hector be thy care, and for this time's space rouse in him great might, even until the Achaeans shall come in flight unto their ships and the Hellespont. From

that moment will I myself contrive word and deed, to the end that yet again the Achaeans may have respite from their toil."

So spake he, nor was Apollo disobedient to his father's bidding, but went down from the hills of Ida, like a fleet falcon, the slayer of doves, that is the swiftest of winged things. He found the son of wise-hearted Priam, even goodly Hector, sitting up, for he lay no longer, and he was but newly gathering back his spirit, and knew his comrades round about him, and his gasping and his sweat had ceased, for the will of Zeus, that beareth the aegis, revived him. And Apollo, that worketh afar, drew nigh unto him, and said: "Hector, son of Priam, why is it that thou apart from the rest abidest here fainting? Is it haply that some trouble is come upon thee?"

Then, his strength all spent, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Who of the gods art thou, mightiest one, that dost make question of me face to face? Knowest thou not that at the sterns of the Achaeans' ships as I made havoc of his comrades, Aias, good at the war-cry, smote me on the breast with a stone, and made me cease from my furious might? Aye, and I deemed that on this day I should behold the dead and the house of Hades, when I had gasped forth my life."

Then spake to him again the lord Apollo, that worketh afar: "Be now of good cheer, so mighty a helper hath the son of Cronos sent forth from Ida to stand by thy side and succour thee, even me, Phoebus Apollo of the golden sword, that of old ever protect thee, thyself and the steep citadel withal. But come now, bid thy many charioteers drive against the hollow ships their swift horses, and I will

go before and make smooth all the way for the chariots, and will turn in flight the Achaean warriors."

So saying, he breathed great might into the shepherd of the host. And even as when a stalled horse that has fed his fill at the manger, breaketh his halter, and runneth stamping over the plain—being wont to bathe him in the fair-flowing river—and exulteth ; on high doth he hold his head and about his shoulders his mane floateth streaming, and as he glorieth in his splendour his knees nimbly bear him to the haunts and pastures of mares ; even so swiftly plied Hector his feet and knees, urging on his charioteers, when he had heard the voice of the god. But as when dogs and country-folk pursue a horned stag or a wild goat, but a sheer rock or a shadowy thicket saveth him from them, nor is it their lot to find him ; and then at their clamour a bearded lion showeth himself in the way, and forthwith turneth them all back despite their eagerness : even so the Danaans for a time ever followed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but when they saw Hector going up and down the ranks of men, then were they seized with fear, and the spirits of all men sank down to their feet.

Then among them spake Thoas, son of Andraemon, far the best of the Aetolians, well-skilled in throwing the javelin, but a good man too in close fight, and in the place of assembly could but few of the Achaeans surpass him, when the young men were striving in debate. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them : " Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold, how that now he is risen again and hath avoided the fates, even Hector. In sooth the heart of each man

of us hoped that he had died beneath the hands of Aias, son of Telamon. But lo, some one of the gods hath again delivered and saved Hector, who verily hath loosed the knees of many Danaans, as, I deem, will befall even now, since not without the will of loud-thundering Zeus doth he stand forth thus eagerly as a champion. Nay come, even as I shall bid, let us all obey. The multitude let us bid return to the ships, but ourselves, all we that declare us to be the best in the host, let us take our stand, if so be we first may face him, and thrust him back with our outstretched spears; methinks, for all his eagerness, he will fear at heart to enter into the throng of the Danaans."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened and obeyed. They that were in the company of Aias and prince Idomeneus, and Teucer, and Meriones, and Meges, the peer of Ares, called to the chieftains, and marshalled the fight, fronting Hector and the Trojans, but behind them the multitude fared back to the ships of the Achaeans.

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng, and Hector led them, advancing with long strides, while before him went Phoebus Apollo, his shoulders wrapped in cloud, bearing the fell aegis, girt with shaggy fringe, awful, gleaming bright, that the smith Hephaestus gave to Zeus to bear for the putting to rout of warriors; this Apollo bare in his hands as he led on the host.

And the Argives in close throng abode their coming, and the war-cry rose shrill from either side, and the arrows leapt from the bow-string, and many spears, hurled by bold hands, were some of them lodged in the flesh of youths swift in battle, and

many of them, or ever they reached the white flesh, stood fixed midway in the earth, fain to glut themselves with flesh. Now so long as Phoebus Apollo held the aegis moveless in his hands, even so long the missiles of either side reached their mark and the folk kept falling; but when he looked full in the faces of the Danaans of swift horses, and shook the aegis, and himself shouted mightily withal, then made he their hearts to faint within their breasts, and they forgat their furious might. And as when two wild beasts drive in confusion a herd of kine or a great flock of sheep in the darkness of black night, when they have come upon them suddenly, and a herdsman is not by, even so were the Achaeans driven in rout with no might in them; for upon them Apollo had sent panic, and unto the Trojans and Hector was he giving glory.

Then man slew man as the fight was scattered. Hector laid low Stichius and Arcesilaus, the one a leader of the brazen-coated Boeotians, and the other a trusty comrade of great-souled Menestheus; and Aeneas slew Medon and Iasus. The one verily, Medon, was a bastard son of godlike Oïleus, and brother of Aias, but he dwelt in Phylace far from his native land, for that he had slain a man of the kin of his stepmother, Eriopis that Oïleus had to wife; and Iasus was a captain of the Athenians, and was called the son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus. And Mecisteus did Polydamas slay, and Polites slew Echius in the forefront of the fight, and Clonius was slain of goodly Agenor. And Deïochus did Paris smite from behind, as he fled amid the foremost fighters, upon the base of the shoulder, and drave the bronze clean through.

While they were stripping the armour from these, meanwhile the Achaeans were flinging themselves into the digged trench and against the palisade, fleeing this way and that, and were getting them within their wall perforce. And Hector shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Speed ye against the ships, and let be the blood-stained spoils. Whomsoever I shall mark holding aloof from the ships on the further side, on the very spot shall I devise his death, nor shall his kinsmen and kinswomen give him his due meed of fire in death, but the dogs shall rend him in front of our city."

So saying, with a downward sweep of his arm he smote his horses with the lash, and called aloud to the Trojans along the ranks; and they all raised a shout, and even with him drave the steeds that drew their chariots, with a wondrous din; and before them Phoebus Apollo lightly dashed down with his feet the banks of the deep trench, and cast them into the midst thereof, bridging for the men a pathway long and broad, even as far as a spear-cast, when a man hurleth, making trial of his strength. Therethrough they poured forward rank on rank, and before them went Apollo, bearing the priceless aegis. And full easily did he cast down the wall of the Achaeans, even as when a boy scattereth the sand by the sea, one that makes of it a plaything in his childishness, and then again confounds it with hands and feet as he maketh sport; so lightly didst thou, O archer [1] Phoebus, confound the long toil and labour of the Achaeans, and on themselves send rout.

So then beside their ships the Danaans halted, and were stayed, calling one upon the other, and lifting up their hands to all the gods they made

fervent prayer, each man of them; and most of all prayed Nestor of Gerenia, the warder of the Achaeans, stretching forth his two hands to the starry heaven: "O father Zeus, if ever any man of us in wheat-bearing Argos burned to thee fat thigh-pieces of bull or of ram with the prayer that he might return, and thou didst promise and nod thy head thereto, be thou now mindful of these things, and ward from us, O Olympian god, the pitiless day of doom, nor suffer the Achaeans thus to be vanquished by the Trojans."

So he spake in prayer, and Zeus the counsellor thundered aloud, hearing the prayer of the aged son of Neleus.

But the Trojans, when they heard the thunder of Zeus that beareth the aegis, leapt yet the more upon the Argives and bethought them of battle. And as when a great billow of the broad-wayed sea sweepeth down over the bulwarks of a ship, whenso it is driven on by the might of the wind, which above all maketh the waves to swell; even so did the Trojans with a great cry rush down over the wall, and driving their chariots within, fight at the sterns of the ships with two-edged spears in close combat —they in their cars, but the Achaeans high up on the decks of their black ships to which they had climbed, fought therefrom with long pikes that lay at hand for them upon the ships for sea-fighting,— jointed pikes, shod at the tip with bronze.

And Patroclus, so long as the Achaeans and Trojans were fighting about the wall aloof from the swift ships, even so long sat in the hut of kindly Eurypylus, and was making him glad with talk, and on his grievous wound was spreading simples to

assuage his dark pangs. But when he saw the Trojans rushing upon the wall, while the Danaans with loud cries turned in flight, then he uttered a groan, and smote his two thighs with the flat of his hands, and with wailing spake, saying : " Eurypylus, in no wise may I abide longer with thee here, albeit thy need is sore ; for lo, a mighty struggle hath arisen. Nay, as for thee, let thy squire bring thee comfort, but I will hasten to Achilles, that I may urge him on to do battle. Who knows but that, heaven helping, I may rouse his spirit with my persuading ? A good thing is the persuasion of a comrade.

When he had thus spoken his feet bare him on ; but the Achaeans firmly abode the oncoming of the Trojans, yet availed not to thrust them back from the ships, albeit they were fewer, nor ever could the Trojans break the battalions of the Danaans and make way into the midst of the huts and the ships. But as the carpenter's line maketh straight a ship's timber in the hands of a cunning workman, that is well skilled in all manner of craft by the promptings of Athene, so evenly was strained their war and battle. So fought they on, divers of them about divers ships, but Hector made straight for glorious Aias. They twain were labouring in the toil of war about the same ship, nor might the one drive back the other and burn the ship with fire, nor the other thrust him back, now that a god had brought him nigh. Then did glorious Aias cast his spear and smite upon the breast Caletor, son of Clytius, as he was bearing fire against the ship ; and he fell with a thud, and the torch dropped from out his hand. But Hector, when his eyes beheld his cousin

fallen in the dust in front of the black ship, called to the Trojans and Lycians with a loud shout: "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, in no wise give ye ground from battle in this strait: nay, save ye the son of Clytius, lest so be the Achaeans strip him of his armour, now that he is fallen amid the gathering of the ships."

So saying, he hurled at Aias with his bright spear; him he missed, but Lycophron, Mastor's son, a squire of Aias from Cythera, who dwelt with him, for that he had slain a man in sacred Cythera—him Hector smote upon the head above the ear with the sharp bronze, even as he stood near Aias, and backward in the dust he fell to the ground from off the stern of the ship, and his limbs were loosed. And Aias shuddered; and spake unto his brother: "Good Teucer, verily a true comrade of us twain hath been laid low, even the son of Mastor, whom while he abode with us, being come from Cythera, we honoured in our halls even as our own parents. Him hath great-souled Hector slain. Where now are thy arrows that bring swift death, and the bow that Phoebus Apollo gave thee?"

So spake he, and the other hearkened, and ran, and took his stand close beside him, bearing in his hand his bent-back bow and the quiver that held his arrows; and full swiftly did he let fly his shafts upon the Trojans. And he smote Cleitus, the glorious son of Peisenor, comrade of Polydamas, the lordly son of Panthous, even as he was holding the reins in his hand, and was busied with his horses; for thither was he driving them, where the most battalions were being driven in rout, thus doing pleasure unto Hector and the Trojans. But full swiftly

upon himself came evil that not one of them could ward off, how fain soever they were. For upon the back of his neck lighted the arrow fraught with groanings, and he fell from the chariot, and thereat the horses swerved aside, rattling the empty car. And the prince Polydamas swiftly marked it, and was first to stride toward the horses. These he gave to Astynous, son of Protiaon, and straitly enjoined him to hold them near at hand, watching him the while; and he himself went back and mingled with the foremost fighters.

Then Teucer drew forth another arrow for Hector, harnessed in bronze, and would have made him cease from battle by the ships of the Achaeans, had he but smitten him while he was showing his prowess and taken away his life. But he was not unmarked of the wise mind of Zeus, who guarded Hector, and took the glory from Teucer, son of Telamon. For Zeus brake the well-twisted string upon the goodly bow, even as he was drawing it against Hector, and his arrow heavy with bronze was turned aside, and the bow fell from his hand. Then Teucer shuddered, and spake to his brother: "Now look you, in good sooth a god is utterly bringing to naught the counsels of our battle, in that he hath cast the bow from my hand, and hath broken the newly-twisted string that I bound fast this morning that it might avail to bear the arrows that should leap thick and fast therefrom."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "Aye, friend, but leave thou thy bow and thy many arrows to lie where they are, seeing that a god has confounded them, in malice toward the Danaans; but take thou in thy hand a long spear and a shield upon

thy shoulder, and do battle with the Trojans, and urge on the rest of the folk. Verily not without a struggle, for all they have overpowered us, shall they take our well-benched ships ; nay, let us bethink us of battle."

So spake he, and Teucer laid the bow again within the hut, but about his shoulders put a fourfold shield, and upon his mighty head set a well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest ; and terribly did the plume nod from above ; and he took a valorous spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and went his way, and swiftly ran and took his stand by the side of Aias.

But when Hector saw that Teucer's shafts had been brought to naught, to Trojans and Lycians he called with a loud shout, "Ye Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour amid the hollow ships ; for verily mine eyes have seen how Zeus hath brought to naught the shafts of a man that is a chieftain. Full easy to discern is the aid Zeus giveth to men, both to whomso he vouchsafeth the glory of victory, and whomso again he minisheth, and hath no mind to aid, even as now he minisheth the might of the Argives, and beareth aid to us. Nay, fight ye at the ships in close throngs, and if so be any of you, smitten by dart or thrust, shall meet death and fate, let him lie in death. No unseemly thing is it for him to die while fighting for his country. Nay, but his wife is safe and his children after him, and his house and his portion of land are unharmed, if but the Achaeans be gone with their ships to their dear native land."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. And Aias again, over against him, called

to his comrades : " Shame on you, Argives, now is it sure that we must either perish utterly or find deliverance by thrusting back the peril from the ships. Think ye haply that if Hector of the flashing helm take the ships, ye shall come afoot each man of you to his own native land ? Hear ye not Hector urging on all his host in his fury to burn the ships ? Verily it is not to the dance that he biddeth them come, but to battle. And for us there is no counsel or device better than this, that in close combat we bring our hands and our might against theirs. Better is it once for all either to die or live, than long to be straitened in dread conflict thus bootlessly beside the ships at the hands of men that be meaner."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man. Then Hector slew Schedius, son of Perimedes, a leader of the Phocians, and Aias slew Laodamas, the leader of the footmen, the glorious son of Antenor; and Polydamas laid low Otus of Cyllene, comrade of Phyleus' son, captain of the great-souled Epeians. And Meges saw, and leapt upon him, but Polydamas swerved from beneath him, and him Meges missed; for Apollo would not suffer the son of Panthous to be vanquished amid the foremost fighters ; but with a spear-thrust he smote Croesmus full upon the breast. And he fell with a thud, and the other set him to strip the armour from his shoulders. Meanwhile upon him leapt Dolops, well skilled with the spear, the son of Lampus, whom Lampus, son of Laomedon, begat, even his bravest son, well skilled in furious might ; he it was that then thrust with his spear full upon the shield of Phyleus' son, setting upon him from nigh at hand. But his cunningly-wrought corselet saved him, the

corselet that he was wont to wear, fitted with plates of mail. This Phyleus had brought from out of Ephyre, from the river Selleïs. For a guest-friend of his, the king of men Euphetes, had given it him that he might wear it in war, a defence against foemen; and this now warded death from the body of his son. Then Meges thrust with his sharp spear upon the topmost socket of the helm of bronze with horse-hair plume which Dolops wore, and shore therefrom the plume of horse-hair, and all the plume, bright with its new scarlet dye, fell in the dust. Now while Meges abode and fought with Dolops, and yet hoped for victory, meanwhile warlike Menelaus came to bear him aid, and he took his stand on one side with his spear, unmarked of Dolops, and cast and smote him on the shoulder from behind; and the spear in its fury sped through his breast, darting eagerly onward, and he fell upon his face; and the twain made for him to strip from his shoulders his armour wrought of bronze. But Hector called to his kinsmen, one and all, and first did he chide Hicetaon's son, strong Melanippus. He until this time had been wont to feed his kine of shambling gait in Percote, while the foemen were yet afar, but when the curved ships of the Danaans came, he returned back to Ilios, and was pre-eminent among the Trojans; and he dwelt in the house of Priam, who held him in like honour with his own children. Him did Hector chide, and spake and addressed him, saying: "In good sooth, Melanippus, are we to be thus slack? Hath thine own heart no regard for thy kinsman that is slain? Seest thou not in what wise they are busied about the armour of Dolops? Nay, come thou on; for no longer may we fight with the Argives from afar,

till either we slay them, or they utterly take steep Ilios, and slay her people."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed with him, a godlike man. And the Argives did great Telamonian Aias urge on, saying: "My friends, be men, and take ye shame in your hearts, and have shame each of the other in the fierce conflict. Of men that have shame more are saved than are slain; but from them that flee springeth neither glory nor any avail."

So spake he, and they even of themselves were eager to ward off the foe, but they laid up his word in their hearts, and fenced in the ships with a hedge of bronze; and against them Zeus urged on the Trojans. Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry, exhorted Antilochus: "Antilochus, none other of the Achaeans is younger than thou, nor swifter of foot, nor valiant as thou art in fight; I would thou mightest leap forth, and smite some man of the Trojans."

He spake, and hasted back again himself, but aroused the other, and Antilochus leapt forth from amid the foremost fighters and, glancing warily about him, hurled with his bright spear, and back did the Trojans shrink from the warrior as he cast. Not in vain did he let fly his spear, but smote Hicetaon's son, Melanippus, high of heart, as he was coming to the battle, upon the breast beside the nipple; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. And Antilochus sprang upon him, as a hound that darteth upon a wounded fawn, that a hunter with sure aim hath smitten as it leapt from its lair, and hath loosed its limbs; even in such wise upon thee, O Melanippus, leapt Antilochus staunch in fight, to

strip from thee thine armour. Howbeit he was not unseen of goodly Hector, who came running to meet him amid the battle; and Antilochus abode not, swift warrior though he was, but fled like a wild beast that hath wrought some mischief—one that hath slain a hound or a herdsman beside his kine, and fleeth before the throng of men be gathered together; even so fled the son of Nestor; and the Trojans and Hector with wondrous shouting poured forth upon him their darts fraught with groanings; but he turned and stood, when he had reached the host of his comrades.

But the Trojans, like ravening lions, rushed upon the ships, and were fulfilling the behests of Zeus, who ever roused great might in them, but made the hearts of the Argives to melt, and took away their glory, while he spurred on the others. For his heart was set on giving glory to Hector, son of Priam, to the end that he might cast upon the beaked ships unwearied, wondrous-blazing fire, and so fulfil to the uttermost the presumptuous prayer of Thetis. Even for this was Zeus the counsellor waiting, that his eyes might behold the glare of a burning ship; for from that time forth was he to ordain a driving-back of the Trojans from the ships, and to grant glory to the Danaans. With this intent he was rousing against the hollow ships Hector son of Priam, that was himself full eager. And he was raging like Ares, wielder of the spear, or as when consuming fire rageth among the mountains in the thickets of a deep wood; and foam came forth about his mouth, and his two eyes blazed beneath his dreadful brows, and round about his temples terribly shook the helm of Hector as he fought; for Zeus out of heaven was

himself his defender, and vouchsafed him honour and glory, alone as he was amid so many warriors. For brief was his span of life to be, since even now Pallas Athene was hastening on the day of his doom beneath the might of the son of Peleus. But fain was he to break the ranks of men, making trial of them wheresoever he saw the greatest throng and the goodliest arms. Yet not even so did he avail to break them, for all he was so eager ; for they abode firm-fixed as it were a wall, like a crag, sheer and great, hard by the grey sea, that abideth the swift paths of the shrill winds, and the swelling waves that belch forth against it ; even so the Danaans withstood the Trojans steadfastly, and fled not. But Hector shining all about as with fire leapt among the throng, and fell upon them ; even as when beneath the clouds a fierce-rushing wave, swollen by the winds, falleth upon a swift ship, and she is all hidden by the foam thereof, and the dread blast of the wind roareth against the sail, and the hearts of the sailors shudder in their fear, for that by little are they borne forth from death ; even so were the hearts of the Achaeans rent within their breasts. But he fell upon them like a lion of baneful mind coming against kine, that are grazing in the bottom-land of a great marsh, and there is no counting them, and among them is a herdsman that is as yet unskilled to fight with a wild beast over the carcase of a sleek heifer that hath been slain : he verily walketh ever by their side, now abreast of the foremost of the kine, and now of the hindmost, but the lion leapeth upon the midmost, and devoureth a heifer, and thereat they all flee in terror ; even so in wondrous wise were the Achaeans one and all then driven in wondrous rout by Hector and father

Zeus, albeit Hector slew one only man, Periphetes of Mycenae, the dear son of Copreus, that had been wont to go on messages from king Eurystheus to the mighty Heracles. Of him, a father baser by far, was begotten a son goodlier in all manner of excellence, both in fleetness of foot and in fight, and in mind he was among the first of the men of Mycenae; he it was who then yielded to Hector the glory of victory. For, as he turned back, he tripped upon the rim of the shield that himself bare, a shield that reached to the feet, a defence against javelins: thereon he stumbled and fell backward, and about his temples his helm rang wondrously as he fell. And Hector was quick to mark it, and ran, and stood close beside him, and fixed his spear in his breast, and slew him hard by his dear comrades; and they availed not to aid him, albeit they sorrowed for their comrade; for themselves were sore adread of goodly Hector.

Now were they got among the ships,[1] and the outermost ships encircled them, even they that had been drawn up in the first line; but their foes rushed on. And the Argives gave way perforce from the outermost ships, but abode there beside their huts, all in one body, and scattered not throughout the camp; for shame withheld them and fear; and unceasingly they called aloud one to the other. And above all others Nestor of Gerenia, the warder of the Achaeans, besought each man, adjuring him by them that begat him, saying: "My friends, play the man, and take in your hearts shame of other men, and be ye mindful, each man of you, of children and wife, of possessions

the Trojans, but at this point turn, and so have their faces toward the ships (Ameis). The context demands the meaning given above, whether or not we assume connexion with ὀπή.

and of his parents, whether in the case of any they be living or be dead. For the sake of them that are not here with us do I now beseech you to stand firm, and turn not back in flight."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of every man, and from their eyes Athene thrust away the wondrous cloud of mist, and mightily did light come to them from either hand, both from the side of the ships and from that of evil war. And all beheld Hector, good at the war-cry, and his comrades, alike they that stood in the rear and fought not, and all they that did battle by the swift ships.

Now was it no more pleasing to the soul of great-hearted Aias to stand in the place where the rest of the sons of the Achaeans stood aloof, but he kept faring with long strides up and down the decks of the ships, and he wielded in his hands a long pike for sea-fighting, a pike jointed with rings, of a length of two and twenty cubits. And as a man well-skilled in horsemanship harnesseth together four horses chosen out of many, and driveth them in swift course from the plain toward a great city along a highway, while many marvel at him, both men-folk and women, and ever with sure step he leapeth, and passeth from horse to horse, while they speed on; even so Aias kept ranging with long strides over the many decks of the swift ships, and his voice went up to heaven, as ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans to defend their ships and huts. Nor did Hector abide amid the throng of the mail-clad Trojans, but as a tawny eagle darteth upon a flock of winged fowl that are feeding by a river's bank—a flock of wild geese, or cranes, or long-necked swans, even so

Hector made for a dark-prowed ship, rushing straight thereon ; and from behind Zeus thrust him on with exceeding mighty hand, and aroused the host together with him.

Then again keen battle was set afoot beside the ships. Thou wouldst have deemed that all unwearied and unworn they faced one another in war, so furiously did they fight. And in their fighting they were minded thus : the Achaeans verily deemed that they should never escape from out the peril, but should perish, while for the Trojans, the heart in each man's breast hoped that they should fire the ships and slay the Achaean warriors. Such were their thoughts as they stood, each host against the other. But Hector laid hold of the stern of a seafaring ship, a fair ship, swift upon the brine, that had borne Protesilaus to Troy, but brought him not back again to his native land. About his ship Achaeans and Trojans were slaying one another in close combat, nor did they longer hold aloof and thus endure the flight of arrows and of darts, but standing man against man in oneness of heart, they fought with sharp battle-axes and hatchets, and with great swords and two-edged spears. And many goodly blades, bound with dark thongs at the hilt, fell to the ground, some from the hands and some from the shoulders of the warriors as they fought ; and the black earth flowed with blood. But Hector, when he had grasped the ship by the stern, would not loose his hold, but kept the ensign [1] in his hands, and called to the Trojans : " Bring fire, and therewithal raise

ix. 241,—a "tall ornamental projection in which the stern of the ship ran up" (Leaf).

ye the war-cry all with one voice; now hath Zeus vouchsafed us a day that is recompense for all—to take the ships that came hither in despite of the gods, and brought us many woes, by reason of the cowardice of the elders, who, when I was eager to fight at the sterns of the ships, kept me back, and withheld the host. But if Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, then dulled our wits, now of himself he urgeth us on and giveth command."

So spake he, and they leapt the more upon the Argives. But Aias no longer abode, for he was sore beset with darts, but, ever foreboding death, gave ground a little along the bridge [1] of seven feet in height, and left the deck of the shapely ship. There stood he on the watch, and with his spear he ever warded from the ship whosoever of the Trojans sought to bring unwearied fire; and ever with terrible cries he called to the Danaans: "Friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious might. Do we haply deem that there are other helpers at our backs, or some stronger wall to ward off ruin from men? In no wise is there hard at hand a city fenced with walls, whereby we might defend ourselves, having a host to turn the tide of battle; nay, it is in the plain of the mail-clad Trojans that we are set, with naught to support us but the sea, and far from our native land. Therefore in the might of our hands is the light of deliverance, and not in slackness in fight."

as a platform upon which the helmsman stood. I follow Leaf in assuming that it means a bridge connecting the after deck, from which Aias is driven, with the forward deck. That this should have been seven feet in height above the hold is entirely natural; it would thus allow the rowers to move about freely beneath it.

He spake, and kept driving furiously at the foe with his sharp spear. And whoso of the Trojans would rush upon the hollow ships with blazing fire, doing pleasure to Hector at his bidding, for him would Aias wait, and wound him with a thrust of his long spear; and twelve men did he wound in close fight in front of the ships.

BOOK XVI

Thus then they were warring around the well-benched ship, but Patroclus drew nigh to Achilles, shepherd of the host, shedding hot tears, even as a fountain of dark water that down over the face of a beetling cliff poureth its dusky stream; and swift-footed goodly Achilles had pity when he saw him, and spake and addressed him with winged words: "Why, Patroclus, art thou bathed in tears, like a girl, a mere babe, that runneth by her mother's side and biddeth her take her up, and clutcheth at her gown, and hindereth her in her going, and tearfully looketh up at her, till the mother take her up? Even like her, Patroclus, dost thou let fall round tears. Hast thou haply somewhat to declare to the Myrmidons or to mine own self, or is it some tidings out of Phthia that thyself alone hast heard? Still lives Menoetius, men tell us, Actor's son, and still lives Peleus, son of Aeacus, amid the Myrmidons, for which twain would we grieve right sore, were they dead. Or art thou sorrowing for the Argives, how they are being slain beside the hollow ships by reason of their own presumptuous act? Speak out; hide it not in thy mind; that we both may know."

Then with a heavy groan, didst thou make answer, O knight Patroclus: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, be not wroth; so great

a sorrow hath overmastered the Achaeans. For verily all they that aforetime were bravest, lie among the ships smitten by darts or wounded with spear-thrusts. Smitten is the son of Tydeus, mighty Diomedes, wounded with spear-thrust is Odysseus, famed for his spear, and Agamemnon, and smitten, too, is Eurypylus with an arrow in the thigh. About these the leeches, skilled in many simples, are busied, seeking to heal their wounds; but with thee may no man deal, Achilles. Never upon me let such wrath lay hold, as that thou dost cherish, O thou whose valour is but a bane! Wherein shall any other even yet to be born have profit of thee, if thou ward not off shameful ruin from the Argives? Pitiless one, thy father, meseems, was not the knight Peleus, nor was Thetis thy mother, but the grey sea bare thee, and the beetling cliffs, for that thy heart is unbending. But if in thy mind thou art shunning some oracle, and thy queenly mother hath declared to thee aught from Zeus, yet me at least send thou forth speedily, and with me let the rest of the host of the Myrmidons follow, if so be I may prove a light of deliverance to the Danaans. And grant me to buckle upon my shoulders that armour of thine, in hope that the Trojans may take me for thee, and so desist from war, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, wearied as they are; for scant is the breathing-space in battle. And lightly might we that are unwearied drive men that are wearied with the battle back to the city from the ships and the huts."

So spake he in prayer, fool that he was, for in sooth it was to be his own evil death and fate for which he prayed. Then, his heart deeply stirred, spake

to him swift-footed Achilles: "Ah me, Zeus-born Patroclus, what a thing hast thou said! Neither reck I of any oracle, that I wot of, nor has my queenly mother declared to me aught from Zeus; but herein dread grief cometh upon heart and soul, whenso a man is minded to rob one that is his equal, and take from him his prize, for that he surpasseth him in power. Dread grief is this to me, seeing I have suffered woes at heart. The girl that the sons of the Achaeans chose out for me as a prize, and that I won with my spear, when I had laid waste a well-walled city, her hath lord Agamemnon taken back from my arms, this son of Atreus, as though I were some alien that had no rights. Howbeit these things will we let be, as past and done. In no wise, meseems, was I to be filled with ceaseless wrath at heart; yet verily I deemed that I should not make an end of mine anger, until the hour when unto mine own ships should come the war-cry and the battle. But come, do thou put upon thy shoulders my glorious armour, and lead forth the war-loving Myrmidons to the fight, if in good sooth the dark cloud of the Trojans hath encompassed the ships mightily, and those others abide with naught to support them but the shore of the sea, having but scant space of land still left them, even the Argives; while the whole city of the Trojans hath come forth against them fearlessly, for they see not the front of my helm shining hard at hand; full soon in their flight would they fill the water-courses with their dead, were but lord Agamemnon of kindly mind toward me, whereas now they are warring around the camp. For not in the hands of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, doth the spear rage, to ward off ruin from the Danaans,

neither as yet have I heard the voice of the son of Atreus, shouting from his hated head; nay, it is the voice of man-slaying Hector that breaketh about me, as he calleth to the Trojans, and they with their din possess all the plain, and vanquish the Achaeans in battle. Yet even so, Patroclus, in warding destruction from the ships fall thou upon them mightily, lest verily they burn the ships with blazing fire and rob the Greeks of their desired return. Howbeit do thou hearken, that I may put in thy mind the sum of my counsel, to the end that thou mayest win me great recompense and glory at the hands of all the Danaans, and that they send back that beauteous girl, and therewithal give glorious gifts. When thou hast driven them from the ships, come back, and if the loud-thundering lord of Hera grant thee to win glory, be not thou fain apart from me to war against the war-loving Trojans: thou wilt lessen mine honour. Nor yet do thou, as thou exultest in war and conflict, and slayest the Trojans, lead on unto Ilios, lest one of the gods that are for ever shall come down from Olympus and enter the fray; right dearly doth Apollo, that worketh afar, love them. Nay, return thou back, when once thou hast set a light of deliverance amid the ships, and suffer the rest to battle over the plain. For I would, O father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that no man of the Trojans might escape death, of all that there are, neither any of the Argives, but that we twain might escape destruction, that alone we might loose the sacred diadem of Troy."

On this wise spake they one to the other, but

Aias no longer abode, for he was sore beset with darts; the will of Zeus was overmastering him, and the lordly Trojans with their missiles; and terribly did the bright helm about his temples ring continually, as it was smitten, for smitten it ever was upon the well-wrought cheek-pieces, and his left shoulder grew weary as he ever firmly held his flashing shield; nor might they beat it back about him, for all they pressed him hard with darts. And evermore was he distressed by laboured breathing, and down from his limbs on every side abundant sweat kept streaming, nor had he any wise respite to get his breath withal, but every way evil was heaped upon evil.

Tell me now, ye Muses, that have dwellings on Olympus, how fire was first flung upon the ships of the Achaeans.

It was Hector that drew nigh to Aias and smote his ashen spear with his great sword hard by the socket, at the base of the point, and shore it clean away, so that Telamonian Aias brandished all vainly a pointless spear, and far from him the head of bronze fell ringing to the ground. And Aias knew in his noble heart, and shuddered at the deeds of the gods, how that Zeus, who thundereth on high, brought utterly to naught the counsels of his battle, and would have victory for the Trojans. Then he gave ground from out the darts; and the Trojans cast upon the swift ship unwearied fire, and over her forthwith streamed a flame that might not be quenched.

So then was the ship's stern wreathed about with fire, but Achilles smote both his thighs and spake to Patroclus: "Up now, Zeus-born Patroclus, master of horsemen. Lo, I see by the ships the rush of

consuming fire. Let it not be that they take the ships and there be no more escaping! Do on my armour with all haste, and I will gather the host."

So spake he, and Patroclus arrayed him in gleaming bronze. The greaves first he set about his legs; beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces; next he did on about his chest the corselet of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, richly-wrought, and spangled with stars. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter the shield, great and sturdy; and upon his mighty head he set the well-wrought helmet with horse-hair crest, and terribly did the plume nod from above; and he took two valorous spears, that fitted his grasp. Only the spear of the peerless son of Aeacus he took not, the spear heavy and huge and strong; this none other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, even the Pelian spear of ash, that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And the horses he bade Automedon yoke speedily, even him that he honoured most after Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, and that in his eyes was faithful above all to abide his call in battle. At his bidding then Automedon led beneath the yoke the fleet horses, Xanthus and Balius, that flew swift as the winds, horses that the Harpy Podarge conceived to the West Wind, as she grazed on the meadow beside the stream of Oceanus. And in the side-traces he set the goodly Pedasus that on a time Achilles had brought away, when he took the city of Eëtion; and he, being but mortal, kept pace with immortal steeds.

But Achilles went to and fro throughout the huts

and let harness in their armour all the Myrmidons, and they rushed forth like ravening wolves in whose hearts is fury unspeakable—wolves that have slain in the hills a great horned stag, and rend him, and the jaws of all are red with gore; and in a pack they go to lap with their slender tongues the surface of the black water from a dusky spring, belching forth the while blood and gore, the heart in their breasts unflinching, and their bellies gorged full; even in such wise the leaders and rulers of the Myrmidons sped forth round about the valiant squire of the swift-footed son of Aeacus. And among them all stood warlike Achilles, urging on both horses and men that bear the shield.

Fifty were the swift ships which Achilles, dear to Zeus, led to Troy, and in each ship at the thole-pins were fifty men, his comrades; and five leaders had he appointed in whom he trusted to give command, and himself in his great might was king over all. The one rank was led by Menesthius of the flashing corselet, son of Spercheius, the heaven-fed river. Him did fair Polydora, daughter of Peleus, bear to tireless Spercheius, a woman couched with a god, but in name she bare him to Borus, son of Perieres, who openly wedded her, when he had given gifts of wooing past counting. And of the next company warlike Eudorus was captain, the son of a girl unwed, and him did Polymele, fair in the dance, daughter of Phylas, bear. Of her the strong Argeïphontes became enamoured, when his eyes had sight of her amid the singing maidens, in the dancing-floor of Artemis, huntress of the golden arrows and the echoing chase. Forthwith then he went up into her upper chamber, and lay with her secretly, even

Hermes the helper,[1] and she gave him a goodly son, Eudorus, pre-eminent in speed of foot and as a warrior. But when at length Eileithyia, goddess of child-birth, had brought him to the light, and he saw the rays of the sun, then her did the stalwart and mighty Echecles, son of Actor, lead to his home, when he had given countless gifts of wooing, and Eudorus did old Phylas nurse and cherish tenderly, loving him dearly, as he had been his own son. And of the third company warlike Peisander was captain, son of Maemalus, a man pre-eminent among all the Myrmidons in fighting with the spear, after the comrade of the son of Peleus. And the fourth company did the old knight Phoenix lead, and the fifth Alcimedon, the peerless son of Laërces. But when at length Achilles had set them all in array with their leaders, duly parting company from company, he laid upon them a stern command:

"Myrmidons, let no man, I bid you, be forgetful of the threats, wherewith beside the swift ships ye threatened the Trojans throughout all the time of my wrath, and upbraided me, each man of you, saying: 'Cruel son of Peleus, surely it was on gall that thy mother reared thee, thou pitiless one, seeing that in their own despite thou holdest back thy comrades beside the ships. Nay, homeward let us return again with our seafaring ships, since in this wise evil wrath hath fallen upon thy heart.' With such words would ye ofttimes gather together and prate at me, but now is set before you a great work of war, whereof in time past ye were enamoured. Therefore let it be with valiant heart that each man fights with the Trojans."

So saying, he aroused the strength and spirit of

every man, and yet closer were their ranks serried when they heard their king. And as when a man buildeth the wall of a high house with close-set stones, to avoid the might of the winds, even so close were arrayed their helms and bossed shields; buckler pressed on buckler, helm upon helm, and man on man. The horse-hair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other, as the men moved their heads, in such close array stood they one by another. And in the front of all two warriors arrayed themselves for war, even Patroclus and Automedon, both of one mind, to war in the forefront of the Myrmidons. But Achilles went into his hut, and opened the lid of a chest, fair and richly-dight, that silver-footed Thetis had set on his ship for him to carry with him, when she had filled it well with tunics, and cloaks to keep off the wind, and woollen rugs. Therein had he a fair-fashioned cup, wherefrom neither was any other man wont to drink the flaming wine, nor was he wont to pour drink offerings to any other of the gods save only to father Zeus. This cup he then took from the chest and cleansed it first with sulphur, and thereafter washed it in fair streams of water; and himself he washed his hands, and drew flaming wine. Then he made prayer, standing in the midst of the court, and poured forth the wine, looking up to heaven; and not unmarked was he of Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt: "Zeus, thou king, Dodonaean, Pelasgian, thou that dwellest afar, ruling over wintry Dodona,—and about thee dwell the Selli, thine interpreters, men with unwashen feet that couch on the ground.[1] Aforetime verily thou didst

perpetuating in their case the habits of a far-off barbarous past.

hear my word, when I prayed: me thou didst honour, and didst mightily smite the host of the Achaeans; even so now also fulfil thou for me this my desire. Myself verily will I abide in the gathering of the ships, but my comrade am I sending forth amid the host of the Myrmidons to war: with him do thou send forth glory, O Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, and make bold the heart in his breast, to the end that Hector, too, may know whether even alone my squire hath skill to fight, or whether his hands then only rage invincible, whenso I enter the turmoil of Ares. But when away from the ships he hath driven war and the din of war, then all-unscathed let him come back to the swift ships with all his arms, and his comrades that fight in close combat."

So spake he in prayer, and Zeus, the counsellor, heard him, and a part the Father granted him, and a part denied. That Patroclus should thrust back the war and battle from the ships he granted; but that he should return safe from out the battle he denied.

Achilles then, when he had poured libation and made prayer to father Zeus, went again into his tent, and laid the cup away in the chest, and came forth and stood in front of the hut; for still his heart was fain to look upon the dread conflict of Trojans and Achaeans.

But they that were arrayed together with great-hearted Patroclus marched forth, until with high spirits they leapt upon the Trojans. Straightway they poured forth like wasps of the wayside, that boys are wont to stir[1] to wrath, ever tormenting them in their nests beside the way, foolish that they are; and a common evil they make for many. And the

wasps, if so be some wayfaring man as he passeth by rouse them unwittingly, fly forth one and all in the valour of their hearts, and fight each in defence of his young; having a heart and spirit like theirs the Myrmidons then poured forth from the ships, and a cry unquenchable arose. But Patroclus called to his comrades with a loud shout: "Myrmidons, ye comrades of Achilles, son of Peleus, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, to the end that we may win honour for the son of Peleus, that is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his squires that fight in close combat; and that the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, may know his blindness in that he honoured not at all the best of the Achaeans."

So saying, he roused the strength and spirit of every man, and on the Trojans they fell all in a throng, and round about them the ships echoed wondrously beneath the shouting of the Achaeans. But when the Trojans saw the valiant son of Menoetius, himself and his squire, shining in their armour, the heart of each man was stirred, and their battalions were shaken, for they deemed that by the ships the swift-footed son of Peleus had cast aside his wrath and had chosen friendliness; and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction.

Then Patroclus was first to cast with his bright spear straight into the midst where men thronged the thickest, even by the stern of the ship of great-souled Protesilaus, and smote Pyraechmes, that had led the Paconians, lords of chariots, out of Amydon, from the wide-flowing Axius. Him he smote on the right shoulder, and backward in the dust he fell with a groan, and about him his comrades were driven in

rout, even the Paeonians, for upon them all had Patroclus sent panic, when he slew their leader that was pre-eminent in fight. From out the ships then he drave them, and quenched the blazing fire. And half-burnt the ship was left there, but the Trojans were driven in rout with a wondrous din, and the Danaans poured in among the hollow ships, and a ceaseless din arose. And as when from the high crest of a great mountain Zeus, that gathereth the lightnings, moveth a dense cloud away, and forth to view appear all mountain peaks, and high headlands, and glades, and from heaven breaketh open the infinite air; even so the Danaans, when they had thrust back from the ships consuming fire, had respite for a little time; howbeit there was no ceasing from war. For not yet were the Trojans driven in headlong rout by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, from the black ships, but still they sought to withstand them, and gave ground from the ships perforce.

Then man slew man of the chieftains as the fight was scattered. First the valiant son of Menoetius smote the thigh of Areïlycus with a cast of his sharp spear at the moment when he turned to flee, and drave the bronze clean through; and the spear brake the bone, and he fell on his face on the ground. And warlike Menelaus thrust and smote Thoas on the breast, where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs. And the son of Phyleus as he watched Amphiclus that was rushing upon him, proved quicker than his foe, and smote him upon the base of the leg, where a man's muscle is thickest; and round about the spear-point the sinews were rent apart; and darkness enfolded his eyes. Then of the sons of Nestor, the one, Antilochus, thrust at

Atymnius with his sharp spear, and drave the spear of bronze through his flank; and he fell forward. But Maris, hard at hand, rushed upon Antilochus with his spear, wroth for his brother's sake, and took his stand before the dead; howbeit godlike Thrasymedes was too quick for him, and forthwith ere his foe could thrust, smote upon his shoulder, and missed not; but the point of the spear shore the base of the arm away from the muscles, and utterly brake asunder the bone; and he fell with a thud, and darkness enfolded his eyes. So these twain, overcome by twain brethren, went their way to Erebus, goodly comrades of Sarpedon, spearmen sons of Amisodarus, him that reared the raging Chimaera, a bane to many men. And Aias, son of Oïleus, leapt upon Cleobulus, and caught him alive, entangled in the throng; but even there he loosed his might, smiting him upon the neck with his hilted sword. Thereat all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and mighty fate. Then Peneleos and Lyco rushed together, for with their spears either had missed the other, and both had cast in vain; but again they rushed together with their swords. Then Lyco let drive upon the horn of the helm with horse-hair crest, and the sword was shattered at the hilt; but Peneleos smote him upon the neck beneath the ear, and all the blade sank in, so that naught but the skin held fast, and the head hung to one side, and his limbs were loosed. And Meriones with swift strides overtook Acamas, and thrust and smote him, even as he was mounting his car, upon the right shoulder; and he fell from his car and down over his eyes a mist was shed. Then Idomeneus smote

Erymas upon the mouth with a thrust of the pitiless bronze, and clean through passed the spear of bronze beneath the brain, and clave asunder the white bones ; and his teeth were shaken out, and both his eyes were filled with blood ; and up through mouth and nostrils he spurted blood as he gaped, and a black cloud of death enfolded him.

These, then, leaders of the Danaans, slew each his man. And as murderous wolves fall upon lambs or kids, choosing them from out the flocks, when through the witlessness of the shepherd they are scattered among the mountains, and the wolves seeing it, forthwith harry the young whose hearts know naught of valour ; even so the Danaans fell upon the Trojans, and they bethought them of ill-sounding flight, and forgat their furious valour.

And the great Aias was ever fain to cast his spear at Hector, harnessed in bronze, but he in his cunning of war, his broad shoulders covered with shield of bull's-hide, ever watched the whirring of arrows and the hurtling of spears. In sooth he knew the tide of victory was turning, but even so he abode, and sought to save his trusty comrades.

And as when from Olympus a cloud fareth toward heaven out of the bright air, when Zeus spreadeth forth the tempest, even so from the ships came the shouting and the rout of these ; nor was it in good order that they crossed the trench again. Hector verily did his swift-footed horses bear forth with his battle-gear, and he left the hosts of Troy, whom the digged trench held back against their will. And in the trench many pairs of swift horses, drawers of chariots, brake the pole at the end, and left the chariots of their lords. But Patroclus followed after,

calling fiercely to the Danaans, with purpose of evil toward the Trojans, while they with shouting and in flight filled all the ways, now that their ranks were broken; and on high a cloud of dust was spread up beneath the clouds, and the single-hoofed horses strained back toward the city from the ships and the huts. And Patroclus, wheresoever he saw the greatest throng huddled in rout, thither would he drive with shouting; and beneath his axle-trees men kept falling headlong from their cars, and the chariots were overturned. And straight over the trench leapt the swift horses—the immortal horses that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus—in their onward flight, and against Hector did the heart of Patroclus urge him on, for he was fain to smite him; but his swift horses ever bare Hector forth. And even as beneath a tempest the whole black earth is oppressed, on a day in harvest-time, when Zeus poureth forth rain most violently, whenso in anger he waxeth wroth against men that by violence give crooked judgments in the place of gathering, and drive justice out, recking not of the vengeance of the gods; and all their rivers flow in flood, and many a hillside do the torrents furrow deeply, and down to the dark sea they rush headlong from the mountains with a mighty roar, and the tilled fields of men are wasted; even so mighty was the roar of the mares of Troy as they sped on.

But when Patroclus had cut off the foremost battalions, he hemmed them back again towards the ships and would not suffer them for all their eagerness to set foot in the city, but in the mid space between the ships and the river and the high wall he rushed among them and slew them, and got him

vengeance for many a slain comrade. There verily he first smote Pronous with a cast of his bright spear, upon the breast where it was left bare beside the shield, and loosed his limbs ; and he fell with a thud. Next upon Thestor, son of Enops, he rushed. Crouching he sat in his polished car, for his wits were distraught with terror, and the reins had slipped from his hands, but Patroclus drew nigh to him, and smote him upon the right jaw with his spear, and drave it through his teeth ; and he laid hold of the spear and dragged him over the chariot-rim, as when a man sitting upon a jutting rock draggeth to land a sacred [1] fish from out the sea, with line and gleaming hook of bronze ; even so on the bright spear dragged he him agape from out the car, and cast him down upon his face ; and life left him as he fell. Then as Erylaus rushed upon him, he smote him full upon the head with a stone, and his head was wholly cloven asunder within the heavy helmet ; and he fell headlong upon the earth, and death, that slayeth the spirit, was shed about him. Thereafter Erymas and Amphoterus, and Epaltes, and Tlepolemus, son of Damastor, and Echius and Pyris, and Ipheus and Evippus, and Polymelus, son of Argeas, all these one after another he brought down to the bounteous earth.

But when Sarpedon saw his comrades, that wear the tunic ungirt, being laid low beneath the hands of Patroclus, son of Menoetius, he called aloud, upbraiding the godlike Lycians : " Shame, ye Lycians, whither do ye flee ? Now be ye swift to fight [2] ; for I myself will meet this man, that I may

the sentence as an indignant question, " Now are ye swift ? " *i.e.*, in flight. Yet *cf.* 494.

know who he is that prevaileth here, and verily hath wrought the Trojans much mischief, seeing he hath loosed the knees of many men and goodly."

He spake, and leapt in his armour from his chariot to the ground. And Patroclus, over against him, when he beheld him, sprang from his chariot. And as vultures crooked of talon and curved of beak fight with loud cries upon a high rock, even so with cries rushed they one against the other. And the son of crooked-counselling Cronos took pity when he saw them, and spake to Hera, his sister and his wife: "Ah, woe is me, for that it is fated that Sarpedon, dearest of men to me, be slain by Patroclus, son of Menoetius! And in twofold wise is my heart divided in counsel as I ponder in my thought whether I shall snatch him up while yet he liveth and set him afar from the tearful war in the rich land of Lycia, or whether I shall slay him now beneath the hands of the son of Menoetius."

Then ox-eyed queenly Hera answered him: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! A man that is mortal, doomed long since by fate, art thou minded to deliver again from dolorous death? Do as thou wilt; but be sure that we other gods assent not all thereto. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: if thou send Sarpedon living to his house, bethink thee lest hereafter some other god also be minded to send his own dear son away from the fierce conflict; for many there be fighting around the great city of Priam that are sons of the immortals, and among the gods wilt thou send dread wrath. But and if he be dear to thee, and thine heart be grieved, suffer thou him verily to be slain in the fierce conflict beneath the hands

of Patroclus, son of Menoetius ; but when his soul and life have left him, then send thou Death and sweet Sleep to bear him away until they come to the land of wide Lycia ; and there shall his brethren and his kinsfolk give him burial with mound and pillar ; for this is the due of the dead."

So spake she, and the father of men and gods failed not to hearken. Howbeit he shed bloody rain-drops on the earth, shewing honour to his dear son—his own son whom Patroclus was about to slay in the deep-soiled land of Troy, far from his native land.

Now when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then verily did Patroclus smite glorious Thrasymelus, that was the valiant squire of the prince Sarpedon ; him he smote on the lower belly, and loosed his limbs. But Sarpedon missed him with his bright spear, as in turn he set upon him, but smote with his spear the horse Pedasus on the right shoulder ; and the horse shrieked aloud as he gasped forth his life, and down he fell in the dust with a moan, and his spirit flew from him. But the other twain reared this way and that, and the yoke creaked, and above them the reins were entangled, when the trace-horse lay low in the dust. Howbeit for this did Automedon, famed for his spear, find him a remedy ; drawing his long sword from beside his stout thigh, he sprang forth and cut loose the trace-horse, and faltered not, and the other two were righted, and strained at the reins ; and the two warriors came together again in soul-devouring strife.

Then again Sarpedon missed with his bright spear, and over the left shoulder of Patroclus went the point of the spear and smote him not. But Patroclus in turn rushed on with the bronze, and not in vain

did the shaft speed from his hand, but smote his foe where the midriff is set close about the throbbing heart. And he fell as an oak falls, or a poplar, or a tall pine, that among the mountains shipwrights fell with whetted axes to be a ship's timber; even so before his horses and chariot he lay outstretched, moaning aloud and clutching at the bloody dust. And as a lion cometh into the midst of a herd and slayeth a bull, tawny and high of heart amid the kine of trailing gait, and with a groan he perisheth beneath the jaws of the lion; even so beneath Patroclus did the leader of the Lycian shieldmen struggle in death; and he called by name his dear comrade: "Dear Glaucus, warrior amid men of war, now in good sooth it behoveth thee to quit thee as a spearman and a dauntless warrior; now be evil war thy heart's desire, if indeed thou art swift to fight. First fare thou up and down everywhere, and urge on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and thereafter thyself do battle with the bronze in my defence. For to thee even in time to come shall I be a reproach and a hanging of the head, all thy days continually, if so be the Achaeans shall spoil me of my armour, now that I am fallen amid the gathering of the ships. Nay, hold thy ground valiantly, and urge on all the host."

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him, his eyes alike and his nostrils; and Patroclus, setting his foot upon his breast, drew the spear from out the flesh, and the midriff followed therewith; and at the one moment he drew forth the spear-point and the soul of Sarpedon. And the Myrmidons stayed there the snorting horses, that were fain to flee now that they had left the chariot of their lords.

But upon Glaucus came dread grief as he heard the voice of Sarpedon, and his heart was stirred, for that he availed not to succour him. And with his hand he caught and pressed his arm, for his wound tormented him, the wound that Teucer, while warding off destruction from his comrades, had dealt him with his arrow as he rushed upon the high wall. Then in prayer he spake to Apollo, that smiteth afar: "Hear me, O king that art haply in the rich land of Lycia or haply in Troy, but everywhere hast power to hearken unto a man that is in sorrow, even as now sorrow is come upon me. For I have this grievous wound and mine arm on this side and on that is shot through with sharp pangs, nor can the blood be staunched; and my shoulder is made heavy with the wound, and I avail not to grasp my spear firmly, neither to go and fight with the foemen. And a man far the noblest hath perished, even Sarpedon, the son of Zeus; and he succoureth not his own child. Howbeit, do thou, O king, heal me of this grievous wound, and lull my pains, and give me might, that I may call to my comrades, the Lycians, and urge them on to fight, and myself do battle about the body of him that is fallen in death."

So spake he in prayer, and Phoebus Apollo heard him. Forthwith he made his pains to cease, and staunched the black blood that flowed from his grievous wound, and put might into his heart. And Glaucus knew in his mind, and was glad that the great god had quickly heard his prayer. First fared he up and down everywhere and urged on the leaders of the Lycians to fight for Sarpedon, and thereafter went with long strides into the midst of the Trojans, unto Polydamas, son of Panthous, and goodly Agenor,

and he went after Aeneas, and after Hector, harnessed in bronze. And he came up to him and spake winged words, saying : " Hector, now in good sooth art thou utterly forgetful of the allies, that for thy sake far from their friends and their native land are wasting their lives away, yet thou carest not to aid them. Low lies Sarpedon, leader of the Lycian shieldmen, he that guarded Lycia by his judgments and his might. Him hath brazen Ares laid low beneath the spear of Patroclus. Nay, friends, take your stand beside him, and have indignation in heart, lest the Myrmidons strip him of his armour and work shame upon his corpse, being wroth for the sake of all the Danaans that have perished, whom we slew with our spears at the swift ships."

So spake he, and the Trojans were utterly seized with grief, unbearable, overpowering ; for Sarpedon was ever the stay of their city, albeit he was a stranger from afar ; for much people followed with him, and among them he was himself pre-eminent in fight. And they made straight for the Danaans full eagerly, and Hector led them, in wrath for Sarpedon's sake. But the Achaeans were urged on by Patroclus, of the shaggy heart, son of Menoetius. To the twain Aiantes spake he first, that were of themselves full eager : " Ye twain Aiantes, now be it your will to ward off the foe, being of such valour as of old ye were amid warriors, or even braver. Low lies the man that was first to leap within the wall of the Achaeans, even Sarpedon. Nay, let us seek to take him, and work shame upon his body, and strip the armour from his shoulders, and many a one of his comrades that seek to defend his body let us slay with the pitiless bronze."

So spake he, and they even of themselves were eager to ward off the foe. Then when on both sides they had made strong their battalions, the Trojans and Lycians, and the Myrmidons and Achaeans, they joined battle to fight for the body of him that was fallen in death, with terrible shouting ; and loud rang the harness of men. And Zeus drew baneful night over the mighty conflict, that around his dear son might be waged the baneful toil of war.

And first the Trojans drave back the bright-eyed Achaeans, for smitten was a man in no wise the worst among the Myrmidons, even the son of great-souled Agacles, goodly Epeigeus, that was king in well-peopled Budeum of old, but when he had slain a goodly man of his kin, to Peleus he came as a suppliant, and to silver-footed Thetis ; and they sent him to follow with Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, to Ilios, famed for its horses, that he might fight with the Trojans. Him, as he was laying hold of the corpse, glorious Hector smote upon the head with a stone ; and his head was wholly cloven asunder within the heavy helmet, and he fell headlong upon the corpse, and death, that slayeth the spirit, was shed about him. Then over Patroclus came grief for his slain comrade, and he charged through the foremost fighters like a fleet falcon that driveth in flight daws and starlings ; even so straight against the Lycians, O Patroclus, master of horsemen, and against the Trojans didst thou charge, and thy heart was full of wrath for thy comrade. And he smote Sthenelaus, the dear son of Ithaemenes, on the neck with a stone, and brake away therefrom the sinews ; and the foremost fighters and glorious Hector gave ground. Far as is the flight of a long javelin, that

a man casteth, making trial of his strength, in a contest, haply, or in war beneath the press of murderous foemen, even so far did the Trojans draw back, and the Achaeans drave them. And Glaucus first, the leader of the Lycian shieldmen, turned him about, and slew great-souled Bathycles, the dear son of Chalcon, him that had his abode in Hellas, and for wealth and substance was pre-eminent among the Myrmidons. Him did Glaucus smite full upon the breast with a thrust of his spear, turning suddenly upon him, when the other was about to overtake him in pursuit. And he fell with a thud, and sore grief gat hold of the Achaeans, for that a good man was fallen; but mightily did the Trojans rejoice. And they came in throngs and took their stand about him, nor did the Achaeans forget their valour, but bare their might straight toward the foe. Then Meriones slew a warrior of the Trojans, in full armour, Laogonus, the bold son of Onetor, one that was priest of Idaean Zeus, and was honoured of the folk even as a god: him he smote beneath the jaw under the ear, and forthwith his spirit departed from his limbs, and hateful darkness gat hold of him. And Aeneas cast at Meriones his spear of bronze, for he hoped to smite him as he advanced under cover of his shield. But Meriones, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze; for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; howbeit there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. [And the lance of Aeneas sank quivering down into the earth, for that it sped in vain from his mighty hand.] Then Aeneas waxed wroth at heart, and spake, saying: "Meriones, full soon, for

all thou art a nimble dancer, would my spear have made thee to cease dancing for ever, had I but struck thee."

And Meriones, famed for his spear, made answer: "Aeneas, hard were it for thee, valiant though thou art, to quench the might of every man, whosoever cometh against thee to make defence. Of mortal stuff, I ween, art thou as well. If so be I should cast, and smite thee fairly with my sharp spear, quickly then, for all thou art strong and trustest in thy hands, shouldst thou yield glory to me, and thy soul to Hades of the goodly steeds."

So spake he, but the valiant son of Menoetius rebuked him, saying: "Meriones, wherefore dost thou, that art a man of valour, speak on this wise? Good friend, it is not for words of reviling that the Trojans will give ground from the corpse; ere that shall the earth hold many a one. For in our hands is the issue of war; that of words is in the council. Wherefore it beseemeth not in any wise to multiply words, but to fight."

So saying, he led the way, and the other followed, a godlike man. And from them—even as the din ariseth of woodcutters in the glades of a mountain, and afar is the sound thereof heard—so from them went up a clanging from the broad-wayed earth, a clanging of bronze and of hide and of well-wrought shields, as they thrust one at the other with swords and two-edged spears. Nor could a man, though he knew him well, any more have discerned goodly Sarpedon, for that he was utterly enwrapped with darts and blood and dust, from his head to the very soles of his feet. And they ever thronged about the corpse as when in a farmstead flies buzz about the full milk-

pails, in the season of spring, when the milk drenches the vessels ; even so thronged they about the corpse. Nor did Zeus anywise turn his bright eyes from the fierce conflict, but ever looked down upon them, and debated in heart, pondering much about the slaying of Patroclus, whether in the fierce conflict even there over godlike Sarpedon, glorious Hector should slay him likewise with the sword, and should strip the armour from his shoulders, or whether for yet more men he should make the utter toil of war to wax. And as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better, that the valiant squire of Achilles, Peleus' son, should again drive toward the city the Trojans and Hector, harnessed in bronze, and take the lives of many. In Hector first of all he roused cowardly rout, and he leapt upon his car and turned to flight, and called on the rest of the Trojans to flee ; for he knew the turning of the sacred scales of Zeus. Then the valiant Lycians likewise abode not, but were driven in rout one and all, when they saw their king smitten to the heart, lying in the gathering of the dead ; for many had fallen above him, when the son of Cronos strained taut the cords of the fierce conflict.[1] But from the shoulders of Sarpedon they stripped his shining harness of bronze, and this the valiant son of Menoetius gave to his comrades to bear to the hollow ships. And then unto Apollo spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer : " Up now, dear Phoebus, go cleanse from Sarpedon the dark blood, when thou hast taken him forth from out the range of darts, and thereafter bear thou him far away, and bathe him in the streams of the river, and anoint him with ambrosia, and clothe him about with im-

[1] See the note on xiii. 358.

mortal raiment, and give him to swift conveyers to bear with them, even to the twin brethren, Sleep and Death, who shall set him speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia. There shall his brethren and his kinsfolk give him burial with mound and pillar; for this is the due of the dead."

So spake he, nor was Apollo disobedient to his father's bidding, but went down from the hills of Ida into the dread din of battle. Forthwith then he lifted up goodly Sarpedon forth from out the range of darts, and when he had borne him far away, bathed him in the streams of the river, and anointed him with ambrosia, and clothed him about with immortal raiment, and gave him to swift conveyers to bear with them, even to the twin brethren, Sleep and Death, who set him speedily in the rich land of wide Lycia.

But Patroclus with a call to his horses and to Automedon, pressed after the Trojans and Lycians, and was greatly blinded in heart, fool that he was! for had he observed the word of the son of Peleus, he would verily have escaped the evil fate of black death. But ever is the intent of Zeus stronger than that of men, for he driveth even a valiant man in rout, and robbeth him of victory full easily, and again of himself he rouseth men to fight; and he it was that now put fury in the breast of Patroclus.

Then whom first, whom last didst thou slay, Patroclus, when the gods called thee deathward? Adrastus first, and Autonous, and Echeclus, and Perimus, son of Megas, and Epistor, and Melanippus, and thereafter Elasus, and Mulius, and Pylartes: these he slew, and the others bethought them each man of flight.

Then would the sons of the Achaeans have taken high-gated Troy by the hands of Patroclus, for around and before him he raged with his spear, had not Phoebus Apollo taken his stand upon the well-builded wall thinking thoughts of bane for him, but bearing aid to the Trojans. Thrice did Patroclus set foot upon a corner of the high wall, and thrice did Apollo fling him back, thrusting against the bright shield with his immortal hands. But when for the fourth time he rushed on like a god, then with a terrible cry Apollo spake to him winged words: "Give back, Zeus-born Patroclus. It is not fated, I tell thee, that by thy spear the city of the lordly Trojans shall be laid waste, nay, nor by that of Achilles, who is better far than thou."

So spake he, and Patroclus gave ground a great space backward, avoiding the wrath of Apollo that smiteth afar.

But Hector at the Scaean gate was staying his single-hoofed horses, for he was divided in mind, whether he should drive again into the turmoil and do battle, or should call to the host to gather them within the wall. And while he pondered thus there drew nigh to him Phoebus Apollo in the likeness of a young man and a strong, even of Asius, that was uncle to horse-taming Hector, and own brother to Hecabe, but son of Dymas, that dwelt in Phrygia by the streams of Sangarius. In his likeness spake Apollo, the son of Zeus, unto Hector: "Hector, wherefore dost thou cease from battle? It beseemeth thee not. I would that I were as much stronger than thou as I am weaker; then straightway would it be to thine own hurt that thou drawest back from

the war. Nay, come, drive against Patroclus thy strong-hoofed horses, if so be thou mayest slay him, and Apollo give thee glory."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. Then unto wise-hearted Cebriones glorious Hector gave command to lash his horses into the battle. But Apollo went his way, and entered into the throng, and sent an evil panic upon the Argives, and vouchsafed glory to the Trojans and to Hector. But Hector let be the other Danaans, neither sought to slay them, but drave his strong-hoofed horses against Patroclus; and Patroclus over against him leapt from his chariot to the ground with a spear in his left hand, while with the other he grasped a stone, shining and jagged, that his hand compassed about. Firmly he planted himself, and hurled it, neither had he long awe of his foe, nor sped he his missile in vain, but smote the charioteer of Hector, even Cebriones, a bastard son of glorious Priam, upon the forehead with the sharp stone, as he was holding the reins of the horses. And both his brows did the stone dash together, and the bone held not, but the eyes fell to the ground in the dust even there, before his feet. And like a diver he fell from the well-wrought car, and his spirit left his bones. Then with mocking words didst thou speak to him, knight Patroclus: "Hah, look you; verily nimble is the man; how lightly he diveth! In sooth if he were on the teeming deep, this man would satisfy many by seeking for oysters, leaping from his ship were the sea never so stormy, seeing that now on the plain he diveth lightly from his car. Verily among the Trojans too there be men that dive."

So saying he made for the warrior Cebriones with

the rush of a lion that, while he wasteth the farmstead, hath been smitten on the breast, and his own valour bringeth him to ruin ; even so upon Cebriones, O Patroclus, didst thou leap furiously. And Hector over against him leapt from his chariot to the ground. So the twain joined in strife for Cebriones like two lions, that on the peaks of a mountain fight for a slain hind, both of them hungering, both high of heart ; even so for Cebriones the two masters of the war-cry, even Patroclus, son of Menoetius, and glorious Hector, were fain each to cleave the other's flesh with the pitiless bronze. Hector, when once he had seized the corpse by the head, would not loose his hold, and Patroclus over against him held fast hold of the foot ; and about them the others, Trojans and Danaans, joined in fierce conflict. And as the East Wind and the South strive with one another in shaking a deep wood in the glades of a mountain,—a wood of beech and ash and smooth-barked cornel, and these dash one against the other their long boughs with a wondrous din, and there is a crashing of broken branches ; even so the Trojans and Achaeans leapt one upon another and made havoc, nor would either side take thought of ruinous flight. And round about Cebriones many sharp spears were fixed, and many winged arrows that leapt from the bow-string, and many great stones smote against shields, as men fought around him. But he in the whirl of dust lay mighty in his mightiness, forgetful of his horsemanship.

Now as long as the sun bestrode mid-heaven, so long the missiles of either side reached their mark, and the folk kept falling ; but when he turned to the time for the unyoking of oxen, then verily beyond

their portion the Achaeans proved the better. Forth from out the range of darts they drew the warrior Cebriones from the battle-din of the Trojans, and stripped the armour from his shoulders; and Patroclus with fell intent leapt upon the Trojans. Thrice then leapt he upon them, the peer of swift Ares, crying a terrible cry, and thrice he slew nine men. But when for the fourth time he rushed on, like a god, then for thee, Patroclus, did the end of life appear; for Phoebus met thee in the fierce conflict, an awful god. And Patroclus marked him not as he passed through the turmoil, for enfolded in thick mist did he meet him; and Apollo took his stand behind him, and smote his back and broad shoulders with the flat of his hand, and his eyes were made to whirl. And from his head Phoebus Apollo smote the helmet, that rang as it rolled beneath the feet of the horses—the crested helm; and the plumes were befouled with blood and dust. Not until that hour had the gods suffered that helm with plume of horse-hair to be befouled with dust, but ever did it guard the head and comely brow of a godlike man, even of Achilles; but then Zeus vouchsafed it to Hector, to wear upon his head, yet was destruction near at hand for him. And in the hands of Patroclus the far-shadowing spear was wholly broken, the spear, heavy, and huge, and strong, and tipped with bronze; and from his shoulders the tasselled shield with its baldric fell to the ground, and his corselet did Apollo loose—the prince, the son of Zeus. Then blindness seized his mind, and his glorious limbs were loosed beneath him, and he stood in a daze; and from behind him from close at hand a Dardanian smote him upon the back between the shoulders with a cast

of his sharp spear, even Panthous' son, Euphorbus, that excelled all men of his years in casting the spear, and in horsemanship, and in speed of foot; and lo, twenty warriors had he already cast from their cars at his first coming with his chariot to learn his lesson of war. He it was that first hurled his spear at thee, knight Patroclus, yet subdued thee not; but he ran back again and mingled with the throng, when he had drawn forth the ashen spear from the flesh, and he abode not Patroclus, unarmed though he was, in the fray. But Patroclus, overcome by the stroke of the god and by the spear, drew back into the throng of his comrades, avoiding fate.

But Hector, when he beheld great-souled Patroclus drawing back, smitten with the sharp bronze, came nigh him through the ranks, and smote him with a thrust of his spear in the nethermost belly, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud, and sorely grieved the host of the Achaeans. And as a lion overmastereth in fight an untiring boar, when the twain fight with high hearts on the peaks of a mountain for a scant spring, wherefrom both are minded to drink: hard panteth the boar, yet the lion overcometh him by his might; even so from the valiant son of Menoetius, after he had slain many, did Hector, Priam's son, take life away, smiting him from close at hand with his spear. And vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Patroclus, thou thoughtest, I ween, that thou wouldest sack our city, and from the women of Troy wouldest take the day of freedom, and bear them in thy ships to thy dear native land, thou fool! Nay, in front of them the swift horses of Hector stride

forth to the fight, and with the spear I myself am pre-eminent among the war-loving Trojans, even I that ward from them the day of doom; but for thee, vultures shall devour thee here. Ah, poor wretch, even Achilles, for all his valour, availed thee not, who, I ween, though himself abiding behind, laid strait command upon thee, as thou wentest forth: 'Come not back, I charge thee, Patroclus, master of horsemen, to the hollow ships, till thou hast cloven about the breast of man-slaying Hector the tunic red with his blood.' So, I ween, spake he to thee, and persuaded thy wits in thy witlessness."

Then, thy strength all spent, didst thou answer him, knight Patroclus: "For this time, Hector, boast thou mightily; for to thee have Zeus, the son of Cronos, and Apollo, vouchsafed victory, they that subdued me full easily, for of themselves they took the harness from my shoulders. But if twenty such as thou had faced me, here would all have perished, slain by my spear. Nay, it was baneful Fate and the son of Leto that slew me, and of men Euphorbus, while thou art the third in my slaying. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: verily thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee, and mighty fate, that thou be slain beneath the hands of Achilles, the peerless son of Aeacus."

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him; and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing her fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spake glorious Hector:

"Patroclus, wherefore dost thou prophesy for me

sheer destruction? Who knows but that Achilles, the son of fair-tressed Thetis, may first be smitten by my spear, and lose his life?"

So saying, he drew forth the spear of bronze from the wound, setting his foot upon the dead, and thrust him backward from the spear. And forthwith he was gone with his spear after Automedon, the god-like squire of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, for he was fain to smite him; but his swift horses bare him away, the immortal horses that the gods gave as glorious gifts to Peleus.

BOOK XVII

And the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, failed not to mark that Patroclus had been slain in battle by the Trojans, but fared amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze, and bestrode the dead, as over a calf standeth lowing plaintively its mother, that hath brought forth her first-born, ere then knowing naught of motherhood; even so over Patroclus strode fair-haired Menelaus, and before him he held his spear and his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, eager to slay the man who should come to seize the corpse.

Then was Panthous' son, of the good spear of ash, not unheedful of the falling of peerless Patroclus, but he took his stand hard by him, and spake to Menelaus, dear to Ares: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, thou leader of hosts, give back, and leave the corpse, and let be the bloody spoils; for before me no man of the Trojans and their famed allies smote Patroclus with the spear in the fierce conflict; wherefore suffer thou me to win goodly renown among the Trojans, lest I cast and smite thee, and rob thee of honey-sweet life."

Then, his heart mightily stirred, fair-haired Menelaus spake unto him: "O father Zeus, no good thing is it to boast overweeningly. Verily neither is the spirit of pard so high, nor of lion, nor of wild boar,

of baneful mind, in whose breast the greatest fury exulteth exceedingly in might, as is the spirit of Panthous' sons, of the good spear of ash. Nay, but in sooth even the mighty Hyperenor, tamer of horses, had no profit of his youth, when he made light of me and abode my coming, and deemed that among the Danaans I was the meanest warrior ; not on his own feet, I ween, did he fare home to make glad his dear wife and his worthy parents. Even so, meseems, shall I loose thy might as well, if thou stand to face me ; nay, of myself I bid thee get thee back into the throng, and stand not forth to face me, ere yet some evil befall thee ; when it is wrought even a fool getteth understanding."

So spake he, yet persuaded not the other, but he answered, saying : " Now in good sooth, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, shalt thou verily pay the price for my brother whom thou slewest, and over whom thou speakest vauntingly ; and thou madest his wife a widow in her new-built bridal chamber, and broughtest grief unspeakable and sorrow upon his parents. Verily for them in their misery should I prove an assuaging of grief, if I but bring thy head and thy armour and lay them in the hands of Panthous and queenly Phrontis. Howbeit not for long shall the struggle be untried or unfought, be it for victory or for flight."

So saying, he smote upon his shield that was well-balanced upon every side ; howbeit the bronze brake not through, but its point was bent back in the stout shield. Then in turn did Atreus' son, Menelaus, rush upon him with his spear, and made prayer to father Zeus ; and as he gave back, stabbed him at the base of the throat, and put his weight into the

thrust, trusting in his heavy hand; and clean out through the tender neck passed the point. And he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour clanged. In blood was his hair drenched, that was like the hair of the Graces, and his tresses that were braided with gold and silver. And as a man reareth a lusty sapling of an olive in a lonely place, where water welleth up abundantly—a goodly sapling and a fair-growing; and the blasts of all the winds make it to quiver, and it burgeoneth out with white blossoms; but suddenly cometh the wind with a mighty tempest, and teareth it out of its trench, and layeth it low upon the earth; even in such wise did Menelaus, son of Atreus, slay Panthous' son, Euphorbus of the good ashen spear, and set him to spoil him of his armour. And as when a mountain-nurtured lion, trusting in his might, hath seized from amid a grazing herd the heifer that is goodliest: her neck he seizeth first in his strong jaws, and breaketh it, and thereafter devoureth the blood and all the inward parts in his fury; and round about him hounds and herdsmen folk clamour loudly from afar, but have no will to come against him, for pale fear taketh hold on them; even so dared not the heart in the breast of any Trojan go to face glorious Menelaus. Full easily then would Atreus' son have borne off the glorious armour of the son of Panthous, but that Phoebus Apollo begrudged it him, and in the likeness of a man, even of Mentes, leader of the Cicones, aroused against him Hector, the peer of swift Ares. And he spake and addressed him in winged words: "Hector, now art thou hasting thus vainly after what thou mayest not attain, even the horses of the wise-hearted son of Aeacus; but hard are they for

mortal men to master or to drive, save only for Achilles, whom an immortal mother bare. Meanwhile hath warlike Menelaus, son of Atreus, bestridden Patroclus, and slain the best man of the Trojans, even Panthous' son, Euphorbus, and hath made him cease from his furious valour."

So spake he, and went back again, a god into the toil of men. But the soul of Hector was darkly clouded with dread sorrow, and he glanced then along the lines, and forthwith was ware of the one stripping off the glorious arms, and of the other lying on the ground; and the blood was flowing down from the stricken wound. Then strode he forth amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze, crying a shrill cry, in fashion like unto the flame of Hephaestus that none may quench. Nor was his shrill cry unheard of the son of Atreus, but sore troubled he spake to his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me! If I leave behind the goodly arms, and Patroclus, that here lieth low for that he would get me recompense, I fear lest many a Danaan wax wroth against me, whosoever beholdeth it. But if for very shame I, that am alone, do battle with Hector and the Trojans, I fear lest haply they beset me round about, many against one; for all the Trojans is Hector of the flashing helm leading hitherward. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Whenso a warrior is minded against the will of heaven to fight with another whom a god honoureth, forthwith then upon him rolleth mighty woe. Therefore shall no man of the Danaans wax wroth against me, whoso shall mark me giving ground before Hector, seeing he fighteth with the help of heaven. But if I might anywhere find Aias, good

at the war-cry, then might we twain turn back and bethink us of fight, even were it against the will of heaven, in hope to save the dead for Achilles, Peleus' son : of ills that were the best."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, meanwhile the ranks of the Trojans came on, and Hector led them. Then Menelaus gave ground backward, and left the corpse, ever turning him about like a bearded lion that dogs and men drive from a fold with spears and shouting ; and the valiant heart in his breast groweth chill, and sore loth he fareth from the farmstead ; even so from Patroclus went fair-haired Menelaus. But he turned him about and stood, when he reached the throng of his comrades, glancing this way and that for great Aias, son of Telamon. Him he marked full quickly on the left of the whole battle, heartening his comrades, and urging them on to fight, for wondrous fear had Phoebus Apollo cast upon them. And he set him to run, and straightway came up to him, and spake, saying : " Aias, come hither, good friend, let us hasten in defence of the dead Patroclus, if so be we may bear forth his corpse at least to Achilles—his naked corpse ; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and stirred the soul of wise-hearted Aias, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, and with him fair-haired Menelaus. Now Hector, when he had stripped from Patroclus his glorious armour, sought to hale him away that he might cut the head from off his shoulders with the sharp bronze, and drag off the corpse, and give it to the dogs of Troy ; but Aias drew near, bearing his shield, that was like a city wall. Then Hector gave ground backward

into the throng of his comrades, and leapt upon his chariot, and gave the goodly armour to the Trojans to bear to the city, to be a great glory unto him. But Aias covered the son of Menoetius round about with his broad shield, and stood as a lion over his whelps, one that huntsmen have encountered in the forest as he leadeth his young; then he exulteth in his strength, and draweth down all his brows to cover his eyes; even so did Aias bestride the warrior Patroclus, and hard by him stood the son of Atreus, Menelaus, dear to Ares, nursing great sorrow in his breast.

And Glaucus, son of Hippolochus, leader of the Lycians, with an angry glance from beneath his brows, chid Hector with hard words, saying: "Hector, most fair to look upon, in battle art thou sorely lacking. In good sooth 'tis but in vain that fair renown possesseth thee that art but a runagate. Bethink thee now how by thyself thou mayest save thy city and home aided only by the folk that were born in Ilios; for of the Lycians at least will no man go forth to do battle with the Danaans for the city's sake, seeing there were to be no thanks, it seemeth, for warring against the foemen ever without respite. How art thou like to save a meaner man amid the press of battle, thou heartless one, when Sarpedon, that was at once thy guest and thy comrade, thou didst leave to the Argives to be their prey and spoil!—one that full often proved a boon to thee, to thy city and thine own self, while yet he lived; whereas now thou hadst not the courage to ward from him the dogs. Wherefore now, if any one of the men of Lycia will hearken to me, homeward will we go, and for Troy shall utter destruction be made

plain. Ah, that there were now in the Trojans dauntless courage, that knoweth naught of fear, such as cometh upon men that for their country's sake toil and strive with foemen; then forthwith should we hale Patroclus into Ilios. And if this man were to come, a corpse, to the great city of king Priam, and we should hale him forth from out the battle, straightway then would the Argives give back the goodly armour of Sarpedon, and we should bring his body into Ilios; for such a man is he whose squire hath been slain, one that is far the best of the Argives by the ships, himself and his squires that fight in close combat. But thou hadst not the courage to stand before great-hearted Aias, facing him eye to eye amid the battle-cry of the foemen, nor to do battle against him, seeing he is a better man than thou."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Glaucus, wherefore hast thou, being such a one as thou art, spoken an overweening word? Good friend, in sooth I deemed that in wisdom thou wast above all others that dwell in deep-soiled Lycia; but now have I altogether scorn of thy wits, that thou speakest thus, seeing thou sayest I stood not to face mighty Aias. I shudder not at battle, I tell thee, nor at the din of chariots, but ever is the intent of Zeus that beareth the aegis strongest, for he driveth even a valiant man in rout, and robbeth him of victory full easily, and again of himself he rouseth men to fight. Nay, come thou hither, good friend, take thy stand by my side, and behold my handiwork, whether this whole day through I shall prove me a coward, as thou pratest, or shall stay many a one of the

Danaans, how fierce soever for valorous deeds he be, from fighting in defence of the dead Patroclus."

So saying, he shouted aloud, and called to the Trojans: "Ye Trojans, and Lycians, and Dardanians that fight in close combat, be men, my friends, and bethink you of furious valour, until I put upon me the armour of peerless Achilles, the goodly armour that I stripped from the mighty Patroclus, when I slew him."

When he had thus spoken, Hector of the flashing helm went forth from the fury of war, and ran, and speedily reached his comrades not yet far off, hastening after them with swift steps, even them that were bearing toward the city the glorious armour of the son of Peleus. Then he halted apart from the tear-fraught battle, and changed his armour; his own he gave to the war-loving Trojans to bear to sacred Ilios, but clad himself in the immortal armour of Peleus' son, Achilles, that the heavenly gods had given to his father and that he had given to his son, when he himself waxed old; howbeit in the armour of the father the son came not to old age.

But when Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, beheld him from afar as he harnessed him in the battle-gear of the godlike son of Peleus, he shook his head, and thus he spake unto his own heart: "Ah, poor wretch, death verily is not in thy thoughts, that yet draweth nigh thee; but thou art putting upon thee the immortal armour of a princely man before whom others besides thee are wont to quail. His comrade, kindly and valiant, hast thou slain, and in unseemly wise hast stripped the armour from his head and shoulders. Howbeit for this present will I vouchsafe thee great might, in recompense for this—that

in no wise shalt thou return from out the battle for Andromache to receive from thee the glorious armour of the son of Peleus."

The son of Cronos spake and bowed thereto with his dark brows, and upon Hector's body he made the armour to fit, and there entered into him Ares, the dread Enyalius, and his limbs were filled within with valour and with might. Then went he his way into the company of the famed allies, crying a great cry, and shewed himself before the eyes of all,[1] flashing in the armour of the great-souled son of Peleus. And going to and fro he spake and heartened each man, Mesthles and Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus and Asteropaeus and Deisenor and Hippothous and Phorcys and Chromius and Ennomus, the augur—these he heartened, and spake to them winged words: "Hear me, ye tribes uncounted of allies that dwell round about. Not because I sought for numbers or had need thereof, did I gather each man of you from your cities, but that with ready hearts ye might save the Trojans' wives and their little children from the war-loving Achaeans. With this intent am I wasting the substance of mine own folk that ye may have gifts and food, and thereby I cause the strength of each one of you to wax. Wherefore let every man turn straight against the foe and die haply, or live; for this is the dalliance of war. And whosoever shall hale Patroclus, dead though he be, into the midst of the horse-taming Trojans, and make Aias to yield, the half of the spoils shall I render unto him, and the half shall I keep mine own self; and his glory shall be even as mine own."

and Aristarchus seems to have given it that meaning in this passage.

So spake he, and they charged straight against the Danaans with all their weight, holding their spears on high, and their hearts within them were full of hope to drag the corpse from beneath Aias, son of Telamon—fools that they were! Verily full many did he rob of life over that corpse. Then spake Aias unto Menelaus, good at the war-cry, "Good Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, no more have I hope that we twain by ourselves alone shall win back from out the war. In no wise have I such dread for the corpse of Patroclus that shall presently glut the dogs and birds of the Trojans, as I have for mine own life, lest some evil befall, and for thine as well, for a cloud of war compasseth everything about, even Hector, and for us is utter destruction plain to see. Howbeit, come thou, call upon the chieftains of the Danaans, if so be any may hear."

So spake he, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, failed not to hearken, but uttered a piercing shout, and called to the Danaans: "Friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, ye that at the board of the sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus, drink at the common cost, and give commands each one to his folk—ye upon whom attend honour and glory from Zeus—hard is it for me to discern each man of the chieftains, in such wise is the strife of war ablaze. Nay, let every man go forth unbidden, and have shame at heart that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy."

So spake he, and swift Aias, son of Oïleus, heard him clearly, and was first to come running to meet him amid the battle, and after him Idomeneus and Idomeneus' comrade, Meriones, the peer of Enyalius,

slayer of men. But of the rest, what man of his own wit could name the names—of all that came after these and aroused the battle of the Achaeans?

Then the Trojans drave forward in close throng, and Hector led them. And as when at the mouth of some heaven-fed river the mighty wave roareth against the stream, and the headlands of the shore echo on either hand, as the salt-sea belloweth without; even with such din of shouting came on the Trojans. But the Achaeans stood firm about the son of Menoetius with oneness of heart, fenced about with shields of bronze. And the son of Cronos shed thick darkness over their bright helms, for even aforetime was the son of Menoetius nowise hated of him, while he was yet alive and the squire of the son of Aeacus; and now was Zeus full loath that he should become the sport of the dogs of his foemen, even them of Troy; wherefore Zeus roused his comrades to defend him.

And first the Trojans drave back the bright-eyed Achaeans, who left the corpse and shrank back before them; howbeit not a man did the Trojans high of heart slay with their spears, albeit they were fain, but they set them to hale the corpse. Yet for but scant space were the Achaeans to hold back therefrom, for full speedily did Aias rally them—Aias that in comeliness and in deeds of war was above all the other Danaans next to the peerless son of Peleus. Straight through the foremost fighters he strode, in might like a wild boar that, amid the mountains lightly scattereth hounds and lusty youths when he wheeleth upon them in the glades; even so the son of lordly Telamon, glorious Aias, when he had got among them lightly scattered the battalions of the

Trojans, that had taken their stand above Patroclus, and were fain above all to hale him to their city, and get them glory.

Now Hippothous, the glorious son of Pelasgian Lethus, was dragging the corpse by the foot through the fierce conflict, and had bound his baldric about the tendons of either ankle, doing pleasure unto Hector and the Trojans. But full swiftly upon him came evil that not one of them could ward off, how fain soever they were. For the son of Telamon, darting upon him through the throng, smote him from close at hand through the helmet with cheek-pieces of bronze; and the helm with horse-hair crest was cloven about the spear-point, smitten by the great spear and the strong hand; and the brain spurted forth from the wound along the socket of the spear all mingled with blood. There then his strength was loosed, and from his hands he let fall to lie upon the ground the foot of great-hearted Patroclus, and hard thereby himself fell headlong upon the corpse, far from deep-soiled Larissa; nor paid he back to his dear parents the recompense of his up-bringing, and but brief was the span of his life, for that he was laid low by the spear of great-souled Aias. And Hector in turn cast at Aias with his bright spear, but Aias, looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze albeit by a little, and Hector smote Schedius, son of great-souled Iphitus, far the best of the Phocians, that dwelt in a house in famous Panopeus, and was king over many men. Him Hector smote beneath the midst of the collar-bone, and clean through passed the point of bronze, and came out beneath the base of the shoulder. And he fell with a thud, and upon him his armour

clanged. And Aias in his turn smote wise-hearted Phorcys, son of Phaenops, full upon the belly as he bestrode Hippothous, and he brake the plate of his corselet, and the bronze let forth the bowels therethrough; and he fell in the dust and clutched the earth in his palm. Thereat the foremost fighters and glorious Hector gave ground, and the Argives shouted aloud, and drew off the dead, even Phorcys and Hippothous, and set them to strip the armour from their shoulders.

Then would the Trojans have been driven again by the Achaeans, dear to Ares, up to Ilios, vanquished in their cowardice, and the Argives would have won glory even beyond the allotment of Zeus, by reason of their might and their strength, had not Apollo himself aroused Aeneas, taking upon him the form of the herald, Periphas, son of Epytos, that in the house of his old father had grown old in his heraldship, and withal was of kindly mind toward him. In his likeness spake unto Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: "Aeneas, how could ye ever guard steep Ilios, in defiance of a god? In sooth I have seen other men that had trust in their strength and might, in their valour and in their host, and that held their realm even in defiance of Zeus. But for us Zeus willeth the victory far more than for the Danaans; yet yourselves ye have measureless fear, and fight not."

So spake he, and Aeneas knew Apollo that smiteth afar, when he looked upon his face, and he called aloud, and spake to Hector: "Hector, and ye other leaders of the Trojans and allies, shame verily were this, if before the Achaeans, dear to Ares, we be driven back to Ilios, vanquished in our cowardice. Howbeit even yet, declareth one of the gods that

stood by my side, is Zeus, the counsellor most high, our helper in the fight. Wherefore let us make straight for the Danaans, and let it not be at their ease that they bring to the ships the dead Patroclus."

So spake he, and leapt forth far to the front of the foremost fighters, and there stood. And they rallied, and took their stand with their faces toward the Achaeans. Then Aeneas wounded with a thrust of his spear Leocritus, son of Arisbas and valiant comrade of Lycomedes. And as he fell Lycomedes, dear to Ares, had pity for him, and came and stood hard by and with a cast of his bright spear smote Apisaon, son of Hippasus, shepherd of the host, in the liver, below the midriff, and straightway loosed his knees—Apisaon that was come from out of deep-soiled Paeonia, and next to Asteropaeus was pre-eminent above them all in fight. But as he fell warlike Asteropaeus had pity for him, and he too rushed onward, fain to fight with the Danaans; howbeit thereto could he no more avail, for with shields were they fenced in on every side, as they stood around Patroclus, and before them they held their spears. For Aias ranged to and fro among them and straitly charged every man; not one, he bade them, should give ground backward from the corpse, nor yet fight in front of the rest of the Achaeans as one pre-eminent above them all; but stand firm close beside the corpse and do battle hand to hand. Thus mighty Aias charged them, and the earth grew wet with dark blood, and the dead fell thick and fast alike of the Trojans and their mighty allies, and of the Danaans; for these too fought not without shedding of blood, howbeit fewer of them

by far were falling; for they ever bethought them to ward utter destruction from one another in the throng.

So fought they like unto blazing fire, nor wouldst thou have deemed that sun or moon yet abode, for with darkness were they shrouded in the fight, all the chieftains that stood around the slain son of Menoetius. But the rest of the Trojans and the well-greaved Achaeans fought at their ease under clear air, and over them was spread the piercing brightness of the sun, and on all the earth and the mountains was no cloud seen; and they fought resting themselves at times, avoiding one another's shafts, fraught with groaning, and standing far apart. But those in the midst suffered woes by reason of the darkness and the war, and were sore distressed with the pitiless bronze, even all they that were chieftains. Howbeit two men that were famous warriors, even Thrasymedes and Antilochus, had not yet learned that peerless Patroclus was dead, but deemed that, yet alive, he was fighting with the Trojans in the forefront of the throng. And they twain, watching against the death and rout of their comrades, were warring in a place apart, for thus had Nestor bidden them, when he roused them forth to the battle from the black ships.

So then the whole day through raged the great strife of their cruel fray, and with the sweat of toil were the knees and legs and feet of each man beneath him ever ceaselessly bedewed, and his arms and eyes, as the two hosts fought about the goodly squire of swift-footed Achilles. And as when a man giveth to his people the hide of a great bull for stretching, all drenched in fat, and when they have

taken it, they stand in a circle and stretch it, and forthwith its moisture goeth forth and the fat entereth in under the tugging of many hands, and all the hide is stretched to the uttermost;[1] even so they on this side and on that were haling the corpse hither and thither in scant space; and their hearts within them were full of hope, the Trojans that they might drag him to Ilios, but the Achaeans to the hollow ships; and around him the battle waxed wild, nor could even Ares, rouser of hosts, nor Athene, at sight of that strife have made light thereof, albeit their anger were exceeding great.

Such evil toil of men and horses did Zeus on that day strain taut over Patroclus. Nor as yet did goodly Achilles know aught of Patroclus' death, for afar from the swift ships were they fighting beneath the wall of the Trojans. Wherefore Achilles never deemed in his heart that he was dead, but that he would return alive, after he had reached even to the gates; nor yet thought he this in any wise, that Patroclus would sack the city without him, nay, nor with him, for full often had he heard this from his mother, listening to her privily, whenso she brought him tidings of the purpose of great Zeus. Howbeit then his mother told him not how great an evil had been brought to pass, that his comrade, far the dearest, had been slain.

But the others round about the corpse, with sharp spears in their hands, ever pressed on continually, and slew each other. And thus would one of the brazen-coated Achaeans say: "Friends, no fair fame verily were it for us to return back to the hollow

[1] natural moisture (*ἰκμάς*) out of the pores, and make it easy for the fat to enter in.

ships; nay, even here let the black earth gape for us all. That were for us straightway better far, if we are to yield this man to the Trojans, tamers of horses, to hale to their city, and win them glory."

And thus in like manner would one of the great-hearted Trojans speak: "Friends, though it be our fate all together to be slain beside this man, yet let none give backward from the fight."

Thus would one speak and arouse the might of each. So they fought on, and the iron din went up through the unresting air to the brazen heaven. But the horses of the son of Aeacus being apart from the battle were weeping, since first they learned that their charioteer had fallen in the dust beneath the hands of man-slaying Hector. In sooth Automedon, valiant son of Diores, full often plied them with blows of the swift lash, and full often with gentle words bespake them, and oft with threatenings; yet neither back to the ships to the broad Hellespont were the twain minded to go, not yet into the battle amid the Achaeans. Nay, as a pillar abideth firm that standeth on the tomb of a dead man or woman, even so abode they immovably with the beauteous car, bowing their heads down to the earth. And hot tears ever flowed from their eyes to the ground, as they wept in longing for their charioteer, and their rich manes were befouled, streaming from beneath the yoke-pad beside the yoke on this side and on that. And as they mourned, the son of Cronos had sight of them and was touched with pity, and he shook his head, and thus spake unto his own heart: "Ah unhappy pair, wherefore gave we you to king Peleus, to a mortal, while ye are ageless and immortal? Was it that among wretched men ye

too should have sorrows? For in sooth there is naught, I ween, more miserable than man among all things that breathe and move upon earth. Yet verily not upon you and your car, richly-dight, shall Hector, Priam's son, mount; that will I not suffer. Sufficeth it not that he hath the armour and therewithal vaunteth him vainly? Nay, in your knees and in your heart will I put strength, to the end that ye may also bear Automedon safe out of the war to the hollow ships; for still shall I vouchsafe glory to the Trojans, to slay and slay, until they come to the well-benched ships, and the sun sets and sacred darkness cometh on."

So saying he breathed great might into the horses. And the twain shook the dust from their manes to the ground, and fleetly bare the swift car amid the Trojans and Achaeans. And behind them fought Automedon, albeit he sorrowed for his comrade, swooping with his car as a vulture on a flock of geese, for lightly would he flee from out the battle-din of the Trojans, and lightly charge, setting upon them through the great throng. Howbeit no man might he slay as he hasted to pursue them, for in no wise was it possible for him, being alone in the sacred[1] car, to assail them with the spear, and withal to hold the swift horses. But at last a comrade espied him with his eyes, even Alcimedon, son of Laërces, son of Haemon, and he halted behind the chariot and spake unto Automedon: "Automedon, what god hath put in thy breast unprofitable counsel and taken from thee thy heart of understanding, that thus in the foremost throng thou fightest with the Trojans,

[1] The car is "sacred," possibly as being drawn by immortal horses.

alone as thou art? For thy comrade hath been slain, and his armour Hector weareth on his own shoulders, even the armour of the son of Aeacus, and glorieth therein."

To him then made answer Automedon, son of Diores: "Alcimedon, what man beside of the Achaeans is of like worth to curb and guide the spirit of immortal steeds, save only Patroclus, the peer of the gods in counsel, while yet he lived? But now death and fate have come upon him. Howbeit take thou the lash and the shining reins, and I will dismount to fight."

So spake he, and Alcimedon leapt upon the car that was swift in battle, and quickly grasped in his hands the lash and reins; and Automedon leapt down. And glorious Hector espied them, and forthwith spake to Aeneas, that was near: "Aeneas, counsellor of the brazen-coated Trojans, yonder I espy the two horses of the swift-footed son of Aeacus coming forth to view into the battle with weakling charioteers. These twain might I hope to take, if thou in thy heart art willing, seeing the men would not abide the oncoming of us two, and stand to contend with us in battle."

So spake he, and the valiant son of Anchises failed not to hearken. And the twain went straight forward, their shoulders clad with shields of bull's-hide, dry and tough, and abundant bronze had been welded thereupon. And with them went Chromius, and godlike Aretus both, and their hearts within them were full of hope to slay the men and drive off the horses with high-arched necks—fools that they were! for not without shedding of blood were they to get them back from Automedon. He made prayer to

father Zeus, and his dark heart within him was filled with valour and strength; and forthwith he spake to Alcimedon, his trusty comrade: "Alcimedon, not afar from me do thou hold the horses, but let their breath smite upon my very back; for I verily deem not that Hector, son of Priam, will be stayed from his fury until he mount behind the fair-maned horses of Achilles, and have slain the two of us, and driven in rout the ranks of the Argive warriors, or haply himself be slain amid the foremost."

So spake he, and called to the two Aiantes and to Menelaus: "Ye Aiantes twain, leaders of the Argives, and thou Menelaus, lo now, leave ye the corpse in charge of them that are bravest to stand firm about it and to ward off the ranks of men; but from us twain that yet live ward ye off the pitiless day of doom, for here are pressing hard in tearful war Hector and Aeneas, the best men of the Trojans. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods: I too will cast, and the issue shall rest with Zeus."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled it, and smote upon the shield of Aretus, that was well-balanced upon every side, and this stayed not the spear, but the bronze passed clean through, and into the lower belly he drave it through the belt. And as when a strong man with sharp axe in hand smiteth behind the horns of an ox of the steading and cutteth clean through the sinew, and the ox leapeth forward and falleth; even so Aretus leapt forward and fell upon his back, and the spear, exceeding sharp, fixed quivering in his entrails loosed his limbs. But Hector cast at Automedon with his bright spear, howbeit he,

looking steadily at him, avoided the spear of bronze, for he stooped forward, and the long spear fixed itself in the ground behind him, and the butt of the spear quivered; howbeit there at length did mighty Ares stay its fury. And now had they clashed with their swords in close fight but that the twain Aiantes parted them in their fury, for they came through the throng at the call of their comrade, and seized with fear of them Hector and Aeneas and godlike Chromius gave ground again and left Aretus lying there stricken to the death. And Automedon, the peer of swift Ares, despoiled him of his armour, and exulted, saying: "Verily a little have I eased mine heart of grief for the death of Menoetius' son, though it be but a worse man that I have slain."

So saying, he took up the bloody spoils, and set them in the car, and himself mounted thereon, his feet and his hands above all bloody, even as a lion that hath devoured a bull.

Then again over Patroclus was strained taut the mighty conflict, dread and fraught with tears, and Athene roused the strife, being come down from heaven; for Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, had sent her to urge on the Danaans, for lo, his mind was turned. As Zeus stretcheth forth for mortals a lurid [1] rainbow from out of heaven to be a portent whether of war or of chill storm that maketh men to cease from their work upon the face of the earth, and vexeth the flocks; even so Athene, enwrapping herself in a lurid cloud, entered the throng of the Danaans, and urged on each man. First to hearten him she spake to Atreus' son, valiant Menelaus, for he was

to the Greek no thought of cheer; it was rather a portent boding ill; *cf.* xi. 28.

nigh to her, likening herself to Phoenix, in form and untiring voice: "To thee, verily, Menelaus, shall there be shame and a hanging of the head, if the trusty comrade of lordly Achilles be torn by swift dogs beneath the wall of the Trojans. Nay, hold thy ground valiantly, and urge on all the host."

Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry, answered her: "Phoenix, old sire, my father of ancient days, would that Athene may give me strength and keep from me the onrush of darts. So should I be full fain to stand by Patroclus' side and succour him; for in sooth his death hath touched me to the heart. Howbeit, Hector hath the dread fury of fire, and ceaseth not to make havoc with the bronze; for it is to him that Zeus vouchsafeth glory."

So spake he, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, waxed glad, for that to her first of all the gods he made his prayer. And she put strength into his shoulders and his knees, and in his breast set the daring of the fly, that though it be driven away never so often from the skin of a man, ever persisteth in biting, and sweet to it is the blood of man; even with such daring filled she his dark heart within him, and he stood over Patroclus and hurled with his bright spear. Now among the Trojans was one Podes, son of Ëëtion, a rich man and a valiant, and Hector honoured him above all the people, for that he was his comrade, a welcome companion at the feast. Him, fair-haired Menelaus smote upon the belt with a spear cast as he started to flee, and drave the bronze clean through; and he fell with a thud. But Menelaus, son of Atreus, dragged the dead body from amid the Trojans into the throng of his comrades.

Then unto Hector did Apollo draw nigh, and urged him on, in the likeness of Asius' son Phaenops, that of all his guest-friends was dearest to him, and had his house at Abydus. In his likeness Apollo that worketh afar spake unto Hector: "Hector, what man beside of the Achaeans will fear thee any more, seeing thou hast thus quailed before Menelaus, who aforetime was a weakling warrior? Now with none to aid him hath he taken the dead from out the ranks of the Trojans and is gone—aye, he hath slain thy trusty comrade, a good man among the foremost fighters, even Podes, son of Eëtion."

So spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Hector, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze. And then the son of Cronos took his tasselled aegis, all gleaming bright, and enfolded Ida with clouds, and lightened and thundered mightily, and shook the aegis, giving victory to the Trojans, but the Achaeans he drave in rout.

First to begin the rout was Peneleos the Boeotian. For as he abode ever facing the foe he was smitten on the surface of the shoulder with a spear, a grazing blow, but the spear-point of Polydamas cut even to the bone,[1] for he it was that cast at him from nigh at hand. And Leïtus again, the son of great-souled Alectryon, did Hector wound in close fight, on the hand at the wrist, and made him cease from fighting: and casting an anxious glance about him he shrank back, seeing he no more had hope that bearing spear in hand he might do battle with the Trojans. And as Hector pursued after Leïtus, Idomeneus smote him upon the corselet, on the breast beside the nipple; but the long spear-shaft was broken in the socket, and the Trojans shouted aloud. And Hector

cast at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son, as he stood upon his car, and missed him by but little; howbeit he smote Coeranus the comrade and charioteer of Meriones that followed him from out of well-built Lyctus—for on foot had Idomeneus come at the first from the curved ships, and would have yielded great victory to the Trojans, had not Coeranus speedily driven up the swift-footed horses. Thus to Idomeneus he came as a light of deliverance, and warded from him the pitiless day of doom, but himself lost his life at the hands of man-slaying Hector—this Coeranus did Hector smite beneath the jaw under the ear, and the spear dashed out his teeth by the roots,[1] and clave his tongue asunder in the midst; and he fell from out the car, and let fall the reins down upon the ground. And Meriones stooped, and gathered them in his own hands from the earth, and spake to Idomeneus: "Ply now the lash, until thou be come to the swift ships. Lo, even of thyself thou knowest that victory is no more with the Achaeans."

So spake he, and Idomeneus lashed the fair-maned horses back to the hollow ships; for verily fear had fallen upon his soul.

Nor were great-hearted Aias and Menelaus unaware how that Zeus was giving to the Trojans victory to turn the tide of battle; and of them great Telamonian Aias was first to speak, saying: "Out upon it, now may any man, how foolish so ever he be, know that father Zeus himself is succouring the Trojans. For the missiles of all of them strike home, whosoever hurleth them, be he brave man or coward: Zeus in any case guideth them all aright; but for us the shafts of every man fall vainly to the ground. Nay, come, let us of ourselves devise the counsel

that is best, whereby we may both hale away the corpse, and ourselves return home for the joy of our dear comrades, who methinks are sore distressed as they look hither-ward, and deem that the fury and the irresistible hands of man-slaying Hector will not be stayed, but will fall upon the black ships. But I would there were some comrade to bear word with all speed to the son of Peleus, for methinks he hath not even heard the woeful tale, that his dear comrade is slain. Howbeit, nowhere can I see such a one among the Achaeans, for in darkness are they all enwrapped, themselves and their horses withal. Father Zeus, deliver thou from the darkness the sons of the Achaeans, and make clear sky, and grant us to see with our eyes. In the light do thou e'en slay us, seeing such is thy good pleasure."

So spake he, and the Father had pity on him as he wept, and forthwith scattered the darkness and drave away the mist, and the sun shone forth upon them and all the battle was made plain to view. Then Aias spake unto Menelaus, good at the war-cry: "Look forth now, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, if so be thou mayest have sight of Antilochus yet alive, son of great-souled Nestor, and bestir thou him to go with speed unto Achilles, wise of heart, to tell him that his comrade, far the dearest, is slain."

So spake he, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, failed not to hearken, but went his way as a lion from a steading when he waxeth weary with vexing dogs and men that suffer him not to seize the fattest of the herd, watching the whole night through; but he in his lust for flesh goeth straight on, yet accomplisheth naught thereby, for thick the darts fly to meet him, hurled by bold hands, and blazing brands

withal, before which he quaileth, how eager soever he be, and at dawn he departeth with sullen heart; even so from Patroclus departed Menelaus, good at the war-cry, sorely against his will; for exceedingly did he fear lest the Achaeans in sorry rout should leave him to be a prey to the foemen. And many a charge laid he on Meriones and the Aiantes, saying: "Ye Aiantes twain, leaders of the Argives, and thou, Meriones, now let each man remember the kindliness of hapless Patroclus; for to all was he ever gentle while yet he lived, but now death and fate have come upon him."

So saying fair-haired Menelaus departed, glancing warily on every side as an eagle, which, men say, hath the keenest sight of all winged things under heaven, of whom, though he be on high, the swift-footed hare is not unseen as he croucheth beneath a leafy bush, but the eagle swoopeth upon him and forthwith seizeth him, and robbeth him of life. Even so then, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, did thy bright eyes range everywhither over the throng of thy many comrades, if so be they might have sight of Nestor's son yet alive. Him he marked full quickly on the left of the whole battle, heartening his comrades and urging them on to fight. And drawing nigh fair-haired Menelaus spake to him, saying: "Antilochus, up, come hither, thou nurtured of Zeus, that thou mayest learn woeful tidings, such as I would had never been. Even now, I ween, thou knowest, for thine eyes behold it, how that a god rolleth ruin upon the Danaans, and that victory is with the men of Troy. And slain is the best man of the Achaeans, even Patroclus, and great longing for him is wrought for the Danaans. But do thou with speed run to the

ships of the Achaeans and bear word unto Achilles, in hope that he may forthwith bring safe to his ship the corpse—the naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and Antilochus had horror, as he heard that word. Long time was he speechless, and both his eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of his voice was checked. Yet not even so was he neglectful of the bidding of Menelaus, but set him to run, and gave his armour to his peerless comrade Laodocus, that hard beside him was wheeling his single-hoofed horses.

Him then as he wept his feet bare forth from out the battle, to bear an evil tale to Peleus' son Achilles. Nor was thy heart, Menelaus, nurtured of Zeus, minded to bear aid to the sore-pressed comrades from whom Antilochus was departed, and great longing was wrought for the men of Pylos. Howbeit, for their aid he sent goodly Thrasymedes, and himself went again to bestride the warrior Patroclus; and he ran, and took his stand beside the Aiantes, and forthwith spake to them: "Yon man have I verily sent forth to the swift ships, to go to Achilles, fleet of foot. Howbeit I deem not that Achilles will come forth, how wroth soever he be against goodly Hector; for in no wise may he fight against the Trojans unarmed as he is. But let us of ourselves devise the counsel that is best, whereby we may both hale away the corpse, and ourselves escape death and fate amid the battle-din of the Trojans."

Then great Telamonian Aias answered him: "All this hast thou spoken aright, most glorious Menelaus. But do thou and Meriones stoop with all speed beneath the corpse, and raise him up, and bear him forth from

out the toil of war; but behind you we twain will do battle with the Trojans and goodly Hector, one in heart as we are one in name, even we that aforetime have been wont to stand firm in fierce battle, abiding each by the other's side."

So spake he, and the others took in their arms the dead from the ground, and lifted him on high in their great might; and thereat the host of the Trojans behind them shouted aloud, when they beheld the Achaeans lifting the corpse. And they charged straight upon them like hounds that in front of hunting youths dart upon a wounded wild boar: awhile they rush upon him fain to rend him asunder, but whenso he wheeleth among them trusting in his might, then they give ground and shrink in fear, one here, one there; even so the Trojans for a time ever followed on in throngs, thrusting with swords and two-edged spears, but whenso the twain Aiantes would wheel about and stand against them, then would their colour change, and no man dared dart forth and do battle for the dead.

Thus the twain were hasting to bear the corpse forth from out the battle to the hollow ships, and against them was strained a conflict fierce as fire that, rushing upon a city of men with sudden onset, setteth it aflame, and houses fall amid the mighty glare, and the might of the wind driveth it roaring on. Even so against them as they went came ever the ceaseless din of chariots and of spearmen But as mules that, putting forth on either side their great strength, drag forth from the mountain down a rugged path a beam haply, or a great ship-timber, and within them their hearts as they strive are distressed with toil alike and sweat; even so these hasted

to bear forth the corpse. And behind them the twain Aiantes held back the foe, as a ridge holdeth back a flood—some wooded ridge that chanceth to lie all athwart a plain and that holdeth back even the dread streams of mighty rivers, and forthwith turneth the current of them all to wander over the plain, neither doth the might of their flood avail to break through it; even so the twain Aiantes ever kept back the battle of the Trojans, but these ever followed after, and two among them above all others, even Aeneas, Anchises' son, and glorious Hector. And as flieth a cloud of starlings or of daws, shrieking cries of doom, when they see coming upon them a falcon that beareth death unto small birds; so before Aeneas and Hector fled the youths of the Achaeans, shrieking cries of doom, and forgat all fighting. And fair arms full many fell around and about the trench as the Danaans fled; but there was no ceasing from war.

BOOK XVIII

So fought they like unto blazing fire, but Antilochus, swift of foot, came to bear tidings to Achilles. Him he found in front of his ships with upright horns,[1] boding in his heart the thing that even now was brought to pass; and sore troubled he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me, how is it that again the long-haired Achaeans are being driven toward the ships in rout over the plain? Let it not be that the gods have brought to pass grievous woes for my soul, even as on a time my mother declared unto me, and said that while yet I lived the best man of the Myrmidons should leave the light of the sun beneath the hands of the Trojans! In good sooth the valiant son of Menoetius must now be dead, foolhardy one! Surely I bade him come back again to the ships when he had thrust off the consuming fire, and not to fight amain with Hector."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, there drew nigh unto him the son of lordly Nestor, shedding hot tears, and spake the grievous tidings: "Woe is me, thou son of wise-hearted Peleus, full grievous is the tidings thou must hear, such as I would had never been. Low lies Patroclus, and around his

344 the epithet elsewhere applied to cattle (below 573, and viii. 231).

corpse are they fighting—his naked corpse; but his armour is held by Hector of the flashing helm."

So spake he, and a black cloud of grief enwrapped Achilles, and with both his hands he took the dark dust and strewed it over his head and defiled his fair face, and on his fragrant tunic the black ashes fell. And himself in the dust lay outstretched, mighty in his mightiness, and with his own hands he tore and marred his hair. And the handmaidens, that Achilles and Patroclus had got them as booty, shrieked aloud in anguish of heart, and ran forth around wise-hearted Achilles, and all beat their breasts with their hands, and the knees of each one were loosed beneath her. And over against them Antilochus wailed and shed tears, holding the hands of Achilles, that in his noble heart was moaning mightily; for he feared lest he should cut his throat asunder with the knife. Then terribly did Achilles groan aloud, and his queenly mother heard him as she sat in the depths of the sea beside the old man her father. Thereat she uttered a shrill cry, and the goddesses thronged about her, even all the daughters of Nereus that were in the deep of the sea. There were Glauce and Thaleia and Cymodoce, Nesaea and Speio and Thoë and ox-eyed Halië, and Cymothoë and Actaea and Limnoreia, and Melite and Iaera and Amphithoë and Agave, Doto and Proto and Pherousa and Dynamene, and Dexamene and Amphinone and Callianeira, Doris and Panope and glorious Galatea, Nemertes and Apseudes and Callianassa, and there were Clymene and Ianeira and Ianassa, Maera and Orithyia and fair-tressed Amatheia, and other Nereids that were in the deep of the sea. With

these the bright cave was filled, and they all alike beat their breasts, and Thetis was leader in their lamenting : " Listen, sister Nereids, that one and all ye may hear and know all the sorrows that are in my heart. Ah, woe is me unhappy, woe is me that bare to my sorrow the best of men, for after I had borne a son peerless and stalwart, pre-eminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling ; then when I had reared him as a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him forth in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans ; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he liveth, and beholdeth the light of the sun, he hath sorrow, neither can I anywise help him, though I go to him. Howbeit go I will, that I may behold my dear child, and hear what grief has come upon him while yet he abideth aloof from the war."

So saying she left the cave, and the nymphs went with her weeping, and around them the waves of the sea were cloven asunder. And when they were come to the deep-soiled land of Troy they stepped forth upon the beach, one after the other, where the ships of the Myrmidons were drawn up in close lines round about swift Achilles. Then to his side, as he groaned heavily, came his queenly mother, and with a shrill cry she clasped the head of her son, and with wailing spake unto him winged words :

" My child, why weepest thou ? What sorrow hath come upon thy heart. Speak out ; hide it not. Thy wish has verily been brought to pass for thee by Zeus, as aforetime thou didst pray, stretching forth thy hands, even that one and all the sons of the Achaeans should be huddled at the sterns of the ships in sore need of thee, and should suffer cruel things."

Then groaning heavily swift-footed Achilles answered her: "My mother, these prayers verily hath the Olympian brought to pass for me; but what pleasure have I therein, seeing my dear comrade is dead, even Patroclus, whom I honoured above all my comrades, even as mine own self? Him have I lost, and his armour Hector that slew him hath stripped from him, that fair armour, huge of size, a wonder to behold, that the gods gave as a glorious gift to Peleus on the day when they laid thee in the bed of a mortal man. Would thou hadst remained where thou wast amid the immortal maidens of the sea, and that Peleus had taken to his home a mortal bride. But now—it was thus that thou too mightest have measureless grief at heart for thy dead son, whom thou shalt never again welcome to his home; for neither doth my own heart bid me live on and abide among men, unless Hector first, smitten by my spear, shall lose his life, and pay back the price for that he made spoil of Patroclus, son of Menoetius."

Then Thetis again spake unto him, shedding tears the while: "Doomed then to a speedy death, my child, shalt thou be, that thou speakest thus; for straightway after Hector is thine own death ready at hand."

Then, mightily moved, swift-footed Achilles spake to her: "Straightway may I die, seeing I was not to bear aid to my comrade at his slaying! Far, far from his own land hath he fallen, and had need of me to be a warder off of ruin. Now therefore, seeing I return not to my dear native land, neither proved anywise a light of deliverance to Patroclus nor to my other comrades, those many that have

been slain by goodly Hector, but abide here by the ships a profitless burden upon the earth—I that in war am such as is none other of the brazen-coated Achaeans, albeit in council there be others better—so may strife perish from among gods and men, and anger that setteth a man on to grow wroth, how wise soever he be, and that sweeter far than trickling honey waxeth like smoke in the breasts of men; even as but now the king of men, Agamemnon, moved me to wrath. Howbeit these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts, because we must. But now will I go forth that I may light on the slayer of the man I loved, even on Hector; for my fate, I will accept it whenso Zeus willeth to bring it to pass, and the other immortal gods. For not even the mighty Heracles escaped death, albeit he was most dear to Zeus, son of Cronos, the king, but fate overcame him, and the dread wrath of Hera. So also shall I, if a like fate hath been fashioned for me, lie low when I am dead. But now let me win glorious renown, and set many a one among the deep-bosomed Trojan or Dardanian dames to wipe with both hands the tears from her tender cheeks, amid ceaseless moaning; and let them know that long in good sooth have I kept apart from the war. Seek not then to hold me back from battle, for all thou lovest me; thou shalt not persuade me."

Then answered him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis: "Aye, verily, as thou sayest, my child, it is in truth no ill thing to ward utter destruction from thy comrades, that are hard beset. But thy goodly armour is held among the Trojans, thine armour of bronze, all gleaming-bright. This doth Hector of the

flashing helm wear on his own shoulders, and exulteth therein. Yet I deem that not for long shall he glory therein, seeing his own death is nigh at hand. But do thou not enter into the turmoil of Ares until thine eyes shall behold me again coming hither. For in the morning will I return at the rising of the sun, bearing fair armour from the lord Hephaestus."

So saying she turned her to go back from her son, and being turned she spake among her sisters of the sea: "Do ye now plunge beneath the broad bosom of the deep, to visit the old man of the sea, and the halls of our father, and tell him all. But I will get me to high Olympus to the house of Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, if so be he will give to my son glorious shining armour."

So spake she, and they forthwith plunged beneath the surge of the sea, while she, the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, went her way to Olympus, that she might bring glorious armour for her dear son.

Her then were her feet bearing to Olympus, but the Achaeans fled with wondrous shouting from before man-slaying Hector, and came to the ships and the Hellespont. Howbeit Patroclus, the squire of Achilles, might the well-greaved Achaeans not draw forth from amid the darts; for now again there overtook him the host and the chariots of Troy, and Hector, son of Priam, in might as it were a flame. Thrice from behind did glorious Hector seize him by the feet, fain to drag him away, and called mightily upon the Trojans, and thrice did the two Aiantes, clothed in furious valour, hurl him back from the corpse.

"who thrice seized him from behind by the feet, and shouted mightily, being fain to hale him away, and his heart bade him cut the head from the tender neck and fix it upon the stakes of the wall." (*Cf.* 176 f.)

But he, ever trusting in his might, would now charge upon them in the fray, and would now stand and shout aloud; but backward would he give never a whit. And as shepherds of the steading avail not in any wise to drive from a carcase a tawny lion when he hungereth sore, even so the twain warrior Aiantes availed not to affright Hector, Priam's son, away from the corpse. And now would he have dragged away the body, and have won glory unspeakable, had not wind-footed, swift Iris speeding from Olympus with a message that he array him for battle, come to the son of Peleus, all unknown of Zeus and the other gods, for Hera sent her forth. And she drew nigh, and spake to him winged words: "Rouse thee, son of Peleus, of all men most dread! Bear thou aid to Patroclus, for whose sake is a dread strife afoot before the ships. And men are slaying one another, these seeking to defend the corpse of the dead, while the Trojans charge on to drag him to windy Ilios; and above all glorious Hector is fain to drag him away; and his heart biddeth him shear the head from the tender neck, and fix it on the stakes of the wall. Nay, up then, lie here no more! Let awe come upon thy soul that Patroclus should become the sport of the dogs of Troy. Thine were the shame, if anywise he come, a corpse despitefully entreated.[1]"

Then swift-footed goodly Achilles answered her: "Goddess Iris, who of the gods sent thee a messenger to me?"

And to him again spake wind-footed, swift Iris: "Hera sent me forth, the glorious wife of Zeus; and the son of Cronos, throned on high, knoweth naught hereof, neither any other of the immortals that dwell upon snowy Olympus."

Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot : " But how shall I enter the fray ? They yonder hold my battle-gear ; and my dear mother forbade that I array me for the fight until such time as mine eyes should behold her again coming hither ; for she pledged her to bring goodly armour from Hephaestus. No other man know I whose glorious armour I might don, except it were the shield of Aias, son of Telamon. Howbeit himself, I ween, hath dalliance amid the foremost fighters, as he maketh havoc with his spear in defence of dead Patroclus."

And to him again spake wind-footed, swift Iris : " Well know we of ourselves that thy glorious armour is held of them ; but even as thou art go thou to the trench, and show thyself to the men of Troy, if so be that, seized with fear of thee, the Trojans may desist from battle, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans may take breath, wearied as they are ; for scant is the breathing-space in war."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed ; but Achilles, dear to Zeus, roused him, and round about his mighty shoulders Athene flung her tasselled aegis, and around his head the fair goddess set thick a golden cloud, and forth from the man made blaze a gleaming fire. And as when a smoke goeth up from a city and reacheth to heaven from afar, from an island that foes beleaguer, and the men thereof contend the whole day through in hateful war from their city's walls, and then at set of sun flame forth the beacon-fires one after another and high aloft darteth the glare thereof for dwellers

round about to behold, if so be they may come in their ships to be warders off of bane; even so from the head of Achilles went up the gleam toward heaven. Then strode he from the wall to the trench, and there took his stand, yet joined him not to the company of the Achaeans, for he had regard to his mother's wise behest. There stood he and shouted, and from afar Pallas Athene uttered her voice; but amid the Trojans he roused confusion unspeakable. Clear as the trumpet's voice when it soundeth aloud beneath the press of murderous foemen that beleaguer a city, so clear was then the voice of the son of Aeacus. And when they heard the brazen voice of the son of Aeacus the hearts of all were dismayed; and the fair-maned horses turned their cars backward, for their spirits boded bane. And the charioteers were stricken with terror when they beheld the unwearied fire blaze in fearsome wise above the head of the great-souled son of Peleus; for the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, made it blaze. Thrice over the trench shouted mightily the goodly Achilles, and thrice the Trojans and their famed allies were confounded. And there in that hour perished twelve men of their best amid their own chariots and their own spears. But the Achaeans with gladness drew Patroclus forth from out the darts and laid him on a bier, and his dear comrades thronged about him weeping; and amid them followed swift-footed Achilles, shedding hot tears, for that he beheld his trusty comrade lying on the bier, mangled by the sharp bronze. Him verily had he sent forth with horses and chariot into the war, but never again did he welcome his returning.

Then was the unwearying sun sent by ox-eyed,

queenly Hera to go his way, full loath, to the stream of Ocean. So the sun set and the goodly Achaeans stayed them from the fierce strife and the evil war.

And on their side, the Trojans, when they were come back from the fierce conflict, loosed from beneath their cars their swift horses, and gathered themselves in assembly or ever they bethought them to sup. Upon their feet they stood while the gathering was held, neither had any man heart to sit; for they all were holden of fear, seeing Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous battle. Then among them wise Polydamas was first to speak, the son of Panthous; for he alone looked at once before and after. Comrade was he of Hector, and in the one night were they born: howbeit in speech was one far the best, the other with the spear. He with good intent addressed their gathering, and spake among them: "On both sides, my friends, bethink you well. For my own part I bid you return even now to the city, neither on the plain beside the ships await bright Dawn, for afar from the wall are we. As long as this man continued in wrath against goodly Agamemnon, even so long were the Achaeans easier to fight against; aye, and I too was glad, when hard by the swift ships I spent the night, in hope that we should take the curved ships. But now do I wondrously fear the swift-footed son of Peleus; so masterful is his spirit, he will not be minded to abide in the plain, where in the midst both Trojans and Achaeans share in the fury of Ares; but it is for our city that he will fight, and for our wives. Nay, let us go to the city; hearken ye unto me, for on this wise shall it be. For this present hath immortal night stayed the

swift-footed son of Peleus, but if on the morrow he shall come forth in harness and light on us yet abiding here, full well shall many a one come to know him; for with joy shall he that escapeth win to sacred Ilios, and many of the Trojans shall the dogs and vultures devour—far from my ear be the tale thereof. But and if we hearken to my words for all we be loath, this night shall we keep our forces in the place of gathering, and the city shall be guarded by the walls and high gates and by the tall well-polished doors that are set therein, bolted fast. But in the morning at the coming of Dawn arrayed in our armour will we take our stand upon the walls; and the worse will it be for him, if he be minded to come forth from the ships and fight with us to win the wall. Back again to his ships shall he hie him, when he hath given his horses, with high-arched necks, surfeit of coursing to and fro, as he driveth vainly beneath the city. But to force his way within will his heart not suffer him nor shall he lay it waste; ere that shall the swift dogs devour him."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "Polydamas, this that thou sayest is no longer to my pleasure, seeing thou biddest us go back and be pent within the city. In good sooth have ye not yet had your fill of being pent within the walls? Of old all mortal men were wont to tell of Priam's city, for its wealth of gold, its wealth of bronze; but now are its goodly treasures perished from its homes, and lo, possessions full many have been sold away to Phrygia and lovely Maeonia, since great Zeus waxed wroth. But now, when the son of crooked-counselling Cronos hath vouchsafed me to win glory at the ships, and to

pen the Achaeans beside the sea, no longer, thou fool, do thou show forth counsels such as these among the folk. For not a man of the Trojans will hearken to thee; I will not suffer it. Nay, come; even as I shall bid, let us all obey: for this present take ye your supper throughout the host by companies, and take heed to keep watch, and be wakeful every man. And of the Trojans whoso is distressed beyond measure for his goods, let him gather them together and give them to the folk for them to feast thereon in common;[1] better were it that they have profit thereof than the Achaeans! But in the morning, at the coming of Dawn, arrayed in our armour, let us arouse sharp battle at the hollow ships. But if in deed and in truth goodly Achilles is arisen by the ships, the worse shall it be for him, if he so will it. I verily will not flee from him out of dolorous war, but face to face will I stand against him, whether he shall win great victory, or haply I. Alike to all is the god of war, and lo, he slayeth him that would slay."

So Hector addressed their gathering, and thereat the Trojans shouted aloud, fools that they were! for from them Pallas Athene took away their wits. To Hector they all gave praise in his ill advising, but Polydamas no man praised, albeit he devised counsel that was good. So then they took supper throughout the host; but the Achaeans the whole night through made moan in lamentation for Patroclus. And among them the son of Peleus began the vehement lamentation, laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade and uttering many a groan, even as a bearded lion whose whelps some hunter of stags hath snatched away from out the thick wood; and the lion coming back there-

after grieveth sore, and through many a glen he rangeth on the track of the footsteps of the man, if so be he may anywhere find him; for anger exceeding grim layeth hold of him. Even so with heavy groaning spake Achilles among the Myrmidons:

"Out upon it! Vain in sooth was the word I uttered on that day, when I sought to hearten the warrior Menoetius in our halls; and said that when I had sacked Ilios I would bring back to him unto Opoeis his glorious son with the share of the spoil that should fall to his lot. But lo, Zeus fulfilleth not for men all their purposes; for both of us twain are fated to redden the selfsame earth with our blood herein the land of Troy; since neither shall I come back to be welcomed of the old knight Peleus in his halls, nor of my mother Thetis, but even here shall the earth hold me fast. But now, Patroclus, seeing I shall after thee pass beneath the earth, I will not give thee burial till I have brought hither the armour and the head of Hector, the slayer of thee, the great-souled; and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans will I cut the throats before thy pyre in my wrath at thy slaying. Until then beside the beaked ships shalt thou lie, even as thou art, and round about thee shall deep-bosomed Trojan and Dardanian women make lament night and day with shedding of tears, even they that we twain got us through toil by our might and our long spears, when we wasted rich cities of mortal men."

So saying, goodly Achilles bade his comrades set upon the fire a great cauldron, that with speed they might wash from Patroclus the bloody gore. And they set upon the blazing fire the cauldron for filling the bath, and poured in water, and took billets of

wood and kindled them beneath it. Then the fire played about the belly of the cauldron, and the water grew warm. But when the water boiled in the bright bronze, then they washed him and anointed him richly with oil, filling his wounds with ointment of nine[1] years old; and they laid him upon his bed, and covered him with a soft linen cloth from head to foot, and thereover with a white robe. So the whole night through around Achilles, swift of foot, the Myrmidons made moan in lamentation for Patroclus; but Zeus spake unto Hera, his sister and his wife: "Thou hast then had thy way, O ox-eyed, queenly Hera; thou hast aroused Achilles, swift of foot. In good sooth must the long-haired Achaeans be children of thine own womb."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Most dread son of Cronos, what a word hast thou said! Lo, even a man, I ween, is like to accomplish what he can for another man, one that is but mortal, and knoweth not all the wisdom that is mine. How then was I, that avow me to be highest of goddesses in twofold wise, for that I am eldest and am called thy wife, and thou art king among all the immortals—how was I not in my wrath against the Trojans to devise against them evil?"

On this wise spake they one to the other; but silver-footed Thetis came unto the house of Hephaestus, imperishable, decked with stars, pre-eminent among the houses of immortals, wrought all of bronze, that the crook-foot god himself had built him. Him she found sweating with toil as he moved to and fro about his bellows in eager haste; for he was fashioning tripods, twenty in all, to stand around

the wall of his well-builded hall, and golden wheels had he set beneath the base of each that of themselves they might enter the gathering of the gods at his wish and again return to his house, a wonder to behold. Thus much were they fully wrought, that not yet were the cunningly fashioned ears set thereon; these was he making ready, and was forging the rivets. And while he laboured thereat with cunning skill, meanwhile there drew nigh to him the goddess, silver-footed Thetis. And Charis of the gleaming veil came forward and marked her—fair Charis, whom the famed god of the two strong arms had wedded. And she clasped her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, art thou come to our house, an honoured guest, and a welcome? Heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. But follow me further, that I may set before thee entertainment."

So saying the bright goddess led her on. Then she made her to sit on a silver-studded chair, a beautiful chair, richly-wrought, and beneath was a footstool for the feet; and she called to Hephaestus, the famed craftsman, and spake to him, saying: "Hephaestus, come forth hither; Thetis hath need of thee." And the famous god of the two strong arms answered her: "Verily then a dread and honoured goddess is within my halls, even she that saved me when pain was come upon me after I had fallen afar through the will of my shameless mother, that was fain to hide me away by reason of my lameness. Then had I suffered woes in heart, had not Eurynome and Thetis received me into their bosom—Eurynome, daughter of backward-flowing Oceanus. With them then for nine years' space I

forged much cunning handiwork, brooches, and spiral arm-bands, and rosettes and necklaces,[1] within their hollow cave; and round about me flowed, murmuring with foam, the stream of Oceanus, a flood unspeakable. Neither did any other know thereof, either of gods or of mortal men, but Thetis knew and Eurynome, even they that saved me. And now is Thetis come to my house; wherefore it verily behoveth me to pay unto fair-tressed Thetis the full price for the saving of my life. But do thou set before her fair entertainment, while I put aside my bellows and all my tools."

He spake, and from the anvil rose, a huge, panting[2] bulk, halting the while, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly. The bellows he set away from the fire, and gathered all the tools wherewith he wrought into a silver chest; and with a sponge wiped he his face and his two hands withal, and his mighty neck and shaggy breast, and put upon him a tunic, and grasped a stout staff, and went forth halting; but there moved swiftly to support their lord handmaidens wrought of gold in the semblance of living maids. In them is understanding in their hearts, and in them speech and strength, and they know cunning handiwork by gift of the immortal gods. These busily moved to support their lord, and he, limping nigh to where Thetis was, sat him down upon a shining chair; and he clasped her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her: "Wherefore, long-robed Thetis, art thou come to our house, an honoured guest and a welcome? Heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. Speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment."

And Thetis made answer to him, shedding tears the while: "Hephaestus, is there now any goddess, of all those that are in Olympus, that hath endured so many grievous woes in her heart as are the sorrows that Zeus, son of Cronos, hath given me beyond all others? Of all the daughters of the sea he subdued me alone to a mortal, even to Peleus, son of Aeacus, and I endured the bed of a mortal albeit sore against my will. And lo, he lieth in his halls fordone with grievous old age, but now other griefs are mine. A son he gave me to bear and to rear, pre-eminent among warriors, and he shot up like a sapling; then when I had reared him as a tree in a rich orchard plot, I sent him forth in the beaked ships to Ilios to war with the Trojans; but never again shall I welcome him back to his home, to the house of Peleus. And while yet he liveth, and beholdeth the light of the sun, he hath sorrow, nor can I any wise help him, though I go to him. The girl that the sons of the Achaeans chose out for him as a prize, her hath the lord Agamemnon taken back from out his arms. Verily in grief for her was he wasting his heart; but the Achaeans were the Trojans penning at the sterns of the ships, and would not suffer them to go forth. And to him the elders of the Argives made prayer, and named many glorious gifts. Then albeit he refused himself to ward from them ruin, yet clad he Patroclus in his own armour and sent him into the war, and added therewithal much people. All day long they fought around the Scaean gates, and on that selfsame day had laid the city waste, but that, after the valiant son of Menoetius had wrought sore harm, Apollo slew him amid the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector.

Therefore am I now come to thy knees, if so be thou wilt be minded to give my son, that is doomed to a speedy death, shield and helmet, and goodly greaves fitted with ankle-pieces, and corselet. For the harness that was his aforetime his trusty comrade lost, when he was slain by the Trojans ; and my son lieth on the ground in anguish of heart."

Then the famous god of the two strong arms answered her : " Be of good cheer, neither let these things distress thy heart. Would that I might so surely avail to hide him afar from dolorous death, when dread fate cometh upon him, as verily goodly armour shall be his, such that in aftertime many a one among the multitude of men shall marvel, whosoever shall behold it."

So saying he left her there and went unto his bellows, and he turned these toward the fire and bade them work. And the bellows, twenty in all, blew upon the melting-vats, sending forth a ready blast of every force, now to further him as he laboured hard, and again in whatsoever way Hephaestus might wish and his work go on. And on the fire he put stubborn bronze and tin and precious gold and silver ; and thereafter he set on the anvil-block a great anvil, and took in one hand a massive hammer, and in the other took he the tongs.

First fashioned he a shield, great and sturdy, adorning it cunningly in every part, and round about it set a bright rim, threefold and glittering, and therefrom made fast a silver baldric. Five were the layers of the shield itself ; and on it he wrought many curious devices with cunning skill.

Therein he wrought the earth, therein the heavens,

therein the sea, and the unwearied sun, and the moon at the full, and therein all the constellations wherewith heaven is crowned—the Pleiades, and the Hyades and the mighty Orion, and the Bear, that men call also the Wain, that circleth ever in her place, and watcheth Orion, and alone hath no part in the baths of Ocean.

Therein fashioned he also two cities of mortal men exceeding fair. In the one there were marriages and feastings, and by the light of the blazing torches they were leading the brides from their bowers through the city, and loud rose the bridal song. And young men were whirling in the dance, and in their midst flutes and lyres sounded continually; and there the women stood each before her door and marvelled. But the folk were gathered in the place of assembly; for there a strife had arisen, and two men were striving about the blood-price of a man slain; the one avowed that he had paid all, declaring his cause to the people, but the other refused to accept aught;[1] and each was fain to win the issue on the word of a daysman. Moreover, the folk were

or "daysman," who in turn, upon learning that it is a question of homicide, refers the matter to "the elders." The two talents of gold (too small a sum to be taken to represent the blood-price itself) are to be understood as a fee, one talent presumably having been deposited by each litigant, for that one among the "judges" whose decision should meet with the most general approbation. The alternative view, that the two talents were to be paid to him "who should best plead his cause," does violence to the meaning both of *δίκαζον* and *ἰθύνταται*. (The relatively small value of the Homeric talent is proved *e.g.* by xxiii. 262-270, where two talents form only the *fourth* prize. See Ridgeway, *Journal of Philology*, x. 30, and *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, viii. 133 ff.)

cheering both, shewing favour to this side and to that. And heralds held back the folk, and the elders were sitting upon polished stones in the sacred circle, holding in their hands the staves of the loud-voiced heralds. Therewith then would they spring up and give judgment, each in turn. And in the midst lay two talents of gold, to be given to him whoso among them should utter the most righteous judgment.

But around the other city lay in leaguer two hosts of warriors gleaming in armour. And twofold plans found favour with them, either to lay waste the town or to divide in portions twain all the substance that the lovely city contained within.[1] Howbeit the besieged would nowise hearken thereto, but were arming to meet the foe in an ambush. The wall were their dear wives and little children guarding, as they stood thereon, and therewithal the men that were holden of old age; but the rest were faring forth, led of Ares and Pallas Athene, both fashioned in gold, and of gold was the raiment wherewith they were clad. Goodly were they and tall in their harness, as beseemeth gods, clear to view amid the rest, and the folk at their feet were smaller. But when they were come to the place where it seemed good unto them to set their ambush, in a river-bed where was a watering-place for all herds alike, there they sate them down, clothed about with flaming bronze. Thereafter were two scouts set by them apart from the host, waiting till they should have sight of the sheep and sleek cattle. And these came presently, and two herdsmen followed with them playing upon pipes; and of the guile wist they not at all. But the liers-in-wait, when they saw

these coming on, rushed forth against them and speedily cut off the herds of cattle and fair flocks of white-fleeced sheep, and slew the herdsmen withal. But the besiegers, as they sat before the places of gathering [1] and heard much tumult among the kine, mounted forthwith behind their high-stepping horses, and set out thitherward, and speedily came upon them. Then set they their battle in array and fought beside the river banks, and were ever smiting one another with bronze-tipped spears. And amid them Strife and Tumult joined in the fray, and deadly Fate, grasping one man alive, fresh-wounded, another without a wound, and another she dragged dead through the mellay by the feet; and the raiment that she had about her shoulders was red with the blood of men. Even as living mortals joined they in the fray and fought; and they were haling away each the bodies of the others' slain.

Therein he set also soft fallow-land, rich tilth and wide, that was three times ploughed; and ploughers full many therein were wheeling their yokes and driving them this way and that. And whensoever after turning they came to the headland of the field, then would a man come forth to each and give into his hands a cup of honey-sweet wine; and the ploughmen would turn them in the furrows, eager to reach the headland of the deep tilth. And the field grew black behind and seemed verily as it had been ploughed, for all that it was of gold; herein was the great marvel of the work.

Therein he set also a king's demesne-land, wherein labourers were reaping, bearing sharp sickles in their hands. Some handfuls were falling in rows to the ground along the swathe, while others the binders

of sheaves were binding with twisted ropes of straw. Three binders stood hard by them, while behind them boys would gather the handfuls, and bearing them in their arms would busily give them to the binders; and among them the king, staff in hand, was standing in silence at the swathe, joying in his heart. And heralds apart beneath an oak were making ready a feast, and were dressing a great ox they had slain for sacrifice; and the women sprinkled the flesh with white barley in abundance, for the workers' mid-day meal.

Therein he set also a vineyard heavily laden with clusters, a vineyard fair and wrought of gold; black were the grapes, and the vines were set up throughout on silver poles. And around it he drave a trench of cyanus, and about that a fence of tin; and one single path led thereto, whereby the vintagers went and came, whensoever they gathered the vintage. And maidens and youths in childish glee were bearing the honey-sweet fruit in wicker baskets. And in their midst a boy made pleasant music with a clear-toned lyre, and thereto sang sweetly the Linos-song [1] with his delicate voice; and his fellows beating the earth in unison therewith followed on with bounding feet mid dance and shoutings.

And therein he wrought a herd of straight-horned kine: the kine were fashioned of gold and tin, and with lowing hasted they forth from byre to pasture beside the sounding river, beside the waving reed. And golden were the herdsmen that walked beside the kine, four in number, and nine dogs swift of foot followed after them. But two dread lions amid the foremost kine were holding a loud-lowing bull, and

he, bellowing mightily, was haled of them, while after him pursued the dogs and young men. The lions twain had rent the hide of the great bull, and were devouring the inward parts and the black blood, while the herdsmen vainly sought to fright them, tarring on the swift hounds. Howbeit these shrank from fastening on the lions, but stood hard by and barked and sprang aside.

Therein also the famed god of the two strong arms wrought a pasture in a fair dell, a great pasture of white-fleeced sheep, and folds, and roofed huts, and pens.

Therein furthermore the famed god of the two strong arms cunningly wrought a dancing-floor like unto that which in wide Cnosus Daedalus fashioned of old for fair-tressed Ariadne. There were youths dancing and maidens of the price of many cattle, holding their hands upon the wrists one of the other. Of these the maidens were clad in fine linen, while the youths wore well-woven tunics faintly glistening with oil; and the maidens had fair chaplets, and the youths had daggers of gold hanging from silver baldrics. Now would they run round with cunning feet exceeding lightly, as when a potter sitteth by his wheel that is fitted between his hands and maketh trial of it whether it will run; and now again would they run in rows toward each other. And a great company stood around the lovely dance, taking joy therein; and two tumblers whirled up and down through the midst of them as leaders in the dance.

Therein he set also the great might of the river Oceanus, around the uttermost rim of the strongly-wrought shield.

But when he had wrought the shield, great and

sturdy, then wrought he for him a corselet brighter than the blaze of fire, and he wrought for him a heavy helmet, fitted to his temples, a fair helm, richly-dight, and set thereon a crest of gold ; and he wrought him greaves of pliant tin.

But when the glorious god of the two strong arms had fashioned all the armour, he took and laid it before the mother of Achilles. And like a falcon she sprang down from snowy Olympus, bearing the flashing armour from Hephaestus.

BOOK XIX

Now Dawn the saffron-robed arose from the streams of Oceanus to bring light to immortals and to mortal men, and Thetis came to the ships bearing the gifts from the god. And she found her dear son as he lay, clasping Patroclus, and wailing aloud; and in throngs round about him his comrades were weeping. Then in the midst of them the bright goddess came to his side, and she clasped his hand, and spake and addressed him: "My child, this man must we let be, for all our sorrow, to lie as he is, seeing he hath been slain once for all by the will of the gods. But receive thou from Hephaestus glorious armour, exceeding fair, such as never yet a man bare upon his shoulders."

So saying the goddess set down the arms in front of Achilles, and they all rang aloud in their splendour. Then trembling seized all the Myrmidons, neither dared any man to look thereon, but they shrank in fear. Howbeit, when Achilles saw the arms, then came wrath upon him yet the more, and his eyes blazed forth in terrible wise from beneath their lids, as it had been flame; and he was glad as he held in his arms the glorious gifts of the god. But when in his soul he had taken delight in gazing on the glory of them, forthwith to his mother he spake winged words: "My mother, the arms that the god hath

given are such as the works of immortals should fitly be, such as no mortal man could fashion. Now therefore will I array me for battle; yet am I sore afraid lest meantime flies enter the wounds that the bronze hath dealt on the corpse of the valiant son of Menoetius, and breed worms therein, and work shame upon his corpse—for the life is slain out of him—and so all his flesh shall rot."

Then the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, answered him: "My child, let not these things distress thy heart. From him will I essay to ward off the savage tribes, the flies that feed upon men slain in battle. For even though he lie for the full course of a year, yet shall his flesh be sound continually, or better even than now it is. But do thou call to the place of gathering the Achaean warriors, and renounce thy wrath against Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and then array thee with all speed for battle and clothe thee in thy might."

So saying, she filled him with dauntless courage, and on Patroclus she shed ambrosia and ruddy nectar through his nostrils, that his flesh might be sound continually.

But goodly Achilles strode along the shore of the sea, crying a terrible cry, and aroused the Achaean warriors. And even they that aforetime were wont to abide in the gathering of the ships—they that were pilots and wielded the steering-oars of the ships, or were stewards that dealt out food—even these came then to the place of gathering, because Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous war. Twain there were, squires of Ares, that came limping, even Tydeus' son, staunch in fight, and goodly Odysseus, leaning each on his spear,

for their wounds were grievous still; and they went and sat them down in the front of the gathering. And last of all came the king of men, Agamemnon, burdened with his wound; for him too in the fierce conflict had Coön, Antenor's son, wounded with a thrust of his bronze-shod spear. But when all the Achaeans were gathered together, Achilles, swift of foot, arose among them and said: "Son of Atreus, was this then the better for us twain, for thee and for me, what time with grief at heart we raged in soul-devouring strife for the sake of a girl? Would that amid the ships Artemis had slain her with an arrow on the day when I took her from out the spoil after I had laid waste Lyrnessus! Then had not so many Achaeans bitten the vast earth with their teeth beneath the hands of the foemen, by reason of the fierceness of my wrath. For Hector and the Trojans was this the better, but long shall the Achaeans, methinks, remember the strife betwixt me and thee. Howbeit, these things will we let be as past and done, for all our pain, curbing the heart in our breasts because we must. Now verily make I my wrath to cease: it beseemeth me not to be wroth for ever unrelentingly; but come, rouse thou speedily to battle the long-haired Achaeans, to the end that I may go forth against the Trojans and make trial of them yet again, whether they be fain to spend the night hard by the ships. Nay, many a one of them, methinks, will be glad to bend his knees in rest, whosoever shall escape from the fury of war, and from my spear."

So spake he, and the well-greaved Achaeans waxed glad, for that the great-souled son of Peleus renounced his wrath. And among them spake the

king of men, Agamemnon, even from the place where he sat, not standing forth in their midst:[1] "My friends, Danaan warriors, squires of Ares, meet is it to give ear to him that standeth to speak, nor is it seemly to break in upon his words; grievous were that even for one well-skilled. And amid the uproar of many how should a man either hear or speak? —hampered is he then, clear-voiced talker though he be. To the son of Peleus will I declare my mind, but do ye other Argives give heed, and mark well my words each man of you. Full often have the Achaeans spoken unto me this word, and were ever fain to chide me; howbeit it is not I that am at fault, but Zeus and Fate and Erinys, that walketh in darkness, seeing that in the midst of the place of gathering they cast upon my soul fierce blindness on that day, when of mine own arrogance I took from Achilles his prize. But what could I do? it is God that bringeth all things to their issue. Eldest daughter of Zeus is Ate that blindeth all—a power fraught with bane; delicate are her feet, for it is not upon the ground that she fareth, but she walketh over the heads of men, bringing men to harm, and this one or that she ensnareth. Aye, and on a time she blinded Zeus, albeit men say that he is the greatest among men and gods; yet even him Hera,

and such nervousness on the part of the king is in entire harmony with the tone of his opening words. This view does not necessarily imply the existence of a rostrum from which the speakers habitually spoke, although, if the obscure *εἰρύων* in xviii. 531 really means "speech-places," it would indicate something of the sort. Zenodotus rejected line 77, and modern editors have been inclined to follow him, holding that it flatly contradicts the *ἑσταότος* of line 79. If the interpretation given above (largely after Lendrum, *Classical Review*, iv. 47) be correct, there is no contradiction.

that was but a woman, beguiled in her craftiness on the day when Alcmene in fair-crowned Thebe was to bring forth the mighty Heracles. Zeus verily spake vauntingly among all the gods: 'Hearken unto me, all ye gods and goddesses, that I may speak what the heart in my breast biddeth me. This day shall Eileithyia, the goddess of childbirth, bring to the light a man that shall be the lord of all them that dwell round about, even one of the race of those men who are of me by blood.' But with crafty mind the queenly Hera spake unto him: 'Thou wilt play the cheat, and not bring thy word to fulfilment. Nay, come, Olympian, swear me now a mighty oath that in very truth that man shall be lord of all them that dwell round about, whoso this day shall fall between a woman's feet, even one of those men who are of the blood of thy stock.' So spake she; howbeit Zeus in no wise marked her craftiness, but sware a great oath, and therewithal was blinded sore. But Hera darted down and left the peak of Olympus, and swiftly came to Achaean Argos, where she knew was the stately wife of Sthenelus, son of Perseus, that bare a son in her womb, and lo, the seventh month was come. This child Hera brought forth to the light even before the full tale of the months, but stayed Alcmene's bearing, and held back the Eileithyiae. And herself spake to Zeus, son of Cronos, to bear him word: 'Father Zeus, lord of the bright lightning, a word will I speak for thy heeding. Lo, even now is born a valiant man that shall be lord over the Argives, even Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, of thine own lineage; not unmeet is it that he be lord over the Argives.' So spake she, and

sharp pain smote him in the deep of his heart, and forthwith he seized Ate by her bright-tressed head, wroth in his soul, and sware a mighty oath that never again unto Olympus and the starry heaven should Ate come, she that blindeth all. So said he, and whirling her in his hand flung her from the starry heaven, and quickly she came to the tilled fields of men. At thought of her would he ever groan, whenso he beheld his dear son in unseemly travail beneath Eurystheus' tasks. Even so I also, what time great Hector of the flashing helm was making havoc of the Argives at the sterns of the ships, could not forget Ate, of whom at the first I was made blind. Howbeit seeing I was blinded, and Zeus robbed me of my wits, fain am I to make amends and to give requital past counting. Nay, rouse thee for battle, and rouse withal the rest of thy people. Gifts am I here ready to offer thee, even all that goodly Odysseus promised thee yesternight,[1] when he had come to thy hut. Or, if thou wilt, abide a while, eager though thou be for war, and the gifts shall squires take and bring thee from my ship, to the end that thou mayest see that I will give what will satisfy thy heart."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, for the gifts, to give them if thou wilt, as is but seemly, or to withhold them, rests with thee. But now let us bethink us of battle with all speed; it beseemeth not to dally here in talk,[2] neither to make delay, for yet is a great work undone—to the end that many a one may again behold Achilles amid

[2] The meaning of κλοτοπεύειν, which occurs only here in all Greek, must be inferred from the context.

the foremost laying waste with his spear of bronze the battalions of the men of Troy. Thereon let each one of you take thought as he fighteth with his man."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Nay, valiant though thou art, godlike Achilles, urge not on this wise the sons of the Achaeans to go fasting against Ilios to do battle with the men of Troy, since not for a short space shall the battle last when once the ranks of men are met and the god breathes might into either host. But bid thou the Achaeans by their swift ships to taste of food and wine; since therein is courage and strength. For there is no man that shall be able the whole day long until set of sun to fight against the foe, fasting the while from food; for though in his heart he be eager for battle, yet his limbs wax heavy unawares and thirst cometh upon him and hunger withal, and his knees grow weary as he goeth. But whoso, having had his fill of wine and food, fighteth the whole day long against the foemen, lo, his heart within him is of good cheer, and his limbs wax not weary until all withdraw them from battle. Come then, dismiss thou the host, and bid them make ready their meal. And as touching the gifts, let Agamemnon, king of men, bring them forth into the midst of the place of gathering, that all the Achaeans may behold them with their eyes, and thou be made glad at heart. And let him rise up in the midst of the Argives and swear to thee an oath, that never hath he gone up into the woman's bed neither had dalliance with her, as is the appointed way, O king, of men and of women; and let the heart in thine own breast be open to appeasement. Thereafter let him make

amends to thee in his hut with a feast full rich, that thou mayest have nothing lacking of thy due. Son of Atreus, towards others also shalt thou be more righteous hereafter; for in no wise is it blame for a king to make amends to another, if so be he wax wroth without a cause." [1]

To him then spake again the king of men, Agamemnon: "Glad am I, son of Laërtes, to hear thy words, for duly hast thou set forth the whole matter, and told the tale thereof. This oath am I ready to swear, and my heart biddeth me thereto, nor shall I forswear myself before the god. But let Achilles abide here the while, eager though he be for war, and abide all ye others together, until the gifts be brought from my hut, and we make oaths of faith with sacrifice. And to thine own self do I thus give charge and commandment: Choose thee young men, princes of the host of the Achaeans, and bear from my ship the gifts, even all that we promised yesternight to give Achilles, and bring the women withal. And let Talthybius forthwith make me ready a boar in the midst of the wide camp of the Achaeans, to sacrifice to Zeus and to the Sun."

But swift-footed Achilles answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, Agamemnon, king of men, at some other time were it e'en better that ye be busied thus, when haply there shall come between some pause in war, and the fury in my breast be not so great. Now are they lying mangled, they that Hector, son of Priam, slew, when Zeus vouchsafed him glory, and ye twain are bidding us to meat! Verily for mine own part would I even now bid the

to the object of the preceding infinitive, while here it refers to the subject.

sons of the Achaeans do battle fasting and unfed, and at set of sun make them ready a mighty meal, when we shall have avenged the shame. Till that shall be, down my throat, at least, neither drink nor food shall pass, seeing my comrade is dead, who in my hut lieth mangled by the sharp bronze, his feet turned toward the door,[1] while round about him our comrades mourn; wherefore it is nowise on these things that my heart is set, but on slaying, and blood, and the grievous groanings of men."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "O Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, better art thou than I and mightier not a little with the spear, howbeit in counsel might I surpass thee by far, seeing I am the elder-born and know the more; wherefore let thine heart endure to hearken to my words. Quickly have men surfeit of battle, wherein the bronze streweth most straw upon the ground, albeit the harvest is scantiest, whenso Zeus inclineth his balance, he that is for men the dispenser of battle. But with the belly may it nowise be that the Achaeans should mourn a corpse, for full many are ever falling one after another day by day; when then could one find respite from toil?[2] Nay, it behoveth to bury him that is slain, steeling our hearts and weeping but the one day's space; but all they that are left alive from hateful war must needs bethink them of drink and of food, to the end that yet the more we may fight with the foemen ever incessantly, clothed about with stubborn bronze.

custom in the belief that the position made it more difficult for the ghost to come back.

[2] *i.e.* toilsome fasting for the dead, not, as usually, the toil of war.

And let no man of all the host hold back awaiting other summons beside, for the summons is this : Ill shall it be for him whoso is left at the ships of the Argives. Nay, setting out in one throng let us rouse keen battle against the horse-taming Trojans."

He spake, and took to him the sons of glorious Nestor, and Meges, son of Phyleus, and Thoas and Meriones and Lycomedes, son of Creon, and Melanippus ; and they went their way to the hut of Agamemnon, son of Atreus. Then straightway in the one moment was the word said, and the deed fulfilled. Seven tripods bare they from the hut, even as he promised him, and twenty gleaming cauldrons and twelve horses ; and forth they speedily led women skilled in goodly handiwork ; seven they were, and the eighth was fair-cheeked Briseïs. Then Odysseus weighed out ten talents of gold in all, and led the way, and with him the other youths of the Achaeans bare the gifts. These then they set in the midst of the place of gathering, and Agamemnon rose up, and Talthybius, whose voice was like a god's, took his stand by the side of the shepherd of the people, holding a boar in his hands. And the son of Atreus drew forth with his hand the knife that ever hung beside the great sheath of his sword, and cut the firstling hairs from the boar, and lifting up his hands made prayer to Zeus ; and all the Argives sat thereby in silence, hearkening as was meet unto the king. And he spake in prayer, with a look up to the wide heaven : " Be Zeus my witness first, highest and best of gods, and Earth and Sun, and the Erinyes, that under earth take vengeance on men, whosoever hath sworn a false oath, that never laid I hand upon the girl Briseïs

either by way of a lover's embrace or anywise else, but she ever abode untouched in my huts. And if aught of this oath be false, may the gods give me woes full many, even all that they are wont to give to him whoso sinneth against them in his swearing."

He spake, and cut the boar's throat with the pitiless bronze, and the body Talthybius whirled and flung into the great gulf of the grey sea, to be food for the fishes; but Achilles uprose, and spake among the war-loving Argives:

"Father Zeus, great in good sooth is the blindness thou sendest upon men. Never would the son of Atreus have utterly roused the wrath within my breast, nor led off the girl ruthlessly in my despite, but mayhap it was the good pleasure of Zeus that on many of the Achaeans death should come. But now go ye to your meal, that we may join in battle."

So spake he, and hastily brake up the gathering. Then the others scattered, each to his own ship, but the great-hearted Myrmidons busied themselves about the gifts, and bare them forth to the ship of godlike Achilles. And they bestowed them in the huts, and set the women there, and the horses proud squires drave off to the herd.

But Briseïs, that was like unto golden Aphrodite, when she had sight of Patroclus mangled with the sharp bronze, flung herself about him and shrieked aloud, and with her hands she tore her breast and tender neck and beautiful face. And amid her wailing spake the woman like unto the goddesses: "Patroclus, dearest to my hapless heart, alive I left thee when I went from the hut, and now I find thee dead, thou leader of hosts, as I return thereto: thus for me doth evil ever follow hard on evil. My

husband, unto whom my father and queenly mother gave me, I beheld mangled with the sharp bronze before our city, and my three brethren whom mine own mother bare, brethren beloved, all these met their day of doom. But thou, when swift Achilles slew my husband, and laid waste the city of godlike Mynes, wouldst not even suffer me to weep, but saidest that thou wouldst make me the wedded wife of Achilles,[1] and that he would bear me in his ships to Phthia, and make me a marriage-feast among the Myrmidons. Wherefore I wail for thee in thy death and know no ceasing, for thou wast ever kind."

So spake she wailing, and thereto the women added their laments; Patroclus indeed they mourned,[2] but therewithal each one her own sorrows. But around Achilles gathered the elders of the Achaeans, beseeching him that he would eat; but he refused them, moaning the while: "I beseech you, if any of my dear comrades will hearken unto me, bid me not before the time sate my heart with food or drink, seeing dread grief is come upon me. Till set of sun will I abide, and endure even as I am."

So spake he, and sent from him the other chieftains, but the two sons of Atreus abode, and goodly Odysseus, and Nestor and Idomeneus and the old man Phoenix, driver of chariots, seeking to comfort him in his exceeding sorrow; but no whit would his heart be comforted until he entered the mouth of bloody war. And as he thought thereon he

whereby the pretended lamentation for him covers the expression of the individual woes of the women. As interpreted above the passage is as true psychologically, and we may compare lines 338 f. and xxiv. 167 ff. (Leaf), in which a grief really felt calls up the memory of other and deeper sorrows.

heaved a heavy sigh and spake, saying : " Ah verily of old, thou too, O hapless one, dearest of my comrades, thyself wast wont to set forth in our hut with nimble haste a savoury meal, whenso the Achaeans made haste to bring tearful war against the horse-taming Trojans. But now thou liest here mangled, and my heart will have naught of meat and drink, though they be here at hand, through yearning for thee. Naught more grievous than this could I suffer, not though I should hear of the death of mine own father, who now haply in Phthia is shedding round tears for lack of a son like me, while I in a land of alien folk for the sake of abhorred Helen am warring with the men of Troy ; nay, nor though it were he that in Scyrus is reared for me, my son [1] well-beloved —if so be godlike Neoptolemus still liveth. For until now the heart in my breast had hope that I alone should perish far from horse-pasturing Argos, here in the land of Troy, but that thou shouldest return to Phthia, that so thou mightest take my child in thy swift, black ship from Scyrus, and show him all things—my possessions, my slaves, and my great high-roofed house. For by now I ween is Peleus either dead and gone, or else, though haply he still liveth feebly, is sore distressed with hateful old age, and with waiting ever for woeful tidings of me, when he shall hear that I am dead."

So spake he weeping, and thereto the elders added their laments, bethinking them each one of what he had left at home. And as they mourned the son of

[1] Mention of a son of Achilles—the Neoptolemus so prominent in later developments of the tale of Troy—is made again in xxiv. 467, but seems out of harmony with the *Iliad* as a whole.

Cronos had sight of them, and was touched with pity; and forthwith he spake winged words unto Athene:

"My child, lo thou forsakest utterly thine own warrior. Is there then no place in thy thought any more for Achilles? Yonder he sitteth in front of his ships with upright horns, mourning for his dear comrade; the others verily are gone to their meal, but he fasteth and will have naught of food. Nay go, shed thou into his breast nectar and pleasant ambrosia, that hunger-pangs come not upon him."

So saying he urged on Athene, that was already eager: and she like a falcon,[1] wide of wing and shrill of voice, leapt down upon him from out of heaven through the air. Then while the Achaeans were arraying them speedily for battle throughout the camp, into the breast of Achilles she shed nectar and pleasant ambrosia that grievous hunger-pangs should not come upon his limbs; and then herself was gone to the stout-builded house of her mighty sire, and the Achaeans poured forth from the swift ships. As when thick and fast the snowflakes flutter down from Zeus, chill beneath the blast of the North Wind, born in the bright heaven; even so then thick and fast from the ships were borne the helms, bright-gleaming, and the bossed shields, the corselets with massive plates, and the ashen spears. And the gleam thereof went up to heaven, and all the earth round about laughed by reason of the flashing of bronze; and there went up a din from beneath the feet of men; and in their midst goodly Achilles arrayed him for battle. There was a gnashing of his teeth, and his two eyes blazed as it had been a flame

of fire, and into his heart there entered grief that might not be borne. Thus in fierce wrath against the Trojans he clad him in the gifts of the god, that Hephaestus had wrought for him with toil. The greaves first he set about his legs: beautiful they were, and fitted with silver ankle-pieces, and next he did on the corselet about his chest. And about his shoulders he cast the silver-studded sword of bronze, and thereafter grasped the shield great and sturdy, wherefrom went forth afar a gleam as of the moon. And as when forth over the sea there appeareth to seamen the gleam of blazing fire, and it burneth high up in the mountains in a lonely steading—but sore against their will the storm-winds bear them over the teeming deep afar from their friends; even so from the shield of Achilles went up a gleam to heaven, from that shield fair and richly-dight. And he lifted the mighty helm and set it upon his head; and it shone as it were a star—the helm with crest of horse-hair, and around it waved the plumes of gold, that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. And goodly Achilles made proof of himself in his armour, whether it fitted him, and his glorious limbs moved free; and it became as it were wings to him, and lifted up the shepherd of the people. And forth from its stand he drew his father's spear, heavy and huge and strong, that none other of the Achaeans could wield, but Achilles alone was skilled to wield it, even the Pelian spear of ash that Cheiron had given to his dear father from the peak of Pelion, to be for the slaying of warriors. And Automedon and Alcimus set them busily to yoke the horses, and about them they set the fair breast-straps, and cast

bits within their jaws, and drew the reins behind to the jointed car. And Automedon grasped in his hand the bright lash, that fitted it well, and leapt upon the car; and behind him stepped Achilles harnessed for fight, gleaming in his armour like the bright Hyperion. Then terribly he called aloud to the horses of his father:

"Xanthus and Balius, ye far-famed children of Podarge, in some other wise bethink you to bring your charioteer back safe to the host of the Danaans, when we have had our fill of war, and leave ye not him there dead, as ye did Patroclus."

Then from beneath the yoke spake to him the horse Xanthus, of the swift-glancing feet; on a sudden he bowed his head, and all his mane streamed from beneath the yoke-pad beside the yoke, and touched the ground; and the goddess, white-armed Hera, gave him speech:[1] "Aye verily, yet for this time will we save thee, mighty Achilles, albeit the day of doom is nigh thee, nor shall we be the cause thereof, but a mighty god and overpowering Fate. For it was not through sloth or slackness of ours that the Trojans availed to strip the harness from the shoulders of Patroclus, but one, far the best of gods, even he that fair-haired Leto bare, slew him amid the foremost fighters and gave glory to Hector. But for us twain, we could run swift as the blast of the West Wind, which, men say, is of all winds the fleetest; nay, it is thine own self that art fated to be slain in fight by a god and a mortal."

When he had thus spoken, the Erinyes checked

his voice. Then, his heart mightily stirred, spake to him swift-footed Achilles :

" Xanthus, why dost thou prophesy my death ? Thou needest not at all. Well know I even of myself that it is my fate to perish here, far from my father dear, and my mother ; howbeit even so will I not cease, until I have driven the Trojans to surfeit of war."

He spake, and with a cry drave amid the foremost his single-hooved horses.

BOOK XX

So by the beaked ships around thee, O son of Peleus, insatiate of fight, the Achaeans arrayed them for battle; and likewise the Trojans over against them on the rising ground of the plain. But Zeus bade Themis summon the gods to the place of gathering from the brow of many-ridged Olympus; and she sped everywhither, and bade them come to the house of Zeus. There was no river that came not, save only Oceanus, nor any nymph, of all that haunt the fair copses, the springs that feed the rivers, and the grassy meadows. And being come to the house of Zeus they sate them down within the polished colonnades which for father Zeus Hephaestus had builded with cunning skill.

Thus were they gathered within the house of Zeus; nor did the Shaker of Earth fail to heed the call of the goddess, but came forth from the sea to join their company; and he sate him in the midst, and made question concerning the purpose of Zeus: "Wherefore, thou lord of the bright lightning, hast thou called the gods to the place of gathering? Is it that thou art pondering on somewhat concerning the Trojans and Achaeans? for now is their battle and fighting kindled hard at hand."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him, and said: "Thou knowest, O Shaker of Earth, the pur-

pose in my breast, for the which I gathered you hither; I have regard unto them, even though they die. Yet verily, for myself will I abide here sitting in a fold of Olympus, wherefrom I will gaze and make glad my heart; but do ye others all go forth till ye be come among the Trojans and Achaeans, and bear aid to this side or that, even as the mind of each may be. For if Achilles shall fight alone [1] against the Trojans, not even for a little space will they hold back the swift-footed son of Peleus. Nay, even aforetime were they wont to tremble as they looked upon him, and now when verily his heart is grievously in wrath for his friend, I fear me lest even beyond what is ordained he lay waste the wall."

So spake the son of Cronos, and roused war unabating. And the gods went their way into the battle, being divided in counsel: Hera gat her to the gathering of the ships, and with her Pallas Athene, and Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and the helper Hermes, that was beyond all in the cunning of his mind; and together with these went Hephaestus, exulting in his might, halting, but beneath him his slender legs moved nimbly; but unto the Trojans went Ares, of the flashing helm, and with him Phoebus, of the unshorn locks, and Artemis, the archer, and Leto and Xanthus and laughter-loving Aphrodite.

Now as long as the gods were afar from the mortal men, even for so long triumphed the Achaeans mightily, seeing Achilles was come forth, albeit he had long kept him aloof from grievous battle; but upon the Trojans came dread trembling on the limbs of every man in their terror, when they beheld the swift-footed son of Peleus, flaming in his harness,

the peer of Ares, the bane of men. But when the Olympians were come into the midst of the throng of men, then up leapt mighty Strife, the rouser of hosts, and Athene cried aloud,—now would she stand beside the digged trench without the wall, and now upon the loud-sounding shores would she utter her loud cry. And over against her shouted Ares, dread as a dark whirlwind, calling with shrill tones to the Trojans from the topmost citadel, and now again as he sped by the shore of Simoïs over Callicolone.[1]

Thus did the blessed gods urge on the two hosts to clash in battle, and amid them made grievous strife to burst forth. Then terribly thundered the father of gods and men from on high ; and from beneath did Poseidon cause the vast earth to quake, and the steep crests of the mountains. All the roots of many-fountained Ida were shaken, and all her peaks, and the city of the Trojans, and the ships of the Achaeans. And seized with fear in the world below was Aïdoneus, lord of the shades, and in fear leapt he from his throne and cried aloud, lest above him the earth be cloven by Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and his abode be made plain to view for mortals and immortals—the dread and dank abode, wherefor the very gods have loathing : so great was the din that arose when the gods clashed in strife. For against king Poseidon stood Phoebus Apollo with his winged arrows, and against Enyalius the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene ; against Hera stood forth the huntress of the golden arrows, and the echoing chase, even the archer Artemis, sister of the god that smiteth afar ; against Leto stood forth the

line 151 of this book, but is otherwise unknown. According to tradition it was the scene of the judgment of Paris.

strong helper, Hermes, and against Hephaestus the great, deep-eddying river, that gods call Xanthus, and men Scamander.

Thus gods went forth to meet with gods. But Achilles was fain to meet with Hector, Priam's son, above all others in the throng, for with his blood as with that of none other did his spirit bid him glut Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. Howbeit Aeneas did Apollo, rouser of hosts, make to go forth to face the son of Peleus, and he put into him great might: and he likened his own voice to that of Lycaon, son of Priam. In his likeness spake unto Aeneas the son of Zeus, Apollo: "Aeneas, counsellor of the Trojans, where be now thy threats, wherewith thou wast wont to declare unto the princes of the Trojans over thy wine, that thou wouldst do battle man to man against Achilles, son of Peleus?"

Then Aeneas answered him, and said: "Son of Priam, why on this wise dost thou bid me face in fight the son of Peleus, high of heart, though I be not minded thereto? Not now for the first time shall I stand forth against swift-footed Achilles; nay, once ere now he drave me with his spear from Ida, when he had come forth against our kine, and laid Lyrnessus waste and Pedasus withal; howbeit Zeus saved me, who roused my strength and made swift my knees. Else had I been slain beneath the hands of Achilles and of Athene, who ever went before him and set there a light of deliverance, and bade him slay Leleges and Trojans with spear of bronze. Wherefore may it not be that any man face Achilles in fight, for that ever by his side is some god, that wardeth from him ruin. Aye, and of itself his spear flieth straight, and ceaseth not till it have pierced

through the flesh of man. Howbeit were a god to stretch with even hand the issue of war, then not lightly should he vanquish me, nay, not though he vaunt him to be wholly wrought of bronze."

Then in answer to him spake the prince Apollo, son of Zeus: "Nay, warrior, come, pray thou also to the gods that are for ever; for of thee too men say that thou wast born of Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, while he is sprung from a lesser goddess. For thy mother is daughter of Zeus, and his of the old man of the sea. Nay, bear thou straight against him thy stubborn bronze, nor let him anywise turn thee back with words of contempt and with threatenings."

So saying he breathed great might into the shepherd of the host, and he strode amid the foremost fighters, harnessed in flaming bronze. Nor was the son of Anchises unseen of white-armed Hera, as he went forth to face the son of Peleus amid the throng of men, but she gathered the gods together, and spake among them, saying: "Consider within your hearts, ye twain, O Poseidon and Athene, how these things are to be. Lo, here is Aeneas, gone forth, harnessed in flaming bronze, to face the son of Peleus, and it is Phoebus Apollo that hath set him on. Come ye then, let us turn him back forthwith; or else thereafter let one of us stand likewise by Achilles' side, and give him great might, and suffer not the heart in his breast anywise to fail; to the end that he may know that they that love him are the best of the immortals, and those are worthless as wind, that hitherto have warded from the Trojans war and battle. All we are come down from Olympus to mingle in this battle, that Achilles take no hurt among the Trojans for this day's space; but thereafter shall

he suffer whatever Fate spun for him with her thread at his birth, when his mother bare him. But if Achilles learn not this from some voice of the gods, he shall have dread hereafter when some god shall come against him in battle; for hard are the gods to look upon when they appear in manifest presence."

Then Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, answered her: "Hera, be not thou wroth beyond what is wise; thou needest not at all. I verily were not fain to make gods clash with gods in strife.[1] Nay, for our part let us rather go apart from the track unto some place of outlook, and sit us there, and war shall be for men. But if so be Ares or Phoebus Apollo shall make beginning of fight, or shall keep Achilles in check and suffer him not to do battle, then forthwith from us likewise shall the strife of war arise; and right soon, methinks, shall they separate them from the battle and hie them back to Olympus, to the gathering of the other gods, vanquished beneath our hands perforce."

So saying, the dark-haired god led the way to the heaped-up wall of godlike Heracles, the high wall that the Trojans and Pallas Athene had builded for him, to the end that he might flee thither and escape from the monster of the deep, whenso the monster drave him from the seashore to the plain.[2] There Poseidon and the other gods sate them down, and clothed their shoulders round about with a cloud that might not be rent; and they of the other part sat

by an oracle to expose his daughter to be a prey of the monster, but offered his immortal horses as a reward to him whoso should slay the beast. Heracles did this, aided by the wall mentioned in the text, but was deceived by Laomedon, who gave him mortal horses.

over against them on the brows of Callicolone, round about thee, O archer Phoebus, and Ares, sacker of cities.

So sat they on either side devising counsels, but to make beginning of grievous war both sides were loath, albeit Zeus, that sitteth on high, had bidden them.

Howbeit the whole plain was filled with men and horses, and aflame with bronze, and the earth resounded beneath their feet as they rushed together; and two warriors best by far of all came one against the other into the space between the two hosts, eager to do battle, even Aeneas, Anchises' son, and goodly Achilles. Aeneas first strode forth with threatening mien, his heavy helm nodding above him; his valorous shield he held before his breast, and he brandished a spear of bronze. And on the other side the son of Peleus rushed against him like a lion, a ravening lion that men are fain to slay, even a whole folk that be gathered together; and he at the first recking naught of them goeth his way, but when one of the youths swift in battle hath smitten him with a spear-cast, then he gathereth himself open-mouthed, and foam cometh forth about his teeth, and in his heart his valiant spirit groaneth, and with his tail he lasheth his ribs and his flanks on this side and on that, and rouseth himself to fight, and with glaring eyes he rusheth straight on in his fury, whether he slay some man or himself be slain in the foremost throng; even so was Achilles driven by his fury, and his lordly spirit to go forth to face great-hearted Aeneas. And when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Aeneas spake swift-footed goodly Achilles:

" Aeneas, wherefore hast thou sallied thus far forth from the throng to stand and face me? Is it that thy heart biddeth thee fight with me in hope that thou shalt be master of Priam's sovereignty amid the horse-taming Trojans? Nay, but though thou slay me, not for that shall Priam place his kingship in thy hands, for he hath sons, and withal is sound and nowise flighty of mind. Or have the Trojans meted out for thee a demesne pre-eminent above all, a fair tract of orchard and of plough-land, that thou mayest possess it, if so be thou slayest me? Hard, methinks, wilt thou find that deed. Aye, for on another day ere now methinks I drave thee before my spear. Dost thou not remember when thou wast alone, and I made thee run from the kine down with swift steps from Ida's hills in headlong haste? On that day didst thou not once look behind thee in thy flight. Thence thou fleddest forth to Lyrnessus, but I laid it waste, assailing it with the aid of Athene and father Zeus, and the women I led captive and took from them the day of freedom; but thyself thou wast saved by Zeus and the other gods. Howbeit not this day, methinks, shall he save thee, as thou deemest in thy heart; nay, of myself I bid thee get thee back into the throng and stand not forth to face me, ere yet some evil befall thee; when it is wrought even a fool getteth understanding."

Then Aeneas answered him and said: " Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me, as I were a child, seeing I know well of myself to utter taunts and withal speech that is seemly.[1] We know each other's lineage, and each other's parents, for

we have heard the tales told in olden days by mortal men; but with sight of eyes hast thou never seen my parents nor I thine. Men say that thou art son of peerless Peleus, and that thy mother was fair-tressed Thetis, a daughter of the sea; but for me, I declare that I am son of great-hearted Anchises, and my mother is Aphrodite. Of these shall one pair or the other mourn a dear son this day; for verily not with childish words, I deem, shall we twain thus part one from the other and return from out the battle. Howbeit, if thou wilt, hear this also, that thou mayest know well my lineage, and many there be that know it: at the first Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, begat Dardanus, and he founded Dardania, for not yet was sacred Ilios builded in the plain to be a city of mortal men, but they still dwelt upon the slopes of many-fountained Ida. And Dardanus in turn begat a son, king Erichthonius, who became richest of mortal men. Three thousand steeds had he that pastured in the marsh-land; mares were they, rejoicing in their tender foals. Of these as they grazed the North Wind became enamoured, and he likened himself to a dark-maned stallion and covered them; and they conceived, and bare twelve fillies. These, when they bounded over the earth, the giver of grain, would course over the topmost ears of ripened corn and break them not, and whenso they bounded over the broad back of the sea, would course over the topmost breakers of the hoary brine. And Erichthonius begat Tros to be king among the Trojans, and from Tros again three peerless sons were born, Ilus, and Assaracus, and godlike Ganymedes that was born the fairest of mortal men;

wherefore the gods caught him up on high to be cupbearer to Zeus by reason of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals. And Ilus again begat a son, peerless Laomedon, and Laomedon begat Tithonus and Priam and Clytius, and Hicetaon, scion of Ares. And Assaracus begat Capys, and he Anchises; but Anchises begat me and Priam goodly Hector. This then is the lineage and the blood wherefrom I avow me sprung. But as for valour, it is Zeus that increaseth it for men or minisheth it, even as himself willeth, seeing he is mightiest of all. But come, no longer let us talk thus like children, as we twain stand in the midst of the strife of battle. Revilings are there for both of us to utter, revilings full many; a ship of an hundred benches would not bear the load thereof. Glib is the tongue of mortals, and words there be therein many and manifold, and of speech the range is wide on this side and on that. Whatsoever word thou speakest, such shalt thou also hear. But what need have we twain to bandy strifes and wranglings one with the other like women, that when they have waxed wroth in soul-devouring strife go forth into the midst of the street and wrangle one against the other with words true and false; for even these wrath biddeth them speak. But from battle, seeing I am eager therefor, shalt thou not by words turn me till we have fought with the bronze man to man; nay, come, let us forthwith make trial each of the other with bronze-tipped spears."

He spake, and let drive his mighty spear against the other's dread and wondrous shield, and loud rang the shield about the spear-point. And the son of Peleus held the shield from him with his stout

hand, being seized with dread; for he deemed that the far-shadowing spear of great-hearted Aeneas would lightly pierce it through—fool that he was, nor knew in his mind and heart that not easy are the glorious gifts of the gods for mortal men to master or that they give place withal. Nor did the mighty spear of wise-hearted Aeneas then break through the shield, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god. Howbeit through two folds he drave it, yet were there still three, for five layers had the crook-foot god welded, two of bronze, and two within of tin, and one of gold, in the which the spear of ash was stayed.[1]

Then Achilles in his turn hurled his far-shadowing spear and smote upon Aeneas' shield that was well-balanced upon every side, beneath the outermost rim where the bronze ran thinnest, and thinnest was the backing of bull's-hide; and straight through sped the spear of Pelian ash, and the shield rang beneath the blow. And Aeneas cringed and held from him the shield, being seized with fear; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground for all its fury, albeit it tore asunder two circles of the sheltering shield. And having escaped the long spear he stood up, and over his eyes measureless grief was shed, and fear came over him for that the spear was planted so nigh. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and leapt upon him furiously, crying a terrible cry; and Aeneas grasped in his hand a stone—a mighty deed—one that not two mortals could bear,

variety to the outer surface. This is but one of a number of indications that the combat between Achilles and Aeneas, together with the Theomachy (battle of the gods), is not an integral part of the *Iliad*.

such as men are now; yet lightly did he wield it even alone. Then would Aeneas have smitten him with the stone, as he rushed upon him, either on helm or on the shield that had warded from him woeful destruction, and the son of Peleus in close combat would with his sword have robbed Aeneas of life, had not Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, been quick to see. And forthwith he spake among the immortal gods, saying: "Now look you, verily have I grief for great-hearted Aeneas, who anon shall go down to the house of Hades, slain by the son of Peleus, for that he listened to the bidding of Apollo that smiteth afar—fool that he was! nor will the god in any wise ward from him woeful destruction. But wherefore should he, a guiltless man, suffer woes vainly by reason of sorrows that are not his own?[1]—whereas he ever giveth acceptable gifts to the gods that hold broad heaven. Nay, come, let us lead him forth from out of death, lest the son of Cronos be anywise wroth, if so be Achilles slay him; for it is ordained unto him to escape, that the race of Dardanus perish not without seed and be seen no more—of Dardanus whom the son of Cronos loved above all the children born to him from mortal women. For at length hath the son of Cronos come to hate the race of Priam; and now verily shall the mighty Aeneas be king among the Trojans, and his sons' sons that shall be born in days to come."

Then made answer to him the ox-eyed, queenly Hera: "Shaker of Earth, of thine own self take counsel in thine heart as touching Aeneas, whether thou wilt save him or suffer him to be slain for all his valour by Achilles, Peleus' son. We twain verily,

even Pallas Athene and I, have sworn oaths full many among all the immortals never to ward off from the Trojans the day of evil, nay, not when all Troy shall burn in the burning of consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans shall be the burners thereof."

Now when Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, heard this, he went his way amid the battle and the hurtling of spears, and came to the place where Aeneas was and glorious Achilles. Forthwith then he shed a mist over the eyes of Achilles, Peleus' son, and the ashen spear, well-shod with bronze, he drew forth from the shield of the great-hearted Aeneas and set it before the feet of Achilles, but Aeneas he lifted up and swung him on high from off the ground. Over many ranks of warriors and many of chariots sprang Aeneas, soaring from the hand of the god, and came to the uttermost verge of the furious battle, where the Caucones were arraying them for the fight. Then close to his side came Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, and he spake, and addressed him with winged words :

" Aeneas, what god is it that thus biddeth thee in blindness of heart do battle man to man with the high-hearted son of Peleus, seeing he is a better man than thou, and therewithal dearer to the immortals ? Nay, draw thou back, whensoever thou fallest in with him, lest even beyond thy doom thou enter the house of Hades. But when it shall be that Achilles hath met his death and fate, then take thou courage to fight among the foremost, for there is none other of the Achaeans that shall slay thee."

So saying he left him there, when he had told

him all. Then quickly from Achilles' eyes he scattered the wondrous mist; and he stared hard with his eyes, and mightily moved spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold. My spear lieth here upon the ground, yet the man may I nowise see at whom I hurled it, eager to slay him. Verily, it seemeth, Aeneas likewise is dear to the immortal gods, albeit I deemed that his boasting was idle and vain. Let him go his way! no heart shall he find to make trial of me again, seeing that now he is glad to have escaped from death. But come, I will call to the war-loving Danaans and go forth against the other Trojans to make trial of them."

He spake, and leapt along the ranks, and called to each man: "No longer now stand ye afar from the Trojans, ye goodly Achaeans, but come, let man go forth against man and be eager for the fray. Hard is it for me, how mighty soever I be, to deal with men so many, and to fight them all; not even Ares, for all he is an immortal god, nor Athene could control by dint of toil the jaws of such a fray. Howbeit so far as I avail with hands and feet and might, in no wise, methinks, shall I be slack, nay, not a whit; but straight through their line will I go, nor deem I that any of the Trojans will be glad, whosoever shall draw nigh my spear."

So spake he, urging them on; and to the Trojans glorious Hector called with a shout, and declared that he would go forth to face Achilles: "Ye Trojans, high of heart, fear not the son of Peleus. I too with words could fight even the immortals, but with the spear it were hard, for they are mightier

far. Neither shall Achilles bring to fulfilment all his words, but a part thereof will he fulfil, and a part leave incomplete. Against him will I go forth, though his hands be even as fire, though his hands be as fire and his fury as the flashing steel."

So spake he, urging them on; and the Trojans with their faces toward the foe lifted their spears on high, and the fury of both sides clashed confusedly, and the battle cry arose. Then Phoebus Apollo drew nigh to Hector, and spake, saying: "Hector, no longer do thou anywise stand forth as a champion against Achilles, but in the throng await thou him and from amid the din of conflict, lest so be he smite thee with a cast of his spear or with his sword in close combat."

So spake he, and Hector fell back again into the throng of men, seized with fear, when he heard the voice of the god as he spoke.

But Achilles leapt among the Trojans, his heart clothed about in might, crying a terrible cry, and first he slew Iphition, the valiant son of Otrynteus, the leader of a great host, whom a Naïad nymph bare to Otrynteus, sacker of cities, beneath snowy Timolus in the rich land of Hyde. Him, as he rushed straight upon him, goodly Achilles smote with a cast of his spear full upon the head, and his head was wholly cloven asunder. And he fell with a thud, and goodly Achilles exulted over him: "Low thou liest, Otrynteus, of all men most dread; here is thy death, albeit thy birth was by the Gygaean lake, where is the demesne of thy fathers, even by Hyllus, that teems with fish, and eddying Hermus."

So spake he vauntingly, but darkness enfolded the other's eyes. Him the chariots of the Achaeans tore asunder with their tires in the forefront of the fray,

and over him Demoleon, Antenor's son, a valiant warder of battle, did Achilles pierce in the temple through the helmet with cheek-pieces of bronze. Nor did the bronze helm stay the spear, but through it sped the spear-point and brake asunder the bone; and all the brain was scattered about within; so stayed he him in his fury. Hippodamas thereafter, as he leapt down from his car and fled before him, he smote upon the back with a thrust of his spear. And as he breathed forth his spirit he gave a bellowing cry, even as a bull that is dragged belloweth, when young men drag him about the altar of the lord of Helice [1]; for in such doth the Shaker of Earth delight; even so bellowed Hippodamas, as his lordly spirit left his bones. But Achilles with his spear went on after godlike Polydorus, son of Priam. Him would his father nowise suffer to fight, for that among his children he was the youngest born and was dearest in his eyes; and in swiftness of foot he surpassed all. And lo, now in his folly, making show of his fleetness of foot, he was rushing through the foremost fighters, until he lost his life. Him swift-footed goodly Achilles smote full upon the back with a cast of his spear, as he darted past, even where the golden clasps of the belt were fastened, and the corselet overlapped; through this straight on its way beside the navel passed the spear-point, and he fell to his knees with a groan and a cloud of darkness enfolded him, and as he sank he clasped his bowels to him with his hands.

But when Hector beheld his brother Polydorus, clasping his bowels in his hand and sinking to earth, down over his eyes a mist was shed, nor might he longer endure to range apart, but strode against

Achilles, brandishing his sharp spear, in fashion like a flame. But when Achilles beheld him, even then sprang he up and spake vauntingly : " Lo, nigh is the man, that above all hath stricken me to the heart, for that he slew the comrade I honoured. Not for long shall we any more shrink one from the other along the dykes of war."

He said, and with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto goodly Hector : " Draw nigh, that thou mayest the sooner enter the toils of destruction."

But with no touch of fear, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm : " Son of Peleus, think not with words to affright me, as I were a child, seeing I know well of myself to utter taunts and withal speech that is seemly. I know that thou art valiant, and I am weaker far than thou. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods, whether I, albeit the weaker, shall rob thee of life with a cast of my spear; for my missile too hath been found keen ere now."

He spake, and poised his spear and hurled it, but Athene with a breath turned it back from glorious Achilles, breathing full lightly ; and it came back to goodly Hector, and fell there before his feet. But Achilles leapt upon him furiously, fain to slay him, crying a terrible cry. But Apollo snatched up Hector full easily, as a god may, and shrouded him in thick mist. Thrice then did swift-footed, goodly Achilles leap upon him with spear of bronze, and thrice he smote the thick mist. But when for the fourth time he rushed upon him like a god, then with a terrible cry he spake to him winged words : " Now again, thou dog, art thou escaped from death, though verily thy bane came nigh thee ; but once more hath Phoebus Apollo saved thee, to whom of a surety thou must

make prayer, whenso thou goest amid the hurtling of spears. Verily I will yet make an end of thee, when I meet thee hereafter, if so be any god is helper to me likewise. But now will I make after others, whomsoever I may light upon."

So saying he smote Dryops full upon the neck with a thrust of his spear, and he fell down before his feet. But he left him there, and stayed from fight Demuchus, Philetor's son, a valiant man and tall, striking him upon the knee with a cast of his spear; and thereafter he smote him with his great sword, and took away his life. Then setting upon Laogonus and Dardanus, sons twain of Bias, he thrust them both from their chariot to the ground, smiting the one with a cast of his spear and the other with his sword in close fight. Then Tros, Alastor's son—he came to clasp his knees, if so be he would spare him, by taking him captive, and let him go alive, and slay him not, having pity on one of like age, fool that he was! nor knew he this, that with him was to be no hearkening; for nowise soft of heart or gentle of mind was the man, but exceeding fierce—he sought to clasp Achilles' knees with his hands, fain to make his prayer; but he smote him upon the liver with his sword, and forth the liver slipped, and the dark blood welling forth therefrom filled his bosom; and darkness enfolded his eyes, as he swooned. Then with his spear Achilles drew nigh unto Mulius and smote him upon the ear, and clean through the other ear passed the spear-point of bronze. Then smote he Agenor's son Echeclus full upon the head with his hilted sword, and all the blade grew warm with his blood, and down over his eyes came dark death and mighty fate. Thereafter

Deucalion, at the point where the sinews of the elbow join, even there pierced he him through the arm with spear-point of bronze; and he abode his oncoming with arm weighed down, beholding death before him; but Achilles, smiting him with the sword upon his neck, hurled afar his head and therewithal his helmet; and the marrow spurted forth from the spine, and the corpse lay stretched upon the ground. Then went he on after the peerless son of Peires, even Rhigmus, that had come from deep-soiled Thrace. Him he smote in the middle with a cast of his spear, and the bronze was fixed in his belly; and he fell forth from out his car. And Areïthous, his squire, as he was turning round the horses, did Achilles pierce in the back with his sharp spear, and thrust him from the car; and the horses ran wild.

As through the deep glens of a parched mountain-side rageth wondrous-blazing fire, and the deep forest burneth, and the wind as it driveth it on whirleth the flame everywhither, even so raged he everywhither with his spear, like some god, ever pressing hard upon them that he slew; and the black earth ran with blood. And as a man yoketh bulls broad of brow to tread white barley in a well-ordered threshing-floor, and quickly is the grain trodden out beneath the feet of the loud-bellowing bulls; even so beneath great-souled Achilles his single-hooved horses trampled alike on the dead and on the shields; and with blood was all the axle sprinkled beneath, and the rims round about the car, for drops smote upon them from the horses' hooves and from the tires. But the son of Peleus pressed on to win him glory, and with gore were his invincible hands bespattered.

BOOK XXI

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus that immortal Zeus begat, there Achilles cleft them asunder, and the one part he drave to the plain toward the city, even where the Achaeans were fleeing in rout the day before, what time glorious Hector was raging—thitherward poured forth some in rout, and Hera spread before them a thick mist to hinder them; but the half of them were pent into the deep-flowing river with its silver eddies. Therein they flung themselves with a great din, and the sheer-falling streams resounded, and the banks round about rang loudly; and with noise of shouting swam they this way and that, whirled about in the eddies. And as when beneath the onrush of fire locusts take wing to flee unto a river, and the unwearied fire burneth them with its sudden oncoming, and they shrink down into the water; even so before Achilles was the sounding stream of deep-eddying Xanthus filled confusedly with chariots and with men.

But the Zeus-begotten left there his spear upon the bank, leaning against the tamarisk bushes, and himself leapt in like a god with naught but his sword; and grim was the work he purposed in his heart, and turning him this way and that he smote and smote; and from them uprose hideous groaning as they were

smitten with the sword, and the water grew red with blood. And as before a dolphin, huge of maw, other fishes flee and fill the nooks of some harbour of fair anchorage in their terror, for greedily doth he devour whatsoever one he catcheth; even so cowered the Trojans in the streams of the dread river beneath the steep banks. And he, when his hands grew weary of slaying, chose twelve youths alive from out the river as blood-price for dead Patroclus, son of Menoetius. These led he forth dazed like fawns, and bound their hands behind them with shapely thongs, which they themselves wore about their pliant tunics, and gave them to his comrades to lead to the hollow ships. Then himself he sprang back again, full eager to slay.

There met he a son of Dardanian Priam fleeing forth from the river, even Lycaon, whom on a time he had himself taken and brought sore against his will, from his father's orchard being come forth in the night; he was cutting with the sharp bronze the young shoots of a wild fig-tree, to be the rims of a chariot; but upon him, an unlooked-for bane, came goodly Achilles. For that time had he sold him into well-built Lemnos, bearing him thither on his ships, and the son of Jason had given a price for him; but from thence a guest-friend had ransomed him—and a great price he gave—even Eëtion of Imbros, and had sent him unto goodly Arisbe; whence he had fled forth secretly and come to the house of his fathers. For eleven days' space had he joy amid his friends, being come forth from Lemnos; but on the twelfth a god cast him once more into the hands of Achilles, who was to send him to the house of Hades, loath though he was to go. When the

swift-footed, goodly Achilles was ware of him, all unarmed, without helm or shield, nor had he a spear, but had thrown all these from him to the ground; for the sweat vexed him as he sought to flee from out the river, and weariness overmastered his knees beneath him; then, mightily moved, Achilles spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Now look you, verily a great marvel is this that mine eyes behold! In good sooth the great-hearted Trojans that I have slain will rise up again from beneath the murky darkness, seeing this man is thus come back and hath escaped the pitiless day of doom, albeit he was sold into sacred Lemnos; neither hath the deep of the grey sea stayed him, that holdeth back full many against their will. Nay, but come, of the point of our spear also shall he taste, that I may see and know in heart whether in like manner he will come back even from beneath, or whether the life-giving earth will hold him fast, she that holdeth even him that is strong."

So pondered he, and abode; but the other drew nigh him, dazed, eager to touch his knees, and exceeding fain of heart was he to escape from evil death and black fate. Then goodly Achilles lifted on high his long spear, eager to smite him, but Lycaon stooped and ran thereunder, and clasped his knees; and the spear passed over his back and was stayed in the ground, albeit fain to glut itself with the flesh of man. Then Lycaon besought him, with the one hand clasping his knees while with the other he held the sharp spear, and would not let it go; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "I beseech thee by thy knees, Achilles, and do thou respect me and have pity; in thine eyes, O thou

nurtured of Zeus, am I even as a sacred suppliant, for at thy table first did I eat of the grain of Demeter on the day when thou didst take me captive in the well-ordered orchard, and didst lead me afar from father and from friends, and sell me into sacred Lemnos ; and I fetched thee the price of an hundred oxen. Lo, now have I bought my freedom by paying thrice as much, and this is my twelfth morn since I came to Ilios, after many sufferings ; and now again has deadly fate put me in thy hands ; surely it must be that I am hated of father Zeus, seeing he hath given me unto thee again ; and to a brief span of life did my mother bear me, even Laothoë, daughter of the old man Altes,—Altes that is lord over the war-loving Leleges, holding steep Pedasus on the Satnioeis. His daughter Priam had to wife, and therewithal many another, and of her we twain were born, and thou wilt butcher us both. Him thou didst lay low amid the foremost foot-men, even godlike Polydorus, when thou hadst smitten him with a cast of thy sharp spear, and now even here shall evil come upon me; for I deem not that I shall escape thy hands, seeing a god hath brought me nigh thee. Yet another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart : slay me not ; since I am not sprung from the same womb as Hector, who slew thy comrade the kindly and valiant."

So spake to him the glorious son of Priam with words of entreaty, but all ungentle was the voice he heard : " Fool, tender not ransom to me, neither make harangue. Until Patroclus met his day of fate, even till then was it more pleasing to me to spare the Trojans, and full many I took alive and sold oversea ; but now is there not one that shall escape death,

whomsoever before the walls of Ilios God shall deliver into my hands—aye, not one among all the Trojans, and least of all among the sons of Priam. Nay, friend, do thou too die; why lamentest thou thus? Patroclus also died, who was better far than thou. And seest thou not what manner of man am I, how comely and how tall? A good man was my father, and a goddess the mother that bare me; yet over me too hang death and mighty fate. There shall come a dawn or eve or mid-day, when my life too shall some man take in battle, whether he smite me with cast of the spear, or with an arrow from the string."

So spake he, and the other's knees were loosened where he was and his heart was melted. The spear he let go, but crouched with both hands outstretched. But Achilles drew his sharp sword and smote him upon the collar-bone beside the neck, and all the two-edged sword sank in; and prone upon the earth he lay outstretched, and the dark blood flowed forth and wetted the ground. Him then Achilles seized by the foot and flung into the river to go his way, and vaunting over him he spake winged words:

"Lie there now among the fishes that shall lick the blood from thy wound, nor reck aught of thee,[1] neither shall thy mother lay thee on a bier and make lament; nay, eddying Scamander shall bear thee into the broad gulf of the sea. Many a fish as he leapeth amid the waves, shall dart up beneath the black ripple to eat the white fat of Lycaon. So perish ye, till we be come to the city of sacred Ilios, ye in flight, and I making havoc in your rear. Not even the fair-flowing river with his silver eddies shall aught avail you, albeit to him, I ween, ye have long time been wont to sacrifice bulls full many, and to

cast single-hooved horses while yet they lived,[1] into his eddies. Howbeit even so shall ye perish by an evil fate, till ye have all paid the price for the slaying of Patroclus and for the woe of the Achaeans, whom by the swift ships ye slew while I tarried afar."

So spake he, and the river waxed the more wroth at heart, and pondered in mind how he should stay goodly Achilles from his labour and ward off ruin from the Trojans. Meanwhile the son of Peleus bearing his far-shadowing spear leapt, eager to slay him, upon Asteropaeus, son of Pelegon, that was begotten of wide-flowing Axius and Periboea, eldest of the daughters of Acessamenus; for with her lay the deep-eddying River. Upon him rushed Achilles, and Asteropaeus stood forth from the river to face him, holding two spears; and courage was set in his heart by Xanthus, being wroth because of the youths slain in battle, of whom Achilles was making havoc along the stream and had no pity. But when they were come near, as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Asteropaeus spake swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Who among men art thou, and from whence, that thou darest come forth against me? Unhappy are they whose children face my might."

Then spake unto him the glorious son of Pelegon: "Great-souled son of Peleus, wherefore enquirest thou of my lineage? I come from deep-soiled Paeonia, a land afar, leading the Paeonians with their long spears, and this is now my eleventh morn, since I came to Ilios. But my lineage is from wide-flowing Axius—Axius, the water whereof flows the fairest

[1] This is meant perhaps to stamp the custom as barbaric, but see Paus. viii. 7. 2, with Frazer's note.

over the face of the earth—who begat Pelegon famed for his spear, and he, men say, was my father. Now let us do battle, glorious Achilles."

So spake he threatening, but goodly Achilles raised on high the spear of Pelian ash; howbeit the warrior Asteropaeus hurled with both spears at once, for he was one that could use both hands alike. With the one spear he smote the shield, but it brake not through, for the gold stayed it, the gift of the god; and with the other he smote the right fore-arm of Achilles a grazing blow, and the black blood gushed forth; but the spear-point passed above him and fixed itself in the earth, fain to glut itself with flesh. Then Achilles in his turn hurled at Asteropaeus his straight-flying spear of ash, eager to slay him, but missed the man and struck the high bank, and up to half its length he fixed in the bank the spear of ash. But the son of Peleus, drawing his sharp sword from beside his thigh, leapt upon him furiously, and the other availed not to draw in his stout hand the ashen spear of Achilles forth from out the bank. Thrice he made it quiver in his eagerness to draw it, and thrice he gave up his effort; but the fourth time his heart was fain to bend and break the ashen spear of the son of Aeacus; howbeit ere that might be Achilles drew nigh and robbed him of life with his sword. In the belly he smote him beside the navel, and forth upon the ground gushed all his bowels, and darkness enfolded his eyes as he lay gasping. And Achilles leapt upon his breast and despoiled him of his arms, and exulted saying: "Lie as thou art! Hard is it to strive with the children of the mighty son of Cronos, albeit for one begotten of a River. Thou verily declarest that thy

birth is from the wide-flowing River, whereas I avow me to be of the lineage of great Zeus. The father that begat me is one that is lord among the many Myrmidons, even Peleus, son of Aeacus; and Aeacus was begotten of Zeus. Wherefore as Zeus is mightier than rivers that murmur seaward, so mightier too is the seed of Zeus than the seed of a river. For lo, hard beside thee is a great River, if so be he can avail thee aught; but it may not be that one should fight with Zeus the son of Cronos. With him doth not even king Achelous vie, nor the great might of deep-flowing Ocean, from whom all rivers flow and every sea, and all the springs and deep wells; howbeit even he hath fear of the lightning of great Zeus, and his dread thunder, whenso it crasheth from heaven."

He spake, and drew forth from the bank his spear of bronze, and left Asteropaeus where he was, when he had robbed him of his life, lying in the sands; and the dark water wetted him. With him then the eels and fishes dealt, plucking and tearing the fat about his kidneys; but Achilles went his way after the Paeonians, lords of chariots, who were still huddled in rout along the eddying river, when they saw their best man mightily vanquished in the fierce conflict beneath the hands and sword of the son of Peleus. There slew he Thersilochus and Mydon and Astypylus and Mnesus and Thrasius and Aenius and Ophelestes; and yet more of the Paeonians would swift Achilles have slain, had not the deep-eddying River waxed wroth and called to him in the semblance of a man, sending forth a voice from out the deep eddy: "O Achilles, beyond men art thou in might, and beyond men doest deeds of evil; for ever do the very

gods give thee aid. If so be the son of Cronos hath granted thee to slay all the men of Troy, forth out of my stream at least do thou drive them, and work thy direful work on the plain. Lo, full are my lovely streams with dead men, nor can I anywise avail to pour my waters forth into the bright sea, being choked with dead, while thou ever slayest ruthlessly. Nay, come, let be; amazement holds me, thou leader of hosts."

Then swift-footed Achilles answered him, saying: "Thus shall it be, Scamander, nurtured of Zeus, even as thou biddest. Howbeit the proud Trojans will I not cease to slay until I have pent them in their city, and have made trial of Hector, man to man, whether he shall slay me or I him."

So saying he leapt upon the Trojans like a god. Then unto Apollo spake the deep-eddying River: "Out upon it, thou lord of the silver bow, child of Zeus, thou verily hast not kept the commandment of the son of Cronos, who straitly charged thee to stand by the side of the Trojans and to succour them, until the late-setting star of even shall have come forth and darkened the deep-soiled earth."

He spake, and Achilles, famed for his spear, sprang from the bank and leapt into his midst; but the River rushed upon him with surging flood, and roused all his streams tumultuously, and swept along the many dead that lay thick within his bed, slain by Achilles; these he cast forth to the land, bellowing the while like a bull, and the living he saved under his fair streams, hiding them in eddies deep and wide. In terrible wise about Achilles towered the tumultuous wave, and the stream as it beat upon his shield thrust him backward, nor might he avail to stand

firm upon his feet. Then grasped he an elm, shapely and tall, but it fell uprooted and tore away all the bank, and stretched over the fair streams with its thick branches, and dammed the River himself, falling all within him; but Achilles, springing forth from the eddy, hasted to fly with swift feet over the plain, for he was seized with fear. Howbeit the great god ceased not, but rushed upon him with dark-crested wave, that he might stay goodly Achilles from his labour, and ward off ruin from the Trojans. But the son of Peleus rushed back as far as a spear-cast with the swoop of a black eagle, the mighty hunter, that is alike the strongest and swiftest of winged things; like him he darted, and upon his breast the bronze rang terribly, while he swerved from beneath the flood and fled ever onward, and the River followed after, flowing with a mighty roar. As when a man that guideth its flow leadeth from a dusky spring a stream of water amid his plants and garden-plots, a mattock in his hands, and cleareth away the dams from the channel—and as it floweth all the pebbles beneath are swept along therewith, and it glideth swiftly onward with murmuring sound down a sloping place and outstrippeth even him that guideth it;—even thus did the flood of the River ever overtake Achilles for all he was fleet of foot; for the gods are mightier than men. And oft as swift-footed, goodly Achilles strove to make stand against him and to learn if all the immortals that hold broad heaven were driving him in rout, so often would the great flood of the heaven-fed River beat upon his shoulders from above; and he would spring on high with his feet in vexation of spirit, and the River was ever tiring his knees with its violent flow beneath,

and was snatching away the ground from under his feet. Then the son of Peleus uttered a bitter cry, with a look at the broad heaven: "Father Zeus, how is it that no one of the gods taketh it upon him in my pitiless plight to save me from out the River! thereafter let come upon me what may. None other of the heavenly gods do I blame so much, but only my dear mother, that beguiled me with false words, saying that beneath the wall of the mail-clad Trojans I should perish by the swift missiles of Apollo. Would that Hector had slain me, the best of the men bred here; then had a brave man been the slayer, and a brave man had he slain. But now by a miserable death was it appointed me to be cut off, pent in the great river, like a swineherd boy whom a torrent sweepeth away as he maketh essay to cross it in winter."

So spake he, and forthwith Poseidon and Pallas Athene drew nigh and stood by his side, being likened in form to mortal men, and they clasped his hand in theirs and pledged him in words. And among them Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth, was first to speak: "Son of Peleus, tremble not thou overmuch, neither be anywise afraid, such helpers twain are we from the gods—and Zeus approveth thereof—even I and Pallas Athene. Therefore is it not thy doom to be vanquished by a river; nay, he shall soon give respite, and thou of thyself shalt know it. But we will give thee wise counsel, if so be thou wilt hearken. Make not thine hands to cease from evil battle until within the famed walls of Ilios thou hast pent the Trojan host, whosoever escapeth. But for thyself, when thou hast bereft Hector of life, come thou back to the ships; lo, we grant thee to win glory."

When the twain had thus spoken, they departed to the immortals, but he went on toward the plain, for mightily did the bidding of the gods arouse him; and the whole plain was filled with a flood of water, and many goodly arms and corpses of youths slain in battle were floating there. But on high leapt his knees, as he rushed straight on against the flood, nor might the wide-flowing River stay him; for Athene put in him great strength. Nor yet would Scamander abate his fury, but was even more wroth against the son of Peleus, and raising himself on high he made the surge of his flood into a crest, and he called with a shout to Simoïs: "Dear brother, the might of this man let us stay, though it need the two of us, seeing presently he will lay waste the great city of king Priam, neither will the Trojans abide him in battle. Nay, bear thou aid with speed, and fill thy streams with water from thy springs, and arouse all thy torrents; raise thou a great wave, and stir thou a mighty din of tree-trunks and stones, that we may check this fierce man that now prevaileth, and is minded to vie even with the gods. For I deem that his strength shall naught avail him, neither anywise his comeliness, nor yet that goodly armour, which, I ween, deep beneath the mere shall lie covered over with slime; and himself will I enwrap in sands and shed over him great store of shingle past all measuring; nor shall the Achaeans know where to gather his bones, with such a depth of silt shall I enshroud him. Even here shall be his sepulchre, nor shall he have need of a heaped-up mound, when the Achaeans make his funeral."

He spake, and rushed tumultuously upon Achilles,

raging on high and seething with foam and blood and dead men. And the dark flood of the heaven-fed River rose towering above him, and was at point to overwhelm the son of Peleus. But Hera called aloud, seized with fear for Achilles, lest the great deep-eddying River should sweep him away. And forthwith she spake unto Hephaestus, her dear son: "Rouse thee, Crook-foot, my child! for it was against thee that we deemed eddying Xanthus to be matched in fight.[1] Nay, bear thou aid with speed, and put forth thy flames unstintedly. But I will hasten and rouse from the sea a fierce blast of the West Wind and the white South, that shall utterly consume the dead Trojans and their battle gear, ever driving on the evil flame; and do thou along the banks of Xanthus burn up his trees, and beset him about with fire, nor let him anywise turn thee back with soft words or with threatenings; neither stay thou thy fury, save only when I call to thee with a shout; then do thou stay thy unwearied fire."

So spake she, and Hephaestus made ready wondrous-blazing fire. First on the plain was the fire kindled, and burned the dead, the many dead that lay thick therein, slain by Achilles; and all the plain was parched, and the bright water was stayed. And as when in harvest-time the North Wind quickly parcheth again a freshly-watered orchard, and glad is he that tilleth it; so was the whole plain parched, and the dead he utterly consumed; and then against the River he turned his gleaming flame. Burned were the elms and the willows and the tamarisks, burned the lotus and the rushes and the galingale, that round the fair streams of the river grew abundantly; tormented were the eels and the fishes in the eddies,

and in the fair streams they plunged this way and that, sore distressed by the blast of Hephaestus of many wiles. Burned too was the mighty River, and he spake and addressed the god: "Hephaestus, there is none of the gods that can vie with thee, nor will I fight thee, ablaze with fire as thou art. Cease thou from strife, and as touching the Trojans, let goodly Achilles forthwith drive them forth from out their city; what part have I in strife or in bearing aid?"

So spake he, burning the while with fire, and his fair streams were seething. And as a cauldron boileth within, when the fierce flame setteth upon it, while it melteth the lard of a fatted hog, and it bubbleth in every part, and dry faggots are set thereunder; so burned in fire his fair streams, and the water boiled; nor had he any mind to flow further onward, but was stayed; for the blast of the might of wise-hearted Hephaestus distressed him. Then with instant prayer he spake winged words unto Hera: "Hera, wherefore hath thy son beset my stream to afflict it beyond all others? I verily am not so much at fault in thine eyes, as are all those others that are helpers of the Trojans. Howbeit I will refrain me, if so thou biddest, and let him also refrain. And I will furthermore swear this oath, never to ward off from the Trojans the day of evil, nay, not when all Troy shall burn with the burning of consuming fire, and the warlike sons of the Achaeans shall be the burners thereof."

But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, heard this plea, forthwith she spake unto Hephaestus, her dear son: "Hephaestus, withhold thee, my glorious son; it is nowise seemly thus to smite an immortal god for mortals' sake."

So spake she, and Hephaestus quenched his wondrous-blazing fire, and once more in the fair river-bed the flood rushed down.

But when the fury of Xanthus was quelled, the twain thereafter ceased, for Hera stayed them, albeit she was wroth; but upon the other gods fell strife heavy and grievous, and in diverse ways the spirit in their breasts was blown. Together then they clashed with a mighty din, and the wide earth rang, and round about great heaven pealed as with a trumpet. And Zeus heard it where he sat upon Olympus, and the heart within him laughed aloud in joy, as he beheld the gods joining in strife. Then no more held they long aloof, for Ares, piercer of shields, began the fray, and first leapt upon Athene, brazen spear in hand, and spake a word of reviling: "Wherefore now again, thou dog-fly, art thou making gods to clash with gods in strife, in the fierceness [1] of thy daring, as thy proud spirit sets thee on? Rememberest thou not what time thou movedst Diomedes, Tydeus' son, to wound me, and thyself in the sight of all didst grasp the spear and let drive straight at me, and didst rend my fair flesh? Therefore shalt thou now, methinks, pay the full price of all that thou hast wrought."

So saying he smote upon her tasselled aegis—the awful aegis against which not even the lightning of Zeus can prevail—thereon blood-stained Ares smote with his long spear. But she gave ground, and seized with her stout hand a stone that lay upon the plain, black and jagged and great, that men of former days had set to be the boundary mark of a field. Therewith she smote furious Ares on the neck, and loosed his limbs. Over seven roods he stretched in

his fall, and befouled his hair with dust, and about him his armour clanged. But Pallas Athene broke into a laugh, and vaunting over him she spake winged words: "Fool, not even yet hast thou learned how much mightier than thou I avow me to be, that thou matchest thy strength with mine. On this wise shalt thou satisfy to the full the Avengers invoked of thy mother, who in her wrath deviseth evil against thee, for that thou hast deserted the Achaeans and bearest aid to the overweening Trojans."

When she had thus spoken, she turned from Ares her bright eyes. Him then the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, took by the hand, and sought to lead away, as he uttered many a moan, and hardly could he gather back to him his spirit. But when the goddess, white-armed Hera, was ware of her, forthwith she spake winged words to Athene: "Out upon it, thou child of Zeus that beareth the aegis, unwearied one, lo, there again the dog-fly is leading Ares, the bane of mortals, forth from the fury of war amid the throng; nay, have after her."

So spake she, and Athene sped in pursuit, glad at heart, and rushing upon her she smote Aphrodite on the breast with her stout hand; and her knees were loosened where she stood, and her heart melted. So the twain lay upon the bounteous earth, and vaunting over them Athene spake winged words: "In such plight let all now be that are aiders of the Trojans when they fight against the mail-clad Argives, and on this wise bold and stalwart, even as Aphrodite came to bear aid to Ares, and braved my might. Then long ere this should we have ceased from war, having sacked Ilios, that well-peopled city."

So spake she, and the goddess, white-armed Hera smiled thereat. But unto Apollo spake the lord Poseidon, the Shaker of Earth : " Phoebus, wherefore do we twain stand aloof ? It beseemeth not, seeing others have begun. Nay, it were the more shameful, if without fighting we should fare back to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze. Begin, since thou art the younger ; it were not meet for me, seeing I am the elder-born and know the more. Fool, how witless is the heart thou hast ! Neither rememberest thou all the woes that we twain alone of all the gods endured at Ilios, what time we came at the bidding of Zeus and served the lordly Laomedon for a year's space at a fixed wage, and he was our taskmaster and laid on us his commands. I verily built for the Trojans round about their city a wall, wide and exceeding fair, that the city might never be broken ; and thou, Phoebus, didst herd the sleek kine of shambling gait amid the spurs of wooded Ida, the many-ridged. But when at length the glad seasons were bringing to its end the term of our hire, then did dread Laomedon defraud us twain of all hire, and send us away with a threatening word. He threatened that he would bind together our feet and our hands above, and would sell us into isles that lie afar. Aye, and he made as if he would lop off with the bronze the ears of us both. So we twain fared aback with angry hearts, wroth for the hire he promised but gave us not. It is to his folk now that thou showest favour, neither seekest thou with us that the overweening Trojans may perish miserably in utter ruin with their children and their honoured wives."

Then spake unto him lord Apollo, that worketh

afar: "Shaker of Earth, as nowise sound of mind wouldest thou count me, if I should war with thee for the sake of mortals, pitiful creatures, that like unto leaves are now full of flaming life, eating the fruit of the field, and now again pine away and perish. Nay, with speed let us cease from strife, and let them do battle by themselves."

So saying he turned him back, for he had shame to deal in blows with his father's brother. But his sister railed at him hotly, even the queen of the wild beasts, Artemis of the wild wood, and spake a word of reviling: "Lo, thou fleest, thou god that workest afar, and to Poseidon hast thou utterly yielded the victory, and given him glory for naught! Fool, why bearest thou a bow thus worthless as wind? Let me no more hear thee in the halls of our father boasting as of old among the immortal gods that thou wouldest do battle in open combat with Poseidon."

So spake she, but Apollo, that worketh afar, answered her not. Howbeit the revered wife of Zeus waxed wroth, and chid the archer queen with words of reviling: "How now art thou fain, thou bold and shameless thing, to stand forth against me? No easy foe, I tell thee, am I, that thou shouldst vie with me in might, albeit thou bearest the bow, since it was against women that Zeus made thee a lion, and granted thee to slay whomsoever of them thou wilt. In good sooth it is better on the mountains to be slaying beasts and wild deer than to fight amain with those mightier than thou. Howbeit if thou wilt, learn thou of war, that thou mayest know full well how much mightier am I, seeing thou matchest thy strength with mine."

Therewith she caught both the other's hands by the wrist with her left hand, and with her right took the bow and its gear from her shoulders, and with these self-same weapons, smiling the while, she beat her about the ears, as she turned this way and that; and the swift arrows fell from out the quiver. Then weeping the goddess fled from before her even as a dove that from before a falcon flieth into a hollow rock, a cleft—nor is it her lot to be taken; even so fled Artemis weeping, and left her bow and arrows where they lay. But unto Leto spake the messenger Argeïphontes: "Leto, it is not I that will anywise fight with thee; a hard thing were it to bandy blows with the wives of Zeus, the cloud-gatherer; nay, with a right ready heart boast thou among the immortal gods that thou didst vanquish me with thy great might."

So spake he, and Leto gathered up the curved bow and the arrows that had fallen hither and thither amid the whirl of dust. She then, when she had taken her daughter's bow and arrows, went back; but the maiden came to Olympus, to the house of Zeus with threshold of bronze, and sat down weeping upon her father's knees, while about her the fragrant robe quivered; and her father, the son of Cronos, clasped her to him, and asked of her, laughing gently: "Who now of the sons of heaven, dear child, hath entreated thee thus wantonly as though thou wert working some evil before the face of all?"

Then answered him the fair-crowned huntress of the echoing chase: "Thy wife it was that buffeted me, father, even white-armed Hera, from whom strife and contention have been made fast upon the immortals."

On this wise spake they one to the other; but Phoebus Apollo entered into sacred Ilios, for he was troubled for the wall of the well-builded city, lest the Danaans beyond what was ordained should lay it waste on that day. But the other gods that are for ever went unto Olympus, some of them in wrath and some exulting greatly, and they sate them down beside the Father, the lord of the dark clouds. But Achilles was still slaying alike the Trojans themselves and their single-hooved horses. And as when smoke riseth and reacheth the wide heaven from a city that burneth, and the wrath of the gods driveth it on—it causeth toil to all and upon many doth it let loose woes—even so caused Achilles toil and woes for the Trojans.

And the old man Priam stood upon the heaven-built wall, and was ware of monstrous Achilles, and how before him the Trojans were being driven in headlong rout, and help there was none. Then with a groan he gat him down to the ground from the wall, calling the while to the glorious keepers of the gate along the wall: "Wide open hold ye the gates with your hands until the folk shall come to the city in their rout, for lo, here at hand is Achilles, as he driveth them on; now methinks shall there be sorry work. But whenso they have found respite, being gathered within the wall, then close ye again the double doors, close fitted; for I am adread lest yon baneful man leap within the wall."

So spake he, and they undid the gates and thrust back the bars; and the gates being flung wide wrought deliverance. But Apollo leapt forth to face Achilles, that so he might ward off ruin from the Trojans. And they, the while, were fleeing straight

for the city and the high wall, parched with thirst, and begrimed with dust from the plain, while Achilles pressed upon them furiously with his spear; for fierce madness ever possessed his heart, and he was eager to win him glory.

Then would the sons of the Achaeans have taken high-gated Troy, had not Phoebus Apollo aroused goodly Agenor, Antenor's son, a peerless warrior and a stalwart. In his heart he put courage, and himself stood by his side, that he might ward from him the heavy hands of death; against the oak[1] he leaned, and he was enfolded in deep mist. So when Agenor was ware of Achilles, sacker of cities, he halted, and many things did his heart darkly ponder as he abode; and mightily moved he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit:

"Ah, woe is me; if I flee before mighty Achilles, there where the rest are being driven in rout, even so shall he overtake and butcher me in my cowardice. But what if I leave these to be driven before Achilles, son of Peleus, and with my feet flee from the wall elsewhither, toward the Ilean plain, until I be come to the glens and the spurs of Ida, and hide me in the thickets? Then at even, when I have bathed me in the river and cooled me of my sweat, I might get me back to Ilios. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Let it not be that he mark me as I turn away from the city toward the plain, and darting after me overtake me by his fleetness of foot. Then will it no more be possible to escape death and the fates, for exceeding mighty is he

[1] An oak in the neighbourhood of the Scaean gate is frequently mentioned as a well-known landmark; see vi. 237; ix. 354; xi. 170.

above all mortal men. What then if in front of the city I go forth to meet him? Even his flesh too, I ween, may be pierced with the sharp bronze, and in him is but one life, and mortal do men deem him to be; howbeit Zeus, son of Cronos, giveth him glory."

So saying he gathered himself together to abide Achilles' oncoming, and within him his valiant heart was fain to war and to do battle. Even as a pard goeth forth from a deep thicket before the face of a huntsman, neither is anywise afraid at heart, nor fleeth when she heareth the baying of the hounds; for though the man be beforehand with her and smite her with thrust or with dart, yet even pierced through with the spear she ceaseth not from her fury until she grapple with him or be slain; even so lordly Antenor's son, goodly Agenor, refused to flee till he should make trial of Achilles, but held before him his shield that was well-balanced upon every side, and aimed at Achilles with his spear, and shouted aloud: "Verily, I ween, thou hopest in thy heart, glorious Achilles, on this day to sack the city of the lordly Trojans. Thou fool! in sooth many be the woes that shall yet be wrought because of her. Within her are we, many men and valiant, that in front of our dear parents and wives and sons guard Ilios; nay, it is thou that shalt here meet thy doom, for all thou art so dread and so bold a man of war."

He spake, and hurled the sharp spear from his heavy hand, and smote him on the shin below the knee, and missed him not; and the greave of new-wrought tin rang terribly upon him; but back from him it smote leapt the bronze, and pierced not through, for the gift of the god stayed it. And the

son of Peleus in his turn set upon godlike Agenor; howbeit Apollo suffered him not to win glory, but snatched away Agenor, and shrouded him in thick mist, and sent him forth from the war to go his way in peace. But Apollo by craft kept the son of Peleus away from the folk, for likened in all things to Agenor's self the god that worketh afar took his stand before his feet; and Achilles rushed upon him swiftly to pursue him. And while he pursued him over the wheat-bearing plain, turning him toward the river, deep-eddying Scamander, as he by but little outran him—for by craft did Apollo beguile him, that he ever hoped to overtake him in his running—meanwhile the rest of the Trojans that were fleeing in rout came crowding gladly toward the city, and the town was filled with the throng of them. Neither dared they longer to await one another outside the city and wall, and to know who perchance was escaped and who had been slain in the fight; but with eager haste they poured into the city, whomsoever of them his feet and knees might save.

BOOK XXII

So they throughout the city, huddled in rout like fawns, were cooling their sweat and drinking and quenching their thirst, as they rested on the fair battlements ; while the Achaeans drew near the wall leaning their shields against their shoulders. But Hector did deadly fate ensnare to abide there where he was in front of Ilios and the Scaean gates. Then unto the son of Peleus spake Phoebus Apollo : " Wherefore, son of Peleus, dost thou pursue me with swift feet, thyself a mortal, while I am an immortal god ? Not even yet hast thou known me that I am a god, but thou ragest incessantly ! Hast thou in good sooth no care for thy toil regarding the Trojans whom thou dravest in rout, who now are gathered into the city, while thou hast turned thee aside hitherward ? Thou shalt never slay me, for lo, I am not one that is appointed to die."

Then with a mighty burst of anger spake to him swift-footed Achilles : " Thou hast foiled me, thou god that workest afar, most cruel of all gods, in that thou hast now turned me hither from the wall ; else had many a man yet bitten the ground or ever they came into Ilios. Now hast thou robbed me of great glory, and them hast thou saved full easily, seeing

thou hadst no fear of vengeance in the aftertime. Verily I would avenge me on thee, had I but the power."

So spake he, and was gone toward the city in pride of heart, speeding as speedeth with a chariot a horse that is winner of prizes, one that lightly courseth at full speed over the plain; even so swiftly plied Achilles his feet and knees.

Him the old man Priam was first to behold with his eyes, as he sped all-gleaming over the plain, like to the star that cometh forth at harvest-time, and brightly do his rays shine amid the host of stars in the darkness of night, the star that men call by name the Dog of Orion. Brightest of all is he, yet withal is he a sign of evil, and bringeth much fever upon wretched mortals. Even in such wise did the bronze gleam upon the breast of Achilles as he ran. And the old man uttered a groan, and beat upon his head with his hands, lifting them up on high, and with a groan he called aloud, beseeching his dear son, that was standing before the gates furiously eager to do battle with Achilles. To him the old man spake piteously, stretching forth his arms:

"Hector, my dear child, abide not, I pray thee, yon man, alone with none to aid thee, lest forthwith thou meet thy doom, slain by the son of Peleus, since verily he is far the mightier—cruel that he is. I would that he were loved by the gods even as by me! Then would the dogs and vultures speedily devour him as he lay unburied; so would dread sorrow depart from my soul, seeing he hath made me bereft of sons many and valiant, slaying them and selling them into isles that lie afar. For even now there be twain of my sons, Lycaon and Polydorus,

that I cannot see amid the Trojans that are gathered into the city, even they that Laothoë bare me, a princess among women. But if they be yet alive in the camp of the foe, then verily will we ransom them with bronze and gold, seeing there is store thereof in my house; for gifts full many did the old Altes, of glorious name, give to his daughter. But and if they be even now dead and in the house of Hades, then shall there be sorrow to my heart and to their mother, to us that gave them birth; but to the rest of the host a briefer sorrow, if so be thou die not as well, slain by Achilles. Nay, enter within the walls, my child, that thou mayest save the Trojan men and Trojan women, and that thou give not great glory to the son of Peleus, and be thyself reft of thy dear life. Furthermore, have thou compassion on me that yet can feel —on wretched me whom the father, son of Cronos, will slay by a grievous fate on the threshold of old age, when I have beheld ills full many, my sons perishing and my daughters haled away, and my treasure chambers laid waste, and little children hurled to the ground in the dread conflict, and my sons' wives being haled away beneath the deadly hands of the Achaeans. Myself then last of all at the entering in of my door shall ravening dogs rend, when some man by thrust or cast of the sharp bronze hath reft my limbs of life—even the dogs that in my halls I reared at my table to guard my door, which then having drunk my blood in the madness of their hearts, shall lie there in the gateway. A young man it beseemeth wholly, when he is slain in battle, that he lie mangled by the sharp bronze; dead though he be, all is honourable whatsoever be seen. But when dogs work shame upon the hoary head and hoary beard

and on the nakedness of an old man slain, lo, this is the most piteous thing that cometh upon wretched mortals."

Thus spake the old man, and with his hands he plucked and tore the hoary hairs from his head; but he could not persuade the heart of Hector. And over against him the mother in her turn wailed and shed tears, loosening the folds of her robe, while with the other hand she showed her breast, and amid shedding of tears she spake unto him winged words: "Hector, my child, have thou respect unto this and pity me, if ever I gave thee the breast to lull thy pain. Think thereon, dear child, and ward off yon foemen from within the wall, neither stand thou forth to face him. Cruel is he; for if so be he slay thee, never shall I lay thee on a bier and bewail thee, dear plant, born of mine own self, nay, nor shall thy bounteous wife; but far away from us by the ships of the Argives shall swift dogs devour thee."

So the twain with weeping spake unto their dear son, beseeching him instantly; howbeit they could not persuade the heart of Hector, but he abode Achilles as he drew nigh in his mightiness. And as a serpent of the mountain awaiteth a man at his lair, having fed upon evil herbs, and dread wrath hath entered into him, and terribly he glareth as he coileth him about within his lair; even so Hector in his courage unquenchable would not give ground, leaning his bright shield against the jutting wall. Then, mightily moved, he spake unto his own great-hearted spirit: "Ah, woe is me, if I go within the gates and the walls Polydamas will be the first to put reproach upon me, for that he bade me lead the Trojans to

the city during this fatal night, when goodly Achilles arose. Howbeit I hearkened not—verily it had been better far! But now, seeing I have brought the host to ruin in my blind folly, I have shame of the Trojans, and the Trojans' wives with trailing robes, lest haply some other baser man may say: 'Hector, trusting in his own might, brought ruin on the host.' So will they say; but for me it were better far to meet Achilles man to man and slay him, and so get me home, or myself perish gloriously before the city. Or what if I lay down my bossed shield and my heavy helm, and leaning my spear against the wall, go myself to meet peerless Achilles, and promise him that Helen, and with her all the store of treasure that Alexander brought in his hollow ships to Troy —the which was the beginning of strife—will we give to the sons of Atreus to take away, and furthermore and separate therefrom will make due division with the Achaeans of all that this city holdeth; and if thereafter I take from the Trojans an oath sworn by the elders that they will hide nothing, but will divide all in twain, even all the treasure that the lovely city holdeth within? But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? Let it not be that I go and draw nigh him, but he then pity me not nor anywise have reverence unto me, but slay me out of hand all unarmed, as I were a woman, when I have put from me mine armour. In no wise may I now from oak-tree or from rock [1] hold dalliance with him, even as youth and maiden—youth and maiden! [2] —hold dalliance one with the other. Better were it

[2] The repetition of the phrase seems best understood as intended to mark the grim contrast between the real and the imagined situation. It is not a mere trick of style.

to clash in strife with all speed; let us know to which of us twain the Olympian will vouchsafe glory."

So he pondered as he abode, and nigh to him came Achilles, the peer of Enyalius, warrior of the waving helm, brandishing over his right shoulder the Pelian ash, his terrible spear; and all round about the bronze flashed like the gleam of blazing fire or of the sun as he riseth. But trembling gat hold of Hector when he was ware of him, neither dared he any more abide where he was, but left the gates behind him, and fled in fear; and the son of Peleus rushed after him, trusting in his fleetness of foot. As a falcon in the mountains, swiftest of winged things, swoopeth lightly after a trembling dove: she fleeth before him, and he hard at hand darteth ever at her with shrill cries, and his heart biddeth him seize her; even so Achilles in his fury sped straight on, and Hector fled beneath the wall of the Trojans, and plied his limbs swiftly. Past the place of watch, and the wind-waved wild fig-tree they sped, ever away from under the wall along the waggon-track, and came to the two fair-flowing fountains, where well up the two springs that feed eddying Scamander. The one floweth with warm water, and round about a smoke goeth up therefrom as it were from a blazing fire, while the other even in summer floweth forth cold as hail or chill snow or ice that water formeth. And there hard by the selfsame springs are broad washing-tanks, fair and wrought of stone, where the wives and fair daughters of the Trojans were wont to wash bright raiment of old in the time of peace, before the sons of the Achaeans came. Thereby they ran, one fleeing, and one pursuing.

In front a good man fled, but one mightier far pursued him swiftly ; for it was not for beast of sacrifice or for bull's hide that they strove, such as are men's prizes for swiftness of foot, but it was for the life of horse-taming Hector that they ran. And as when single-hooved horses that are winners of prizes course swiftly about the turning-points, and some great prize is set forth, a tripod haply or a woman, in honour of a warrior that is dead ; even so these twain circled thrice with swift feet about the city of Priam ; and all the gods gazed upon them. Then among these the father of men and gods was first to speak : "Look you now, in sooth a well-loved man do mine eyes behold pursued around the wall ; and my heart hath sorrow for Hector, who hath burned for me many thighs of oxen on the crests of many-ridged Ida, and at other times on the topmost citadel ; but now again is goodly Achilles pursuing him with swift feet around the city of Priam. Nay then, come, ye gods, bethink you and take counsel whether we shall save him from death, or now at length shall slay him, good man though he be, by the hand of Achilles, son of Peleus."

Then spake unto him the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene : " O Father, Lord of the bright lightning and of the dark cloud, what a word hast thou said ! A man that is mortal, doomed long since by fate, art thou minded to deliver again from dolorous death ? Do as thou wilt ; but be sure that we other gods assent not all thereto."

Then in answer to her spake Zeus, the cloud-gatherer : " Be of good cheer, Tritogeneia, dear child. In no wise do I speak with full purpose of

heart, but am minded to be kindly to thee. Do as thy pleasure is and hold thee back no more."

So saying he urged on Athene that was already eager, and down from the peaks of Olympus she went darting.

But hard upon Hector pressed swift Achilles in ceaseless pursuit. And as when on the mountains a hound rouseth from his covert the fawn of a deer and chaseth him through glens and glades, and though he escape for a time, cowering beneath a thicket, yet doth the hound track him out and run ever on until he find him; even so Hector escaped not the swift-footed son of Peleus. Oft as he strove to rush straight for the Dardanian gates to gain the shelter of the well-built walls, if so be his fellows from above might succour him with missiles, so oft would Achilles be beforehand with him and turn him back toward the plain, but himself sped on by the city's walls. And as in a dream a man availeth not to pursue one that fleeth before him—the one availeth not to flee, nor the other to pursue—even so Achilles availed not to overtake Hector in his fleetness, neither Hector to escape. And how had Hector escaped [1] the fates of death, but that Apollo, albeit for the last and latest time, drew nigh him to rouse his strength and make swift his knees? And to his folk goodly Achilles made sign with a nod of his head, and would not suffer them to hurl at Hector their bitter darts, lest another might smite him and win glory, and himself come too late. But when for the fourth time they were come to the springs, lo then

field where the *πόδας ὠκύς* would have expected most easily to surpass him. This is discreditable to Achilles if not explained—the Greek poet must save the honour of the Greek hero" (Leaf, *Iliad* ii. 615).

the Father lifted on high his golden scales, and set therein two fates of grievous death, one for Achilles, and one for horse-taming Hector; then he grasped the balance by the midst and raised it; and down sank the day of doom of Hector, and departed unto Hades;[1] and Phoebus Apollo left him. But unto Peleus' son came the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, and drawing nigh she spake to him winged words:

"Now in good sooth, glorious Achilles, dear to Zeus, have I hope that to the ships we twain shall bear off great glory for the Achaeans, having slain Hector, insatiate of battle though he be; for now is it no more possible for him to escape us, nay, not though Apollo, that worketh afar, should travail sore, grovelling before Father Zeus, that beareth the aegis. But do thou now stand, and get thy breath; myself will I go and persuade yon warrior to do battle with thee man to man."

So spake Athene, and he obeyed and was glad at heart, and stood leaning upon his bronze-barbed spear of ash. But she left him, and came to goodly Hector in the likeness of Deïphobus both in form and untiring voice; and drawing nigh she spake to him winged words:

"Dear brother, full surely fleet Achilles doeth violence unto thee, chasing thee with swift feet around the city of Priam. But come, let us stand, and abiding here ward off his onset."

Then spake to her great Hector of the flashing helm: "Deïphobus, verily in time past thou wast far the dearest of my brethren, that were born of Hecabe and Priam, but now I deem that I shall honour thee in my heart even more, seeing thou

hast dared for my sake, when thine eyes beheld me, to come forth from out the wall, while the others abide within."

To him then spake again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "Dear brother, in sooth my father and queenly mother, yea, and my comrades round about me, besought me much, entreating me each in turn that I should abide there, in such wise do they all tremble before Achilles; but my heart within me was sore distressed with bitter grief. Howbeit now let us charge straight at him and do battle, neither let there be anywise a sparing of spears, to the end that we may know whether Achilles shall slay us twain, and bear our bloody spoils to the hollow ships, or whether he shall haply be vanquished by thy spear."

By such words and by guile Athene led him on. And when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, then first unto Achilles spake great Hector of the glancing helm: "No longer, son of Peleus, will I flee from thee, as before I thrice fled around the great city of Priam, nor ever had the heart to abide thy onset; but now again my spirit biddeth me stand and face thee, whether I slay or be slain. But come hither, let us call the gods to witness,[1] for they shall be the best witnesses and guardians of our covenant: I will do unto thee no foul despite, if Zeus grant me strength to outstay thee, and I take thy life; but when I have stripped from thee thy glorious armour, Achilles, I will give thy dead body back to the Achaeans; and so too do thou."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto him Achilles, swift of foot:

" Hector, talk not to me, thou madman, of covenants. As between lions and men there are no oaths of faith, nor do wolves and lambs have hearts of concord but are evil-minded continually one against the other, even so is it not possible for thee and me to be friends, neither shall there be oaths between us till one or the other shall have fallen, and glutted with his blood Ares, the warrior with tough shield of hide. Bethink thee of all manner of valour: now in good sooth it behoveth thee to quit thee as a spearman and a dauntless warrior. No more is there any escape for thee, but forthwith shall Pallas Athene lay thee low by my spear. Now shalt thou pay back the full price of all my sorrows for my comrades, whom thou didst slay when raging with thy spear."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled it; howbeit glorious Hector, looking steadily at him, avoided it; for he was ware of it in time and crouched, and the spear of bronze flew over, and fixed itself in the earth; but Pallas Athene caught it up, and gave it back to Achilles, unseen of Hector, shepherd of the host. And Hector spake unto the peerless son of Peleus: " Thou hast missed, neither in any wise, as it seemeth, O Achilles like to the gods, hast thou yet known from Zeus of my doom, though verily thou thoughtest it. Howbeit thou wast but glib of tongue and a cunning knave in speech, to the end that seized with fear of thee I might be forgetful of my might and my valour. Not as I flee shalt thou plant thy spear in my back; nay, as I charge upon thee drive thou it straight through my breast, if a god hath vouchsafed thee this. Now in turn avoid thou my spear of bronze. Would that thou mightest

take it all into thy flesh! So would war be lighter for the Trojans, if thou wert but dead; for thou art their greatest bane."

He spake, and poised his far-shadowing spear and hurled it, and smote full upon the shield of the son of Peleus, and missed him not; but far from the shield the spear leapt back. And Hector waxed wroth for that the swift shaft had flown vainly from his hand, and he stood confounded, for he had no second spear of ash. Then he shouted aloud, and called to Deïphobus of the white shield, and asked of him a long spear; but he was nowise nigh. And Hector knew all in his heart, and spake, saying: "Out upon it, in good sooth have the gods called me to my death. For I deemed that the warrior Deïphobus was at hand, but lo, he is within the wall, and Athene hath beguiled me. Now of a surety is evil death nigh at hand, and no more afar from me, neither is there way of escape. So I ween from of old was the good pleasure of Zeus, and of the son of Zeus, the god that smiteth afar, even of them that aforetime were wont to succour me with ready hearts; but now again is my doom come upon me. Nay, but not without a struggle let me die, neither ingloriously, but in the working of some great deed for the hearing of men that are yet to be."

So saying, he drew his sharp sword that hung beside his flank, a great sword and a mighty, and gathering himself together swooped like an eagle of lofty flight that darteth to the plain through the dark clouds to seize a tender lamb or a cowering hare; even so Hector swooped, brandishing his sharp sword. And Achilles rushed upon him, his heart full of savage wrath, and before his breast he

made a covering of his shield, fair and richly-dight, and tossed his bright four-horned helm; and fair about it waved the plumes wrought of gold, that Hephaestus had set thick about the crest. χ As a star goeth forth amid stars in the darkness of night, the star of evening, that is set in heaven as the fairest of all; even so went forth a gleam from the keen spear that Achilles poised in his right hand, as he devised evil for goodly Hector, looking the while upon his fair flesh to find where it was most open to a blow. Now all the rest of his flesh was covered by the armour of bronze, the goodly armour that he had stripped from mighty Patroclus when he slew him; but there was an opening where the collar bones part the neck and shoulders, even the gullet, where destruction of life cometh most speedily; even there, as he rushed upon him, goodly Achilles let drive with his spear; and clean out through the tender neck went the point. Howbeit the ashen spear, heavy with bronze, clave not the windpipe, to the end that he might yet make answer and speak unto his foe. Then fell he in the dust, and goodly Achilles exulted over him; "Hector, thou thoughtest, I ween, whilst thou wast spoiling Patroclus, that thou wouldest be safe, and hadst no thought of me that was afar, thou fool. Far from him a helper, mightier far, was left behind at the hollow ships, even I, that have loosed thy knees. Thee shall dogs and birds rend in unseemly wise, but to him shall the Achaeans give burial."

Then, his strength all spent, spake to him Hector of the flashing helm: "I implore thee by thy life and knees and parents, suffer me not to be devoured of dogs by the ships of the Achaeans; nay, take

thou store of bronze and gold, gifts that my father and queenly mother shall give thee, but my body give thou back to my home, that the Trojans and the Trojans' wives may give me my due meed of fire in my death."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake unto him Achilles swift of foot: "Implore me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that in any wise wrath and fury might bid me carve thy flesh and myself eat it raw, because of what thou hast wrought, as surely as there lives no man that shall ward off the dogs from thy head; nay, not though they should bring hither and weigh out ransom ten-fold, aye, twenty-fold, and should promise yet more; nay, not though Priam, son of Dardanus, should bid pay thy weight in gold; not even so shall thy queenly mother lay thee on a bier and make lament for thee, the son herself did bear, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly." X

Then even in dying spake unto him Hector of the flashing helm: "Verily I know thee well, and forbode what shall be, neither was it to be that I should persuade thee; of a truth the heart in thy breast is of iron. Bethink thee now lest haply I bring the wrath of the gods upon thee on the day when Paris and Phoebus Apollo shall slay thee, valorous though thou art, at the Scaean gate."

Even as he thus spake the end of death enfolded him and his soul fleeting from his limbs was gone to Hades, bewailing her fate, leaving manliness and youth. And to him even in his death spake goodly Achilles: "Lie thou dead; my fate will I accept whenso Zeus willeth to bring it to pass and the other immortal gods."

He spake, and from the corpse drew forth his spear of bronze and laid it aside, and set him to strip from the shoulders the blood-stained armour. And the other sons of the Achaeans ran up round about, and gazed upon the stature and wondrous comeliness of Hector, neither did any draw nigh but dealt him a wound. And thus would one speak, with a look at his neighbour: "Look you, in good sooth softer is Hector for the handling now than when he burned the ships with blazing fire." Thus would one speak, and drawing nigh would deal a wound. But when goodly Achilles, swift of foot, had despoiled him, then stood he up among the Achaeans and spake winged words: "My friends, leaders and rulers of the Argives, seeing the gods have vouchsafed us to slay this man, that hath wrought much evil beyond all the host of the others, come, let us make trial in arms about the city, to the end that we may yet further know what purpose the Trojans have in mind, whether they will leave their high city now that this man is fallen, or whether they are minded to abide, even though Hector be no more. But why doth my heart thus hold converse with me? There lieth by the ships a dead man unwept, unburied, even Patroclus; him will I not forget so long as I abide among the living, and my knees are quick. Nay, if even in the house of Hades men forget their dead, yet will I even there remember my dear comrade. But come, singing our song of victory, ye sons of the Achaeans, let us go back to the hollow ships and bring thither this corpse. We have won us great

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[3] Line 388 is given by some MSS. in the form,

ζωὸς ἐν Ἀργείοισι φιλοπτολέμοισι μετείω·

glory ; we have slain goodly Hector, to whom the Trojans made prayer throughout their city, as unto a god."

He spake, and devised foul entreatment for goodly Hector. The tendons of both his feet behind he pierced from heel to ankle, and made fast therethrough thongs of oxhide, and bound them to his chariot, but left the head to trail. Then when he had mounted his car and had lifted therein the glorious armour, he touched the horses with the lash to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. And from Hector as he was dragged the dust rose up, and on either side his dark hair flowed outspread, and all in the dust lay the head that was before so fair ; but now had Zeus given him over to his foes to suffer foul entreatment in his own native land.

So was his head all befouled with dust ; but his mother tore her hair and from her flung far her gleaming veil and uttered a cry exceeding loud at sight of her son. And a piteous groan did his father utter, and around them the folk was holden of wailing and groaning throughout the city. Most like to this was it as though all beetling Ilios were utterly burning with fire. And the folk had much ado to hold back the old man in his frenzy, fain as he was to go forth from the Dardanian gates. To all he made prayer, grovelling the while in the filth, and calling on each man by name : " Withhold, my friends, and suffer me for all your love to go forth from the city alone, and hie me to the ships of the Achaeans. I will make prayer to yon ruthless man, yon worker of violence, if so be he may have shame before his fellows and have pity on my old age. He too, I

ween, hath a father such as I am, even Peleus, that begat him and reared him to be a bane to Trojans; but above all others hath he brought woe upon me, so many sons of mine hath he slain in their prime. Yet for them all I mourn not so much, despite my grief, as for one only, sharp grief for whom will bring me down to the house of Hades—even for Hector. Ah, would he had died in my arms; then had we taken our fill of weeping and wailing, the mother that bare him to her sorrow, and myself."

So spake he weeping, and thereto the townsfolk added their laments. And among the women of Troy Hecabe led the vehement lamentation: "My child, ah woe is me! How shall I live in my sore anguish, now thou art dead?—thou that wast my boast night and day in the city, and a blessing to all, both to the men and women of Troy throughout the town, who ever greeted thee as a god; for verily thou wast to them a glory exceeding great, while yet thou livedst; but now death and fate are come upon thee."

So spake she weeping; but the wife knew naught as yet—the wife of Hector—for no true messenger had come to tell her that her husband abode without the gates; but she was weaving a web in the innermost part of the lofty house, a purple web of double fold, and therein was broidering flowers of varied hue. And she called to her fair-tressed handmaids through the house to set a great tripod on the fire, to the end that there should be a hot bath for Hector whenso he returned from out the battle—unwitting one, neither wist she anywise that far from all baths flashing-eyed Athene had laid him low by the hand of Achilles. But the shrieks she heard and the groan-

ings from the wall, and her limbs reeled, and from her hand the shuttle fell to earth. Then she spake again among her fair-tressed handmaids: "Come hither two of you, and follow me, let me see what deeds have been wrought. It was the voice of my husband's honoured mother that I heard, and in mine own breast my heart leapeth to my mouth, and beneath me my knees are numbed; verily hard at hand is some evil thing for the children of Priam. Far from my ear be the word, but sorely am I afraid lest to my sorrow goodly Achilles may have cut off from the city bold Hector by himself alone, and have driven him to the plain, aye, and have by now made him to cease from the baneful valour that possessed him; seeing he would never abide in the throng of men, but would ever charge far to the front, yielding to no man in his might."

So saying she hasted through the hall with throbbing heart as one beside herself, and with her went her handmaidens. But when she was come to the wall and the throng of men, then on the wall she stopped and looked, and was ware of him as he was dragged before the city; and swift horses were dragging him ruthlessly toward the hollow ships of the Achaeans. Then down over her eyes came the darkness of night, and enfolded her, and she fell backward and gasped forth her spirit. Far from off her head she cast the bright attiring thereof, the frontlet and coif and kerchief and woven band, and the veil that golden Aphrodite had given her on the day when Hector of the flashing helm led her as his bride forth from the house of Eëtion, after he had brought bride-gifts past counting. And round about her came thronging her husband's sisters and his brothers' wives, who bare

her up in their midst, distraught even unto death. But when she revived, and her spirit was returned into her breast, then she lifted up her voice in wailing,[1] and spake among the women of Troy: "Ah Hector, woe is me! to one fate, it seemeth, were we born, both of us twain, thou in Troy in the house of Priam, and I in Thebe beneath wooded Placus in the house of Eëtion, who reared me when I was a babe, hapless father of a cruel-fated child; would God he had never begotten me. Now thou unto the house of Hades beneath the deeps of earth art departing, but me thou leavest in bitter grief, a widow in thy halls, and thy son is still a mere babe, the son born of thee and me in our haplessness; nor shalt thou be any profit to him, Hector, seeing thou art dead, neither he to thee. For even though he escape the woeful war of the Achaeans, yet shall his portion be labour and sorrow in the aftertime, for others will take away his lands. The day of orphanhood cutteth a child off from the friends of his youth; ever is his head bowed low, and his cheeks are bathed in tears, and in his need the child hieth him to his father's friends, plucking one by the cloak and another by the tunic; and of them that are touched with pity, one holdeth forth his cup for a moment: his lips he wetteth, but his palate he wetteth not. And one whose father and mother yet live thrusteth him from the feast with smiting of the hand, and chideth him with words of reviling: 'Get thee gone, even as thou art! No father of thine feasteth in our company.' Then in tears unto his widowed mother cometh back the child—Astyanax, that aforetime on his father's knees ate only marrow and the rich fat of sheep; and when sleep came upon him and he ceased from

his childish play, then would he slumber on a couch in the arms of his nurse in his soft bed, his heart satisfied with good things But now, seeing he has lost his dear father, he will suffer ills full many—my Astyanax, whom the Trojans call by this name[1] for that thou alone didst save their gates and their high walls. But now by the beaked ships far from thy parents shall writhing worms devour thee, when the dogs have had their fill, as thou liest a naked corpse ; yet in thy halls lieth raiment, finely-woven and fair, wrought by the hands of women. Howbeit all these things will I verily burn in blazing fire—in no wise a profit unto thee, seeing thou shalt not lie therein, but to be an honour unto thee from the men and women of Troy."

So spake she weeping, and thereto the women added their laments.

[1] See the note on vi. 403.

BOOK XXIII

Thus they made lamentation throughout the city; but the Achaeans, when they were come to the ships and the Hellespont, scattered each man to his own ship; howbeit the Myrmidons would Achilles nowise suffer to be scattered, but spake among his war-loving comrades, saying: "Ye Myrmidons of fleet steeds, my trusty comrades, let us not yet loose our single-hooved horses from their cars, but with horses and chariots let us draw nigh and mourn Patroclus; for that is the due of the dead. Then when we have taken our fill of dire lamenting, we will unyoke our horses and sup here all together."

So spake he, and they raised the voice of wailing all with one accord, and Achilles was leader thereof. Then thrice about the corpse they drave their fair-maned steeds, mourning the while; and among them Thetis roused desire of wailing. Wetted were the sands and wetted the armour of the warriors with their tears; so mighty a deviser of rout was he for whom they mourned. And among them the son of Peleus was leader in the vehement lamentation; laying his man-slaying hands upon the breast of his comrade: "Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for even now am I bringing to fulfilment all that aforetime I promised thee: that I would drag Hector hither and give him raw unto

dogs to devour, and of twelve glorious sons of the Trojans would I cut the throats before thy pyre, in my wrath at thy slaying."

He spake, and devised foul entreatment for goodly Hector, stretching him on his face in the dust before the bier of the son of Menoetius. And they put off, each man of them, their shining harness of bronze, and loosed their loud-neighing horses, and themselves sat down beside the ship of the swift-footed son of Aeacus, a countless host; and he made them a funeral feast to satisfy their hearts. Many sleek bulls bellowed [1] about the knife, as they were slaughtered, many sheep and bleating goats, and many white-tusked swine, rich with fat, were stretched to singe over the flame of Hephaestus; and everywhere about the corpse the blood ran so that one might dip cups therein.

But the prince, the swift-footed son of Peleus, was led unto goodly Agamemnon by the chiefs of the Achaeans, that had much ado to persuade him thereto, so wroth at heart was he for his comrade. But when, as they went, they were come to the hut of Agamemnon, forthwith they bade clear-voiced heralds set upon the fire a great cauldron, if so be they might persuade the son of Peleus to wash from him the bloody gore. But he steadfastly denied them, and sware an oath thereto: "Nay, verily by Zeus, that is highest and best of gods, it may not be that water should come nigh my head, until such time as I have laid Patroclus on the fire, and have heaped him a barrow, and shorn my hair withal, since never more shall a second grief thus reach my heart, while yet I abide among the living. Howbeit for this present let us yield us to the banquet we

needs must loathe ; but in the morning rouse thou the folk, king of men Agamemnon, to bring wood, and to make ready all that it beseemeth a dead man to have, whenso he goeth beneath the murky darkness, to the end that unwearied fire may burn him quickly from sight, and the host betake it to its tasks."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed, and speedily making ready each man his meal they supped, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, they went each man to his hut to take his rest ; but the son of Peleus upon the shore of the loud-resounding sea lay groaning heavily amid the host of the Myrmidons, in an open space where the waves plashed upon the shore. And when sleep seized him, loosening the cares of his heart, being shed in sweetness round about him—for sore weary were his glorious limbs with speeding after Hector unto windy Ilios—then there came to him the spirit of hapless Patroclus, in all things like his very self, in stature and fair eyes and in voice, and in like raiment was he clad withal ; and he stood above Achilles' head and spake to him, saying : " Thou sleepest, and hast forgotten me, Achilles. Not in my life wast thou unmindful of me, but now in my death ! Bury me with all speed, that I pass within the gates of Hades. Afar do the spirits keep me aloof, the phantoms of men that have done with toils, neither suffer they me to join myself to them beyond the River, but vainly I wander through the wide-gated house of Hades. And give me thy hand, I pitifully entreat thee, for never more again shall I come back from out of Hades, when once ye

have given me my due of fire. Never more in life shall we sit apart from our dear comrades and take counsel together, but for me hath loathly fate opened its maw, the fate that was appointed me even from my birth. Aye, and thou thyself also, Achilles like to the gods, art doomed to be brought low beneath the wall of the wealthy Trojans. And another thing will I speak, and charge thee, if so be thou wilt hearken. Lay not my bones apart from thine, Achilles, but let them lie together, even as we were reared in your house, when Menoetius brought me, being yet a little lad, from Opoeis to your country, by reason of grievous man-slaying, on the day when I slew Amphidamus' son in my folly, though I willed it not, in wrath over the dice. Then the knight Peleus received me into his house and reared me with kindly care and named me thy squire ; even so also let one coffer enfold our bones, a golden coffer with handles twain, the which thy queenly mother gave thee."

Then in answer spake to him Achilles, swift of foot : " Wherefore, O head beloved, art thou come hither, and thus givest me charge about each thing ? Nay, verily I will fulfil thee all, and will hearken even as thou biddest. But, I pray thee, draw thou nigher ; though it be but for a little space let us clasp our arms one about the other, and take our fill of dire lamenting."

So saying he reached forth with his hands, yet clasped him not ; but the spirit like a vapour was gone beneath the earth, gibbering faintly. And seized with amazement Achilles sprang up, and smote his hands together, and spake a word of wailing : " Look you now, even in the house of

Hades is the spirit and phantom somewhat, albeit the mind be not anywise therein; for the whole night long hath the spirit of hapless Patroclus stood over me, weeping and wailing, and gave me charge concerning each thing, and was wondrously like his very self."

So spake he, and in them all aroused the desire of lament; and rosy-fingered Dawn shone forth upon them while yet they wailed around the piteous corpse. But the lord Agamemnon sent forth mules and men from all sides from out the huts to fetch wood; and a man of valour watched thereover, even Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. And they went forth bearing in their hands axes for the cutting of wood and well-woven ropes, and before them went the mules; and ever upward, downward, sideward, and aslant they fared. But when they were come to the spurs of many-fountained Ida, forthwith they set them to fell high-crested oaks with the long-edged bronze in busy haste; and with a mighty crash the trees kept falling. Then the Achaeans split the trunks asunder and bound them behind the mules, and these tore up the earth with their feet as they hasted toward the plain through the thick underbrush. And all the woodcutters bare logs; for so were they bidden of Meriones, squire of kindly Idomeneus. Then down upon the shore they cast them, man after man, where Achilles planned a great barrow for Patroclus and for himself. But when on all sides they had cast down the measureless wood, they sate them down there and abode, all in one throng. And Achilles straightway bade the war-loving Myrmidons gird them about with bronze, and yoke each man his horses to his

car. And they arose and did on their armour and mounted their chariots, warriors and charioteers alike. In front fared the men in chariots, and thereafter followed a cloud of footmen, a host past counting; and in the midst his comrades bare Patroclus. And as with a garment they wholly covered the corpse with their hair that they shore off and cast thereon; and behind them goodly Achilles clasped the head, sorrowing the while; for peerless was the comrade whom he was speeding to the house of Hades.

But when they were come to the place that Achilles had appointed unto them, they set down the dead, and swiftly heaped up for him abundant store of wood. Then again swift-footed goodly Achilles took other counsel; he took his stand apart from the pyre and shore off a golden lock, the rich growth whereof he had nursed for the river Spercheüs, and, his heart mightily moved, he spake, with a look over the wine-dark sea: "Spercheüs, to no purpose did my father Peleus vow to thee that when I had come home thither to my dear native land, I would shear my hair to thee and offer a holy hecatomb, and on the selfsame spot would sacrifice fifty rams, males without blemish, into thy waters, where is thy demesne and thy fragrant altar. So vowed that old man, but thou didst not fulfil for him his desire. Now, therefore, seeing I go not home to my dear native land, I would fain give unto the warrior Patroclus this lock to fare with him."

He spake and set the lock in the hands of his dear comrade, and in them all aroused the desire of lament. And now would the light of the sun have gone down upon their weeping, had not Achilles drawn nigh to Agamemnon's side and said: "Son of

Atreus—for to thy words as to those of none other will the host of the Achaeans give heed—of lamenting they may verily take their fill, but for this present disperse them from the pyre, and bid them make ready their meal; for all things here we to whom the dead is nearest and dearest will take due care; and with us let the chieftains also abide."

Then when the king of men Agamemnon heard this word, he forthwith dispersed the folk amid the shapely ships, but they that were nearest and dearest to the dead abode there, and heaped up the wood, and made a pyre of an hundred feet this way and that, and on the topmost part thereof they set the dead man, their hearts sorrow-laden. And many goodly sheep and many sleek kine of shambling gait they flayed and dressed before the pyre: and from them all great-souled Achilles gathered the fat, and enfolded the dead therein from head to foot, and about him heaped the flayed bodies. And thereon he set two-handled jars of honey and oil, leaning them against the bier; and four horses with high-arched necks he cast swiftly upon the pyre, groaning aloud the while. Nine dogs had the prince, that fed beneath his table, and of these did Achilles cut the throats of twain, and cast them upon the pyre. And twelve valiant sons of the great-souled Trojans slew he with the bronze—and grim was the work he purposed in his heart—and thereto he set the iron might of fire, to range at large. Then he uttered a groan, and called on his dear comrade by name: "Hail, I bid thee, O Patroclus, even in the house of Hades, for now am I bringing all to pass, which aforetime I promised thee. Twelve valiant sons of the great-

souled Trojans, lo all these together with thee the flame devoureth ; but Hector, son of Priam, will I nowise give to the fire to feed upon, but to dogs."

So spake he threatening, but with Hector might no dogs deal ; nay, the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite, kept dogs from him by day alike and by night, and with oil anointed she him, rose-sweet, ambrosial, to the end that Achilles might not tear him as he dragged him. And over him Phoebus Apollo drew a dark cloud from heaven to the plain, and covered all the place whereon the dead man lay, lest ere the time the might of the sun should shrivel his flesh round about on his sinews and limbs.

Howbeit the pyre of dead Patroclus kindled not. Then again did swift-footed goodly Achilles take other counsel ; he took his stand apart from the pyre, and made prayer to the two winds, to the North Wind and the West Wind, and promised fair offerings, and full earnestly, as he poured libations from a cup of gold, he besought them to come, to the end that the corpses might speedily blaze with fire, and the wood make haste to be kindled. Then forthwith Iris heard his prayer, and hied her with the message to the winds. They in the house of the fierce-blowing West Wind were feasting all together at the banquet, and Iris halted from her running on the threshold of stone. Soon as their eyes beheld her, they all sprang up and called her each one to himself. But she refused to sit, and spake saying : " I may not sit, for I must go back unto the streams of Oceanus, unto the land of the Ethiopians, where they are sacrificing hecatombs to the immortals, that I too may share in the sacred feast. But Achilles prayeth the North Wind and the noisy West Wind to come,

and promiseth them fair offerings, that so ye may rouse the pyre to burn whereon lieth Patroclus, for whom all the Achaeans groan aloud."

When she had thus spoken, she departed, and they arose with a wondrous din, driving the clouds tumultuously before them. And swiftly they came to the sea to blow thereon, and the wave swelled beneath the shrill blast; and they came to deep-soiled Troy-land, and fell upon the pyre, and mightily roared the wondrous-blazing fire. So the whole night long as with one blast they beat upon the flame of the pyre, blowing shrill; and the whole night long swift Achilles, taking a two-handled cup in hand, drew wine from a golden bowl and poured it upon the earth, and wetted the ground, calling ever upon the spirit of hapless Patroclus. As a father waileth for his son, as he burneth his bones, a son newly wed whose death hath brought woe to his hapless parents, even so wailed Achilles for his comrade as he burned his bones, going heavily about the pyre with ceaseless groaning.

But at the hour when the star of morning goeth forth to herald light over the face of the earth—the star after which followeth saffron-robed Dawn and spreadeth over the sea—even then grew the burning faint, and the flame thereof died down. And the winds went back again to return to their home over the Thracian sea, and it roared with surging flood. Then the son of Peleus withdrew apart from the burning pyre, and laid him down sore-wearied; and sweet sleep leapt upon him. But they that were with the son of Atreus gathered in a throng, and the noise and din of their oncoming aroused him; and he sat upright and spake to them saying: "Son of

Atreus, and ye other princes of the hosts of Achaea, first quench ye with flaming wine the burning pyre, even all whereon the might of the fire hath come, and thereafter let us gather the bones of Patroclus, Menoetius' son, singling them out well from the rest; and easy they are to discern, for he lay in the midst of the pyre, while the others burned apart on the edges thereof, horses and men mingled together. Then let us place the bones in a golden urn wrapped in a double layer of fat, until such time as I myself be hidden in Hades. Howbeit no huge barrow do I bid you rear with toil for him, but such a one only as beseemeth; but in aftertime do ye Achaeans build it broad and high, ye that shall be left amid the benched ships when I am gone."

So spake he, and they hearkened to the swift-footed son of Peleus. First they quenched with flaming wine the pyre, so far as the flame had come upon it, and the ash had settled deep; and with weeping they gathered up the white bones of their gentle comrade into a golden urn, and wrapped them in a double layer of fat, and placing the urn in the hut they covered it with a soft linen cloth. Then they traced the compass of the barrow and set forth the foundations thereof round about the pyre, and forthwith they piled the up-piled earth. And when they had piled the barrow, they set them to go back again. But Achilles stayed the folk even where they were, and made them to sit in a wide gathering; and from his ships brought forth prizes; cauldrons and tripods and horses and mules and strong oxen and fair-girdled women and grey iron.

For swift charioteers first he set forth goodly prizes, a woman to lead away, one skilled in goodly

handiwork, and an eared tripod of two and twenty measures [1] for him that should be first; and for the second he appointed a mare of six years, unbroken, with a mule foal in her womb; and for the third he set forth a cauldron untouched of fire, a fair cauldron that held four measures, white even as at the first; and for the fourth he appointed two talents of gold; and for the fifth a two-handled urn, yet untouched of fire. Then he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying:

"Son of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, for the charioteers these prizes lie waiting in the lists. If for some other's honour we Achaeans were now holding contests, surely it were I that should win the first prize, and bear it to my hut; for ye know how far my horses twain surpass in excellence, seeing they are immortal, and it was Poseidon that gave them to my father Peleus, and he gave them to me. Howbeit I verily will abide, I and my single-hooved horses, so valiant and glorious a charioteer have they lost, and one so kind, who full often would pour upon their manes soft oil when he had washed them in bright water. For him they stand and mourn, and on the ground their manes are trailing, and the twain stand there, grieving at heart. But do ye others make yourselves ready throughout the host, whosoever of the Achaeans hath trust in his horses and his jointed car."

So spake the son of Peleus, and the swift charioteers bestirred them. Upsprang, far the first, Eumelus, king of men, Admetus' dear son, a man well-skilled in horsemanship; and after him upsprang Tydeus' son, mighty Diomedes, and led beneath the yoke the horses of Tros, even them that on a time he had

taken from Aeneas, albeit Apollo snatched away Aeneas' self; and after him uprose Atreus' son, fair-haired Menelaus, sprung from Zeus, and led beneath the yoke swift steeds, Aethe, Agamemnon's mare, and his own horse Podargus. The mare had Anchises' son Echepolus given to Agamemnon without price, to the end that he might not follow him to windy Ilios, but might abide at home and take his joy; for great wealth had Zeus given him, and he dwelt in spacious Sicyon: her Menelaus led beneath the yoke, and exceeding fain was she of the race. And fourth Antilochus made ready his fair-maned horses, he the peerless son of Nestor, the king high of heart, the son of Neleus; and bred at Pylos were the swift-footed horses that drew his car. And his father drew nigh and gave counsel to him for his profit—a wise man to one that himself had knowledge. "Antilochus, for all thou art young, yet have Zeus and Poseidon loved thee and taught thee all manner of horsemanship; wherefore to teach thee is no great need, for thou knowest well how to wheel about the turning-post; yet are thy horses slowest in the race: therefore I deem there will be sorry work for thee. The horses of the others are swifter, but the men know not how to devise more cunning counsel than thine own self. Wherefore come, dear son, lay thou up in thy mind cunning of every sort, to the end that the prizes escape thee not. By cunning, thou knowest, is a woodman far better than by might; by cunning too doth a helmsman on the wine-dark deep guide aright a swift ship that is buffeted by winds; and by cunning doth charioteer prove better than charioteer. Another man, trusting in his horses and car, heedlessly wheeleth wide to this side and that,

and his horses roam over the course, neither keepeth he them in hand; whereas he that hath a crafty mind, albeit he drive worse horses, keepeth his eye ever on the turning-post and wheeleth close thereby, neither is unmindful how at the first to force his horses with the ox-hide reins,[1] but keepeth them ever in hand, and watcheth the man that leadeth him in the race. Now will I tell thee a manifest sign that will not escape thee. There standeth, as it were a fathom's height above the ground, a dry stump, whether of oak or of pine, which rotteth not in the rain, and two white stones on either side thereof are firmly set against it at the joinings of the course, and about it is smooth ground for driving. Haply it is a monument of some man long ago dead, or haply was made the turning-post of a race in days of men of old; and now hath swift-footed goodly Achilles appointed it his turning-post. Pressing hard thereon do thou drive close thy chariot and horses, and thyself lean in thy well-plaited[2] car a little to the left of the pair, and to the off horse do thou give the goad, calling to him with a shout, and give him rein from thy hand. But to the post let the near horse draw close, that the nave of the well-wrought wheel seem to graze the surface thereof—but be thou ware of touching the stone, lest haply thou wound thy horses and wreck thy car; so should there be joy for the rest, but reproach for thyself. Nay, dear son, be thou wise and on thy guard; for if at the turning-post thou shalt drive past the rest in thy course, there is no man that shall catch thee by a burst of speed, neither pass thee by, nay, not

[2] That the platform on which the charioteer and warrior stood in the Homeric chariot was plaited of thongs appears from v. 727 f.

though in pursuit he were driving goodly Arion, the swift horse of Adrastus, that was of heavenly stock, or those of Laomedon, the goodly breed of this land."

So saying Nestor, son of Neleus, sate him down again in his place, when he had told his son the sum of every matter.

And fifth Meriones made ready his fair-maned horses. Then they mounted their cars, and cast in the lots; and Achilles shook them, and forth leapt the lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus; after him had the lord Eumelus a place, and next to him Atreus' son, Menelaus, famed for his spear, and next to him Meriones drew his place; and last of all the son of Tydeus, albeit far the best, drew a place for his chariot. Then took they their places in a row, and Achilles shewed them the turning-post afar off in the smooth plain; and thereby he set as an umpire godlike Phoenix, his father's follower, that he might mark the running and tell the truth thereof.

Then they all at one moment lifted the lash each above his yoke of horses, and smote them with the reins, and called to them with words, full eagerly; and forthwith they sped swiftly over the plain away from the ships; and beneath their breasts the dust arose and stood, as it were a cloud or a whirlwind, and their manes streamed on the blasts of the wind. And the chariots would now course over the bounteous earth, and now again would bound on high; and they that drave stood in the cars, and each man's heart was athrob as they strove for victory; and they called every man to his horses, that flew in the dust over the plain.

But when now the swift horses were fulfilling the last stretch of the course, back toward the grey sea,

then verily was made manifest the worth of each, and the pace of their horses was forced to the uttermost. And forthwith the swift-footed mares of the son of Pheres [1] shot to the front, and after them Diomedes' stallions of the breed of Tros; not far behind were they, but close behind, for they seemed ever like to mount upon Eumelus' car, and with their breath his back waxed warm and his broad shoulders, for right over him did they lean their heads as they flew along. And now would Tydeus' son have passed him by or left the issue in doubt, had not Phoebus Apollo waxed wroth with him and smitten from his hand the shining lash. Then from his eyes ran tears in his wrath for that he saw the mares coursing even far swiftlier still than before, while his own horses were hampered, as running without goad. But Athene was not unaware of Apollo's cheating of the son of Tydeus, and right swiftly sped she after the shepherd of the host, and gave him back the lash and put strength into his horses. Then in wrath was she gone after the son of Admetus, and the goddess brake the yoke of his steeds, and to his cost the mares swerved to this side and that of the course, and the pole was swung to the earth; and Eumelus himself was hurled from out the car beside the wheel, and from his elbows and his mouth and nose the skin was stripped, and his forehead above his brows was bruised; and both his eyes were filled with tears and the flow of his voice was checked. Then Tydeus' son turned his single-hooved horses aside and drave on, darting out far in advance of the rest; for Athene put strength in his horses and gave glory to himself. And after him drave the son of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus. But Antilochus called

to the horses of his father : " Go in now, ye twain as well ; strain to your utmost speed. With yon steeds verily I nowise bid you strive, with the horses of wise-hearted Tydeus to the which Athene hath now given speed and vouchsafed glory to him that driveth them. But the horses of the son of Atreus do ye overtake with speed, and be not outstripped of them, lest shame be shed on you by Aethe that is but a mare. Why are ye outstripped, good steeds ? For thus will I speak out to you, and verily it shall be brought to pass : no tendance shall there be for you twain with Nestor, the shepherd of the host, but forthwith will he slay you with the sharp bronze, if through your heedlessness we win but a worse prize. Nay, have after them with all speed ye may, and this will I myself contrive and plan, that we slip past them in the narrow way ; it shall not escape me."

So spake he, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their master, ran swiftlier on for a little time, and then quickly did Antilochus, staunch in fight, espy a narrow place in the hollow road. A rift there was in the ground, where the water, swollen by winter rains, had broken away a part of the road and had hollowed all the place. There drave Menelaus in hope that none other might drive abreast of him. But Antilochus turned aside his single-hooved horses, and drave on outside the track, and followed after him, a little at one side. And the son of Atreus was seized with fear, and shouted to Antilochus : " Antilochus, thou art driving recklessly ; nay, rein in thy horses ! Here is the way straitened, but presently it will be wider for passing ; lest haply thou work harm to us both by fouling my car."

So spake he, but Antilochus drave on even the more hotly, and plied the goad, as he were one that heard not. And far as is the range of a discus swung from the shoulder, which a young man hurleth, making trial of his strength, even so far ran they on; but the mares of the son of Atreus gave back, for of his own will he forbare to urge them, lest haply the single-hooved horses should clash together in the track, and overturn the well-plaited cars, and themselves be hurled in the dust in their eager haste for victory. Then fair-haired Menelaus chid Antilochus, and said: "Antilochus, than thou is none other of mortals more malicious. Go, and perdition take thee, since falsely did we Achaeans deem thee wise. Howbeit even so shalt thou not bear off the prize without an oath."[1]

So said he, and called to his horses, saying: "Hold not back, I bid you, neither stand ye still with grief at heart. Their feet and knees will grow weary before yours, for they both are lacking in youth."

So spake he, and they, seized with fear at the rebuke of their master, ran swiftlier on, and quickly came close anigh the others.

But the Argives sitting in the place of gathering were gazing at the horses, that flew amid the dust over the plain. And the first to mark them was Idomeneus, leader of the Cretans, for he sat without the gathering, the highest of all, in a place of outlook, and when he heard the voice of him that shouted, albeit afar off, he knew it; and he was ware of a horse, shewing clear to view in front, one that was a bay all the rest of him, but on his forehead was a white spot round like the moon. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives saying: "My friends,

leaders and rulers of the Argives, is it I alone that discern the horses, or do ye as well? Other are they, meseemeth, that be now in front, and other is the charioteer that appeareth; and the mares will have come to harm out yonder on the plain, they that were in front on the outward course. For in truth I marked them sweeping first about the turning-post, but now can I nowhere spy them, though mine eyes glance everywhither over the Trojan plain, as I gaze. Did the reins haply slip from the charioteer, and was he unable to guide the course aright about the post, and did he fail in the turn? Even there, methinks, must he have been hurled to earth, and have wrecked his car, and the mares must have swerved from the course in wild terror of heart. Howbeit stand ye up also, and look; for myself I discern not clearly, but the man seemeth to me to be an Aetolian by race, and is king among the Argives, even the son of horse-taming Tydeus, mighty Diomedes."

Then shamefully chid him swift Aias, son of Oïleus: "Idomeneus, why art thou a braggart from of old? Nay, still afar off are the high-stepping mares speeding over the wide plain. Neither art thou so far the youngest among the Argives, nor do thine eyes look forth from thy head so far the keenliest; yet thou ever pratest loudly. It beseemeth thee not to be loud of speech, for here be others better than thou. The selfsame mares are in the lead, that led of old, even they of Eumelus, and himself he standeth firmly in the car and holdeth the reins."

Then the leader of the Cretans waxed wroth, and spake in answer: "Aias, thou master of railing, witless in counsel, in all things else thou fallest

behind the other Argives, for thy mind is stubborn. Come now, let us wager a tripod or a cauldron, and as umpire betwixt us twain let us choose Atreus' son Agamemnon, as to which mares are in the lead—that thou mayest learn by paying the price."

So spake he, and forthwith uprose in wrath swift Aias, son of Oïleus, to answer him with angry words; and yet further would the strife between the twain have gone, had not Achilles himself stood up, and spoken, saying: "No longer now, O Aias and Idomeneus, answer ye one another with angry words, with evil words, for that were unseemly. Ye have indignation with another, whoso should act thus. Nay, sit ye down in the place of gathering, and watch ye the horses; full soon in their eager haste for victory will they come hither, and then shall ye know, each man of you, the horses of the Argives, which be behind, and which in the lead."

So spake he, and Tydeus' son came hard anigh as he drave, and with his lash dealt many a stroke down from the shoulder; and his horses leapt on high as they swiftly sped on their way. And ever did flakes of dust smite the charioteer, and his chariot overlaid with gold and tin ran on behind the swift-footed horses, and small trace there was of the wheel tires behind in the light dust, as the twain flew speeding on. Then he drew up in the midst of the place of gathering, and in streams the sweat flowed from the necks and chests of the horses to the ground. And Diomedes himself leapt to the ground from his gleaming car, and leaned the goad against the yoke. Neither did mighty Sthenelus anywise tarry, but speedily took the prize, and gave

to his comrades, high of heart, the woman and the eared tripod to bear away; and himself loosed the horses from beneath the yoke.

And next after him Antilochus of the stock of Neleus drave his horses, for that by guile, and nowise by speed, had he outstripped Menelaus; howbeit even so Menelaus guided his swift horses close behind. Far as a horse is from the wheel, a horse that draweth his master over the plain, and straineth at the car—the tire thereof do the hindmost hairs of his tail touch, for it runneth close behind, and but scant space is there between, as he courseth over the wide plain—even by so much was Menelaus behind peerless Antilochus, though at the first he was behind far as a man hurleth the discus; howbeit quickly was he overtaking Antilochus, for the goodly mettle of the mare of Agamemnon, fair-maned Aethe, waxed ever higher. And if the course had been yet longer for the twain, then had he passed him by, neither left the issue in doubt. But Meriones, valiant squire of Idomeneus, was a spear-cast behind glorious Menelaus, for slowest of all were his fair-maned horses, and himself least skilled to drive a chariot in the race. And the son of Admetus came in last, behind all the rest, dragging his fair chariot and driving his horses before him. And at sight of him swift-footed, goodly Achilles had pity and he stood up amid the Argives, and spake winged words: "Lo, in the last place driveth his single-hooved horses the man that is far the best. But come, let us give him a prize, as is meet, a prize for the second place; but the first let the son of Tydeus bear away."

So spake he, and they all assented even as he bade. And now would he have given him the mare

—for the Achaeans assented thereto—but that Antilochus, son of great-souled Nestor, uprose and answered Achilles, son of Peleus, to claim his due: "Achilles, sore wroth shall I be with thee if thou fulfil this word, for thou art minded to rob me of my prize, bethinking thee of this, how his chariot and his swift horses came to harm, and himself withal, good man though he be. Nay, he should have made prayer to the immortals, then had he nowise come in last of all in the race. But if so be thou pitiest him, and he be dear to thy heart, lo, in thy hut is great store of gold, and bronze is there and sheep, aye, and handmaids too, and single-hooved horses. Thereof do thou hereafter take and give him even a goodlier prize, or even now forthwith, that the Achaeans may applaud thee. But the mare will I not yield; for her let any man that will, essay to do battle with me by might of hand."

So spake he, and swift-footed, goodly Achilles smiled, having joy in Antilochus, for that he was his dear comrade; and he made answer, and spake to him winged words: "Antilochus, if thou wilt have me give to Eumelus some other thing from out my house as a further prize, even this will I do. I will give him the corselet that I took from Asteropaeus; of bronze is it, and thereon is set in circles a casting of bright tin, and it shall be to him a thing of great worth."

He spake, and bade his dear comrade Automedon bring it from the hut; and he went and brought it, and placed it in Eumelus' hands; and he received it gladly.

Then among them uprose also Menelaus, sore vexed at heart, furiously wroth at Antilochus; and

a herald gave the staff into his hand, and proclaimed silence among the Argives; and thereafter spake among them the godlike man:

"Antilochus, thou that aforetime wast wise, what a thing hast thou wrought! Thou hast put my skill to shame and hast thwarted my horses, thrusting to the front thine own that were worser far. Come now, ye leaders and rulers of the Argives, judge ye aright betwixt us twain, neither have regard unto either, lest in aftertime some one of the brazen-coated Achaeans shall say: 'Over Antilochus did Menelaus prevail by lies, and depart with the mare, for that his horses were worser far, but himself the mightier in worth and in power.' Nay, but I will myself declare the right, and I deem that none other of the Danaans shall reproach me, for my judgment shall be just. Antilochus, fostered of Zeus, up, come thou hither and, as is the appointed way, stand thou before thy horses and chariot, and take in hand the slender lash with which aforetime thou wast wont to drive, and laying thy hand on thy horses swear by him that holdeth and shaketh the earth that not of thine own will didst thou hinder my chariot by guile."

Then in turn wise Antilochus answered him: "Bear with me, now, for far younger am I than thou, king Menelaus, and thou art the elder and the better man. Thou knowest of what sort are the transgressions of a man that is young, for hasty is he of purpose, and but slender is his wit. Wherefore let thy heart be patient; the mare that I have won will I give thee of myself. Aye, and if thou shouldst ask some other goodlier thing from out my house, forthwith were I fain to give it thee out of hand, rather

than all my days be cast out of thy heart, thou nurtured of Zeus, and be a sinner in the eyes of the gods."

So spake the son of great-souled Nestor, and led up the mare, and gave her into the hands of Menelaus. And his heart was gladdened even as the corn when with the dew upon the ears it waxeth ripe, what time the fields are bristling. In such wise, Menelaus, was thy heart gladdened in thy breast. Then he spake winged words unto Antilochus, saying: "Antilochus, lo now, I of myself cease from mine anger against thee, since nowise flighty or light of wit wast thou of old, albeit now hath thy youth got the better of thy reason. Another time seek not to outwit thy betters. Verily not soon should another of the Achaeans have persuaded me, but thou hast suffered greatly and toiled greatly, thou and thy brave father and thy brother, for my sake; wherefore I will hearken to thy prayer, aye, and will give unto thee the mare, for all she is mine own, to the end that these too may know that my heart is never over-haughty neither unbending."

He spake, and gave the mare unto Noëmon, the comrade of Antilochus, to lead away, and himself thereafter took the shining cauldron. And Meriones took up the two talents of gold in the fourth place, even as he drave; but the fifth prize was left unclaimed, even the two-handled urn. Unto Nestor Achilles gave this, bearing it through the gathering of the Argives; and he came to his side, and said: "Take this now, old sire, and let it be treasure for thee, a memorial of Patroclus' burying; for nevermore shalt thou behold him among the Argives. Lo, I give thee this prize unwon; for not in boxing shalt thou

contend, neither in wrestling, nor shalt thou enter the lists for the casting of javelins, neither run upon thy feet; for now grievous old age weigheth heavy upon thee."

So saying he placed the urn in his arms, and Nestor received it gladly, and spake, and addressed him with winged words: "Aye, verily, my son, all this hast thou spoken aright, for my limbs, even my feet, are no more firm, O my friend, as of old, nor do my arms as of old dart out lightly from my shoulders on either side. Would that I were young, and my strength were firm as on the day when the Epeians were burying lord Amarynceus at Buprasium, and his sons appointed prizes in honour of the king. Then was there no man that proved himself my peer, neither of the Epeians nor of Pylians themselves nor of the great-souled Aetolians. In boxing I overcame Clytomedes, son of Enops, and in wrestling Ancaeus of Pleuron, who stood up against me; Iphiclus I outran in the foot-race, good man though he was; and in casting the spear I outthrew Phyleus and Polydorus. In the chariot race alone the twain sons of Actor outstripped me by force of numbers [1] crowding their horses to the front, being exceeding jealous for victory, for that the goodliest prize abode yet there in the lists.[2] Twin brethren were they—the one drave with sure hand, drave with sure hand, while the other plied the goad. Thus was I on a time, but now let men that be younger face such-

Nestor had been successful in all four preceding contests, but the prizes for the chariot-race—the most important of all—remained yet in the lists, unwon. The Actoriones were therefore "exceeding jealous for victory," hoping that by winning the chiefest prize they might lessen the humiliation of their previous defeats.

like tasks; me it behoveth to yield to grievous old age, but then was I pre-eminent among warriors. But come, for thy comrade too hold thou funeral rites with contests. For this gift, I receive it with gladness, and my heart rejoiceth that thou ever remember-est me, thy friend, neither am I forgotten of thee, and the honour wherewith it beseemeth that I be honoured among the Achaeans. And to thee may the gods in requital hereof grant grace to satisfy thy heart."

So spake he, and the son of Peleus went his way through the great throng of the Achaeans, when he had hearkened to all the praise of the son of Neleus. Then set he forth prizes for grievous boxing. A sturdy mule he brought and tethered in the place of gathering, a mule of six years, unbroken, the which is hardest of all to break; and for him that should be worsted he appointed a two-handled cup. Then he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Son of Atreus, and ye other well-greaved Achaeans, for these prizes we invite warriors twain, the best there are, to lift up their hands and box amain. Let him to whom Apollo shall grant strength to endure, and all the Achaeans have knowledge thereof, go his way to his hut leading the sturdy mule; but he that is worsted shall bear as his prize the two-handled cup."

So spake he, and forthwith uprose a man valiant and tall, well-skilled in boxing, even Epeius, son of Panopeus; and he laid hold of the sturdy mule, and spake, saying: "Let him draw nigh, whoso is to bear as his prize the two-handled cup: the mule I deem that none other of the Achaeans shall lead away, by worsting me with his fists, for I avow me

to be the best man. Sufficeth it not that I fall short in battle? One may not, meseemeth, prove him a man of skill in every work. For thus will I speak, and verily this thing shall be brought to pass: utterly will I rend his flesh and crush his bones. Wherefore let them that be next of kin abide here in a throng, that they may bear him forth when worsted by my hands."

So spake he, and they all became hushed in silence. Euryalus alone uprose to face him, a godlike man, son of king Mecisteus, son of Talaus, who on a time had come to Thebes for the burial of Oedipus, when he had fallen, and there had worsted all the sons of Cadmus. And Tydeus' son, famed for his spear, made Euryalus ready, heartening him with words, and much he wished for him victory. A girdle first he cast about him, and thereafter gave him well-cut thongs of the hide of an ox of the field. So the twain, when they had girded themselves, stepped into the midst of the place of gathering, and lifting their mighty hands on high one against the other, fell to, and their hands clashed together in heavy blows. Dread then was the grinding of their teeth, and the sweat flowed on every side from off their limbs. But upon him goodly Epeius rushed as he peered for an opening, and smote him on the cheek, nor after that, methinks, did he long stand upright, for even there did his glorious limbs sink beneath him. And as when beneath the ripple of the North Wind a fish leapeth up on the tangle-strewn sand of a shallow, and then the black wave hideth it, even so leapt up Euryalus when he was smitten. But great-souled Epeius took him in his hands and set him on his feet, and his dear comrades thronged about him and led him through the place of gathering with trailing feet,

spitting out clotted blood and letting his head hang to one side ; and they brought him wandering in his wits and set him down in the midst of their company, and themselves went and fetched the two-handled cup.

Then the son of Peleus forthwith ordained in the sight of the Danaans other prizes for a third contest, even for toilsome wrestling—for him that should win, a great tripod to stand upon the fire, that the Achaeans prized amongst them at the worth of twelve oxen ; and for him that should be worsted he set in the midst a woman of manifold skill in handiwork, and they prized her at the worth of four oxen. And he stood up and spake among the Argives, saying : " Up now, ye twain that will make essay likewise in this contest." So spake he, and thereat arose great Telamonian Aias, and up stood Odysseus of many wiles, he of guileful mind. Then the twain, when they had girded themselves, stepped into the midst of the place of gathering, and laid hold each of the other in close grip with their mighty hands, even as the gable rafters of a high house, which some famous craftsman joineth together, that he may have shelter from the might of the winds. And their backs creaked beneath the violent tugging of bold hands, and the sweat flowed down in streams ; and many a weal, red with blood, sprang up along their ribs and shoulders ; and ever they strove amain for victory, to win the fashioned tripod. Neither might Odysseus avail to trip Aias and throw him to the ground, nor Aias him, for the mighty strength of Odysseus held firm. But when at the last they were like to weary the well-greaved Achaeans,

then unto Odysseus spake great Telamonian Aias, saying: "Zeus-born, son of Laërtes, Odysseus of many wiles, lift thou me, or let me lift thee; but the issue shall rest with Zeus."

He spake, and lifted him; but Odysseus forgat not his guile. He smote with a sure blow the hollow of Aias' knee [1] from behind, and loosed his limbs, so that he was thrown backward, and Odysseus fell upon his chest; and the people gazed thereon and were seized with wonder. Then in his turn the much-enduring goodly Odysseus essayed to lift, and moved him a little from the ground, but lifted him not; howbeit he crooked his knee within that of Aias; and upon the ground the twain fell one hard by the other, and were befouled with dust. And now would they have sprung up again for the third time and have wrestled, but that Achilles himself uprose, and held them back: "No longer strain ye now, neither be worn with pain. Victory is with you both; take then equal prizes and go your ways, that other Achaeans too may strive."

So spake he, and they readily hearkened to him and obeyed, and wiping from their bodies the dust they put upon them their tunics.

Then the son of Peleus straightway set forth other prizes for fleetness of foot: a mixing-bowl of silver, richly-wrought; six measures it held, and in beauty it was far the goodliest in all the earth, seeing that Sidonians, well skilled in deft handiwork, had wrought it cunningly, and men of the Phoenicians brought it over the murky deep, and landed it in harbour, and gave it as a gift to Thoas; and as a ransom for Lycaon, son of Priam, Jason's son Euneos [2] gave it to the warrior Patroclus. This bowl

did Achilles set forth as a prize in honour of his comrade, even for him whoso should prove fleetest in speed of foot. For the second again he set an ox great and rich with fat; and a half-talent in gold he appointed for the last. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives saying: "Up now, ye that will make essay likewise in this contest." So spake he, and forthwith uprose swift Aias, son of Oïleus, and Odysseus of many wiles, and after them Antilochus, Nestor's son, for he surpassed all the youths in swiftness of foot. Then took they their places in a row, and Achilles showed them the goal, and a course was marked out for them from the turning-point.[1] Then speedily the son of Oïleus forged to the front, and close after him sped goodly Odysseus; close as is the weaving-rod to the breast of a fair-girdled woman, when she deftly draweth it in her hands, pulling the spool past the warp, and holdeth the rod nigh to her breast;[2] even so close behind ran Odysseus, and his feet trod in the footsteps of Aias or ever the dust had settled therein, and down upon his head beat the breath of goodly Odysseus, as he ran ever swiftly on; and all the Achaeans shouted to further him as he struggled for victory, and called to him as he strained to the utmost. But when now they were running the last part of the course, straightway Odysseus made prayer in his heart to flashing-eyed Athene: "Hear me, goddess, and come a goodly helper to my feet." So spake he in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him, and made

attached to one horizontal rod, and the odd threads to another. The weaver by drawing these rods alternately towards her breast left in each case an opening through which she could pass the spool upon which was wound the thread for the woof.

his limbs light, his feet and his hands above. But when they were now about to dart forth to win the prize, then Aias slipped as he ran—for Athene hampered him—where was strewn the filth from the slaying of the loud-bellowing bulls that swift-footed Achilles had slain in honour of Patroclus; and with the filth of the bulls were his mouth and nostrils filled. So then much-enduring, goodly Odysseus took up the bowl, seeing he came in the first, and glorious Aias took the ox. And he stood holding in his hands the horn of the ox of the field, spewing forth the filth; and he spake among the Argives: "Out upon it, lo, the goddess hampered me in my running, she that standeth ever by Odysseus' side like a mother, and helpeth him."

So spake he, but they all laughed merrily at him. Then Antilochus bare away the last prize, smiling the while, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Among you all that know it well, will I declare, my friends, that even to this day the immortals shew honour to older men. For Aias is but a little older than I, whereas Odysseus is of an earlier generation and of earlier men—a green old age is his, men say—yet hard were he for any other Achaean to contend with in running, save only for Achilles."

So spake he, and gave glory to the son of Peleus, swift of foot. And Achilles made answer, and spake to him, saying: "Antilochus, not in vain shall thy word of praise be spoken; nay, I will add to thy prize a half-talent of gold."

So saying, he set it in his hands, and Antilochus received it gladly. But the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of gathering a far-shadowing

spear,[1] and therewith a shield and helmet, the battle-gear of Sarpedon, that Patroclus stripped from him; and he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "To win these prizes invite we warriors twain, the best there are, to clothe them in their armour and take bronze that cleaveth the flesh, and so make trial each of the other before the host. Whoso of the twain shall first reach the other's fair flesh, and touch the inward parts through armour and dark blood, to him will I give this silver-studded sword—a goodly Thracian sword which I took from Asteropaeus; and these arms let the twain bear away to hold in common; and a goodly banquet shall we set before them in our huts."

So spake he, and thereat arose great Telamonian Aias, and up rose the son of Tydeus, stalwart Diomedes. So when they had armed them on either side of the throng, into the midst strode the twain, eager for battle, glaring terribly; and amazement held all the Achaeans. But when they were come near as they advanced one against the other, thrice they set upon each other, and thrice they clashed together. Then Aias thrust upon the shield, that was well-balanced upon every side, but reached not the flesh, for the corselet within kept off the spear. But Tydeus' son over the great shield sought ever to reach the neck with the point of his shining spear. Then verily the Achaeans, seized with fear for Aias, bade them cease and take up equal prizes. Howbeit

[1] The following passage, containing the description of the contests in spear-thrusting, discus-throwing, and archery (lines 798-883), is full of difficulties and incongruities, and few regard it as an integral part of the *Iliad*. These contests are not included in the lists of those which were customary, as given in the words of Achilles (621 ff.) or of Nestor (634 ff.).

to Tydeus' son the warrior gave the great sword, bringing it with its scabbard and well-cut baldric.

Then the son of Peleus set forth a mass of rough-cast iron,[1] which of old the mighty strength of Eëtion was wont to hurl; but him had swift-footed goodly Achilles slain, and bare this away on his ships with his other possessions. And he stood up, and spake among the Argives, saying: "Up now, ye that will make essay likewise in this contest. Though his rich fields lie very far remote, the winner hereof will have it five revolving years to serve his need; for not through lack of iron will his shepherd or ploughman fare to the city; nay, this will supply them."

So spake he, and thereat arose Polypoetes, staunch in fight, and the mighty strength of godlike Leonteus, and Aias, son of Telamon, and goodly Epeius. Then they took their places in order, and goodly Epeius grasped the mass, and whirled and flung it; and all the Achaeans laughed aloud thereat. Then in turn Leonteus, scion of Ares, made a cast; and thirdly great Telamonian Aias hurled it from his strong hand, and sent it past the marks of all. But when Polypoetes, staunch in fight, grasped the mass, far as a herdsman flings his crook, and it flieth whirling over the herds of kine, even so far cast he it beyond all the gathering; and the folk shouted aloud. And the comrades of strong Polypoetes rose up and bare to the hollow ships the prize of the king.

Then for the archers he set forth as a prize dark iron—ten double axes laid he down, and ten single;

[1] Others take *σόλον αὐτοχόωνον* to mean a mass of "self-smelted" meteoric iron.

and he set up the mast of a dark-prowed ship far off in the sands, and with a slender cord made fast thereto by the foot a timorous dove, and bade shoot thereat. "Whoso shall hit the timorous dove let him take up all the double axes and bear them home, and whoso shall hit the cord, albeit he miss the bird: lo, his is the worser shot; he shall bear as his prize the single axes."

So spake he, and there arose the might of the prince Teucer, and Meriones the valiant squire of Idomeneus. Then took they the lots and shook them in a helmet of bronze, and Teucer drew by lot the first place. Forthwith he let fly an arrow with might, howbeit he vowed not that he would sacrifice to the king a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. So he missed the bird, for Apollo grudged him that, but hit the cord beside its foot wherewith the bird was tied, and clean away the bitter arrow cut the cord. Then the dove darted skyward, and the cord hung loose toward earth; and the Achaeans shouted aloud. But Meriones speedily snatched the bow from Teucer's hand — an arrow had he long been holding while Teucer aimed — and vowed forthwith that he would sacrifice to Apollo that smiteth afar a glorious hecatomb of firstling lambs. High up beneath the cloud he spied the timorous dove; there as she circled round he struck her in the midst beneath the wing, and clean through passed the shaft, and fell again and fixed itself in the ground before the foot of Meriones; but the dove, lighting on the mast of the dark-prowed ship, hung down her head, and her thick plumage drooped. Swiftly the life fled from her limbs, and she fell far from the mast; and the people gazed thereon and were

seized with wonder. And Meriones took up all ten double axes, and Teucer bare the single to the hollow ships.

Then the son of Peleus brought and set in the place of gathering a far-shadowing spear and a cauldron, that the fire had not yet touched, of an ox's worth, embossed with flowers; and men that were hurlers of javelins arose. Up rose the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, and Meriones, the valiant squire of Idomeneus. But among them spake swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Son of Atreus, we know how far thou excellest all, and how far thou art the best in might and in the casting of the spear; nay, take thou this prize and go thy way to the hollow ships; but the spear let us give to the warrior Meriones, if thy heart consenteth thereto; so at least would I have it."

So spake he, and the king of men, Agamemnon, failed not to hearken. Then to Meriones he gave the spear of bronze, but the warrior handed to the herald Talthybius the beauteous prize.

BOOK XXIV

Then was the gathering broken up, and the folk scattered, each man to go to his own ship. The rest bethought them of supper and of sweet sleep, to take their fill thereof; but Achilles wept, ever remembering his dear comrade, neither might sleep, that mastereth all, lay hold of him, but he turned him ever to this side or to that, yearning for the manhood and valorous might of Patroclus, thinking on all he had wrought with him and all the woes he had borne, passing though wars of men and the grievous waves. Thinking thereon he would shed big tears, lying now upon his side, now upon his back, and now upon his face; and then again he would rise upon his feet and roam distraught along the shore of the sea. Neither would he fail to mark the Dawn, as she shone over the sea and the sea-beaches, but would yoke beneath the car his swift horses, and bind Hector behind the chariot to drag him withal; and when he had haled him thrice about the barrow of the dead son of Menoetius, he would rest again in his hut, but would leave Hector outstretched on his face in the dust. Howbeit Apollo kept all defacement from his flesh, pitying the warrior even in death, and with the golden aegis he covered him wholly, that Achilles might not tear his body as he dragged him.

Thus Achilles in his fury did foul despite unto

goodly Hector; but the blessed gods had pity on him as they beheld him, and bestirred the keen-sighted Argeïphontes to steal away the corpse. And the thing was pleasing unto all the rest, yet not unto Hera or Poseidon or the flashing-eyed maiden, but they continued even as when at the first sacred Ilios became hateful in their eyes and Priam and his folk, by reason of the sin of Alexander, for that he put reproach upon those goddesses when they came to his steading,[1] and gave precedence to her who furthered his fatal lustfulness. But when at length the twelfth morn thereafter was come, then among the immortals spake Phoebus Apollo: "Cruel are ye, O ye gods, and workers of bane. Hath Hector then never burned for you thighs of bulls and goats without blemish? Him now have ye not the heart to save, a corpse though he be, for his wife to look upon and his mother and his child, and his father Priam and his people, who would forthwith burn him in the fire and pay him funeral rites. Nay, it is the ruthless Achilles, O ye gods, that ye are fain to succour, him whose mind is nowise right, neither the purpose in his breast one that may be bent; but his heart is set on cruelty, even as a lion that at the bidding of his great might and lordly spirit goeth forth against the flocks of men to win him a feast; even so hath Achilles lost all pity, neither is shame in his heart, the which harmeth men greatly and profiteth them withal.[2] Lo, it may be that a man hath lost one dearer even than was this—a brother, that the selfsame mother bare, or haply a son;

[2] *i.e.* shame, or fear for what men may say, while it may deter one from doing wrong, may also prevent one from doing what he knows to be right; see especially Euripides, *Hippolytus*, 385 f.

yet verily when he hath wept and wailed for him he maketh an end; for an enduring soul have the Fates given unto men. But this man, when he hath reft goodly Hector of life, bindeth him behind his chariot and draggeth him about the barrow of his dear comrade; in sooth neither honour nor profit shall he have therefrom. Let him beware lest we wax wroth with him, good man though he be; for lo, in his fury he doth foul despite unto senseless clay."

Then stirred to anger spake to him white-armed Hera: "Even this might be as thou sayest, Lord of the silver bow, if indeed ye gods will vouchsafe like honour to Achilles and to Hector. Hector is but mortal and was suckled at a woman's breast, but Achilles is the child of a goddess that I mine own self fostered and reared, and gave to a warrior to be his wife, even to Peleus, who was heartily dear to the immortals. And all of you, O ye gods, came to her marriage, and among them thyself too didst sit at the feast, thy lyre in thy hand, O thou friend of evil-doers, faithless ever."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: "Hera, be not thou utterly wroth against the gods; the honour of these twain shall not be as one; howbeit Hector too was dearest to the gods of all mortals that are in Ilios. So was he to me at least, for nowise failed he of acceptable gifts. For never was my altar in lack of the equal feast, the drink-offering and the savour of burnt-offering, even the worship that is our due. Howbeit of the stealing away of bold Hector will we naught; it may not be but that Achilles would be ware thereof; for verily his mother cometh ever to his side alike by night and day. But I would that one of the gods would

call Thetis to come unto me, that I may speak to her a word of wisdom, to the end that Achilles may accept gifts from Priam, and give Hector back."

So spake he, and storm-footed Iris hasted to bear his message, and midway between Samos and rugged Imbros she leapt into the dark sea, and the waters sounded loud above her. Down sped she to the depths like a plummet of lead, the which, set upon the horn of an ox of the field, goeth down bearing death to the ravenous fishes.[1] And she found Thetis in the hollow cave, and round about her other goddesses of the sea sat in a throng, and she in their midst was wailing for the fate of her peerless son, who to her sorrow was to perish in deep-soiled Troy, far from his native land. And swift-footed Iris drew near, and spake to her: "Rouse thee, O Thetis; Zeus, whose counsels are everlasting, calleth thee." Then spake in answer Thetis, the silver-footed goddess: "Wherefore summoneth me that mighty god? I have shame to mingle in the company of the immortals, seeing I have measureless griefs at heart. Howbeit I will go; neither shall his word be vain, whatsoever he shall speak."

So saying, the fair goddess took a dark-hued veil, than which was no raiment more black, and set out to go, and before her wind-footed swift Iris led the way; and about them the surge of the sea parted asunder. And when they had stepped forth upon the beach they sped unto heaven; and they found the son of Cronos, whose voice is borne afar, and around him sat gathered together all the other blessed gods that are for ever. Then she sate her down beside father Zeus, and Athene gave place.

And Hera set in her hand a fair golden cup, and spake words of cheer; and Thetis drank, and gave back the cup. Then among them the father of men and gods was first to speak: "Thou art come to Olympus, goddess Thetis, for all thy sorrow, though thou hast comfortless grief at heart; I know it of myself; yet even so will I tell thee wherefore I called thee hither. For nine days' space hath strife arisen among the immortals as touching the corpse of Hector and Achilles, sacker of cities. They are for bestirring the keen-sighted Argeïphontes to steal the body away, yet herein do I accord honour[1] unto Achilles; for I would fain keep in time to come thy worship and thy love. Haste thee with all speed to the host and declare unto thy son my bidding. Say unto him that the gods are angered with him, and that I above all immortals am filled with wrath, for that in the fury of his heart he holdeth Hector at the beaked ships and gave him not back, if so be he may be seized with fear of me and give Hector back. But I will send forth Iris unto great-hearted Priam, to bid him go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and to bear gifts unto Achilles which shall make glad his heart."

So spake he, and the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, failed not to hearken, but went darting down from the peaks of Olympus, and came to the hut of her son. There she found him groaning ceaselessly, and round about him his dear comrades with busy haste were making ready their early meal, and in the hut a ram, great and shaggy, lay slaughtered for them. Then she, his queenly mother, sate her down close by his side and stroked him with her hand, and spake, and called him by name: "My child, how long wilt thou devour thine heart with

weeping and sorrowing, and wilt take no thought of food, neither of the couch? Good were it for thee even to have dalliance in a woman's embrace. For, I tell thee, thou shalt not thyself be long in life, but even now doth death stand hard by thee and mighty fate. But hearken thou forthwith unto me, for I am a messenger unto thee from Zeus. He declareth that the gods are angered with thee, and that himself above all immortals is filled with wrath, for that in the fury of thine heart thou holdest Hector at the beaked ships, and gavest him not back. Nay come, give him up, and take ransom for the dead."

Then in answer to her spake Achilles, swift of foot: "So let it be; whoso bringeth ransom, let him bear away the dead, if verily with full purpose of heart the Olympian himself so biddeth."

On this wise amid the gathering of the ships mother and son spake many winged words one to the other, but the son of Cronos sent forth Iris to sacred Ilios: "Up, go, swift Iris; leave thou the abode of Olympus and bear tidings within Ilios unto great-hearted Priam that he go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom his dear son, and that he bear gifts unto Achilles which shall make glad his heart; alone let him go, neither let any man beside of the Trojans go with him. A herald may attend him, an elder man, to guide the mules and the light-running waggon, and to carry back to the city the dead, even him that Achilles slew. Let not death be in his thoughts, neither any fear; such a guide will we give him, even Argeïphontes, who shall lead him, until in his leading he bring him nigh to Achilles. And when he shall have led him into the hut, neither shall Achilles himself slay him nor suffer any other

to slay; for not without wisdom is he, neither without purpose, nor yet hardened in sin; nay, with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man."

So spake he, and storm-footed Iris hasted to bear his message. She came to the house of Priam, and found therein clamour and wailing. His sons sat about their father within the court sullying their garments with their tears, and in their midst was the old king close-wrapped in his mantle; and upon the old man's head and neck was filth in abundance, which he had gathered in his hands as he grovelled on the earth. And his daughters and his sons' wives were wailing throughout the house, bethinking them of the warriors many and valiant who were lying low, slain by the hands of the Argives. And the messenger of Zeus drew nigh to Priam, and spake to him; softly she uttered her voice, yet trembling gat hold of his limbs: "Be of good courage, O Priam, son of Dardanus, and fear thou not at all. Not to forbode any evil to thee am I come hither, but with good intent. I am a messenger to thee from Zeus, who far away though he be, hath exceeding care for thee and pity. The Olympian biddeth thee ransom goodly Hector, and bear gifts to Achilles which shall make glad his heart; alone do thou go, neither let any man beside of the Trojans go with thee. A herald may attend thee, an elder man, to guide the mules and the light-running waggon, and to carry back to the city the dead, even him that Achilles slew. Let not death be in thy thoughts, neither any fear; such a guide shall go with thee, even Argeïphontes, who shall lead thee, until in his leading he bring thee nigh to Achilles. And when he shall have led thee into the hut, neither shall

Achilles himself slay thee nor suffer any other to slay; for not without wisdom is he, neither without purpose, nor yet hardened in sin; nay, with all kindliness will he spare a suppliant man."

When she had thus spoken swift-footed Iris departed; but the king bade his sons make ready the light-running mule waggon, and bind the wicker box thereon. And himself he went down to the vaulted treasure-chamber, fragrant of cedar wood and high of roof, that held jewels full many: and he called to him Hecabe his wife, and spake: "Lady, from Zeus hath an Olympian messenger come to me, that I go to the ships of the Achaeans to ransom my dear son, and that I bear gifts to Achilles which shall make glad his heart. But come, tell me this, how seemeth it to thy mind? For as touching mine own self, wondrously doth the desire of my heart bid me go thither to the ships, into the wide camp of the Achaeans."

So spake he, but his wife uttered a shrill cry, and spake in answer: "Ah, woe is me, whither now is gone the wisdom for the which of old thou wast famed among stranger folk and among them thou rulest? How art thou fain to go alone to the ships of the Achaeans to meet the eyes of the man who hath slain thy sons, many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart. For if so be he get thee in his power and his eyes behold thee, so savage and faithless is the man, he will neither pity thee nor anywise have reverence. Nay, let us now make our lament afar from him we mourn, abiding here in the hall. On this wise for him did mighty Fate spin with her thread at his birth, when myself did bear him, that he should glut swift-footed dogs far from his parents, in the

abode of a violent man, in whose inmost heart I were fain to fix my teeth and feed thereon; then haply might deeds of requital be wrought for my son, seeing in no wise while playing the dastard was he slain of him, but while standing forth in defence of the men and deep-bosomed women of Troy, with no thought of shelter or of flight."

Then in answer spake unto her the old man, godlike Priam: "Seek not to stay me that am fain to go, neither be thyself a bird of ill-boding in my halls; thou shalt not persuade me. For if any other of the men that are upon the face of the earth had bidden me this, whether of seers that divine from sacrifice or of priests, a false thing might we deem it, and turn away therefrom the more; but now—for myself I heard the voice of the goddess and looked upon her face—I will go forth, neither shall her word be vain. And if it be my fate to lie dead by the ships of the brazen-coated Achaeans, so would I have it; forthwith let Achilles slay me, when once I have clasped in my arms my son, and have put from me the desire for wailing."

He spake, and opened the goodly lids of chests, wherefrom he took twelve beauteous robes and twelve cloaks of single fold, and as many coverlets, and as many white mantles, and therewithal as many tunics. And of gold he weighed out and bare forth talents, ten in all, and two gleaming tripods, and four cauldrons, and a cup exceeding fair, that the men of Thrace had given him when he went thither on an embassage, a great treasure; not even this did the old man spare in his halls, for he was exceeding fain to ransom his dear son. Then drave he all the Trojans from out the portico, and chid them with

words of reviling: "Get ye hence, wretches, ye that work me shame! Have ye not also lamentation at home, that ye come hither to vex me? Count ye it not enough that Zeus, son of Cronos, hath brought this sorrow upon me, that I should lose my son the best of all? Nay, but yourselves too shall know it, for easier shall ye be, now he is dead, for the Achaeans to slay. But for me, or ever mine eyes behold the city sacked and laid waste, may I go down into the house of Hades."

He spake, and plying his staff went among the men, and they went forth from before the old man in his haste. Then called he aloud to his sons, chiding Helenus and Paris and goodly Agathon and Pammon and Antiphonus and Polites, good at the war-cry, and Deïphobus and Hippothous and lordly Dius. To these nine the old man called aloud, and gave command: "Haste ye, base children that are my shame; would that ye all together in Hector's stead had been slain at the swift ships! Woe is me, that am all unblest, seeing that I begat sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I avow that not one is left, not godlike Mestor, not Troïlus the warrior charioteer, not Hector that was a god among men, neither seemed he as the son of a mortal man, but of a god: all them hath Ares slain, yet these things of shame are all left me, false of tongue, nimble of foot, peerless at beating the floor in the dance, robbers of lambs and kids from your own folk. Will ye not make me ready a waggon, and that with speed, and lay all these things therein, that we may get forward on our way?"

So spake he, and they, seized with fear of the rebuke of their father, brought forth the light-running

waggon drawn of mules, fair and newly-wrought, and bound upon it the wicker box; and down from its peg they took the mule-yoke, a box-wood yoke with a knob thereon, well-fitted with guiding-rings [1]; and they brought forth the yoke-band of nine cubits, and therewithal the yoke. The yoke they set with care upon the polished pole at the upturned end thereof, and cast the ring upon the thole; and they bound it fast to the knob with three turns to left and right, and thereafter made it fast to the post, and bent the hook thereunder.[2] Then they brought forth from the treasure-chamber and heaped upon the polished waggon the countless ransom for Hector's head, and yoked the strong-hooved mules that toil in harness, which on a time the Mysians had given to Priam, a splendid gift. And for Priam they led beneath the yoke horses that the old king kept for his own and reared at the polished stall.

Thus were the twain letting yoke their cars, in the high palace, even the herald and Priam, with thoughts of wisdom in their hearts, when nigh to them came Hecabe, her heart sore stricken, bearing in her right hand honey-hearted wine in a cup of gold, that they might make libation ere they went. And she stood before the horses, and spake, saying: "Take now, pour libation to father Zeus, and pray that thou mayest come back home from the midst of the foemen, seeing thy heart sendeth thee forth

pole. The ζυγόδεσμον was a rope attached at its middle to the yoke. By it the πέζη was made fast by three turns to the boss of the yoke, and then the ends of the rope were carried back to the car and tied to the ἐξείη, by which we may understand an upright post at the front of the car. "As to the meaning of ὑπὸ γλωχῖνα δ' ἑκαμψαν it is hardly possible to make a guess" (Leaf).

to the ships, albeit I am fain thou shouldst not go. Thereafter make thou prayer unto the son of Cronos, lord of the dark clouds, the god of Ida, that looketh down upon all the land of Troy, and ask of him a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that to himself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear upon thy right hand, to the end that marking the sign with thine own eyes, thou mayest have trust therein, and go thy way to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds. But if so be Zeus whose voice is borne afar grant thee not his own messenger, then I of a surety should not urge thee on and bid thee go to the ships of the Argives, how eager soever thou be."

Then in answer spake unto her godlike Priam: "Wife, I will not disregard this hest of thine; for good is it to lift up hands to Zeus, if so be he will have pity."

Thus spake the old man, and bade the housewife that attended pour over his hands water undefiled; and the handmaid drew nigh bearing in her hands alike basin and ewer. Then, when he had washed his hands, he took the cup from his wife and then made prayer, standing in the midst of the court, and poured forth the wine, with a look toward heaven, and spake aloud, saying: "Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, grant that I may come unto Achilles' hut as one to be welcomed and to be pitied; and send a bird of omen, even the swift messenger that to thyself is dearest of birds and is mightiest in strength; let him appear upon my right hand, to the end that, marking the sign with mine own eyes, I may have trust therein, and go my way to the ships of the Danaans of fleet steeds."

So spake he in prayer, and Zeus the Counsellor

heard him. Forthwith he sent an eagle, surest of omen among winged birds, the dusky eagle, even the hunter, that men call also the black eagle. Wide as is the door of some rich man's high-roofed treasure-chamber, a door well fitted with bolts, even so wide spread his wings to this side and to that; and he appeared to them on the right, darting across the city. And at sight of him they waxed glad, and the hearts in the breasts of all were cheered.

Then the old man made haste and stepped upon his car, and drave forth from the gateway and the echoing portico. In front the mules drew the four-wheeled waggon, driven of wise-hearted Idaeus, and behind came the horses that the old man ever plying the lash drave swiftly through the city; and his kinsfolk all followed wailing aloud as for one faring to his death. But when they had gone down from the city and were come to the plain, back then to Ilios turned his sons and his daughters' husbands; howbeit the twain were not unseen of Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, as they came forth upon the plain, but as he saw the old man he had pity, and forthwith spake to Hermes, his dear son:

"Hermes, seeing thou lovest above all others to companion a man, and thou givest ear to whomsoever thou art minded, up, go and guide Priam unto the hollow ships of the Achaeans in such wise that no man may see him or be ware of him among all the Danaans, until he be come to the son of Peleus."

So spake he, and the messenger, Argeïphontes, failed not to hearken. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his beautiful sandals, immortal, golden, which were wont to bear him over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts

of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he awakens even out of slumber. With this in his hand the strong Argeïphontes flew, and quickly came to Troy-land and the Hellespont. Then went he his way in the likeness of a young man that is a prince, with the first down upon his lip, in whom the charm of youth is fairest.

Now when the others had driven past the great barrow of Ilus, they halted the mules and the horses in the river to drink ; for darkness was by now come down over the earth. Then the herald looked and was ware of Hermes hard at hand, and he spake to Priam, saying : " Bethink thee, son of Dardanus, here is somewhat that calls for prudent thought. I see a man, and anon methinks shall we be cut to pieces. Come, let us flee in the chariot, or at least clasp his knees and entreat him, if so be he will have pity."

So spake he, and the old man's mind was confounded and he was sore afraid, and up stood the hair on his pliant limbs, and he stood in a daze. But of himself the Helper drew nigh, and took the old man's hand, and made question of him, saying : " Whither, Father, dost thou thus guide horses and mules through the immortal night when other mortals are sleeping ? Art thou untouched by fear of the fury-breathing Achaeans, hostile men and ruthless that are hard anigh thee ? If one of them should espy thee bearing such store of treasure through the swift black night, what were thy counsel then ? Thou art not young thyself, and thy companion here is old, that ye should defend you against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. But

as for me, I will nowise harm thee, nay, I will even defend thee against another; for like unto my dear father art thou in mine eyes."

Then the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Even so, dear son, are all these things as thou dost say. Howbeit still hath some god stretched out his hand even over me, seeing he hath sent a wayfarer such as thou to meet me, a bringer of blessing, so wondrous in form and comeliness, and withal thou art wise of heart; blessed parents are they from whom thou art sprung."

Then again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spake to him: "Yea verily, old sire, all this hast thou spoken according to right. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether thou art bearing forth these many treasures and goodly unto some foreign folk, where they may abide for thee in safety, or whether by now ye are all forsaking holy Ilios in fear; so great a warrior, the noblest of all, hath perished, even thy son; for never held he back from warring with the Achaeans."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Who art thou, noble youth, and from what parents art thou sprung, seeing thou speakest thus fitly of the fate of my hapless son?"

Then again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spake to him: "Thou wouldest make trial of me, old sire, in asking me of goodly Hector. Him have mine eyes full often seen in battle, where men win glory, and when after driving the Argives to the ships he would slay them in havoc with the sharp bronze; and we stood there and marvelled, for Achilles would not suffer us to fight, being filled with wrath

against the son of Atreus. His squire am I, and the selfsame well-wrought ship brought us hither. Of the Myrmidons am I one, and my father is Polyctor. Rich in substance is he, and an old man even as thou, and six sons hath he, and myself the seventh. From these by the casting of lots was I chosen to fare hitherward. And now am I come to the plain from the ships; for at dawn the bright-eyed Achaeans will set the battle in array about the city. For it irketh them that they sit idle here, nor can the kings of the Achaeans avail to hold them back in their eagerness for war."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "If thou art indeed a squire of Peleus' son Achilles, come now, tell me all the truth, whether my son is even yet by the ships or whether by now Achilles hath hewn him limb from limb and cast him before his dogs."

Then again the messenger Argeïphontes spake to him: "Old sire, not yet have dogs and birds devoured him, but still he lieth there beside the ship of Achilles amid the huts as he was at the first; and this is now the twelfth day that he lieth there, yet his flesh decayeth not at all, neither do worms consume it, such as devour men that be slain in fight. Truly Achilles draggeth him ruthlessly about the barrow of his dear comrade, so oft as sacred Dawn appeareth, howbeit he marreth him not; thou wouldst thyself marvel, wert thou to come and see how dewy-fresh he lieth, and is washen clean of blood, neither hath anywhere pollution; and all the wounds are closed wherewith he was stricken, for many there were that drave the bronze into his flesh. In such wise

do the blessed gods care for thy son, a corpse though he be, seeing he was dear unto their hearts."

So spake he, and the old man waxed glad, and answered, saying: "My child, a good thing is it in sooth e'en to give to the immortals such gifts as be due; for never did my son—as sure as ever such a one there was—forget in our halls the gods that hold Olympus; wherefore they have remembered this for him, even though he be in the doom of death. But come, take thou from me this fair goblet, and guard me myself, and guide me with the speeding of the gods, until I be come unto the hut of the son of Peleus."

And again the messenger, Argeïphontes, spake to him: "Thou dost make trial of me, old sire, that am younger than thou; but thou shalt not prevail upon me, seeing thou biddest me take gifts from thee while Achilles knoweth naught thereof. Of him have I fear and awe at heart, that I should defraud him, lest haply some evil befal me hereafter. Howbeit as thy guide would I go even unto glorious Argos, attending thee with kindly care in a swift ship or on foot; nor would any man make light of thy guide and set upon thee."

So spake the Helper, and leaping upon the chariot behind the horses quickly grasped in his hands the lash and reins, and breathed great might into the horses and mules. But when they were come to the walls and the trench that guarded the ships, even as the watchers were but now busying them about their supper, upon all of these the messenger Argeïphontes shed sleep, and forthwith opened the gates, and thrust back the bars, and brought within Priam, and the splendid gifts upon

the wain. But when they were come to the hut of Peleus' son, the lofty hut which the Myrmidons had builded for their king, hewing therefor beams of fir —and they had roofed it over with downy thatch, gathered from the meadows; and round it they reared for him, their king, a great court with thick-set pales; and the door thereof was held by one single bar of fir that three Achaeans were wont to drive home, and three to draw back the great bolt of the door (three of the rest, but Achilles would drive it home even of himself)—then verily the helper Hermes opened the door for the old man, and brought in the glorious gifts for the swift-footed son of Peleus; and from the chariot he stepped down to the ground and spake, saying:

"Old sire, I that am come to thee am an immortal god, even Hermes; for the Father sent me to guide thee on thy way. But now verily will I go back, neither come within Achilles' sight; good cause for wrath would it be that an immortal god should thus openly be entertained of mortals. But go thou in, and clasp the knees of the son of Peleus and entreat him by his father and his fair-haired mother and his child, that thou mayest stir his soul."

So spake Hermes, and departed unto high Olympus; and Priam leapt from his chariot to the ground, and left there Idaeus, who abode holding the horses and mules; but the old man went straight toward the house where Achilles, dear to Zeus, was wont to sit. Therein he found Achilles, but his comrades sat apart: two only, the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, scion of Ares, waited busily upon him; and he was newly ceased from meat, even from eating and drinking, and the table yet stood by his side.

Unseen of these great Priam entered in, and coming close to Achilles, clasped in his hands his knees, and kissed his hands, the terrible, man-slaying hands that had slain his many sons. And as when sore blindness of heart cometh upon a man, that in his own country slayeth another and escapeth to a land of strangers, to the house of some man of substance, and wonder holdeth them that look upon him ; even so was Achilles seized with wonder at sight of godlike Priam, and seized with wonder were the others likewise, and they glanced one at the other. But Priam made entreaty, and spake to him, saying : " Remember thy father, O Achilles like to the gods, whose years are even as mine, on the grievous threshold of old age. Him full likely the dwellers that be round about are entreating evilly, neither is there any to ward from him ruin and bane. Howbeit, while he heareth of thee as yet alive he hath joy at heart, and therewithal hopeth day by day that he shall see his dear son returning from Troy-land. But I—I am utterly unblest, seeing I begat sons the best in the broad land of Troy, yet of them I avow that not one is left. Fifty I had, when the sons of the Achaeans came ; nineteen were born to me of the self-same womb, and the others women of the palace bare. Of these, many as they were, furious Ares hath loosed the knees, and he that alone was left me, that by himself guarded the city and the men, him thou slewest but now as he fought for his country, even Hector. For his sake am I now come to the ships of the Achaeans to win him back from thee, and I bear with me ransom past counting. Nay, have thou awe of the gods, Achilles, and take pity on me, remembering thine own father. Lo, I am more

piteous far than he, and have endured what no other mortal on the face of earth hath yet endured, to reach forth my hand to the face of him that hath slain my sons."

So spake he, and in Achilles he roused desire to weep for his father; and he took the old man by the hand, and gently put him from him. So the twain bethought them of their dead, and wept; the one for man-slaying Hector wept sore, the while he grovelled at Achilles' feet, but Achilles wept for his own father, and now again for Patroclus; and the sound of their moaning went up through the house. But when goodly Achilles had had his fill of lamenting, and the longing therefor had departed from his heart and limbs, forthwith then he sprang from his seat, and raised the old man by his hand, pitying his hoary head and hoary beard; and he spake and addressed him with winged words: "Ah, unhappy man, full many in good sooth are the evils thou hast endured in thy soul. How hadst thou the heart to come alone to the ships of the Achaeans, to meet the eyes of me that have slain thy sons many and valiant? Of iron verily is thy heart. But come, sit thou upon a seat, and our sorrows will we suffer to lie quiet in our hearts, despite our pain; for no profit cometh of chill lament. For on this wise have the gods spun the thread for wretched mortals, that they should live in pain; and themselves are sorrowless. For two urns are set upon the floor of Zeus of gifts that he giveth, the one of ills, the other of blessings.[1] To whomsoever Zeus, that hurleth the thunderbolt, giveth a mingled lot, that man meeteth now with evil, now with good; but to whom-

soever he giveth but of the baneful, him he maketh to be reviled of man, and direful madness[1] driveth him over the face of the sacred earth, and he wandereth honoured neither of gods nor mortals. Even so unto Peleus did the gods give glorious gifts from his birth; for he excelled all men in good estate and in wealth, and was king over the Myrmidons, and to him that was but a mortal the gods gave a goddess to be his wife. Howbeit even upon him the gods brought evil, in that there nowise sprang up in his halls offspring of princely sons, but he begat one only son, doomed to an untimely fate. Neither may I tend him as he groweth old, seeing that far, far from mine own country I abide in the land of Troy, vexing thee and thy children. And of thee, old sire, we hear that of old thou wast blest; how of all that toward the sea Lesbos, the seat of Macar,[2] encloseth, and Phrygia in the upland, and the boundless Hellespont, over all these folk, men say, thou, old sire, wast pre-eminent by reason of thy wealth and thy sons. Howbeit from the time when the heavenly gods brought upon thee this bane, ever around thy city are battles and slayings of men. Bear thou up, neither wail ever ceaselessly in thy heart; for naught wilt thou avail by grieving for thy son, neither wilt thou bring him back to life; ere that shalt thou suffer some other ill."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him: "Seat me not anywise upon a chair, O thou fostered of Zeus, so long as Hector lieth uncared-for amid the huts; nay, give him back with speed, that mine eyes may behold him; and do thou accept the ransom, the great ransom, that we bring. So mayest

[2] Macar was a legendary king of Lesbos.

thou have joy thereof, and come to thy native land, seeing that from the first thou hast spared me."[1]

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows spake to him Achilles swift of foot: "Provoke me no more, old sir; I am minded even of myself to give Hector back to thee; for from Zeus there came to me a messenger, even the mother that bare me, daughter of the old man of the sea. And of thee, Priam, do I know in my heart—it nowise escapeth me—that some god led thee to the swift ships of the Achaeans. For no mortal man, were he never so young and strong, would dare to come amid the host; neither could he then escape the watch, nor easily thrust back the bar of our doors. Wherefore now stir my heart no more amid my sorrows, lest, old sire, I spare not even thee within the huts, my suppliant though thou art, and so sin against the behest of Zeus."

So spake he, and the old man was seized with fear, and hearkened to his word. But like a lion the son of Peleus sprang forth from the house—not alone, for with him went two squires as well, even the warrior Automedon and Alcimus, they that Achilles honoured above all his comrades, after the dead Patroclus. These then loosed from beneath the yoke the horses and mules, and led within the herald, the crier of the old king, and set him on a chair; and from the wain of goodly felloes they took the countless ransom for Hector's head. But they left there two robes and a fair-woven tunic, to the end that Achilles might enwrap the dead therein and so give him to be borne to his home. Then Achilles called forth the hand-

[1] unnoticed by the scholia and by Eustathius, has been omitted in translating: "myself to live, and behold the light of the sun."

maids and bade them wash and anoint him, bearing him to a place apart that Priam might not have sight of his son, lest in grief of heart he should not restrain his wrath, whenso he had sight of his son, and Achilles' own spirit be stirred to anger, and he slay him, and so sin against the behest of Zeus. So when the handmaids had washed the body and anointed it with oil, and had cast about it a fair cloak and a tunic, then Achilles himself lifted it and set it upon a bier, and his comrades with him lifted it upon the polished waggon. Then he uttered a groan, and called by name upon his dear comrade: "Be not thou wroth with me, Patroclus, if thou hearest even in the house of Hades that I have given back goodly Hector to his dear father, seeing that not unseemly is the ransom he hath given me. And unto thee shall I render even of this all that is thy due."

So spake goodly Achilles, and went back within the hut and on the richly-wrought chair wherefrom he had risen sate him down by the opposite wall, and he spake unto Priam, saying: "Thy son, old sire, is given back according to thy wish, and lieth upon a bier; and at break of day thou shalt thyself behold him, as thou bearest him hence; but for this present let us bethink us of supper. For even the fair-haired Niobe bethought her of meat, albeit twelve children perished in her halls, six daughters and six lusty sons.[1] The sons Apollo slew with shafts from his silver bow, being wroth against Niobe, and the daughters the archer Artemis, for that Niobe had matched her with fair-cheeked Leto, saying that the goddess had borne but twain, while herself was mother to many; wherefore they, for all they were but twain, destroyed them all. For nine days' space

they lay in their blood, nor was there any to bury them, for the son of Cronos turned the folk to stones ;[1] howbeit on the tenth day the gods of heaven buried them ; and Niobe bethought her of meat, for she was wearied with the shedding of tears. And now somewhere amid the rocks, on the lonely mountains, on Sipylus, where, men say, are the couching-places of goddesses, even of the nymphs that range swiftly in the dance about Achelous,[2] there, albeit a stone, she broodeth over her woes sent by the gods. But come, let us twain likewise, noble old sire, bethink us of meat ; and thereafter shalt thou make lament over thy dear son, when thou hast borne him into Ilios ; mourned shall he be of thee with many tears."

Therewith swift Achilles sprang up, and slew a white-fleeced sheep, and his comrades flayed it and made it ready well and duly, and sliced it cunningly and spitted the morsels, and roasted them carefully and drew all off the spits. And Automedon took bread and dealt it forth on the table in fair baskets, while Achilles dealt the meat. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then verily Priam, son of Dardanus, marvelled at Achilles, how tall he was and how comely ; for he was like the gods to look upon. And at Priam, son of Dardanus, did Achilles marvel, beholding his goodly aspect and hearkening to his words. But when they had had their fill of gazing one upon the other, then the old man, godlike Priam, was first to

[2] That there should be a stream Achelous in Lydia need excite no surprise, though it is mentioned only here.

speak, saying : " Show me now my bed with speed, O thou nurtured of Zeus, that lulled at length by sweet sleep we may rest and take our joy ; for never yet have mine eyes closed beneath mine eyelids since at thy hands my son lost his life, but ever do I wail and brood over my countless sorrows, grovelling in the filth in the closed spaces of the court. But now have I tasted of meat, and have let flaming wine pass down my throat; whereas till now had I tasted naught."

He spake, and Achilles bade his comrades and the handmaids set bedsteads beneath the portico, and to lay on them fair purple blankets, and to spread thereover coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks for clothing. So the maids went forth from the hall with torches in their hands, and straightway spread two beds in busy haste. Then mockingly [1] spake unto Priam Achilles, swift of foot: "Without do thou lay thee down, dear old sire, lest there come hither one of the counsellors of the Achaeans, that ever sit by my side and take counsel, as is meet. If one of these were to have sight of thee through the swift black night, forthwith might he haply tell it to Agamemnon, shepherd of the host, and so should there arise delay in the giving back of the body. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly : for how many days' space thou art minded to make funeral for goodly Hector, to the end that for so long I may myself abide, and may keep back the host."

And the old man, godlike Priam, answered him : saying : " If thou indeed art willing that I accomplish for goodly Hector his burial, then in doing on this wise, O Achilles, wilt thou do according to my wish.

Thou knowest how we are pent within the city, and far is it to fetch wood from the mountain, and the Trojans are sore afraid. For nine days' space will we wail for him in our halls, and on the tenth will we make his funeral, and the folk shall feast, and on the eleventh will we heap a barrow over him, and on the twelfth will we do battle, if so be we must."

Then spake to him in answer swift-footed, goodly Achilles: "Thus shall this also be, aged Priam, even as thou wouldest have it; for I will hold back the battle for such time as thou dost bid."

When he had thus spoken he clasped the old man's right hand by the wrist, lest his heart should any wise wax fearful. So they laid them to sleep there in the fore-hall of the house, the herald and Priam, with hearts of wisdom in their breasts; but Achilles slept in the innermost part of the well-builded hut, and by his side lay fair-cheeked Briseïs.

Now all the other gods and men, lords of chariots, slumbered the whole night through, overcome of soft sleep; but not upon the helper Hermes might sleep lay hold, as he pondered in mind how he should guide king Priam forth from the ships unmarked of the strong keepers of the gate. He took his stand above his head and spake to him, saying: "Old sire, no thought then hast thou of any evil, that thou still sleepest thus amid foemen, for that Achilles has spared thee. Now verily hast thou ransomed thy son, and a great price thou gavest. But for thine own life must the sons thou hast, they that be left behind, give ransom thrice so great, if so be Agamemnon, Atreus' son, have knowledge of thee, or the host of the Achaeans have knowledge."

So spake he, and the old man was seized with

fear, and made the herald to arise. And Hermes yoked for them the horses and mules, and himself lightly drave them through the camp, neither had any man knowledge thereof.

But when they were now come to the ford of the fair-flowing river, even eddying Xanthus, that immortal Zeus begat, then Hermes departed to high Olympus, and Dawn, the saffron-robed, was spreading over the face of all the earth. So they with moaning and wailing drave the horses to the city, and the mules bare the dead. Neither was any other ware of them, whether man or fair-girdled woman; but in truth Cassandra, peer of golden Aphrodite, having gone up upon Pergamus, marked her dear father as he stood in the car, and the herald, the city's crier; and she had sight of that other lying on the bier in the waggon drawn of the mules. Thereat she uttered a shrill cry, and called throughout all the town: "Come ye, men and women of Troy, and behold Hector, if ever while yet he lived ye had joy of his coming back from battle; since great joy was he to the city and to all the folk."

So spake she, nor was any man left there within the city, neither any woman, for upon all had come grief that might not be borne; and hard by the gates they met Priam, as he bare home the dead. First Hector's dear wife and queenly mother flung themselves upon the light-running waggon, and clasping his head the while, wailed and tore their hair; and the folk thronged about and wept. And now the whole day long until set of sun had they made lament for Hector with shedding of tears there without the gates, had not the old man spoken amid the folk

from out the car : " Make me way for the mules to pass through ; thereafter shall ye take your fill of wailing, when I have brought him to the house."

So spake he, and they stood apart and made way for the waggon. But the others, when they had brought him to the glorious house, laid him on a corded bedstead, and by his side set singers, leaders of the dirge, who led the song of lamentation—they chanted the dirge, and thereat the women made lament.[1] And amid these white-armed Andromache led the wailing, holding in her arms the while the head of man-slaying Hector : " Husband, perished from out of life art thou, yet in thy youth, and leavest me a widow in thy halls ; and thy son is still but a babe, the son born of thee and me in our haplessness ; neither do I deem that he will come to manhood, for ere that shall this city be wasted utterly. For thou hast perished that didst watch thereover, thou that didst guard it, and keep safe its noble wives and little children. These, I ween, shall soon be riding upon the hollow ships, and I among them ; and thou, my child, shalt follow with me to a place where thou shalt labour at unseemly tasks, toiling before the face of some ungentle master, or else some Achaean shall seize thee by the arm and hurl thee from the wall, a woeful death, being wroth for that Hector slew his brother haply, or his father, or his son, seeing that full many Achaeans at the hands of Hector have bitten the vast earth with their teeth ; for nowise gentle was thy father in woeful war. Therefore the folk wail for him throughout the city, and grief unspeakable and

[1] sing a formal dirge, while the woman accompany them with cries of grief.

sorrow hast thou brought upon thy parents, Hector; and for me beyond all others shall grievous woes be left. For at thy death thou didst neither stretch out thy hands to me from thy bed, nor speak to me any word of wisdom whereon I might have pondered night and day with shedding of tears."

So spake she wailing, and thereat the women made lament. And among them Hecabe in turn led the vehement wailing: "Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my children, lo, when thou livedst thou wast dear to the gods, and therefore have they had care of thee for all thou art in the doom of death. For of other sons of mine whomsoever he took would swift-footed Achilles sell beyond the unresting sea, unto Samos and Imbros and Lemnos, shrouded in smoke,[1] but, when from thee he had taken away thy life with the long-edged bronze, oft would he drag thee about the barrow of his comrade, Patroclus, whom thou didst slay; howbeit even so might he not raise him up. But now all dewy-fresh thou liest in my halls as wert thou newly slain, like as one whom Apollo of the silver bow assaileth with his gentle shafts and slayeth."

So spake she wailing, and roused unabating lament. And thereafter Helen was the third to lead the wailing: "Hector, far dearest to my heart of all my husband's brethren! In sooth my husband is godlike Alexander, that brought me to Troy-land —would I died ere then! For this is now the

[1] Lemnos was sacred to Hephaestus, and the "Lemnian fire" is often mentioned, although modern travellers have found no evidences of volcanic activity on the island; see Jebb's *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, pp. 242 ff.

twentieth[1] year from the time when I went from thence and am gone from my native land, but never yet heard I evil or despiteful word from thee; nay, if so be any other spake reproachfully of me in the halls, a brother of thine or a sister, or brother's fair-robed wife, or thy mother—but thy father was ever gentle as he had been mine own—yet wouldst thou turn them with speech and restrain them by the gentleness of thy spirit and thy gentle words. Wherefore I wail alike for thee and for my hapless self with grief at heart; for no longer have I anyone beside in broad Troy that is gentle to me or kind; but all men shudder at me."

So spake she wailing, and thereat the countless throng made moan. But the old man Priam spake among the folk, saying: "Bring wood now, ye men of Troy, unto the city, neither have ye anywise fear at heart of a cunning ambush of the Argives; for verily Achilles laid upon me this word when he sent me forth from the black ships, that he would do us no hurt until the twelfth dawn be come."

So spake he, and they yoked oxen and mules to waggons, and speedily thereafter gathered together before the city. For nine days' space they brought in measureless store of wood, but when the tenth Dawn arose, giving light unto mortals, then bare they forth bold Hector, shedding tears the while, and on the topmost pyre they laid the dead man, and cast fire thereon.

But soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-

[1] parallelism which arouses suspicion: nine years of preparation, the fleet sails in the tenth; nine years of siege, Troy falls in the tenth; nine years of wandering, Odysseus reaches home in the tenth.

fingered, then gathered the folk about the pyre of glorious Hector. And when they were assembled and met together, first they quenched with flaming wine all the pyre, so far as the fire's might had come upon it, and thereafter his brethren and his comrades gathered the white bones, mourning, and big tears flowed ever down their cheeks. The bones they took and placed in a golden urn, covering them over with soft purple robes, and quickly laid the urn in a hollow grave, and covered it over with great close-set stones. Then with speed heaped they the mound, and round about were watchers set on every side, lest the well-greaved Achaeans should set upon them before the time. And when they had piled the barrow they went back, and gathering together duly feasted a glorious feast in the palace of Priam, the king fostered of Zeus.

On this wise held they funeral for horse-taming Hector.

. lines intended to make the *Iliad* fit into the Epic Cycle, where it was immediately followed by the *Aethiopis* of Arctinus.

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS
THE FALL OF TROY
BOOK I

When godlike Hector had been vanquished by the son of Peleus and the pyre had consumed him and the earth had covered his bones, the Trojan forces stayed inside the city of Priam terrified of the noble might of bold-hearted Achilles, grandson of Aeacus. Like cows which, unwilling to face a grim lion among the thickets, flee pell-mell and cower in the dense undergrowth: just so, inside their city, they shrank from the mighty warrior, remembering the many lives he had already cut short in his rampage around the streams of Scamander whose source is Mount Ida, the many men he had slaughtered as they fled under the great wall, his killing Hector and his dragging him round the city, and all the others he had slain in his passage through the restless sea when first he came bringing death to the Trojans. Such were the memories that kept them inside the city; and bitter grief fluttered all around them, as if Troy were already being burned with grievous fire.

And then from the streams of broad Thermodon there arrived Penthesileia, clothed in godlike beauty. She

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2 *γαῖα* Tychsen: *πάντα* M *κεκεύθει* Lehrs: *-θε* m: *κέκαυται* m 11 *ὁπόσους* Vian: *ὅσ(σ)ους* M

longed for grievous battle, but she wished also to flee a hateful slur on her reputation: her own people kept reproaching her for the death of her lamented sister Hippolyta, whom with her spear's force she had mistakenly killed as she took aim at a deer. That is why she came to the glorious land of Troy. More than this, her warlike heart was anxious to be cleansed of the miserable pollution of murder and to appease with sacrifices the ghastly Furies, who were enraged at what she did to her sister and began to follow her, unmarked, from that moment. They are always to be found at the heels of the guilty; and for the guilty there is no escaping these goddesses. She was attended by twelve maidens, all of them noble, all longing for the fight and for grim battle. Though highborn, they were her maidservants; but Penthesileia easily stood out among them. Just as when up in the broad heavens the moon goddess shines bright and clear when blue sky breaks out from the thunder clouds and the great gusting winds die down: no less resplendent was Penthesileia among all those marching maidens. There was Clonie, Polemousa, Derinoe, Euandre, Antandre, godlike Bremousa, Hippothoe, dark-eyed Harmothoe, Alcibie, Antibrote, Derimacheia, and the proud spear-woman Thermodossa:[1] these were the attendants of warlike Penthesileia.

[1] The names of these attendants are probably the invention of Quintus. Most of them relate to war and valor.

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25 *τι* Köchly: *τόγ'* M
32 *πῃ* nos: *νυ* M
42 *Δηριόη* Köchly: *-ιόνη* M

Just as Dawn, glorying in her gleaming steeds, comes from immovable Olympus in the company of the Hours with their lovely hair, and among them she stands out resplendent, for all their faultless beauty; just so Penthesileia stood out among the Amazons as she came to the city of Troy. Hastening to gather round her, the Trojans were amazed at the sight of invincible Ares' daughter with her high greaves. She was like a goddess: her face bore an expression at once fierce and radiant; she had an alluring smile, her lovely eyes sparkled like sunbeams beneath her brows, a modest blush colored her cheeks, and over all this was spread a divine grace that enveloped her warlike strength.

The Trojans had been grieving, but now they were filled with joy. Just as when country people on a mountaintop, desperate for a shower from heaven because their orchards are dried up and longing for rain from Zeus, see a rainbow rising from the sea's broad ways, and at last the vast sky lours, and the people who had earlier been lamenting the state of their fields begin to rejoice at this fair sign of coming wind and rain: just so the sons of Troy felt glad when they saw the mighty Penthesileia present in their land and keen for battle. When hope enters a man's mind, it puts an end to grief and misery.

Even Priam felt his mind and heart cheered a little, for all his great grieving and loud lamenting. Just as a

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48 *Οὐλύμποιο* Rhodomann: *ἀπ' οὐλύμπου* M
58 *μειδίαεν δ'* Zimmermann: *-ιόων* M
60 *παρήια, τῶν* Rhodomann: *παρηιάδων* M

man painfully afflicted with blindness, longing to die if he can never again see the blessed light, has the darkness removed from his eyes by the work of some good doctor or some god, and is able to see the light of day; his sight may be less good than before, but he is cheered a little after his long suffering, even though keen pain from his malady has still not left his eyes:[2] just so did the son of Laomedon look upon mighty Penthesileia, rejoicing a little but still grieving more for his slaughtered sons. Escorting the queen into his palace, he paid her every kind of honor and attention as if she were his own daughter returning after twenty years away, and he provided a lavish banquet of the sort great kings enjoy when they feast to celebrate victory over a foreign foe. He gave her fine presents, too, of great value, with the promise of many more if she would help resist the slaughter of the Trojans. She in turn promised something no mortal thought possible: to slay Achilles, destroy the great army of the Achaeans, and set the fleet in flames. Innocent fool! She had no idea how far Achilles and his ashen spear excelled in the murderous mayhem of battle.

Hearing of this, the noble daughter of Eëtion, Andromache, said to herself:

"Poor woman, why such vaunting boasts? You have not the strength to combat fearless Achilles: he will soon

[2] Cf. 12.400–412.

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99 *φίλῳ* Köchly: om. m: ἑῷ m

send death and destruction upon you. Wretched woman, why this madness? Surely Death and Fate, god-sent, life's end, stand by you now! Hector was a far better spearman than you, but for all his might he was killed, to the great sorrow of the Trojans, who all looked on him as a god in this city of ours. He was a great source of pride to me and to his godlike parents while he yet lived. I wish the heaped earth had covered me before that spear pierced his neck and his life was lost! But as it is I have seen the pitiful sight, the unspeakable woe, of his being dragged savagely around the city by the swift-footed steeds of Achilles, who in widowing me of my wedded husband has made my heart ache[3] all my days." Such were the thoughts of Eëtion's daughter as she remembered her lord; for women of good sense feel great grief at the death of a husband.

The sun in its swift pathway round the sky plunged into the deep stream of Ocean: day came to an end. When at last the guests had finished their delightful feasting and drinking, serving women spread a comfortable couch for bold Penthesileia in the halls of Priam. There she went to bed, and sweet sleep came over her and covered her eyes. But Pallas ordered a dream of deceitful power to come down from high heaven; and her seeing it would result in misfortune for both the Trojans and herself by making her eager for the lines of battle. Such was the plan of warlike Tritogeneia. The baneful dream stood over Penthesileia in

[3] In the Greek there is wordplay on *Akhilleus* and *akhos*, "grief."

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111 ὀιζυρῶς Rhodomann: -ρὸς M
120 καί ῥ' Köchly: καὶ τοίη δ' fere M

the guise of her father and urged her to go boldly into battle against Achilles. When she heard this, her heart was filled with joy at the thought of performing such a feat that very day in the fearsome fray. Poor fool, to trust that dream, malign though it was, coming at dusk![4] It beguiles the race of wretched mortals in their beds with words that mock all too well; and it deceived her then, when it urged her to take up the work of war.

When rosy-ankled Dawn appeared, Penthesileia leaped from her bed full of confidence and dressed herself in the intricate armor given her by the god Ares. First she placed the well-fitting golden greaves around her legs, pale as silver; then she put on her finely-wrought breastplate. She exultantly girded round her shoulders a great sword, the scabbard decorated with silver and ivory. She took up her shield, the god's gift, which resembled the crescent moon as she rises from the deep streams of Ocean with curved horns, half full: its radiance was beyond description. On her head she placed her helmet with its golden plumes. Dressed in this fashion in her intricate[5] armor, she seemed like a bolt of lightning sent earthwards by the might of resistless Zeus to show men that a mighty thunderstorm is coming, or ceaseless blasts of whistling wind.

[4] Whereas true dreams were thought to come just before dawn.

[5] Or, perhaps, "fatal."

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133 *ἐκτελέειν* Castiglioni: *-έσ(σ)ειν* M
142 *ἀργυφέῃσιν* Köchly: *-υρέ-* M

Without delay she swiftly made her way out through the hall, taking a pair of spears under her shield; and in her right hand she took the great double-headed ax given her by grim Strife as a mighty defense in battle that devours the lives of men. Brandishing it in exultation, she made her way quickly outside the walls and urged the Trojans to go into glorious battle. The best warriors soon mustered obediently, even though before now they had refused to face all-conquering Achilles. With joy and pride unconfined, she mounted the steed, fine and swift, which Oreithyia, wife of Boreas, had given her as a guest gift when she had earlier gone to Thrace and which rivaled the Harpies for speed. Mounted thus, noble Penthesileia left the high-roofed city, and the grim spirits of death all urged her on to this, her first and last combat. All around, crowds of Trojans, destined never to return, followed the wretched girl toward the ruthless battle like sheep following a ram which some shepherd of sound sense has made leader of all their movements: in this way the lusty Trojans and the spirited Amazons with great eagerness followed after their mighty leader; and among the Trojans the dashing Penthesileia looked like the Tritonian goddess when she fought the Giants,[6] or like Strife, stirrer of discord, when she rushes through an army.

Then the noble son of rich Laomedon raised his long-

[6] The Battle of Gods and Giants, or Gigantomachy; cf. 11.415–19.

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168 *κιούσῃ* C.L. Struve: *-οῦσα* M
172 *ὁμῶς* Rhodomann: *ὅπως* M

suffering hands to the son of Cronus and, turning toward the sanctuary of Idaean Zeus whose eyes watch over Troy for ever,[7] he uttered this prayer:

"Hear me, father! Grant that this day the Achaean host fall at the hands of this queenly daughter of Ares, and let her come back safely to my palace: have regard for your son Ares, a god of great might and power, and for the queen herself, who looks so very like the heavenly goddesses and is descended from you who are a god. And take pity on me: I have suffered much with the deaths of my sons, snatched away by the spirits of doom and at the hands of the Argives as they fought in the foremost ranks. Take pity, while a few of us descendants of Dardanus' noble blood are still left, and while our city is still unravaged; let us too have some respite from Ares' dreadful slaughter."

But as he uttered this passionate prayer, an eagle with a still-living dove in its talons appeared on the left swooping in swift flight and shrieking loudly. Priam felt fear in his heart and mind as he realized that he would not see Penthesileia return from battle alive; and the spirits of doom would indeed make the omen a true one that very day. Priam was heartbroken.

The Argives were struck with amazement when in the distance they saw the Trojans and Penthesileia, daughter of Ares, charging toward them, the Trojans like wild beasts that bring death and destruction on the fleecy

[7] Perhaps a reference to Rome as the new Troy.

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195 ἕως Rhodomann, Scaliger: ὡς M εἰμεν Spitzner: ἐσμὲν M 208 φόνον Rhodomann: πόνον M

flocks, and she like a rushing fire sent raging through dry brushwood by the strength of the wind. As they mustered together, one said to another:

"Who has mustered the Trojans now that Hector is dead? We thought that they would no longer be keen to meet us, but here they are suddenly rushing out and eager for the fight! There is someone in their midst urging them to the task—you would think it was a god, so great is the exploit he has in mind. Come, let us take stout courage in our hearts and summon up our warlike valor; we too shall not lack divine aid when we fight the Trojans this day."

With these words they donned their shining armor and poured out from their camp by the ships in powerful array. They entered the bloody fray with the appetite of wild beasts for raw flesh, all well equipped with spears, breastplates, strong shields of ox hide, and stout helmets. Now foe hacked at foe with reckless abandon, and the Trojan soil grew red.

Then Penthesileia slew Molion, Persinoüs, Eilissus, Antitheüs and valiant Lernus, Hippalmus, Haemonides and mighty Elasippus; Derione slew Laogonus; and Clonie killed Menippus, who had earlier come from Phylace with his commander Protesilaüs to fight against the Trojan forces. His death roused great anger in the heart of Podarces, son of Iphiclus, who loved him most of all his companions. Straightaway he struck godlike Clonie with

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217 *βαλόντες* Bonitz: *λαβόντες* M
226 *ἀνηλεγέως* Zimmermann: *ἀπ-* M
227 *Μολίονα* Rhodomann: *μολίωνα τε* M

his weighty spear. Passing right through her belly, it made the black blood spurt out, followed by all her entrails. Furious at this, Penthesileia struck Podarces with her long spear in the muscle of his right arm, shearing the veins and making black blood gush from the wound; he retired hurriedly behind the lines, groaning and overcome with pain, and his absence was felt grievously by the Phylacians. He soon died in the arms of his companions, only a short distance from the battle.

Idomeneus slew Bremousa with a wound from his long spear close to her right breast. She died immediately and collapsed like some towering ash tree felled by woodcutters which makes a pained creaking din as it is toppled. Just so she collapsed and groaned, limb-loosened in death, and her spirit mingled with the breezes that blow. Meriones killed Euandre and Thermodossa as they charged along in the deadly conflict, spearing the one in the heart and stabbing the other in the abdomen with his sword, so that the life left them quickly. The mighty son of Oïleus defeated Derione with a blow to the collarbone from his spear's point.

With his baneful sword the son of Tydeus cut off the heads of Alcimede and Derimacheia, necks and all, level with their shoulders, and they collapsed like a couple of

cows killed instantly with a slash to the neck tendons from the ox-battering ax of some active youth: just so their headless trunks fell on the Trojan plain, vanquished by the hands of Tydeus' son. Over their corpses Sthenelus slew mighty Cabeirus, who came from Sestos keen to fight the Argives; he did not see his homeland again. At this Paris' heart was filled with fury, and he took a direct shot at Sthenelus; but for all his hopes he did not injure him, because the arrow was turned aside by the implacable spirits of death toward their own target, and with deadly speed it made for bronze-girt Euenor, who had come from Dulichium to fight the Trojans. Noble Phyleus' son was roused to anger at his death; he pounced on the enemy quick as a lion on a flock of sheep, and all as one shrank back before that man of might. He slew Itymoneus and Agelaüs, son of Hippasus, who had both come from Miletus to raise their battle cry against the Danaans. Their leaders were the godlike Nastes and greathearted Amphimachus, lords of Mycale and of the white peaks of Latmus, of the long glens of Branchus, the shores of Panormus, and the deep streams of the Meander, which winds its mazy course from Phrygia, rich in flocks, to the vine-growing land of the Carians. After slaughtering these victims in the battle, Meges killed with his sinister spear anyone else he

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272 ἐλδόμενός Zimmermann: ἐσσύμενός M
274 δ' ἄρ' Bonitz: γὰρ M
281 ὑπ'] Köchly: ἄμ' M Ἀμφιμάχῳ Rhodomann: ἀγχε- M
282 Λάτμοιό Pauw: τιτάνοιό M

met, his heart filled by Tritogeneia with the valor to let loose on his foes their day of death.

Dresaeus was slain by Ares' favorite Polypoetes, whom divine Neaera bore after sleeping with wise Theiodamas at the foot of snow-clad Sipylus. It was there that the gods turned Niobe into a rock, and her floods of tears still teem down from the hard crags as Hermus' streams reecho the groans in unison with the tall peaks of Sipylus, ever overspread with a mist that shepherds hate. Passing travelers wonder at how closely the rock resembles a grief-stricken woman, lamenting and miserable, in floods of tears. Seen from a distance, she is indeed lifelike; but from nearby she is seen to be a towering rock, a fragment of Sipylus. But there she is still among the crags in a lifelike pose of lamentation, ever bearing witness to the terrible wrath of the gods.[8]

All around men inflicted death and destruction on one another. Terrible Tumult ranged among the armies; nearby stood Death, the grim end of life; and around them moved the hideous spirits of doom, bringers of gore and groans. On that day the heart of many a warrior, both Trojan and Argive, met its end in the dust, and great was the clamor that arose. Penthesileia's battle ardor was un-

[8] Niobe boasted that she was superior to Leto, mother of Artemis and Apollo, because she had more children. The divine twins killed her whole brood. She wept without ceasing and was eventually metamorphosed into a dripping rock.

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290 *κε* Köchly: *γε* m: *τε* m *ἦμαρ* Rhodomann: *ἦτορ* M
295 *ὑψόθε* Platt: *-θι* M
298 *περιπέπτατ'* Spitzner: *περιίπτατ'* M

abated: like some lioness in the high mountains who rushes through a deep and rocky ravine to pounce on a herd of cows, lusting for blood, her heart's delight: just so Ares' maiden daughter pounced on the Danaans. They retreated in awe and terror, and she followed them as waves of the deep-roaring sea follow swift ships when the hastening breeze fills their white sails and all the headlands echo as the sea roars toward the long beaches and the land: just so she followed the Danaans and wreaked havoc on their lines, adding defiant threats, exulting and arrogant:

"Dogs! Today you will pay for the outrage you have done Priam! Not a single one of you will escape my might to bring joy to his parents, his sons and his wife; your corpses will be laid out as carrion for birds and beasts, and there will be no burial in the ground for you. Where is the great son of Tydeus? Where is the grandson of Aeacus? Where is Ajax? They are reputed the best warriors, but they dare not face me in battle: they are afraid I shall rob their limbs of life and send their souls to join the dead!"

With these arrogant words she sprang upon the Argives with a violence like Doom herself. She killed a host of victims, now using her deep-bladed slaughterer's ax and now brandishing her sharp spear; meanwhile, her nimble steed brought her bow and quiver wherever she needed the bow and stinging arrows in the bloody fray.

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325 κυδιόωσα Tychsen: μειδ- M
326 ὡς Bonitz: οἳ M
328 τοκέεσσι Rhodomann, Dausque: τεκ- M
329 ἔσσεται Köchly: οἵσεται M
341 οἱ Rhodomann: μιν M

She had an escort of eager men, friends and brothers of Hector, their champion in hand-to-hand combat; they breathed mighty war and slew the Danaans with their polished ash-wood spears. Their victims fell as thick as leaves or raindrops while the vast earth, drenched in blood and filled with corpses, gave up great groans, and horses which had been shot or speared whinnied for the last time as they gave up the ghost. Men fallen among corpses grasped the dust, thrashing wildly in their death throes as the Trojan horses trampled them like threshed corn.

One of the Trojans was overjoyed and amazed at the sight of Penthesileia going here and there among the host like some louring tornado raging on the sea when the sun is in conjunction with Capricorn,[9] and he voiced his vain hopes:

"My friends, some goddess has clearly come from heaven today, to bring us aid and to fight the Argives in accordance with the dauntless plan of Zeus; he is mindful of mighty Priam who claims descent from him. This can not be a mere woman I see, courageous and resplendent in arms: she must be Athena or staunch Discord or Strife or Leto's glorious daughter. Today, I think, she will bring grievous slaughter on the Argives and burn with destructive fire the ships in which long ago they came to Troy with

[9] I.e., at the winter solstice.

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366 Ἔριν Zimmermann: ἔριδ' M

369 κακὰ πορφύροντες Zimmermann: πολλὰ κακὰ φέροντες M

plans to work us woe: they came to bring us great grief in war, but they shall not return to Greece or please their people back home, now that god is on our side!"

So spoke one of the Trojans, with great joy in his heart. The fool! He had no idea that grave misfortune was speeding toward him and the Trojans and Penthesileia herself; for doughty Ajax and Achilles sacker of cities were not yet aware of the clamor and the fighting because they were both prostrate at the tomb of Menoetius' son as they remembered their fallen comrades with plentiful lamentation. Some god was keeping them well away from the battle so that in fulfillment of their grim fate many warriors could be vanquished by the Trojans and by noble Penthesileia, who charged at them intent on mischief, her strength and courage alike increasing all the time. No spear she directed went astray: she would hit either the back of a fugitive or the chest of an attacker. Drenched all over in warm blood, her limbs active and vigorous, her fearless heart unwearied, strong as steel, she was still being inspired by grim Fate, who stood apart from the fighting and inspired her with that fatal exultation, intending that the girl would soon be vanquished at the hands of Achilles. Hidden in a mist and never visible, she roused

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370 *ὑπ'* C. L. Struve: *ἐπ'* M
383 *ἐπεσσυμένη* Rhodomann: *ἐπαΐσσουσα* M
384 *ποτ'* Köchly: *οἱ* M
385 *μαψιδίην* Köchly: *-ίη* M
388 *ἐπεσσυμένης* Rhodomann: *-νως* M
inter 389 et 390 *οὕνεκά Μοῖρα ποτὶ κλεινὸν ὀτρύνουσ' Ἀχιλῆα* M: del. Rhodomann

Penthesileia and led her to destruction by inspiring her for the last time as she slew victims on every side. As when a heifer, in search of sweet grass in spring time, bursts into some dew-fresh garden while the cowherd is away, charges in every direction and ruins all the new-grown plants by grazing on some and trampling others: just so the daughter of Enyalius charged among the Argive host, killing some and putting others to flight.

From far off the Trojan women marveled at the woman's deeds in war. Hippodameia, daughter of Antimachus and wife of stalwart Tisiphonus,[10] was seized with a desire to fight, and this insane notion moved her to make a confident speech to incite her companions to grim war as confidence roused her strength:

"Friends, let us be as strong in heart as our husbands, who without respite fight the enemy for their fatherland, for their children and for us; we should take courage and turn our minds to the fight which is the same for all. We are not much different from young men in strength: we have the same spirit, the same eyes and limbs, everything the same; the light of day and the air we breathe are common to us all, and we eat the same food. In what way has god made men superior to us? Then let us not shun the battle. Do you not see this woman performing far

[10] Or, "Tisiphone, daughter of horse-taming Antimachus and wife of Meneptolemus."

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395 *κυδαίνουσ'. ἡ δ'* Rhodomann, Dausque: *κυδαίνουσα ἰδ'* M 401 *νῖας* Rhodomann, Dausque: *νῆας* M

406 *Τισιφόνου* Rhodomann: *-φόνην* M 409 *ἐνὶ* Tychsen: *ἐπὶ* M

better at close quarters than the men she fights, even though her family and city are far away and she is fighting wholeheartedly for a foreign prince? She cares nothing for men, so confident she is, and so greatly determined. We, on the other hand, have each our private griefs: some of us have lost sons and husbands fighting around the city, others lament the deaths of their parents, and others grieve for the loss of brothers and kinsmen. No one is without her share of grief and suffering, and we must expect to see a day when we shall be slaves. Since we are in such distress, we should not put off fighting any longer: better to die in battle than later suffer the painful compulsion of being taken away as spoil by foreigners together with our children, with our city in flames and our husbands no longer alive!"

At these words desire for the hateful battle struck them all; they longed to don armor and hurry outside the walls, keen to defend their city and its people, and their courage rose. Just as bees within their hive at winter's end set up a loud buzzing as they get ready to forage in the pastures, and they do not like to stay inside but encourage one another to leave: just so the women of Troy urged one another on as they hurried toward the din of battle, discarding their wool and workbaskets and instead snatching up grim weapons. They would have perished in the conflict outside the city together with their husbands and the

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422 *οὔτ' ἄρ'* Rhodomann: *οὐ γὰρ* M
426 *τῆς* Spitzner: *τη* M

Amazon troops if Theano, a woman of good sense,[11] had not checked their onrush with words of wise counsel:

"Wretched women, untried in the work of war and innocently eager for a task that is beyond your powers, why this foolish urgency toward the horrors of war's work? Your strength will not match that of experienced Danaan warriors. The Amazons devote themselves to cruel conflict, horse riding and manly pursuits from their earliest years. That is why they always have a warlike spirit and are not inferior to men: constant practice has strengthened that spirit and made them stand firm and fearless. As for Penthesileia, it is said also that she is the daughter of mighty Ares; hence she must be peerless among women—and she may, for all we know, be a goddess come to answer our prayers. All mankind has a single origin, but there is a variety of occupations; and it is best to be occupied with what one knows best. Refrain, then, from the clamor of conflict and attend to your weaving indoors: war will be the concern of our menfolk. Maybe we shall soon have reason to hope: we see Achaeans being killed and our own warriors' strength on the rise. No need to fear calamity: the enemy do not have our city pitilessly encircled, and there is no compelling need for women to fight."

[11] In the *Iliad* she advocates returning Helen to the Greeks (7.347–53).

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472 *κακοῦ* Köchly: *-ὸν* M

So she spoke. The women obeyed her, old though she was,[12] and watched the battle from a distance. Penthesileia kept on killing. The Achaeans were terrified: with no means of escaping painful death, they were being slaughtered like bleating goats savaged by a leopard. Now it was flight, not fight, that they longed for, and they ran in all directions, some stripping off and discarding their armor, others keeping it on, while the horses, with no charioteers, ran away. The pursuers pressed forward joyfully, and their victims' groans were all around; in their distress they had no strength to resist; and short were the lives of all those whom Penthesileia encountered, foremost in the fearful fray. Just as at the onset of a roaring hurricane tall trees in bloom are torn up by the roots and flung to the ground, while others are broken in two high up, and the result is a chaotic heap of smashed debris: just so the great host of the Danaans lay in the dust, victims of the will of Fate and the spear of Penthesileia.

Just as the ships were about to be set on fire at the hands of the Trojans, staunch Ajax heard the cries and said to the grandson of Aeacus:

"Achilles, I can hear an endless clamor; it seems as if a great conflict has broken out. We should go, in case the Trojans reach the ships before us, kill the Argives, and fire the fleet. If that should happen, we shall both be dis-

[12] Or, "because she was their elder."

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484 *ἴσαν* Spitzner: *ἔσαν* M
492 *τότε κεῖτο* Zimmermann: *κέκλιτο* M

graced: as descendants of great Zeus we should not bring shame on our distinguished forefathers, who, spearmen themselves, once sacked the fine city of Troy in company with warlike Heracles ‹to punish the insolence› of Laomedon.[13] And I think our hands can perform the same exploit again: we both have the power within us."

So he spoke; and the valiant grandson of Aeacus agreed, since he could hear the groaning and the clamor with his own ears. They both hastened to their shining armor. When they had put it on, they stood to face the thronging foe. Their fine armor clanked, and fury like that of Ares himself maddened them—such was the force that Atrytone, wielder of the shield, granted them both as they hastened to battle. The Argives were overjoyed to see that powerful pair: they looked like the sons of great Aloeus[14] who once threatened to stack two high mountains, lofty Ossa and Pelion's high peak, on top of broad Olympus when they were madly minded to get up to heaven. Just so those descendants of Aeacus took their stand in the grim fighting, a joyful answer to the prayers of the Achaeans as they hastened to kill the enemy host. Many were the victims they vanquished with their raging spears: just as when in the thickets a pair of lions that prey on oxen

[13] A line is missing. Laomedon, father of Priam, defrauded Heracles of his promised reward for rescuing his daughter Hesione from a sea monster.

[14] Otus and Ephialtes, who mounted an assault on Olympus and were killed by Apollo. The story is told at *Od.* 11.305–20.

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509 *ἐπέκλυεν* Platt: *ἐσέ-* m: *ὑπέ-* m
518 *τ'* add. Rhodomann: om. M

come across some plump ewes which have strayed far from their shepherds' care and set about slaughtering them with all speed, until they have quaffed the black blood and sated their vast appetites with the entrails: just so those two slew that huge host of men. Ajax killed Deïochus and Hyllus the warrior, Eurynomus lover of battle and godlike Enyeus. The son of Peleus killed Antandre, Polemousa and Antibrote, spirited Hippothoe next, then Hermothoe. He and the greathearted son of Telamon charged through the whole host, and the stout, close-set ranks collapsed quickly and easily before their onslaught like a shady wood before fire when a wind blows in gusts through the mountain thickets.

When warlike Penthesileia saw them rushing like wild beasts through the fearful fray, she charged to face them both. Just as some savage leopard with murder in its heart ambushed by hunters threateningly quivers its tail and springs at them as they approach, while they in their protective armor await the attack with their trusty spears: just so those two warriors, spears at the ready, awaited Penthesileia, and their bronze armor clanged as they moved. Noble Penthesileia was the first to cast her long spear. It reached the shield of Achilles, grandson of Aeacus, but on impact it was turned aside and shattered as if it had struck a rock, so strong was the immortal gift of the skilled smith Hephaestus.[15] She then brandished

[15] See 5.1–101.

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529 Δηίοχον Pauw: δηίχον M
548 δ' ἐς Rhodomann: δὲ M
551 χερσὶ Rhodomann: φρεσὶ M
καὶ Köchly: ἠδὲ M

her other rushing spear in Ajax' face and threatened both men:

"That spear cast of mine may have been in vain; but with this one I shall put an end to the strength and spirit of both of you, for all your brave boasting among the Greeks; and then the horse-taming Trojans will suffer much less in the battle. Come closer! Make your way through the fighting, and see with what force and spirit we Amazons are endowed! My ancestry is no less warlike than yours: I am the daughter of no mortal man, but of Ares himself, who is never sated with the din of battle. That is why I am far superior in valor to men!"

At these boasts <. . . . .>[16] they burst out laughing. Just then her spear struck Ajax's silver greave. It pressed forward with speed, but it did not penetrate as far as the flesh; for it was fated that no painful pointed spear thrown in battle by an enemy should draw blood from him.[17] Ajax paid no attention to the Amazon and sprang instead into the midst of the Trojans, leaving the son of Peleus to deal with Penthesileia on his own: he was sure that for all her strength he would have no more trouble with her than a hawk with a dove.

She groaned aloud on missing with her spears, and the son of Peleus addressed her with mocking words:

"Woman, these are empty boasts that you flourish in

[16] Line missing.

[17] A variation on the theme (not mentioned by Homer) that Ajax was invulnerable. Cf. on 3.62.

563–64 lac. stat. Köchly

your eagerness to confront us in battle. We are the best heroes in the world, claiming descent from the Thunderer, Zeus son of Cronus; even the spirited Hector was afraid of us, even if from a distance he saw us charging to the grim battle; and it was my spear that killed him, mighty though he was. You must be quite mad to dare to threaten us with death this day. Your life's end will come soon enough. No one, not even your father Ares, can save you any longer from me. You will be punished with death, killed like a young mountain deer encountering a lion that preys on oxen. Perhaps you have not heard how many men's knees buckled under my blows at the streams of Xanthus;[18] or perhaps you do know it, but the gods have taken away your good sense so that the implacable spirits of doom can swallow you up."

With these words he pounced on her, brandishing in his mighty hand a long, murderous spear, the work of Chiron.[19] He stabbed warlike Penthesileia beneath the right breast, and out gushed the dark blood. At once her limbs lost all their strength; she dropped the great ax from her hand; darkness dimmed her sight, and agony entered her heart. Even so she recovered, only to see that her enemy was on the point of dragging her from her swift steed. She was not sure whether she should draw her great sword and wait for Achilles to come charging toward her,

[18] As told in Book 21 of the *Iliad.*
[19] Cf. *Il.* 16.143–4.

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592 κραταιῇ Rhodomann: κρατερῇ M

or whether she should quickly dismount from her swift steed and as a suppliant promise to give the hero bronze and gold in abundance, a sweet temptation for even the sternest mortal mind. She hoped in this way to conciliate the grandson of Aeacus, bent on murder, or, by appealing to sympathy for one of his own age, to be granted a reprieve—so desperate was she to escape.

While she was still considering the matter in this way, the gods brought about a different conclusion. As she moved toward him Peleus' son, full of wrath, immediately drove his spear through the storm-footed steed and its rider together. As when someone hastily preparing a meal skewers two bits of offal on a spit placed over a hot fire, or when a hunter up in the mountains with a painful spear cast cuts right through the belly of a deer, and the powerful weapon flies onward until it lodges in the trunk of some tall, leafy oak or pine: just so Peleus' son cut straight through Penthesileia and her handsome steed with one thrust of his raging spear, and she soon mingled with dust and death. She fell to the ground decorously, her noble body modest and showing nothing shameful as she stretched out prone, struggling convulsively round the spear, her swift steed fallen under her. Like some fir tree destroyed by Boreas' freezing blast—a tree nurtured near a spring by the earth which it adorned, the tallest tree in all the long valleys and forests—so Penthesileia fell from her swift steed, still beautiful but with her strength destroyed.

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610 *τὰ* Glasewald: *τὸ* M 613 *ὑπὲρ* Spitzner: *ὑπαὶ* M
615 *ἢ* Rhodomann, Bonitz: *ᾐδ'* M 618 *ᾐέ νυ* Köchly: *ἢ ἐνὶ* m: *ἢ* m 623 *μακρὴ* Vian: *-ὴν* M 627 *παρὰ* Pauw: *περὶ* M

When the Trojans saw that she had been killed in the battle, they all began to run in terror toward the city, their hearts inexpressibly distressed by their great grief. As when on the open sea sailors lose their ship in a hurricane, and a few escape drowning after many an ordeal in the deadly waves; and at long last there appears land close by and a city, and they hasten to get out of the sea, their limbs completely exhausted with painful effort, and their minds grieving for their ship and their companions, wave-driven into the nether darkness: just so all the Trojans, fleeing from the battle toward their city, wept for the daughter of irresistible Ares and for the host of warriors who had perished in that fatal conflict.

Exulting over his victim, the son of Peleus taunted her: "Wretched woman, lie in the dust as carrion for the dogs and birds! Who tricked you into confronting me? Did you think you would return from battle and be given countless gifts by old Priam as reward for killing the Argives? The gods put paid to that idea of yours. We are far the best of the heroes; we bring light to the Danaans, suffering to the Trojans—and to you, now that the grim spirits of doom and your own inclination have roused you to leave women's work and engage in war, a fearful business even for men."

With these words the son of Peleus pulled his spear out of the swift steed and out of dread Penthesileia, and

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637 *ἄψεα* Dausque: *αἶψα* m: *αἶψα δὲ* m *πάντα* Spitzner: *-τες* M 648 *τόδε* Rhodomann: *τό γε* M *σοί* Rhodomann: *οἵ* m: *οἱ* m 651 *ἦ* add. Rhodomann: om. M *ἐρεμναὶ* Rhodomann: *ἐρυ-* M

both bodies writhed convulsively, dispatched by the same weapon. He removed from her head the helmet that shone like sunbeams or the radiance of Zeus. Then the beauty of the face beneath her lovely brows could be seen, fallen though she was in the blood and dust. She looked like a goddess, and the Argives around Achilles felt wonder at the sight. Lying there on the ground in her armor she resembled Artemis, the hardy daughter of Zeus, when she sleeps following a long and exhausting hunt after swift mountain lions; for Cypris of the fair garland herself, bedfellow[20] of mighty Ares, had made her beautiful even in death so that even noble Peleus' son should feel remorse. Many men wished that when at last they returned home they could have such a wife to sleep by; and Achilles continued sore at heart because he had killed her instead of taking her back to Phthia, land of horses, as his wife, so perfectly beautiful was she, and in appearance so like a goddess.

Heartbroken and grieving at the death of his daughter, Ares sprang swiftly down from Olympus like a terrible crashing thunderbolt hurled by Zeus, which hurtles from his tireless hand in a flash over the earth or the limitless ocean while around it great Olympus trembles: just so the grief-stricken Ares, clad in his armor, hurtled through the spreading air when he heard of his child's

[20] Usually the word *parakoitis* means "wife," but here the reference is probably to the famous episode of Ares' and Aphrodite's adultery, as told at *Od.* 8.266–366.

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670 *ἧς* Köchly: om. M
671 *ἐνὶ τείρετο* Tychsen: *ἐνετείρετο* M

grim fate. (The Breezes, swift daughters of Boreas, had told him of the girl's grim death when he was traveling in the broad heavens.) As soon as he heard the news, he descended like a storm upon the mountains of Ida, and the impact of his feet set up a movement in the long valleys, the torrents in their deep gorges, the rivers, and all the countless foothills of Ida. He would have made that day a day of grief for the Myrmidons had not Zeus himself on Olympus scared him with grim lightning flashes and dread thunderbolts sent through the sky to arrive in a fearful blaze at his feet. On seeing this he recognized that the threatening clamor was from his father, god of the thunder, and he halted his eager progress toward the din of battle. Just as when some huge boulder is dislodged from a high mountain summit by the winds and torrential rain from Zeus, or by rain and thunderbolts combined, so that the valleys reecho its crashing progress as it keeps careering down with tireless force until it reaches level ground and is forced to a sudden halt: just so Ares, mighty son of Zeus, reluctantly halted his eager course; for all the Olympians alike give way to the ruler of the blessed gods, since he is far superior to them and his power is beyond words to describe. As Ares pondered the matter, his mind veered between feeling that he should return cowed to heaven in obedience to the grim warning he had received from the wrathful son of Cronus and, on the other hand, the urge to ignore his father and soak his tireless hands in the blood

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685 *κλύεν* Pierson: *κίεν* M
692 *ποτέοντο* Spitzner: *-όωντο* M

of Achilles. But eventually he remembered that even Zeus had lost sons in the fighting and had not interfered to help them;[21] and so he moved back from the Argives. Had he opposed the will of immortal Zeus, he would have been laid low like the Titans by the agonizing thunderbolt.

Then the warlike sons of the mighty Argives hastened to strip the gory armor from bodies all over the battlefield. Peleus' son felt great grief when he saw the beautiful warrior maiden lying in the dust; the pain that gnawed his heart was no less than he had formerly felt at the death of his comrade Patroclus. Then Thersites came up and insultingly mocked him:

"What folly, Achilles! Some god, it seems, has beguiled your mind and heart for this wretched Amazon, who was bent on planning a lot of bad things for us. You are obsessed with women! You have the same feelings for her as you would have for a sensible wife whom you aimed to marry lawfully with wedding gifts. She ought to have killed you in the fighting before you killed her! You take too much delight in women: the mere sight of one has made your cruel heart care nothing for fame or virtuous conduct. Wretched man, where now are your valor, your prudence, your noble and kingly power? Have you no idea what grief was caused the Trojans by their love of women?[22]

[21] A reference to Zeus' reluctant acquiescence in the death of Sarpedon at *Il.* 16.431–61. [22] I.e., Helen.

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715 *εἰ* Διὸς Pauw: *εἶδος* m: *εἰδὼς* m 722 *μέγα* add. Tychsen: om. M 727 *μέμβλεται* Hermann: *-το* M
729 *σ'* add. Rhodomann: om. M
733 *ἠδὲ* Pauw: *ἠὲ* M

No human passion is more pernicious than that sexual desire which makes even wise men foolish. Fame comes with hard work: a spearman should desire a reputation for victory in the works of war. Sleeping with women is for cowards!"

Such were his insults. Peleus' proud son with rage and wrath instantly dealt him a blow with his mighty hand on the jaw by the ear. All his teeth came loose and fell on the ground, and he collapsed face down; blood gushed copiously from his mouth; and straightaway the scoundrel's feeble spirit left his body. The Achaean host rejoiced at the death of that man of no worth who used to insult and slander them: he was a disgrace to the Danaans. Then the Argives, those speedy warriors, spoke as follows:

"Lesser men should beware of insulting their kings either face-to-face or behind their backs: the result is terrible wrath. Justice does exist: Ruin, who brings mortals misery upon misery, punishes an insolent tongue."[23]

So spoke the Danaans. And Peleus' proud son, still furious, addressed him with these words:

"Lie there in the dust, all your follies forgotten! It is not right for a lesser man to challenge his betters. This was not your first offense: you had already roused Odysseus' enduring heart to fury with your endless insults. But

[23] The loud-mouthed Thersites' punishment is appropriately oral. The whole scene is modeled on *Il.* 2.211–77, where he is given a beating by Odysseus for speaking insolently to Agamemnon (cf. 759–60).

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752 ἐπεὶ Lehrs: ὅπη M

I, the son of Peleus, proved different: a light blow from my hand let loose your spirit, implacable death enveloped you, and you left your feeble existence. Begone from the Achaeans and save your insolent chatter for the dead!"

So spoke the fearless son of fierce Aeacides. The son of Tydeus was the only Argive to be angered by Thersites' death. They were blood relatives, the one a mighty son of noble Tydeus, the other of Agrius, brother of divine Oeneus, who was the father of the Danaan warrior Tydeus, whose mighty son Diomedes was; hence his anger at the killing of Thersites. He would have squared up to the son of Peleus if the foremost Achaean leaders had not crowded round and restrained him with various calming words; and separately they restrained the son of Peleus. Prompted by this destructive anger, the best of the Argives just avoided a swordfight. They consented, however, to be appeased by their comrades.

The Atreid kings themselves felt great pity and admiration for noble Penthesileia, and they granted the Trojans permission to carry her body and her armor to the city of glorious Ilus. This was in response to a message from Priam, who hoped to bury the courageous maiden, together with her arms and her steed, in the tomb of rich

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761 *ἐξεφαάνθην* C. L. Struve: *-θη* M
773 *ἐτέτυκτο* Rhodomann: *ἐτέκτο* m: *ἐτέκετο* m

Laomedon. He had a pyre built, broad and high, before the city, and upon it the girl was placed, surrounded by many funerary gifts of a kind fitting for a wealthy queen to have cremated with her. The power of Hephaestus' destructive flames consumed her body, and the people standing all around soon extinguished the pyre with fragrant wine. They collected the bones, drenched them with sweet oil, placed them within a coffer, and laid over them the rich fat of the best cow to be seen in the herds grazing the mountains of Ida. Lamenting her like their own daughter, the grieving Trojans interred her next to the bones of Laomedon at a prominent part of the well-built walls, paying due service to Ares and to Penthesileia herself. Next to her they buried the Amazons, her companions in battle, who had been killed by the Argives; for the Atreids did not begrudge them lamentation and a tomb, and they permitted the warlike Trojans to recover their bodies from the battlefield together with the rest of their dead. No anger is felt against the dead: once they have breathed their last, they are objects of pity, enemies no longer.

On their side the Argives committed to the flames many warrior chieftains who had been vanquished and killed at the hands of the Trojans, fighting in the front line in that same battle. Great was their grief for the dead;

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792 *συγκείασθαι* C. L. Struve: *-χεύασθαι* M
805 *ποτὶ* Köchly: *παρὰ* m: *περὶ* m

and in particular they lamented good Podarces, who in battle was the equal of his brother, noble Protesilaüs; but good Protesilaüs had already been laid low by Hector; and now his brother was dead by the spear of Penthesileia, a cause of dreadful grief for the Argives. They therefore buried the rest of their dead at a distance, and with great effort made for him alone a conspicuous funeral mound in recognition of his bravery. They buried the worthless Thersites' miserable corpse away from the others. Then they returned to their fine-prowed ships acclaiming Achilles, grandson of Aeacus, in their hearts. When the bright goddess of day sank below the ocean and holy night was spread over the earth, the mighty son of Peleus ate his meal in the quarters of wealthy Agamemnon, and the other nobles took their pleasure until the coming of divine Dawn.

BOOK II

When the tireless sun's bright light rose above the echoing mountain peaks, the mighty sons of the Achaeans were still joyfully acclaiming unwearied Achilles. In their city meanwhile the Trojans were lamenting. Watchers were set on the towers; everyone was afraid that the mighty man would leap over their great walls to murder them and set all in flames. In the midst of their lamentations old Thymoetes addressed them:

"My friends, I can no longer conceive how we are to defend ourselves in this terrible war now that our champion Hector has fallen. In the past he was the Trojans' mainstay, but even he did not escape the Fates: he died at the hands of Achilles, a man I believe would be able to cut down even a god in battle; for he vanquished in the fight such a warlike woman as Penthesileia, who put to flight the rest of the Argives, so formidable was she. Indeed, when I first saw her I thought a goddess had come from heaven bringing us joy. That was not to be. But come, let us consider the best course of action. Should we continue to fight these hateful foes, or should we flee this city as it

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15 ἔνι Rhodomann: ἂν M

falls, since we shall no longer be able to oppose the Argives while implacable Achilles carries on the fight?"

So he spoke; and the son of Laomedon replied:

"My friend, and all you Trojans and our mighty allies, let us not abandon our fatherland out of fear or continue to engage the enemy far from the city. We must fight from our walls and battlements until stouthearted Memnon arrives with his countless clans of black troops from Ethiopia. I think he must in fact be near our land already: it is some time now since my grief prompted me to send a message to him, and he undertook quite willingly to come to Troy and do all I required. I daresay he will soon be here. Endure, then, for a little while longer: it is far better to die bravely in battle than to live a shameful life among strangers."

So spoke the old man. But wise Polydamas, who thought the conflict should continue no longer, made this prudent speech:

"If Memnon has indeed given you a clear assurance that he will ward off death and destruction from us, I do not mind staying in the city until the great hero arrives. But I am afraid that, having arrived, he and his forces will be vanquished, and the result will be suffering for even more of our people; for the Achaeans' strength is fearfully on the rise. But come, let us neither live a life of shame and foul dishonor fleeing in exile to live in some

foreign country, nor stay in our fatherland only to be killed in battle by the Argives. It would be better, even at this late hour, to give renowned Helen back to the Danaans, together with the property she brought from Sparta, and compensation of double that amount payable on behalf of the city and ourselves, before the cruel enemy hordes divide all our possessions between them and our city is consumed in destructive fire. Come, do as I say: I believe no better advice is to be had for the Trojans. I only wish Hector had listened to my counsel when I tried to keep him inside the city!"[1]

So spoke the fine warrior Polydamas. Those who heard him silently approved, but they kept quiet out of fear and respect for their king—and for Helen, even though she was the cause of their ruin. Then Paris addressed that fine and good man with taunts and insults:

"Polydamas, you are a coward and a weakling: it is not a staunch heart you have in your chest, but fear and flight. You claim to give the best counsel, but your advice is worse than others'. Go on then, withdraw from the fighting by yourself and stay at home sitting in your halls. Everyone else in the city will follow me in taking up arms until a satisfactory means can be found to end this dread-

[1] *Il.* 18.249–309.

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51 *μηδ' ἐνὶ πάτρῃ* Rhodomann: *μὴ δέ τι πάτρην* M
56 *δισσάκι . . . φέροντας* Scaliger: *δηθάκι . . . φέροντες* M
57 *ἐκδόμεν* Dausque: om. M
72 *δὴ* Dausque: om. M

ful conflict. Great glory and deeds of note are not earned without effort and grim conflict. Running away is what women and children prefer, and you are just like them. I put no trust in you as a warrior: you blunt the ardor of everyone!"

To this flurry of insults Polydamas made an angry reply. He was not a man to shrink from speaking his mind. He who fawns and flatters face to face while his real opinions lead him to slander a man behind his back is hateful, wicked and foolish. It was in front of everyone, therefore, that he reproved the royal prince:

"O vilest to me of all men on earth, it was your so-called ardor that brought us woe; you were prepared to put up with endless conflict—and you will continue to do so, until you see your land and its people obliterated. Rather than feel such ardor, I prefer the safe caution that would protect my house!"

To these words of Polydamas Paris made no reply: he recalled how much suffering he had unleashed on the Trojans and how much more was to come—for he blazed with such passion that he had much rather die than be separated from godlike Helen, on whose account the sons of Troy were gazing out from their lofty citadel as they awaited the Argives and Achilles, grandson of Aeacus.

It was not long before warlike Memnon came to their aid—Memnon, ruler of the swarthy Ethiopians, leading

a countless host. The Trojans gathered round, happy to see him in the city, just as sailors rejoice when, after long toils in a dangerous storm, the sky clears and they see the great, circling Bear: just so the crowds around him rejoiced, and the son of Laomedon more than the rest; in his heart he had hopes that the Ethiopian warriors would burn the ships for him, so mighty was their king and so numerous his troop, every one of them eager for the fray. And so he fully honored the noble son of Erigeneia with fine gifts and lavish entertainment. As they ate and drank, they conversed with each other. The one described the Danaan chieftains and how they had made him suffer. The other told of the ever-immortal life of his father[2] and his mother Eos; of Tethys' limitless streams and the holy waters of deep-flowing Ocean; of the bounds of the inexhaustible earth, the lands of the sunrise, and of his whole journey from Ocean to the city of Priam and the foothills of Ida; and how with his own mighty hands he had devastated the sacred army of the dreadful Solymi, who in trying to bar his way earned themselves suffering and an irresistible death. As he told his tale and described the innumerable human societies he had seen, Priam's heart and mind were filled with pleasure, and he respectfully addressed him with welcoming words:

"Memnon, the gods have brought it to pass that I

2 Tithonus, father of Memnon, was Priam's brother.

should see you and your soldiers in my halls. I hope they will grant, too, that I shall see your spears destroy the whole Argive host! No hero who walks the earth bears such a perfect resemblance to the tireless blessed gods as you do. And so I think you are the one to bring murder and misery to our enemies. But for the moment, come! Enjoy this banquet of ours. Tomorrow you can do your duty in battle."

With these words he raised in his hands a capacious cup and graciously proposed a toast to Memnon with that heavily chased golden vessel, a fine piece of workmanship which at his marriage to Cyprogeneia the lame Hephaestus, skilled at metalwork, had given to mighty Zeus. Zeus gave it to his son godlike Dardanus, he to his son Erichthonius, and Erichthonius to greathearted Tros; he left it, together with the rest of his possessions, to Ilus, and he gave it to Laomedon. Laomedon passed it to Priam, who intended to give it to his own son; but that was not to be. When he handled that beautiful cup Memnon was struck with wonder, and he replied with these words:

"It is not right at a banquet to boast to excess or to make promises; a relaxed manner and appropriate behavior are needed when dining in company. Whether or no I am a fine and powerful warrior you will find out in the battle, where a man's valor is revealed. But come, let us take care to rest. We should not spend the whole night drinking: too much drink and too little sleep are poor preparations for fighting."

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154 *μαχέεσθαι* Rhodomann: *μάχεσθαι* M

Impressed by these words, the old man replied:

"Please yourself and share in the feast just as much as you like: far be it from me to compel you. It is not right either to detain a guest who wants to leave a banquet or to eject from the hall one who wants to stay: that is the proper way among men."

With these words he rose from the meal and went to bed—for the last time. The whole company, too, retired to rest, and sweet sleep soon came upon them.

Meanwhile the immortal gods were feasting in the halls of Zeus, rouser of the lightning; and the father, son of Cronus, who knew what was to happen in the fighting and the din of battle, addressed them:

"Gods, you should all know that in tomorrow's conflict there will be great suffering. You will see many strong chariot horses die on both sides, and many warriors perish. But no matter how concerned you are for them, you must not intervene or fall at my knees in supplication. The spirits of doom can not be appeased even by us."

He addressed them all with these words, whose truth they knew already, so that, no matter how grieved, they would keep away from the battle and would not come to changeless Olympus in a vain attempt to supplicate him on behalf of a son or a favorite. When they heard these words of Zeus the thunderer, they resigned themselves to obedience and uttered not a word of protest: limitless was

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163 *τάχα* Rhodomann: *τοῖς* M
174 *καὶ* Bonitz: *κεν* M

the fear he inspired. Sadly they went off to bed in their palaces; and, immortal though they were, the gentle boon of sleep spread over their eyes.

At the time when the bright Morning Star speeds up into the broad sky above the high mountaintops, rousing sweetly slumbering reapers to their work, his last sleep left the warlike son of Erigeneia, bringer of light. He felt full of strength and eager to begin fighting the foe; but it was with reluctance that Eos mounted the broad sky. The Trojans now donned their battle armor, as did the Ethiopians and allied clans gathered around mighty Priam, all in motion at once. They charged before the walls with great speed, like dark clouds which the son of Cronus gathers in the heavy air as a storm is rising. Soon they filled the whole plain as they swarmed onward like wheat-devouring locusts, which move insatiably over the broad earth like a cloud or a torrent of rain, bringing horrid famine on mortal men: so numerous and so powerful were they, and the earth was crowded with men in motion raising the dust with their feet. From a distance the Argives stood amazed to see them advancing. They at once donned their bronze armor, putting their trust in the strength of Peleus' son, who went among them like the mighty Titans. He exulted in his chariot and his steeds, and his armor flashed

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183 *ἄκρας* Pauw: *-ης* M

187 *ὕστατος* Rhodomann: *-τερος* M

199 *ἄπληστοι* Dausque: *ἄπληκτοι* M

200 *ἴσαν* Spitzner: *ἔσαν* M δὲ *γαῖα* Vian: δ' *ἀγυιὰ* fere M

206 *ἄρμασι* Wernicke: *ὄχεσφι* M

all around like lightning. Just as Helius, bringer of light to mortals, shines brightly in the heavens as he comes from the bounds of Ocean which surrounds the world, and the sky and the nourishing earth rejoice: just so the son of Peleus dashed among the Argives. Among the Trojans likewise moved the warrior Memnon just like a raging Ares; and his troops eagerly kept pace with their king as he led the charge.

Soon the long lines of Trojans and Danaans alike were struggling, and the Ethiopians most notably of all. They fell all together upon their foes with a great clamor, like waves of the sea whipped up in the winter season by all the winds at once. Casting their polished spears, each side began slaughtering the other in a blaze of groans and clamor. Just as rivers in spate groan and roar as they pour down to the sea, when Zeus sends the heaviest rain among the rolling thunder of colliding clouds and fiery flashes of lightning: just so the broad earth resounded beneath the fighters' feet, and fearsome shouting sped up into the divine air, so dreadful was the clamor made on each side.

Then Peleus' son slew Thalius and noble Mentes, both warriors of renown, together with many other victims: just as a violent subterranean wind strikes caves, and everything underground from its very foundations is at once reduced to rubble, and the earth quakes to its

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215 ἄρ' Rhodomann: om. M

224 πυρὸς Köchly: πάρος M

230 εὖτ' αἰγὶς Zimmermann: εὖτε γαίης M βερέθροι-σιν Zimmermann: μελάθρ- M ὑποχθονίη Platt: -ίην m: -ίοις m

232 βαθὺ Bonitz: βαρὺ M

depths:[3] just so quick death laid those victims low in the dust, killed by the spear of Peleus' son, so great was his wrath.

Likewise on the other side the noble son of Erigeneia was slaughtering the Argives like some malign Fate which brings plague and pestilence to the people. First he slew Pheron with a blow to the chest from his deadly spear, and then godlike Ereuthus, both eager for war and the hideous fray; they dwelt in Thryon by the streams of Alpheüs, and they had come to the holy city of Troy under the command of Nestor. Having dispatched them, he made for the son of Neleus with murder in mind; but godlike Antilochus stood in front of his father and hurled his long spear. Memnon moved slightly to one side, and the spear missed him and killed his dear comrade Aethops, son of Pyrrhasus. Enraged at his death, he sprang on Antilochus as a spirited lion springs on a boar which itself is practiced in fighting men and beasts alike and is irresistibly powerful: just so he sprang with all speed. Antilochus dealt him a blow with a huge rock, but the strong crest of his helmet warded off grim death and, as it rang from the blow, far from being dismayed, he felt his heart and courage roused to fearsome heights, and his rage against Antilochus increased as he seethed with valorous fury. He struck the son of Nestor, fine spearman though he was, just above the breast, and drove his powerful weapon into the heart, where a wound is mortal and death is quick.

All the Danaans were distressed at his death, and his

[3] Text uncertain.

father Nestor, who had seen his son killed before his eyes, felt more grief than any; for there is nothing more painful for mortals than when a father witnesses his son's death. And so his normally unbending mind grieved for the sad fate of his vanquished son. He called urgently to Thrasymedes some distance away:

"Renowned Thrasymedes, rouse yourself; we must either drive the murderer of your brother and my son away from the dead man whose condition is a dishonor to us, or we must crown our grief and woe by dying at his side. If you have fear in your heart, you are no son of mine and no descendant of Polyclymenus, who dared to face even Heracles.[4] Come—to work! Necessity often strengthens the hand of even the feeblest fighter."

When he heard these words, Thrasymedes' heart was plunged into dreadful grief. He was soon joined by Phereus, who was equally affected by the loss of his leader, and they both charged through the bloody fray to confront mighty Memnon. Just as when, up in the wooded glens of a high mountain, a pair of huntsmen keen on the chase confront some boar or bear, eager to dispatch it, and their prey springs at them with equal courage in its efforts to

[4] When Heracles attacked Pylos: *Il.* 11.687–93.

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repel the attack: just so Memnon faced them with confidence as they eagerly approached. But they were not able to dispatch him with their long ash-wood spears: those spears missed their target by a long way, diverted no doubt by Erigeneia. But their weapons did not fall vainly to the ground; for stouthearted Phereus' eager spear cast slew Polymnius son of Meges, while the valiant son of Nestor, enraged at his brother's death in battle at the hands of Memnon, killed Laomedon. Memnon meanwhile busied his tireless hands in stripping the corpse of its bronze armor. Aware of his superior strength, he took no notice of mighty Thrasymedes or noble Phereus, who were like timid jackals that dare not venture near a great lion standing over a deer. Nestor, who was nearby, began a loud lament when he saw this. He summoned all his comrades to the attack, and he was eager to take part in the work himself, fighting from his chariot; so much did he regret the death of his son that he felt driven to take part in a fight beyond his powers. And he would have lain numbered among the dead near his dear son if stouthearted Memnon, feeling respect for a man the same age as his own father, had not addressed him as he approached:

"Old man, it would be wrong for me to fight someone of your age. Now I realize who you are. Just now I mistook you for a young warrior fighting the foe, and I confidently thought that I had to deal with an opponent worthy to encounter my arm and my spear. Go back!

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289 *αἰχμαὶ* Rhodomann: *-μὴ* M

305 *περὶ* Rhodomann: om. M

306 *ἐναρίθμιος* Hermann (post *-ιον* C. L. Struve): *ἐναλίγκιον* M

Retreat far from the fighting and the hateful slaughter, or I shall be obliged to strike you. Do not fall fighting over your son, against a man far superior to yourself. If you do, you will be reputed foolish: it makes no sense to oppose a better man."

So he spoke; and in turn the old man replied:

"Memnon, you are wasting your words. No one would be reputed foolish for struggling against the enemy on behalf of his own son and trying to drive his pitiless killer through the press and away from the body. If only my strength were unimpaired, so that you could get to know my spear! As it is, you can boast and bluster with a young man's courage and easy confidence, though in your pride you talk arrant nonsense. If you had faced me in my prime, your friends for sure would not have had cause to rejoice at your deeds, for all your might. But as it is, I am like a miserable old lion confidently kept off by a sheepdog from the flocks in their fold, eager but powerless to defend himself because he cannot rely on his jaws or his strength and time has crumbled away his stout heart: just so I can no longer call on my former strength—though I am still better than many men, and even in old age I yield to few."

With these words he retreated a little and left his son lying in the dust; for his limbs no longer had all their for-

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319 *ἑτέρωθε* Platt: *-θι* M
339 *οἱ* Spitzner: *τοι* M

mer suppleness and strength now that he was weighed down with the infirmity of age. Thrasymedes the spearman and stouthearted Phyleus fell back likewise, together with all the others, fearing the attack of such a grim opponent.

As when some deep-eddying river froths and roars ceaselessly as it teems down from the great mountains when Zeus stirs up a great storm and darkens the day with clouds louring over the earth; everywhere thunder and lightning crash as those god-sent clouds meet; the low-lying fields are inundated by the torrential downpour; and all around the long mountain torrents boom and roar: such was the force of Memnon as he drove the Argives toward the shores of the Hellespont, constantly killing the hindmost. Many a man breathed his last in the dust and blood slain by an Ethiopian hand, and the earth was defiled with the gore of dying Danaans. Memnon exulted as he kept pressing on the enemy ranks, and the Trojan plain was crowded with corpses. He continued to fight, in hopes that he could be a savior of the Trojans and a bane to the Danaans; but in this he was deceived by grievous Fate, who stood near and encouraged him to fight. Round him toiled his sturdy soldiers Alcyoneus, Nychius, brave Asiades, Meneclus the spearman, Alexippus, Clydon and the rest, eager for combat and no less staunch in battle than

the king in whom they put their trust. At that moment the son of Neleus slew Meneclus as he charged at the Danaans. Stouthearted Memnon, angry at the loss of his comrade, slaughtered a mass of men. As when a hunter in the mountains lays into the swift hinds crowded into enfolding linen nets set up by human skill to ensnare them at the end of the hunt, and the pack of hounds keeps baying and barking as he eagerly hastens to put those runnable deer to death with his spear: just so Memnon wreaked havoc among that great host to the joy of his comrades. The Argives fled before that heroic warrior. Just as when a huge boulder, dislodged from a crag by a stroke of grievous lightning from unwearied Zeus on high, plunges down a steep mountainside and, as it smashes through the dense undergrowth and the long glens, the valleys echo the sound, so that any flocks, cattle or other creatures in the forest in its path as it rolls down run off in terror from that cruel and destructive force: just so the Greeks fled the charging Memnon's powerful spear.

Then Nestor went up to the mighty grandson of Aeacus and, moved by great grief over his son, addressed him:

"Achilles, great bulwark of the staunch Argive warriors, my dear son is dead, Memnon now has his arms, and I am afraid he will become prey for the dogs. Come quickly

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369 Νηλείδης Pauw: πηλ- M
373 ὑστάτιον Rhodomann: ὕστατον M
391 οἱ Lehrs: μοι M

to the rescue! A true friend never forgets a slain comrade and grieves at his death."

When he heard these words, Achilles was stricken with grief. Catching sight of Memnon slaughtering whole ranks of Argives with his spear in the painful battle, he at once left the Trojans whom he was killing in the other ranks and, eager for the fight, went to face him, moved by anger at the death of Antilochus and of the others killed. Memnon picked up a rock which had been placed to mark a boundary in the fertile plain; and then that noble man flung it at the shield of the tireless son of Peleus. But he did not shrink from that enormous rock: he immediately came closer brandishing his long spear before him—on foot, since his chariot was behind the lines—and struck him a blow in the right shoulder above his shield. In spite of the wound, he continued to fight fearlessly. He hit Aeacides in the arm with his mighty spear and drew blood. At that the hero exulted—vainly—and at once addressed him with these vaunting words:

"I think your grim fate is about to be fulfilled with defeat and death at my hands: you won't escape the battle alive! Wretched man! Why did you cruelly kill so many Trojans and boast that you were far the best of men because your mother was an immortal Nereid? Well, your fated day has now arrived. *I* am of divine descent, the mighty son of Eos, and my nurses were the lily-like Hes-

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408 *μάρναο* Köchly: *μαίνεο* M
412 *ὑπ' ὀλέθρῳ* Rhodomann: *ὑπὸ λύθρῳ* M
415 *φέρτατος* Spitzner: *-τερος* M

perides by the streams of Ocean.[5] I am not avoiding pitiless combat with you, because I know how superior my divine mother is to the Nereid whose son *you* boast of being! My mother brings light to gods and men alike, and every fine and noble thing that is accomplished on eternal Olympus or is a benefit to mankind is done on her watch; yours sits in the barren and dingy depths of the sea, unseen and idle, living with monsters and glorying in her fish! I have no time for *her:* she is nothing like the goddesses up in heaven!"

So he spoke; and the bold son of Aeacides rebuffed him with these words:

"Memnon, whatever could have prompted you to think of vying with me in battle face to face? I am superior to you in strength, in birth, and in stature. I am of the glorious bloodline of mighty Zeus and great Nereus, father of the Nereids, those sea nymphs honored by the Olympian gods. And they especially honor Thetis, famed for her shrewd intelligence: she sheltered Dionysus in her halls when he feared the violent and murderous Lycurgus;[6] she welcomed into her home the civilizing bronzesmith Hephaestus;[7] and she contrived to release the father of the bright lightning himself from his bonds.[8] It is in gratitude for these actions that the all-seeing heavenly gods on high Olympus honor my mother Thetis. You will

[5] He implies a natural antipathy, Dawn being associated with the east and the Hesperides with the west.

[6] *Il.* 6.130–37. [7] *Il.* 18.394–405. [8] *Il.* 1.396–406.

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427 *μέγ'* C. L. Struve: *μετ'* M

442 *ὑπελύσατο* Rhodomann: *ὑπερύσατο* M

recognize her divinity soon enough, when the bronze spear cast with all my force goes into your liver! I killed Hector to avenge Patroclus, and shall avenge Antilochus on you: it was not a weakling's comrade that you slew. But what use is our standing here gossiping about ourselves and our parents like silly children? It is time for war, time to show prowess!"

With these words he seized hold of his long sword; Memnon on his side did the same; and they leaped at each other without delay. Those proud warriors furiously smote each other's shields, products of Hephaestus' divine skill, in their repeated attacks; so close was the contest that their helmets met, crest to crest. Zeus, well disposed to both, increased their strength and stature and made them tireless, godlike, more than human; and Strife rejoiced over them both. Each eager to spear the other's flesh, they kept directing their efforts now at the space between shield and crested helmet, and now at just above the greave and below the intricately patterned breastplate made to fit their mighty limbs; and as they redoubled their efforts, the immortal armor clanged on their shoulders. From the Trojans, the Ethiopians and the staunch-hearted Argives fighting on each side battle cries reached up to the holy sky, and dust raised beneath their feet rose to the broad heavens: great deeds were doing. Like a mist on the

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451 *γὰρ* Zimmermann: *καὶ* M δὲ Rhodomann: om. M
470 *ἤνντο* Vian: *κίνντο* M

mountains in gathering rain, when the loud torrents are in full spate and every gully produces an indescribable clamor, and the shepherds are all afraid of the waters and of the mist that is favored by savage wolves and other wild beasts reared in the vast forests: just so did the terrible dust fly up from their feet, blotting out the sunlight, darkening the sky, and overwhelming with woe and misery the armies plunged in the dust of the fatal battle line. Then some god swiftly dispelled the dust from the fighting, though the dread spirits of doom kept urging on the swiftly-moving lines on either side to endless efforts in that grievous strife, and Ares took no rest from grim slaughter, and all around the earth was defiled with streams of blood, to the delight of dark Destruction. The vast plain where horses used to graze was crowded with corpses over the whole area bounded by the streams of Simoïs and Xanthus as they flow down from Ida to the holy Hellespont.

But when they had dueled long and furiously enough with equal effort on either side, the Olympian gods watching from afar were divided, some favoring the tireless son of Peleus and others the divine son of Tithonus and Eos. As they fought, the broad sky above thundered, the sea howled, and all around the dark earth quaked beneath their feet. All the daughters of proud Nereus, companions of Thetis, trembled for mighty Achilles in unspeakable

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486 ἐπετέρπετ' Rhodomann: -τρέπετ' m: -τρεπ' m
495 ἐπέβραχεν Spitzner: ὑπ- M

terror. Erigeneia herself feared for her dear son as she passed across the sky in her chariot; and the daughters of the sun, her companions,[9] stood amazed in that sacred circle[10] which Zeus gave to tireless Helius for his noble yearly course, and which controls all that lives and perishes, as day by day time slowly progresses and the years go round. The gods would have fallen into a fierce fight among themselves had not Zeus the thunderer prompted the Fates to take a stand one on each side; and the gloomy Fate went to Memnon's heart, the bright one to warlike Achilles. Looking on, the immortal gods each gave a shout, some gripped by grief and sadness, others seized by radiant joy.

The heroes continued to fight in the bloody battle, pitting their courage and strength against each other and unaware of the Fates. In the moil and mêlée of that day they could easily have been mistaken for tireless Giants or mighty Titans, so powerful was the struggle between them. <. . . . .>[11] as they either fought with swords or charged at each other flinging huge boulders. Neither of them took a backward step or felt fear when attacked; they stood firm like immovable headlands, both endowed with vast strength since they proudly claimed descent from great Zeus. For that reason Enyo kept the fighting equally

9 The Hours or Seasons.
10 The zodiac.
11 Line missing.

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510 Κῆρες· *ἐρεμναίῃ* Rhodomann: *κῆρες ἐρεμναί· ἡ* M
519 *γὰρ* Köchly: *δ' ἄρ'* M
post 519 lac. ind. Keydell

balanced as they pressed on in that long conflict in company with their fearless comrades, who labored with as much unceasing urgency as their lords until they were exhausted and their spears were all bent from striking shields. Not a single one of the fighters on either side was unwounded, and from all their limbs blood and sweat poured to the ground as they pressed forward. The earth was covered with corpses just as the sky is covered with clouds when the sun enters Capricorn and sailors greatly fear the sea.[12] Whinnying horses and charging troops trampled the dead lying thick as numberless leaves in a grove as winter comes on at the end of fertile autumn.

Those glorious sons of gods carried on the fight among the corpses and the blood, their rage undiminished. But then Discord set straight the grim scales of war, which tilted to one side. At that moment Peleus' son hit godlike Memnon under the breastbone, and the black blade went right through. At once his lovely young life was lost: he fell down in his black blood with a vast clattering of armor; the earth rang out beneath him, and his companions turned in flight. As the Myrmidons stripped his corpse the Trojans ran away, with the mighty Achilles in instant pursuit like a whirlwind.

The grieving Eos veiled herself in clouds, and a mist enveloped the earth. At their mother's command all the swift winds traveled together to Priam's plain. They sur-

[12] Cf. 1.356.

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527 *μετ'* Pauw: *μέγ'* M 535 *δ'* Rhodomann: om. M
546 *ὑπεσμαράγησε* Spitzner: *ἀπ-* M
551 *μιῇ* Rhodomann: *βιῇ* m: *βίῃ* m

rounded the dead man, quickly raised up the son of Eos, and bore him through the gray air, their hearts grieving for their fallen brother; and all around in the sky was the sound of lamentation. All the drops of blood which fell to the earth from his body became a sign for later ages: the gods put together these scattered drops and made them into a sounding river which is called Paphlagoneus by all those mortals who dwell in the foothills of the range of Ida; and the river flows with blood in its course through that fertile land on the mournful anniversary of Memnon's death, and the water gives off an intolerable stench as if the foul reek of gangrenous pus were still coming from his fatal wound. Such was the will of the gods. But the swift winds flew along bearing Eos' mighty son just above the earth, veiled by the gloomy darkness.

The Ethiopians, too, did not move from their dead lord: some god at once granted their wish to be endowed with speed, which presently allowed them to be borne along in the air: they therefore escorted the winds while lamenting their king. Just as when the poor companions of some hunter killed in the thickets by the grim jaws of a boar or lion form a grieving cortège for his body, and his hounds who miss their master escort him, whimpering at this sad outcome of the hunt: just so the Ethiopians left

the savage fighting and, veiled by that miraculous mist, escorted the swift winds and lamented aloud. Trojans and Danaans alike were amazed to see the whole army disappear together with its king, and they were struck dumb with astonishment. The tireless winds, with deep sounds of lamentation, set down the corpse of Memnon by the deep-flowing river Aesepus, where there is a fine grove of the Nymphs with their fair tresses, made dense with trees in later times by the daughters of Aesepus all round his great tomb. And loud was the lamenting of those goddesses in honor of the son of fair-throned Erigeneia.

The sun set, and Eos went down from heaven weeping for her dear child. She was escorted by twelve maidens with fine tresses,[13] who, as Hyperion takes his regular course high across the sky, preside over all that night and day and the plan of Zeus bring to pass; they orbit regularly around the adamantine gate of his palace, bringing the year and its varied produce, as chill winter, blooming spring, lovely summer and autumn rich in grapes revolve in turn round the zodiac. They came right down from the sky, all the time lamenting for Memnon, then the Pleiades mourned with them, and the long hills and the streams of Aesepus echoed their cries, and a ceaseless

[13] The Heliades (cf. 501–6).

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591 πολλὰ Rhodomann: πολλαὶ M
600 κύκλον Scaliger: κύκλου M
603 τότε Rhodomann: δ' ὅτε M

wailing arose. In their midst the sobbing Erigeneia fell upon her son's body and uttered this long lament:

"I have lost you, my dear child, and now you have surrounded your mother with pain and grief! Now that you are dead, I shall not bring myself to light the gods in heaven: I shall enter the dread depths of the underworld, that distant region to which your departed spirit flew; now chaos and foul darkness can spread over all the world so that the son of Cronus may have his share of grief. My honor is not less than the Nereid's: Zeus himself granted that I should oversee all things, that I should bring all things to fulfillment. Clearly these were empty honors, or Zeus would have had some respect for the light I bring. If that is so, I shall go down into the dark. Let him fetch Thetis from the sea up to Olympus: let *her* bring light to gods and men! As for me, I now prefer the miserable darkness to heaven, so that I need not shine upon the man who murdered you."

As she spoke, tears coursed down her immortal face like an ever-flowing river, and around the corpse the dark earth was wet. Immortal Night grieved in sympathy with her dear daughter, and to show his respect for Erigeneia the sky hid all his stars in mist and cloud.

The Trojans were in the city, their hearts filled with grief for Memnon: they felt the loss of the lord and his comrades alike. Nor was the Argives' satisfaction complete: they were camped out in the plain among the dead men, celebrating, it is true, the exploits of Achilles of the

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607 *μέσσῃσιν* Rhodomann: *μέσ(σ)οισιν* M
616 *ἐκ* Hermann, Köchly: *ἢ* M
628 *θυμὸν* Scaliger: *θυμῶ* M

ash-wood spear, but also lamenting Antilochus: their joy was mingled with grief.

All that night Eos sobbed and groaned in her misery, and darkness was all around her; she had no care for daybreak, and she hated Olympus. Her swift steeds stood near her and lamented no less: they were not used to treading the earth, and they kept looking at their grieving mistress in hopes of going back home. Then Zeus in anger gave a violent clap of thunder loud enough to make the whole earth shake and to make immortal Eos tremble with fear. The black-skinned Ethiopians quickly buried Memnon with due lamentation, and as they keened around the tomb of her mighty son, ox-eyed Erigeneia changed them into birds and gave them the power of flight. Nowadays called memnons by the numerous nations of mankind, they still flock over the tomb of their king and let fall dust upon his monument; then they battle among themselves in tribute to Memnon; and whether he dwells in Hades or in the Elysian plain among the blessed gods, he exults, and immortal Eos feels pleasure at the spectacle. The birds continue their warlike labor until either one of each dueling pair dies in battle or they in fact both fulfill their fates as they labor about their king.[14]

Such are the rites which those warlike birds fulfill at the command of Erigeneia, bringer of light. Then immortal Eos soared up to heaven in company with the nourish-

[14] These birds are perhaps to be identified with the Ruff (*Philomachus pugnax*). At the mating season, males put on displays of fighting.

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657 τελέουσι Pauw: τελέθουσι M

ing Hours, who led their reluctant mistress to the abode of Zeus and consoled her with words to overcome her deep grief, unhappy though she was still. She did not neglect her usual daily course, fearful of the all too pressing commands of Zeus, the source of all that comes about within the bounds of Ocean's stream and upon the earth and in the seat of the flaming stars. Before her went the Pleiades; and she in turn opened the gates of the sky and dispersed the darkness.

BOOK III

When the light of fair-throned Erigeneia appeared, the Pylian spearmen bore Antilochus' body to the ships amid loud lamentations for their lord, and grieving greatly they performed his funeral rites by the shores of the Hellespont. The mighty sons of the Argives stood lamenting, all of them wrapped in inconsolable grief out of respect for Nestor. He however was not utterly overcome: a man of good sense should be able to put a brave face on suffering and not give way to grief.

Pelides, filled with wrath at the death of his comrade Antilochus, armed himself for a terrible assault on the Trojans; and they for their part poured eagerly out of the walled city in spite of their fear of Achilles and his ash-wood spear, because the spirits of doom had put courage in their breasts: but many a one was to descend to Hades, never to return, killed by the hands of savage Aeacides—and he himself would suffer the same fate before the city of Priam.

Forthwith the many clans of Trojans and steadfast warrior Argives from each side came together in one place eager for the work of Ares now that war was stirring. Pelides killed a great mass of the enemy, and the fertile earth was steeped in blood, and the streams of Xanthus

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3 *μεγάλα* Dausque: *μέγα* M
14 *ἐνὶ* C. L. Struve: *ἐπὶ* M

and of Simoïs were crowded with corpses. He chased them wreaking havoc right up to the city, because they were all in the grip of fear. He would have killed every one of them, heaved the gates from their pivots and demolished them or smashed the bolts with a shoulder charge, made a way into Troy for the Danaans and sacked that prosperous city, if Apollo had not become implacably angry at the sight of the countless clans of heroes being massacred. Straightaway he sprang down like a wild beast from Olympus with his quiver and its fatal arrows on his shoulders. He stood facing Aeacides with his bow and its case clattering loudly and his eyes blazing furious fire; and the earth quaked beneath his feet. That great god gave a dreadful yell to scare Achilles with his divine voice, turn him away from the battle, and rescue the Trojans from death:

"Get back, son of Peleus! Get away from the Trojans! You are not to let loose this awful doom on the foe any longer. If you do, one of the Olympian gods will injure you in your turn!"

So he spoke; but Achilles was not afraid of the god's immortal voice: the implacable spirits of doom were already fluttering round him. And so he paid no heed to the god, and yelled in response:

"Phoebus, why are you helping the proud Trojans and obliging me to fight the gods, when I have no wish to do so? Already once before you turned me away from the fighting with a trick, the first time you contrived to save

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34 *αὐτῷ* Köchly: *αὐτοῦ* M
41 *Κῆρας* Köchly: *χεῖρας* M
49 *ἤπαφες* Spitzner: *ἤκαχες* M

from death Hector, focus of all the Trojans' pride and prayers.[1] Get back! Begone far off to the dwelling place of the other blessed gods—or I shall let fly at you, god or no!"

With these words he moved to a distance from the god and went after the Trojans who were still fleeing confusedly before the city. As he charged after them, Phoebus, much offended, said to himself:

"Ah! His mind is quite mad. Neither the son of Cronus himself nor any of the others will put up any longer with this sort of crazed behavior in opposition to the gods!"

With these words he made himself invisible among the clouds; and cloaked in this way in mist he loosed a bitter arrow which struck him straight on the ankle.[2] At once agony entered his heart; he fell backward like a tower razed to the ground by the force of a subterranean whirlwind which makes the earth quake in its depths: just so the noble figure of Aeacides collapsed on the ground. He stared all about him and gave a terrible cry:[3]

"Who has secretly launched this dread arrow at me? Let him dare to show himself and face me, so that all his black blood and guts can gush out around my spear and he can go to grim Hades! I know that no mortal hero will have the power to vanquish me close up with his spear—not even if he have a fearless heart in his breast, a fearless

[1] *Il.* 20.441–54. [2] Quintus makes no explicit reference to the story that Achilles was invulnerable except in the ankle. Cf. on 1.563–64. [3] Text corrupt.

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57 *ἀνὰ* Spitzner: *ἀεὶ* M *μιν* Zimmermann: *οἱ* M
69 *ἱκέσθαι* Pauw: *-σθω* M

heart and a body of bronze! But weaklings always skulk and ambush men finer than themselves. So let him face me, even if he claims to be a god, wrathful against the Danaans; for I suspect that it is Apollo cloaked in baneful darkness. My dear mother once told me that I should be pitifully slain by his arrows at the Scaean Gates; and that was no empty prophecy!"[4]

So he spoke. Then with his pitiless hands he pulled out that deadly dart from the incurable wound. He felt agony as the blood spurted out, and death began gradually to vanquish his heart. He angrily flung away the arrow; the Winds swooped straight down, picked it up, and handed it to Apollo as he was on his way to the holy domain of Zeus: it was not fitting for an imperishable arrow shot by an immortal god to be lost. He took it and quickly came to where the other gods were assembled on high Olympus, where they most often grouped and gathered together to watch the warriors fighting. Some of them were keen to grant victory to the Trojans, others to the Danaans; their feelings were divided as they looked on at that conflict, at the killers and at the dying.

When the shrewd consort of Zeus caught sight of him, she at once began to reproach him with these words:

"Phoebus, why have you committed this monstrous crime today? Have you forgotten that marriage which we immortals ourselves arranged for godlike Peleus? And

[4] *Il.* 21.277–78. The Scaean Gates are specified in the prophecy of the dying Hector (*Il.* 22.359–60).

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81 ὀιζυρῶς Dausque: -οισιν M 94 ἄρα καὶ Δαναοῖς Köchly: ἄρ' ἀχαιοῖς M 100 εὖ δ' Maas: σὺ δ' M

yet you were among us at the feast, and you sang a fine song about Peleus' wooing of silver-footed Thetis, and how she left the great gulf of the sea. At the sound of your lyre men came in crowds—the beasts, too, the birds, and the crags with their high cliffs, the rivers, and every dense-leaved forest. You have forgotten all that, and have done a cruel deed, killing that godlike man whom, with a libation of nectar, you and the other gods solemnly promised Peleus would be his son by Thetis. You forgot that promise when you helped the people of mighty Laomedon, for whom you worked as a herdsman![5] Although you were an immortal, that mortal man maltreated you; and yet you have forgotten how you toiled then, and are foolish enough to help the Trojans! Wretch! Does your baneful mind not know the difference between a miserable creature who deserves to suffer and one who is honored by the gods? Achilles was well disposed to us and related by birth. Not that the Trojans' troubles will be eased now that Aeacides has fallen: his son will soon arrive from Scyros to help the Argives in the cruel strife. His strength is like his father's, and he will bring harm close to many a foe. But the Trojans are not your real concern; you were jealous of the valor of Achilles, best of men. Fool! How will you look the daughter of Nereus in the face from now on, when she visits the dwelling place of Zeus and the company of the immortal gods? She used to pay you honor and regard as her own dear son!"

With these words grieving Hera reproached the son

[5] Poseidon recalls this at *Il.* 21.441–60.

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114 τι Spitzner: τοι M

of mighty Zeus. He made no reply: he was in awe of the consort of his unwearied father, and he was not equal to looking her in the face. Instead, he sat with downcast eyes at some distance from the other eternal gods. Those of the immortals who favored the Danaans kept glowering at him, but those who were keen to grant victory to the Trojans joyfully congratulated him in their hearts—though they hid their feelings from Hera, since all the gods in heaven feel awe in her presence when she is out of temper. The son of Peleus, meanwhile, had not yet forgotten his warlike spirit: the dark blood still ran warm in his irresistible limbs, and he was eager for the fray. Not one of the Trojans dared to come near him, wounded though he was; they kept their distance like hunters in the thickets warily keep off from a lion given a flesh-wound by one of their number but still full of valor, its wild eye still glaring, its grim jaws still fearfully roaring: just so Pelides' wrath and his fatal wound were enough to rouse his warlike spirit. Gradually the god's arrow was taking effect; but even so he leaped up and sprang on the foe brandishing his mighty spear. He slew godlike Orthaon, Hector's noble comrade, with a blow beneath the temple; that long lance was not kept off by his helmet as he desired, but instead went straight through both it and the skull, reaching the nerves of the brain and shattering his young life. Next he killed Hipponoüs by stabbing him with his spear below the eye-

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141 *ἐτόλμαεν* Zimmermann: *ἐτόλμα* M 147 *ἔλκος* Heyne: *ἔγχος* M 151 *ὑπὸ* Vian: *ἀνὰ* M
154 *ἐς* Rhodomann: om. M *κέδασσε* Zimmermann: *κέασε* M 155 *ἐδάμασσεν ὑπ'* Vian: *-ασσε κατ'* M *ἐρείσας* Rhodomann: *ἐρύσ(σ)ας* M

brow in the roots of the eye: the eyeball, freed from his eyelids, dropped to the ground, and his soul took flight to Hades. Next he attacked Alcithoüs, piercing the jaw and completely excising the tongue. He collapsed on the ground as he breathed his last, with the spear-point poking out through his ear. These were the warriors whom that godlike man killed face to face as well as the multitudes whose lives he took as they tried to run away; for as yet his blood was still boiling.

But when his limbs began to grow chill and his spirit to ebb away, he stood leaning on his spear as they all kept up their timorous flight, and he shouted after them:

"Ah! Cowardly Trojans and Dardanians! Even after my death you will not escape my implacable spear: every one of you will suffer a horrible death to requite my avenging spirits."

So he spoke; and they trembled at his words just as up in the mountains young deer quake at the sound of a lion's loud roaring as they timidly flee from the beast: just so the ranks of horse-herding Trojans and their foreign allies quaked with fear at this last threatening shout of Achilles, thinking that he was still unwounded. But his brave spirit and mighty limbs were weighed down by death, and he collapsed among the corpses like a huge mountain: the earth rang out under him and his armor gave an immense clattering as the noble son of Peleus fell down dead. As they looked upon their enemy, their hearts still quaked with boundless fear: just as sheep quake when they gaze on some bloodthirsty creature's dead body near

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160 *ἐκπνείων* Pauw: *ἀμπν-* M

174 *ὑποτρομέεσκον* Pauw: *-έοντες* m: *-έοντος* m

their pens: it has been killed by the young huntsmen, but they shrink from passing near it and shudder to see the corpse as they would the living creature: just so the Trojans feared Achilles even in death.

Paris none the less strove to encourage the troops. He joyfully expected that the Argives would cease their stubborn combat now that Achilles, the foremost Danaan warrior, was dead:

"My friends, if you really are disposed to help me, let us either die today as victims of the Argives or live to drag the corpse of Peleus' son to Ilium with the horses of Hector which, now that my brother is dead, bear me to battle grieving for the loss of their master. If we could contrive their dragging of the dead Achilles, we should grant great glory to the horses and to Hector himself, at least if sound sense and justice persist for men in Hades; for Achilles devised much damage for the Trojan cause. And throughout the city the women of Troy will stand round his corpse in great exultation, just as vicious leopards or lionesses, angry to have lost their cubs, threaten some toiling hunter expert in the hardships of the chase: just so the women of Troy, full of fury, will rush to crowd round slain Achilles' corpse, some wrathful on account of lost parents, others for husbands, others for sons or honored relatives. Joyful above all will be my father and the other elders whom old age keeps at home, if we can only

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182 παρὰ Pauw: περὶ M
202 ἠὲ Pauw: ἠδὲ M

drag him to the city and make him carrion for the soaring birds of the air!"

So he spoke; and they hastened to surround the corpse of dauntless Achilles, men who had just now been fleeing from him, Glaucus and Aeneas and stouthearted Agenor and the rest of those warriors expert in bloody conflict, and they were all intent on dragging him to the holy city of Troy. But godlike Ajax swiftly stood over him; he kept warding them all off from the corpse with his long spear. They did not slacken their efforts, crowding nearer and nearer as they made darting attacks and fought from every angle. They were like long-lipped[6] bees which fly in countless numbers round their hive as they try to ward off a man who cares nothing for their attacks as he cuts away at their honeycombs; they are annoyed by the smoke and the man's actions, but they continue to make attacks which he disregards completely: just so Ajax cared not a whit for their efforts. First he slew Agelaüs, son of Maeon, with a blow above the breast, and then godlike Thestor; next he killed Ocythoüs, Agestratus, Zorus, Nissus and far-famed Erymas who had come from Lycia under the command of greathearted Glaucus; he dwelt in lofty Melanippium, sacred to Athena, opposite Massicytus and near Cape Chelidonium, a place which inspires great wonder and dread in sailors at sea as they round its jagged reefs. His comrade's death chilled the heart of the noble son of Hippolochus,

[6] I.e., with a long proboscis.

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210 γε Rhodomann: τε m: om. m
218 ὑπὸ Lascaris, Pauw: ἀπὸ M

and he swiftly dealt Ajax a blow on his shield made of ox hides; but he could not get through to his fair flesh owing to the protection of the hides and of the breastplate beneath his shield well fitted to his unwearied limbs. But Glaucus still did not leave off the baneful battle: longing to vanquish Ajax son of Aeacus, he foolishly addressed him with boastful threats:

"Ajax, you are reputed to be outstanding among the Argives, and they never stop singing your praises, just as they used to laud Achilles; but he died, and I believe you will join him in death today!"

The boasts he let fly were not to be fulfilled: he had no idea how superior was the opponent at whom he leveled his spear. Then Ajax, resolute in battle, glared at him scornfully and spoke these words:

"Coward! Have you no idea how Hector outclassed you in warfare? And yet even he used to avoid my strength and my spear, because his valor was combined with good sense. But your mind must indeed be clouded if you dare to encounter me, who am superior to you by far. You cannot boast of being a friend of *my* father's, and you will not be using gifts to bribe *me* to quit our duel, as you did with the mighty son of Tydeus.[7] You managed to escape *his* onslaught, but *I* shall not let you return from the battle alive. Or are you relying on help from these

[7] *Il.* 6.119–236.

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249 οἵω Rhodomann: ποιῶ fere M
253 νυ Rhodomann: om. M

other fighters who are also buzzing like feeble flies around the body of noble Achilles? Well, if they attack me they too will be dealt death and dark Doom!"

With these words he turned on the Trojans just as a lion in the long glens of a forest turns on a pack of hounds. It was not long before he had slaughtered many Trojans and many Lycians who tried to win glory. Their troops trembled with fear just as fish in the ocean tremble when attacked by some monstrous creature or great sea-bred dolphin: just so the Trojans retired in the fight before the constant charges of Telamon's mighty son. But they kept fighting for all that, and the dead lay in the dust in myriads round the body of Achilles like wild boars around a lion, and a bloody battle arose about them. It was then that stouthearted Ajax slew the son of warlike Hippolochus. He fell on his back beside Achilles just as a bush in the mountains lies beside a tough oak: just so he fell, fatally speared, next to the son of Peleus. The mighty son of Anchises and his warlike comrades pressed hard to recover his body, which they handed over to his grieving companions to bear back to the holy city of Troy. He himself continued the contest over the body of Achilles; but warlike Ajax wounded him high on the muscle of his right arm. He hurriedly withdrew from the baneful battle and retired inside the city, where skillful doctors set to work cleansing

the blood from his wound and did all the other things that assuage such hurts.

Ajax continued to strike his foes like lightning: his victims lay all around, so long did his heart's grief continue at the death of his cousin. Near him the noble son of warlike Laërtes fought the foe, and they fled from him in panic. He slew swift Pisander and Areus son of Maenalus, who dwelt in the famous land of Abydus. Over him he dispatched Atymnius, whom the nymph Pegasis with the beautiful hair once bore to mighty Emathion by the stream of the Granicus river. Near him fell Oresbius, son of Proteus, who dwelt in the glens and foothills of Ida; his mother, noble Panaceia, never welcomed him home, because he died at the hands of Odysseus. Many others, too, lost their lives to his raging spear as he killed whomever he could around the corpse. Alcon, son of Megacles swift in war, speared him in the right knee, and dark blood gushed over the polished greave. But he paid no attention to the wound and instead requited the injury at once: as Alcon rushed up eager to fight, he speared him through the shield, and so great was his mighty arm's force that Alcon was made to fall on his back. His armor clattered as he collapsed in the dust, and the breastplate that covered his body was drenched in blood and gore. Odysseus wrenched the deadly spear out of flesh and shield together; his spirit

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295 δηναιὸν Weinberger: δὴν αἰὲν M
301 Ἡμαθίωνι Pauw: -αλίωνι M
307 ὑπ' Rhodomann: ἐπ' M

departed his body with that same movement, and immortal life left him. Though wounded, Odysseus hurled himself upon his companions as violently as ever, and the rest of the Danaans en masse willingly took up the fight around Achilles, massacring multitudes as they charged with their sharpened spears. Just as early in the year, at the end of autumn, gusting winds make the leaves fall to the ground thick and fast; just so were they felled by the spears of the dauntless Danaans: the dead Achilles was all their concern, and warlike Ajax more than the rest: like some evil Doom he ran amok among the Trojans.

Paris took aim at him with his bow; but Ajax noticed him immediately and let fly with a rock at his head. That deadly stone smashed his helmet with its twin crests; he was seized by the darkness of night and collapsed in the dust. His trusty arrows were of no avail: they lay scattered in the dust with their quiver empty beside them; and the bow had slipped from his hand. He was rescued by his friends and borne by Hector's horses to the city of Troy, barely breathing and racked with groans. They did not leave their lord's arms behind: they brought them also back from the battlefield and carried them for their king. Pained to see this, Ajax shouted at him from afar:

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343 *ἀσχαλόων κῆρ* Köchly: *ἀσχαλόωντι* M

"Dog! Today you have just escaped the heavy force of death. But soon enough your moment of reckoning will come, at the hands of some Argive warrior or of myself. For now my concern is not with you, but with retrieving the body of Achilles from this terrible carnage."

With these words he hurled dread doom on the foes who were still fighting around the body of Peleus' son.

When they saw how many of their troops were losing their lives at his mighty hands, they shrank back and no longer held their ground, like feeble vultures scared away by an eagle, foremost of birds, as they are tearing at some sheep that wolves have killed: just so bold Ajax scattered them in every direction with volleys of stones, with his sword, and with his strength. In fear and trembling they fled from the battle with one accord like starlings chased and ravaged by a hawk so that in their efforts to escape destruction they impede one another as they crowd and flock together: just so the Trojans fled cloaked in disarray toward the city of Priam, terrified of great Ajax's yells and threats as he followed hot on their heels, his hands spattered with human blood. He would have killed the whole lot of them one after the other if they had not poured in through the open gates of the city, hardly able to catch their breath, their hearts filled with fear. Once he had penned them up in the city like a shepherd collecting his nimble sheep, he went back to the plain. The armor

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361 *ταρφέες* Rhodomann: *-έα* M

and blood and bodies lay so thick that his feet never touched the earth; far and wide corpses were crowded on the boundless ground all the way from the spacious city to the Hellespont, slain young men allotted by god to Doom. Just as when the dry, thickly-growing corn falls as it is reaped, so that sheaves lie there aplenty with heavy ears, and the landowner rejoices as he surveys his work: just so the dead on both sides lay face down, mindful no more of the fighting and lamentation. The Achaean leaders forbore to strip their victims lying in the dust and blood until they could set the son of Peleus on his pyre. He deserved no less: his energy and strength had been a great boon to them in war.

For that reason the princes made very great efforts to recover his body from the battle. The cortège set him down by his huts before the swift ships, and each and every leader gathered to lament him, grieved at heart to lose the champion of the Achaeans. Then, no longer mindful of the spear, he lay by the huts near the shore of the loud-roaring Hellespont. Just as the arrogant Tityus fell,[8] when he tried to rape Leto on her way to Pytho, and Apollo in his fury quickly vanquished him with his swift arrows, for all his tireless strength, so that he lay in his own horrid gore, stretched out over many acres of the broad plain of his mother Earth, who gave up sounds of grief at his falling an enemy hated by the gods, while lady Leto

[8] Cf. *Od.* 11.576–81.

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386 *πόνον ἔσχον* nos (post *πονέοντο* Rhodomann): *φορέοντο* M

laughed aloud: just so Aeacides had fallen on hostile ground, bringing delight to the Trojans but to the Achaeans grief without end.

<several lines missing>

as the army lamented and the sea's depths roared in response. Now they all felt great dismay, expecting death from the Trojans in battle. Their grief was increased as they stood by the ships and thought of dear parents back at home and of newly-wed wives with young children wasting their lives in tears, sleeping alone, and constantly expecting their dear husbands. They had no desire but to lament, and they wept without ceasing on the sandy shore prostrate around the great son of Peleus, tearing out their hair by the roots and, as they lay there, continually defiling their heads with sand. Just like the lamentation that arises from a people defeated in battle and penned in their fortress, as they see the furious enemy setting their city on fire, killing inhabitants by the score and dispersing all their property as spoil: just such a cry arose by the Achaean ships now that Aeacides' son, defender of the Danaans, killed by god-forged arrows, lay by those ships a great corpse, like Ares when that dread goddess, daughter of a mighty father, gave him a painful blow with a boulder and laid him low on the Trojan plain.[9]

The Myrmidons lamented Achilles unceasingly, gathered around the body of their noble lord. He had been a

[9] *Il.* 21.403–8.

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400 post h.u. lac. unius uersus stat. Köchly
417 καὶ Köchly: τοι M

fair friend to them all; neither haughty nor arrogant, he was outstanding in modesty and valor alike.

Ajax was among the first to express his great grief. It was his father's brother's dear son that he had lost. A god had struck him down: he could not have been wounded by any mortal dweller on the broad earth. And so noble Ajax lamented with heartfelt grief, now going about the huts of Peleus' deceased son and now stretched out at length on the sea-sand. This was his lament:

"Achilles, great bulwark of the staunch Argive warriors, you have met your death at Troy, far from the broad earth of Phthia, killed by a fatal arrow shot from an unknown hand. Shooting arrows is the coward's tactic in battle. No one confident at wielding a great shield, at expertly putting a helmet round his temples ready for war, at handling a spear, or at smiting the bronze breastplate of an enemy, does his fighting from a distance using arrows. If that assailant of yours had instead met you face to face, he would not have escaped your spear's force unwounded. But perhaps Zeus has planned that all this should come to pass and is making vain all our wearisome efforts. Perhaps he will soon be granting the Trojans victory over the Argives, now that he has taken away such a great bulwark from the Achaeans. Alas! What grief and trouble old Peleus will have at home in his halls! Aged and miserable

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450 δώμασι Pauw: -ατι M

already, the rumor alone will be the death of him;[10] and it would indeed be better for his grief to find speedy oblivion. If he does not die when he hears the sad tidings about his son, how wretched he will be, his old age ruined by dreadful grief, as he sits motionless at his hearth and consumes his life in pain—Peleus, who had been a great favorite of the blessed gods! But they do not bring everything to completion for wretched mankind."

Such were the words of distress with which he lamented the son of Peleus. For his part, old Phoenix embraced the noble body of dauntless Aeacides, wailing continuously. His wise heart full of great grief, he cried in lamentation:

"You are dead, my dear child, and the grief you have left me will be with me for ever. I wish the heaped earth had covered me before I beheld your cruel fate! My heart never felt a worse sorrow than this, even when I left my native land and my noble parents and wandered through Greece in exile until I came to Peleus. He took me in, gave me gifts, and made me king of the Dolopes. And on the day when he performed the rite of carrying you round the house in his arms, he placed you on my lap and enjoined me to bring up that infant with as much care as if he were my own son. I consented; and many were the times you happily laid in my breast and called me 'papa'

[10] Text uncertain.

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457 *περιώσιον* Spitzner: *-ιος* M
464 *ὄφελόν* Hermann: *-λέν* M
466 *ποτ'* Rhodomann: *τ'* M

as you prattled and spoke half-formed words. Many a time, too, your infant needs meant that you wetted my breast and my clothing. But I was proud and happy to hold you in my arms, because I expected that when you grew up you would defend and look after me in my old age. For a short time all these hopes were fulfilled; but now you have left this world and gone to the darkness below. My heart is full of grief, and grim sorrow afflicts me. If only I could die sorrowing and lamenting before noble Peleus hears of this: when the news reaches him, I know his lamentation will be without end. Your father and I will be the two who will grieve most keenly: in our misery over your death we shall soon enough be in the underworld ourselves, anticipating Zeus' irresistible Fate."

So spoke the old man as he gave full vent to his grief. Beside him Atrides wept and groaned and lamented, consumed with heartfelt pain:

"You are dead, son of Peleus, foremost of all the Danaans: you are dead, and you have left the great Achaean army without its bulwark: after your death we are easier prey for our enemies. And your fall has left great joy to the Trojans, who used to run away from you like sheep scattering before a lion: now they eagerly carry the fight right up to our swift ships. Father Zeus, it seems that even you charm mankind with words of deceit: you nodded assent to my sacking the city of king Priam, but, far from fulfilling

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475 *ὑπ'* Dausque: *ἀπ'* M
480 *δὲ δὴ* Zimmermann: om. M
482 *νύ μ'* Zimmermann: *με* M
487 *ἄσχετον* Spitzner: *ἄσπ-* M

your promise, you have practiced deception on my mind: there seems to be no hope of achieving success now that Achilles is gone."

Such was his heartfelt lament; and the army all around bewailed the courageous son of Peleus with sincere regret as the nearby ships creaked and groaned in response; the sound of their endless mourning rose up into the boundless sky. Just as when long towering waves roused from the sea by the strength of the wind are driven against the shore with fearful force, and the beaches and seashore roar without ceasing all around as the breakers come crashing in: such were the groans that arose from the Danaans around the corpse as they kept up their laments over Peleus' fearless son.

Dark night might have found them still lamenting, had not Nestor son of Neleus addressed Atrides, whose heart held countless cares as he thought about his loyal son Antilochus:

"Sceptered leader of the Argives, all-powerful Agamemnon, it is high time we left off our keening and lamenting, at least for today. No one will any longer restrain the Achaeans from lamenting to their hearts' content and for days on end. But come, let us wash off the gore that defiles fearless Aeacides and lay him out on his bier. It is not right to let the dead look shameful with long neglect."

Such was the advice of the wise son of Neleus. Without delay Agamemnon ordered his companions to heat cauldrons of cold water in the fire at once and to wash the

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502 *ἀπάφησας* Bonitz: *ἀκαχ-* M
511 *ἀπειρέσιον* Köchly: *-σιαι* M

corpse and dress it in the fine sea-purple raiment which his mother had given her dear son when he set out for Troy. They swiftly obeyed their king, carried out all these tasks with proper efficiency, and set down by the huts the body of Peleus' mighty fallen son. Wise Tritogeneia was struck with pity at the sight, and she let fall on his head drops of ambrosia, known to prolong the freshness of dead men's flesh. She made him seem fresh and as he was in life, and gave the corpse just such a fierce expression as was on his grim face when he was full of wrath at the death in battle of his comrade Patroclus; and she made him more impressive and stronger in appearance. The Argive troops were astonished to see Pelides stretched out so imposingly on the bier, as if he were only sleeping.

Around him stood the poor captives, maidens he had captured when he took holy Lemnos and Eëtion's Thebe, lofty citadel of the Cilicians.[11] They lamented, lacerated their fair skin, and beat their breasts with both hands: their grief for the kindly son of Peleus was heartfelt, because he treated them with respect although they were from the enemy. Most violent in her heart's grief was Briseïs, consort of that fine warrior Achilles. She went round his body tearing her fair skin with both hands as she cried aloud, so that bloody weals rose from the blows on her

[11] Cf. *Il.* 2.689–91, 9.128–30.

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538 τε Bonitz: ὅτ' M

tender breast like crimson blood poured on the surface of milk. Her grief was intense, but she was still strikingly beautiful, her whole figure full of grace. She expressed her piteous lament with these words:

"Ah! What measureless misery is mine! None of my past misfortunes—not the loss of my brothers, not the loss of my broad fatherland—has been as great as losing you: you were my blessed day, my sunlight, my life's kindly guardian, my hopes for good, and my ever-present protector from trouble; you were far better than any amount of splendor, better than my parents: you were everything to me, captive though I was, and you took me to your bed and freed me from a life of servitude. But now one of the Achaeans will take me away on his ship, to fertile Sparta or the thirsty land of Argos; and dreadful will be my troubles and sufferings, a menial once more, far from your protection, quite wretched! I wish the heaped earth had covered me before I saw your death!"

Such was her lament for the dead son of Peleus as she mourned her lord and husband in company with the poor captive girls and the grieving Achaeans. Her tears of sorrow never dried, but kept falling from her eyes to the ground like dark water from a spring among the rocks above which a mass of ice and snow lies on the hard ground until the frost is melted by the East Wind and the rays of the sun.

Then the sounds of lamentation came to be heard by

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561 ἄλλό *τι* Köchly: ἄλλοτε M
576 δ' Pauw: om. M

the daughters of Nereus who dwell in the great deep. Dismal grief fell upon all their hearts; a pitiful lament arose, and the Hellespont added its cries. Wrapped in dark robes, they hastened to where the Achaean fleet was moored, all of them moving together through the gray swell as the sea parted to make way; onward they came, shrieking like swift cranes which portend bad weather; and all around sea monsters howled in sympathy.[12] They soon arrived at their goal, loudly keening for the stout-hearted son of their sister. The Muses quickly left Helicon and came to honor the glancing-eyed Nereid, their hearts filled with inconsolable grief. Zeus endowed the Argives with great and fearless courage so that they would not be terrified at the sight of that noble band of goddesses going openly through their midst. Immortals though they were, they all chorused their lamentation around the body of Achilles; and the shores of the Hellespont rang out, and all the ground around Aeacides' body grew wet with tears. The army, too, sighed and groaned; and as they lamented, their arms, the huts and the ships were all stained with tears, so great was the grief that arose.

The mother of Achilles embraced him, kissed his mouth, and spoke these tearful words:

"Now Erigeneia with her robes of rose can rejoice up in heaven; now the family of Priam can rejoice, and Axios with his broad streams, his anger over the death of

[12] For this scene, cf. *Od.* 24.47–62.

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591 ὀσσομένῃς Tychsen: -όμεναι M
592 ἔσαν Pauw: ἔβαν M
603 λαοὶ Vian: πένθος M

Asteropaeus dismissed at last from his mind.[13] As for me, I shall go to Olympus and fling myself at the feet of immortal Zeus, lamenting aloud his subjecting me to marriage against my will with a man whom implacable old age soon seized and to whom the spirits of doom will soon bring his life's end. But my thoughts are not so much of him as of Achilles, whom Zeus promised to make a mighty man in Aeacides' house; for I abhorred the idea of marriage, and I used to change into a gusting wind or water or a bird or raging fire, and no mortal man could get me into his bed because I was able to become anything to be found on earth or in the sky, until Olympian Zeus promised to make my son glorious, admirable and warlike. And I suppose he did keep his word: Achilles was superior to all men. But he tricked me by giving him a brief span of life. And so I shall go up to heaven into the dwelling place of Zeus, and in sorely lamenting my dear son I shall remind him of all my past efforts on behalf of him and his children when they were in trouble and disgrace:[14] that will provoke him!"

Such were the dread laments of the sea-goddess Thetis. Then Calliope herself[15] addressed her with firm good sense:

"Cease your lamenting, goddess Thetis, and do not become angry with the ruler of gods and men through distraction at losing your son. Lord Zeus the thunderer, too,

[13] Cf. *Il.* 21.139–204. [14] See 2.438–42.
[15] First of the Muses, according to Hesiod (*Theog.* 79).

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626 *ἀπάφησε* Platt: *ἀκά-* M
632 *ἀρηρεμένη* Zimmermann: *ἀνηραμένη* M

has lost sons,[16] victims of evil Doom. I myself, immortal though I am, lost my son Orpheus, whose singing drew after him all the woods, all the rough rocks, the streaming rivers, the breezes of sadly-sighing winds, and the birds which cleave the air with their swift wings; but I endured my great grief with patience because it is not right for a god's heart to be given over to dread grief and suffering. In spite of your grief, you should leave off lamenting your noble son; bards inspired by me and the other Muses will for ever sing of his fame and his strength. Do not let your heart be overcome with dark grief, lamenting as mortal women do. Do you not know that dire, inevitable Fate is spread all around earth-dwelling men? She alone has such strength that she cares nothing even for the gods. And now she will destroy the wealthy city of Priam with the loss of whichever men's lives, Trojan or Argive, she chooses; and no god will prevent her."

Such were the words prompted by Calliope's good sense. By now the Sun had plunged into the streams of Ocean, and the darkness of Night, a boon even to mortals who mourn, had arisen in the great expanse of the sky. There on the sand the sons of the Achaeans slept crowded round the corpse, weighed down by their great loss. But the distressed Thetis could not fall asleep. She sat near her son in company with the immortal Nereids, while around

[16] Cf. 1.710–12.

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642 τι Köchly: τιν' M
654 ὅν κ' ἐθέλῃσι Gerhard: ὅττε θέλῃσι M

her the Muses tried variously one after another to console her heart's grief and make her leave off crying.

That day Eos exulted as she traveled through the sky bringing radiant daylight to Priam and the Trojans. The Danaans, deep in grief, lamented Achilles for many days. Their sighs and groans were echoed by the long seashore; the great god Nereus lamented out of respect for his daughter; and the other sea gods shed tears at the death of Achilles. Then the Argives gave to the flames the body of Peleus' great son. They heaped up vast quantities of tree trunks which they had all labored to fetch from Mount Ida: the Atreids had sent them out with orders to bring large amounts of wood so that the dead Achilles' body could be burned quickly. Around the pyre they heaped a great deal of armor from enemies killed in the war, and on top they flung many of the best-looking sons of the Trojans[17] together with whinnying horses, mighty bulls, sheep and fattened hogs; captive girls, lamenting aloud, brought from chests countless textiles and flung them all on the pyre, and upon these they piled gold and amber. The Myrmidons cut their hair and strewed it over the corpse of their lord. All around the pyre they poured out many amphoras of oil, others of honey, and others of sweet

[17] Trojan captives are sacrificed by Achilles on Patroclus' pyre at *Il.* 23.175–76.

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666 τότε Platt: τε M
676 Ἀτρεῖδαι Rhodomann, Tychsen: ἀργεῖοι M

wine with a bouquet that smelled like nectar. And they added many other fragrant offerings such as men admire, all the fine products of the earth and the divine sea.

When the arrangements for the pyre were all complete, infantry and cavalry marched in arms around that lamented pyre. Zeus suddenly made drops of ambrosia fall from the sky on the body of Aeacides, and in honor of the Nereid he dispatched Hermes to ask Aeolus to summon the holy might of the swift Winds now that the time had come for the body of Aeacides to be burned. Hermes made his way quickly, and Aeolus obediently lost no time in summoning bitter Boreas and the gusting blast of Zephyrus and sending them off to Troy in the form of a swift whirlwind. They swiftly took storm-force flight over the sea; land and sea together roared as they hurtled onward, and all the clouds rushing through the air's vast expanse massed beneath them. In accordance with the will of Zeus, they soon swooped together on the pyre of the dead warrior Achilles. Up rose the fierce flames of Hephaestus, and a keening arose from the Myrmidons. Although they blew with force and with a concerted blast, the winds were kept busy burning the corpse for a whole day and night. Masses of smoke rose into the divine air; the vast pile of timber, growling and crackling as it was all consumed by the fire, was gradually reduced to black ashes. Only when their great task was accomplished was each of the unwearied Winds, escorted by clouds, borne back to the cave where he lived.

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692 *θυώδεα* Köchly: *εὐώ-* M 696 *ἔκποθεν* Rhodomann: *ἔκτοθεν* fere M 711 *μαλεροῖο* Rhodomann: *μελάθροιο* M

When the destructive fire had consumed their lord's great body, last to be burned of all the offerings—horses, humans and rich possessions—which the Achaeans had placed around his mighty corpse, the Myrmidons extinguished the pyre with wine. His bones were easy to make out: quite different from all the others, they were like those of an unyielding Giant; and no others were mixed with them, because the cattle, horses and Trojans, together with the other victims, lay around his body but with a small gap between, and his remains, burned by the blast of Hephaestus' fire, lay separately. His lamenting comrades collected all his bones into a huge, stoutly-made silver coffer covered in gold ornamentation. As a great honor to Achilles, the daughters of Nereus coated his bones with ambrosia and oil. Then for burial they packed them all together in the fat of oxen and soft honey. His mother provided an amphora once given to her by Dionysus, a notable piece of skillful Hephaestus' workmanship, and in this they placed the bones of greathearted Achilles. And right by the shore of the deep Hellespont the Argives heaped up a funeral mound, a huge monument, all the while lamenting the courageous king of the Myrmidons.

The immortal horses of fearless Aeacides were by the ships. They were not unaffected by his death: they too wept for their king's death in battle. In the extremity

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730 *καὶ* Rhodomann: *κε(ν)* M

of their grief they wished not to mix any longer with wretched men or with the horses of the Argives, but to remove far away from miserable mankind beyond the streams of Ocean and the caves of Tethys to the place where divine Podarge once gave them birth, storm-footed steeds, after mating with sounding Zephyrus. And they would have carried out their intention if the will of the gods had not restrained them so that when Achilles' spirited son came from Scyros to the army they could be there for him, in accordance with the threads of fate spun for them at their birth by the Moirae, daughters of Chaos: immortal though they were, since their birth they had been destined to be broken in by Poseidon, then to have as their masters bold Peleus and unwearied Achilles, and then fourthly greathearted Neoptolemus, whom they would bear at Zeus' command to the Elysian plain in the Land of the Blessed. And so even though they were afflicted with hateful sorrow they remained by the ships, their hearts grieving for one master and longing to see another.

Then the Earthshaker left the mighty swell of the sounding sea and came to the shore. No man could see him, but he stood by the divine daughters of Nereus and addressed Thetis as she continued to grieve for Achilles:

"It is time to stop this endless lamentation for your son: he is destined to live not among the dead but with the gods, like good Dionysus and mighty Heracles. No

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768 Νηρηίνῃς Tychsen: -*ίνῃσι* M

dread fate, no Hades will keep him down in the darkness: he will soon come to the light of Zeus. I myself will give him as a gift a holy island in the Euxine Sea,[18] and your son will be a god there for ever, greatly celebrated with welcome sacrifices by the tribes of neighboring people, and honored no less than me. Stop lamenting, then, without delay, and give your heart no more grief."

With these words of consolation to Thetis he departed like a breeze for the sea; she felt heartened a little; and the god fulfilled his promises to her. The Argives, too, departed, each to the ship he had brought from Hellas. The Pierian Muses went off to Helicon, and the Nereids plunged into the sea still lamenting the gracious son of Peleus.

[18] Leuce, near the mouth of the Ister (Danube).

BOOK IV

The mighty son of warlike Hippolochus was not left unlamented by the unhappy Trojans, who in turn erected a pyre before the Dardan Gate and placed that glorious hero upon it. But Apollo hastened to raise him from the flames; he entrusted him to the swift Winds to carry toward the land of Lycia. They at once bore him away to the hollows of Telandrus, a lovely land. Over his body they set rock of great hardness; and the Nymphs caused to well up there a spring of holy water from an ever-flowing river, and even to this day men give it the name Glaucus of the fair stream. Such were the honors paid by the immortal gods to the king of the Lycians.

By their swift ships the Argives continued to grieve for greathearted Achilles. Every one of them was afflicted with dreadful grief and sorrow, and not a man in the whole broad army was without tears: they missed him like a son. The Trojans, on the other hand, felt joy unconfined at the sight of their grieving and Achilles' committal to the flames; and in exultation they said one to another:

"Today the son of Cronus gave from Olympus unexpected joy to all those of us who longed to see Achilles fall at Troy. Now that he is dead, I daresay the glorious Trojan peoples will have some respite from deadly blood-

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7 Τηλάνδροιο Pauw: τ' ἠδ' ἄντροιο M
17 αὖτ' Lehrs: αὖ M

shed and slaughter in battle. That fatal spear he wielded was always raging and spattered with horrible gore, and none of us who faced him ever saw the next day dawn. But now that Achilles has been killed, I daresay the mighty sons of the Achaeans will soon be fleeing in their well-prowed ships. If only the mighty Hector were still alive! He could then have killed the whole lot of the Argives in their huts!"

So spoke some of the Trojans, completely overjoyed. But some had the good sense to speak quite differently:

"You think that the deadly Danaan army will be quick to flee back home over the misty sea in their ships. But they will have no fear: they are still eager for battle. They have other strong and mighty champions—Ajax, son of Tydeus, and the mighty son of Atreus—who are still to be feared even after the death of Achilles. If only Apollo would kill them with his silver bow! That would be the day when our prayer for a respite from war and ghastly doom was truly answered!"

So they spoke. In heaven, those immortal gods who supported the Danaans lamented and covered their heads in masses of cloud, grieving in their hearts, while those who favored the other side were filled with joyful hopes of granting the Trojans the end they desired. Then the renowned Hera addressed the son of Cronus:

"Father Zeus of the bright thunderbolt, why are you supporting the Trojans, quite forgetting that maiden with

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25 *χερσὶν* Jacobs, Tychsen: *φρεσὶν ἧσιν* M
27 *μολὼν* Vian: *ἰδὼν* M 46 *ἑτέρωθε* Pauw: *ἑτάροι* M

the lovely hair whom you once gave as his dear wife to Peleus in the glens of Mount Pelion?[1] You saw to that divine marriage yourself, and on the wedding day we immortals all joined in the feasting and gave many beautiful gifts. You have forgotten all that, and have planned great suffering for Hellas."

So she spoke; but unwearied Zeus made no reply. He sat with grief in his heart and with much to ponder: the Argives were about to sack the city of Priam, but he was planning to arrange a wretched fate for them in the cruel conflict and on the sounding sea. Such were his thoughts; and afterward he brought them to pass.

Eos reached the deep stream of Ocean, and great darkness came upon the dimmed earth—the time when mortals have some slight relief from their troubles. In spite of their grief, the Argives ate their meal at the ships: it is not possible to prevent men's stomachs from feeling the demands of cruel hunger when once it reaches their vitals: the limbs, once nimble, immediately feel heavy, and there is no cure but a meal to satisfy those pangs of the stomach. For that reason they had their meal in spite of their grief for Achilles: grim necessity obliged them all to do so. Once they had eaten, sweet sleep came upon them, releasing their limbs from care and refreshing their powers.

At the time when the Bears turned their heads toward the east in expectation of the sun's swift light, and when

[1] Thetis.

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59 *ἐμήδετο* Rhodomann: *ἐκή-* M
70 *δαῖτ'* Rhodomann, Spitzner: *δῆτ'* m: *δή τ'* m

dawn awakened, the mighty Argive army, too, awakened, intent on dread death and destruction for the Trojans. They moved like the boundless Icarian Sea or like dry, heavily laden stalks of corn stirred by a powerful blast of cloud-gathering Zephyrus: just so moved the army on the shores of the Hellespont. Then the son of Tydeus addressed the troops as they listened eagerly:

"My friends, if we really are 'staunch in battle,' let us increase our efforts against the hateful enemy: otherwise they will take heart from the death of Achilles. Come, let us arm ourselves, mount our chariots and go round the city: glory will come from hard work!"

Such was his speech to the Danaans; but mighty Ajax made this response:

"Son of Tydeus, you speak well and to the point when you urge the Danaans to come to close quarters with the warlike Trojans; and they are keen to do so. But we must stay by the ships until divine Thetis arrives from the sea. Her heart is set on holding splendid funeral games at her son's tomb. That is what she told me yesterday as she entered the sea's depths, apart from the rest of the Danaans; and I expect her any moment. The son of Peleus may be dead, but the Trojans will not be very confident so long as you and I and the noble son of Atreus himself are still alive."

So spoke the noble son of Telamon, unaware that after

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93 *οἱ* Sylburg: om. M *φρεσὶ μήδεται* Jacobs, C. L. Struve: *φρεσὶν ἤδεται* M

96 *μιν* Zimmermann: *ἑ* M

99–100 inter hos uu. *καὶ Τελαμωνιάδαο μέγα σθένος ἔκτοθι μίμνειν* M: del. edd.

these games some god was preparing a bad fate for him.[2] The son of Tydeus replied:

"My friend, if Thetis really is coming today to hold splendid funeral games at her son's tomb, let us stay by the ships and keep back the others, too. It is right to obey the blessed gods; in any case, we ourselves, even without the gods' command, should arrange to pay Achilles some honor that would please him."

So spoke the greathearted, warlike son of Tydeus, that man of mighty heart. Then out from the sea arrived the wife of Peleus, like a morning breeze. She quickly came to the assembly of waiting Argives, some keen to compete in that immense event, others to take pleasure in watching the competitors. Thetis, with her dark headband, set out the prizes she had brought for the assembled Achaeans and encouraged them to begin the games at once. They obeyed the goddess's command.

First to rise in their midst was the son of Neleus. He had no desire to apply his efforts to boxing or wearisome wrestling: dread old age had done for all his limbs and joints. But the heart and mind in his breast were still sound, and none of the Achaeans could compete with him in oratory when an argument arose in public. Even the renowned son of Laërtes deferred to him when it came to speaking at a public meeting, as did Agamemnon of the fine ash-wood spear, most kingly of all the Argives. And so

[2] As told in Book 5.

in their midst he celebrated the wise Nereid, singing how she was foremost among all the goddesses of the sea in wisdom and beauty; and to hear this brought her pleasure. Next he told of the lovely marriage of Peleus arranged by the blessed immortals on the peaks of Pelion; how they ate an immortal meal at the banquet, divine food brought and put out in golden baskets by the immortal hands of the nimble Seasons; how Themis made exultant haste to lay out the silver tables,[3] Hephaestus set burning the pure fire, the Nymphs mixed ambrosia in golden goblets, the Graces began their lovely dance and the Muses their singing, delighting all the mountains, rivers and wild creatures and giving pleasure to the imperishable air, to Chiron's beautiful cave, and to the gods themselves.

All this was told to his eager audience of Argives by Neleus' noble son, and they took pleasure in his account. Next in their midst he sang of glorious' Achilles' immortal deeds, to shouts of acclaim from that great host. He began by celebrating that renowned hero in apt words: his sacking of twelve cities on his voyage and of eleven more on the mainland; his conquest of Telephus and of the mighty and glorious Eëtion on the plain at Thebe; his killing with his spear Cycnus, son of Poseidon,[4] godlike Polydorus,[5] handsome Troilus[6] and noble Asteropaeus;[7]

[3] Themis had warned Zeus not to consort with Thetis, whose son was destined to be greater than his father.

[4] Cf. 4.468–71. [5] *Il.* 20.407–18.

[6] Cf. 4.418–35. [7] *Il.* 21.139–204.

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146 δ' Rhodomann: om. M

148 ἑλὼν Rhodomann: ἔχων M 151 δ'[2] Köchly: om. M

how he made the stream of the river Xanthus all red with blood and covered his whole sounding course with countless corpses when he made life leave the limbs of Lycaon near that roaring river;[8] how he slew Hector, Penthesileia and the divine son of fair-throned Erigeneia. These familiar facts he sang to the Argives, not omitting his immense stature and unrivaled strength both in battle and in competition—in young men's running races, in horsemanship and in individual contests; his far surpassing the other Achaeans in beauty, and his boundless power when it was time to do the work of Ares. He also prayed to the immortal gods to see a son of Achilles just like his father arrive from wave-washed Scyros.

The Argives applauded every word of his performance, as did silver-footed Thetis herself. She presented him with the swift-footed horses which Telephus had once given to Achilles of the fine ash-wood spear by the waters of the Caïcus when he used his spear to heal an unpleasant, agonizing wound in the thigh which he had inflicted himself with a thrust of his mighty weapon. Nestor son of Neleus handed them over to his comrades, who led them to the ships while congratulating their godlike king. Then Thetis publicly displayed ten cows as prize for a running race, each accompanied by a beautiful unweaned calf; these

[8] *Il.* 21.34–135.

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170 κείνου Rhodomann: κεῖνον M
181 δέκα· τῇσι Rhodomann: δεκάτῃσι M

had been driven down from Ida by the bold, strong and unwearied son of Peleus and won by his trusty spear.

To compete for these, two heroes came forward in great hopes of winning, first Teucer son of Telamon and then Ajax—Ajax who was the outstanding leader of the Locrian archers. They quickly fashioned loincloths for themselves to keep hidden their private parts out of respect for the wife of mighty Peleus and the other sea goddesses, daughters of Nereus, who had come with her to view the various trials of strength. The son of Atreus, supreme commander of the Argives, indicated the finish for the footrace. Urged on by glorious Rivalry, they shot away from the start with the speed of hawks, and they raced neck and neck as the Argives lining the course looked on and cheered their favorites. But just as they were sprinting for the line, the immortals—so it seemed—impeded the strength of Teucer's limbs: some god or evil spirit made him trip over the annoying branch of a deep-rooted tamarisk bush. The contact made him fall over, and the toes of his left foot were painfully bent back so that the veins stood out swollen on either side. The crowd of Argives roared. Ajax joyfully overtook him; he was mobbed by his Locrian followers, seized with universal joy, who drove the

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185 δοιοὶ C. L. Struve: οἵδε M
195 ἐπήρατος Köchly: ἀκή- M

cows off to the ships to give them pasture. The limping Teucer was speedily recovered by his attendant comrades. The surgeons quickly cleaned the blood from his foot, applied a woolen dressing soaked in oil, and carefully added a bandage, so that his agony was abated.

Next two dauntless warriors, mighty Ajax and the son of horse-taming Tydeus, eagerly volunteered to compete in heavyweight wrestling. When they stepped forward the Argive onlookers were amazed at their godlike appearance. They grappled like a pair of ravenous wild beasts in the mountains fighting over a deer, equally matched in strength, neither in the least inferior to the other, both deadly: just so were they equally matched in strength. Eventually Ajax got the son of Tydeus in a powerful arm hold and tried to crush him; but with a mixture of power and skill he slipped sideways, deliberately lifted the mighty son of Telamon by getting his shoulder into his armpit, and by kicking his thigh on the opposite side contrived to give that mighty man a fall and sit on him, to general applause. Enraged, doughty Ajax got to his feet eager for a second brutal bout: he coated himself with dust with his grim hands and issued a violent challenge to the

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225 ὑπὸ Spitzner: ἐπὶ M
228 ὑπὸ Köchly: ὑπὲρ M

son of Tydeus, who fearlessly rushed to meet him. A cloud of dust was raised by their feet, and they sprang at each other like a pair of fearless bulls in the mountains whose hooves raise dust when they charge together in a bold test of their strength; the crags reecho their bellowing as they charge irresistibly, pitting their hard heads and great strength against each other and long continuing the struggle as they pant heavily with the effort of their brutal battle, and masses of foam drop to the ground from their mouths: just so those two struggled with their powerful arms, and as they grappled their backs and muscular necks resounded just like green tree branches smashing one against another up in the mountains. The son of Tydeus kept locking his strong arms round Ajax' mighty thigh, but his stance was so firm that he could not be pushed off balance. Ajax for his part attacked high on the body, trying to grasp him by the shoulders, throw him to the ground, and pin him there. Their tactics in grappling were varied, and the ring of spectators kept cheering, some trying to encourage the glorious son of Tydeus, others mighty Ajax. Then Ajax shook his powerful opponent violently by the shoulders, gripped him round the waist, and with pure strength suddenly made him fall like a rock to the earth. A great noise arose from the ground of Troy when the son of Tydeus fell, echoed by the crowd. He was up straight-

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243 *δηρὸν* Köchly: om. M
245 *καταχεύεται* Köchly: *κατεχεύατο* M
253 *ἐπεσσύμενος* Pauw: *-νον* M

away, eager for a third bout with the hulking Ajax; but at that point Nestor rose from the crowd and addressed the combatants:

"Leave off this heavyweight match, my fine lads: we all know just how much you excel the rest of the Argives, now that Achilles is dead."

So he spoke; and they left off their struggle. They wiped way the cascading sweat, kissed, and were friends once more. Divine Thetis, that distinguished goddess, bestowed on them four captive girls who inspired the admiration even of those mighty and fearless heroes: they excelled the rest of the captives, Briseïs of the fair tresses alone excepted, in good sense and accomplishments. Achilles had captured them in Lesbos, and he used to take delight in them: one saw to his food and meals, another stood by to pour sweet wine for the diners, another poured water on their hands after the meal, and the other always cleared away the tables. The mighty son of Tydeus and doughty Ajax divided these between them and sent them off to their well-prowed ships.

As for the boxing, mighty Idomeneus was the first to come forward because he could turn his hand to contests of any sort. But no one stood against him, his age and seniority inspiring respect and deference in them all. And so Thetis publicly presented him with the chariot and swift-

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267 *προφερέστατοί* Zimmermann: *-τεροί* M
272, 275 *ληιάδας, ληιάδων* Pauw: *νη-* M
277 *νόον* Rhodomann: *νόος* M
284 *πρῶτον* Pauw: *ὦρτο* M

footed horses which had been driven from the Trojan ranks by mighty Patroclus when he killed divine Sarpedon.[9] Idomeneus handed them over to a servant to lead to the ships, while he himself remained in that noble gathering. Then Phoenix addressed the doughty Argives:

"It seems the gods have given Idomeneus a fine prize just like that, without any effort of arms or shoulders on his part and with no blood shed: they have honored his age and seniority. But as for you young fellows—prepare to take part in a boxing contest of skillful punching that will please the spirit of Peleus' son."

On hearing his words they all exchanged glances, but still they kept quiet and would not volunteer. It took an address from the son of noble Neleus to persuade them:

"My friends, experienced warriors ought not to avoid an enjoyable pastime for young men, and one which brings glory through effort. I only wish I still had the same strength in my limbs as when my cousin Acastus and I met to bury godlike Pelias. I contended in the boxing against the divine Polydeuces, and I was awarded a prize equal to his. And as for the wrestling, even Ancaeus, the strongest man of all the rest, felt fear and awe when he saw me and did not dare contest the victory with me because in the land of the Epeans, experts in close combat, I had already defeated him, for all his fine qualities, giving him a fall that

[9] *Il.* 16.506–7, 23.798–800.

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295 *οὔ τι καμόντι* Köchly: *οὔτω/οὔπω κάμνοντι* M
298 *ἐπ'* Rhodomann: *ὑπ'* M
302 *ἐνένιπεν* Köchly: *ἔνισπεν* M

gave his back a good dusting by the tomb of Amarynces.[10] On that occasion there had been many to admire my strength and power; so that for all his might Ancaeus was no longer willing to take me on, and I won the prize without getting dusty. But now I am prey to the pains of old age; it is up to you to earn the prize in boxing: a young man gains glory by winning a prize at the games."

After this speech by the old man a bold fellow stood up, the son of the proud and godlike Panopeus; it was he who built the famous horse which later brought doom to the city of Priam. In boxing, no one would venture to engage with him; in battle, however, and in the serious business of Ares, he was none too expert.[11] This man, godlike Epeüs, would have carried off those excellent prizes to the Achaean ships without even having to break sweat; but there came forward a son of noble Theseus, Acamas the spearman, with great confidence in his heart; his quick hands were equipped with bindings of tanned leather which Agelaüs son of Euenor fastened expertly round his palms as he gave his king words of encouragement. The comrades of king Epeüs, son of Panopeus, urged on their lord likewise, and he took his stand in the middle of the ring like a lion, his hands bound with tanned thongs of hide from a slaughtered ox. There was great cheering from every side as the crowd urged on those men of might to employ their unwearied hands in a bloody bout. The combatants themselves stood in the designated

[10] Cf. *Il.* 23.629–42. [11] Cf. *Il.* 23.670–71.

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321 χερσὶν ἀρέσθαι Spitzner: χερσὶ φέρεσθαι M
332 μέγ' ἐνὶ Köchly: μέγα δ' ἐν M

space eager to start, each making practice jabs to check that they were still nimble and not weighed down by warfare. They soon took their stances, fists raised, eyes darting alertly; they kept on their toes, advancing gradually with short steps, avoiding full engagement for quite a time. Then they came together like scudding clouds impelled by strong winds to collide with one another: they shoot out bolts of lightning, the vast sky is disturbed with the shock as they clash, and the tempest resounds with peals of thunder. Just such a sound was produced as their jaws were battered by those thongs of tanned hide; the blood flowed copiously, and mixed with sweat reddened the bloom of their cheeks. They kept up their efforts with a will. Epeüs' tactic was to press forward and keep on the offensive, while the son of Theseus cannily caused him to miss with many powerful punches and, skillfully making him open up his guard, was able to launch a sudden jab to the eyebrow, cutting him to the bone and causing blood to stream down from his eye. Even so he landed a heavy punch on Acamas' temple, knocking him to the ground. He sprang up quickly, however, rushed at his mighty opponent, and gave him a blow to the head; but as he attacked again, Epeüs moved aside slightly and caught his forehead with a left jab, and followed it up with a right to the nose. Acamas too deployed his fists with all sorts of skill. Though they were still keen to keep up the struggle for glorious victory, the Achaeans separated them. The seconds effi-

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347 ἀεὶ Köchly: ἐὸν M
353 γένεια Heyne: -ειαι M
368 ὃς C. L. Struve: ὡς M

ciently unbound the bloody thongs from their mighty hands, and they gradually got their breath back after their mighty exertions as they wiped their faces with absorbent sponges. Their comrades tried to calm them down and brought them face to face so that they could quickly forget their bitter anger and be reconciled in friendship. They obeyed their comrades' persuasive words (for men of sense are always good-natured): they kissed and forgot their bitter rivalry. Straightaway Thetis of the dark veil presented them with a pair of silver bowls, which they eagerly accepted. They had been handed over to godlike Achilles on wave-washed Lemnos by Euenus, mighty son of Jason, as ransom for doughty Lycaon, and they had been made by Hephaestus as a wedding gift for illustrious Dionysus when he introduced to Olympus his divine wife, the glorious daughter of Minos,[12] after her reluctant abandonment by Theseus on wave-washed Dia. Dionysus filled them with nectar and presented them to his son Thoas; he gave them to Hypsipyle together with many other gifts; she bequeathed them to her godlike son, and he gave them to Achilles as ransom for Lycaon. The noble son of Theseus took one of these, and good Epeüs joyfully dispatched the other to his ships. Podleirius carefully treated all their wounds and contusions: he first sucked them clean, then expertly stitched them up with his own hands and applied

[12] Ariadne.

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377 *φιλότητι* Lascaris, Tychsen: *-τα* M
394 *ἔλεσκεν* C. L. Struve: *ἔχε-* M
396 *δεδρυμμένα* Tychsen: *τετρυμμένα* M

drugs, entrusted to him in the past by his father, which had the power to alleviate speedily within a single day the agony even of otherwise unhealable wounds. The wounds to their faces and scalps were quickly healed and their sufferings allayed.

For the competition in shooting, Teucer and the son of Oïleus came forward, the same who had just now competed in the footrace. Agamemnon of the fine ash-wood spear set up a helmet with a crest of horsehair at a good distance from them, and said: "The best shot will be he who can sever the crest with his bronze-tipped arrow." Ajax was the first to shoot, but he hit the helmet itself with a sharp ringing sound. Teucer could not wait to take his shot, and his sharp arrow cut straight through the crest. The assembled spectators applauded him with endless cheering, pleased that the painful impediment had not afflicted his hands' ability to shoot straight and true. The wife of Peleus presented him with the beautiful armor of godlike Troilus. A son of Hecuba, he had been easily the best young man in holy Troy; but his beauty was of no avail when the strength and spear of the lethal Achilles deprived him of life. Just as when a man uses a newly whetted sickle to cut some yet unripe cornstalk or poppy growing vigorously in a dew-fresh and luxuriant garden near a ditch of water, preventing its ever coming to fruition or yielding seed by cutting it while it is sterile, seedless

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401 *περ* Zimmermann: δ' ἄρ' M
408 *τε* Spitzner: ἑ M
425 *τυχῆσαι* Rhodomann: *-ήσας* M

and unable to reproduce itself and when it is about to be filled out by the dews of springtime: just so that son of Priam, beautiful as a god, was slaughtered by Peleus' son before the down could appear on his cheeks, before he could marry a bride, and while he was still a playfellow of his young friends: Fate, deadly to mankind, led him to war just as his joyful youth was beginning, a time when courage arrives and diffidence ends.

Next was the discus. It was large and solid, and many attempts were made to whirl it from the hand. It was so heavy that not one of the Argives managed to throw it except Ajax, staunch in battle, who flung it with his powerful hand as if it had been a branch of wild oak dried out by the summer heat when field crops are all dry. Everyone was astonished at how far the lump of bronze, which two men could hardly have lifted, flew from his hand. In former times, before he was killed by the mighty hands of Heracles, the powerful Antaeus had been in the habit of throwing it as a test of his own strength. Noble Heracles captured it together with a great deal of other spoil and kept this prize won by his unwearied energy; but later he presented it to the noble son of Aeacus for his help in sacking the famous city of well-fortified Ilium. Peleus gave it to his son, who brought it on his swift ships to Troy, so that with this reminder of his father he could fight the Trojan warriors with a will, and also so that he could have

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431 *ἄχνοον* Rhodomann: *ἄχροον* m: *ἄχρονον* m
445 *Ἀνταίοιο* Rhodomann: *ἀγκαί-* M

a good test of his strength. This was the discus which Ajax threw a good distance with his powerful arm. Then Nereus' daughter gave him the famous armor of godlike Memnon, another object of great wonder to the Argives. The glorious hero accepted it triumphantly: he was the only one whose huge body and powerful limbs it would fit when tried on. He carried off the great discus itself, too, to entertain him when he felt the urge to test his noble strength.

For the long jump many came forward to compete. Agapenor, he of the fine ash-wood spear, jumped far beyond the marks of all the rest and earned general applause. Divine Thetis presented him with the fine armor of great Cycnus, who had killed Protesilaüs and taken the lives of many others, before himself becoming the first Trojan champion to fall victim to the son of Peleus, to their overwhelming sorrow.

In the javelin Euryalus far out-threw the other competitors, and the crowd gave a great cheer and declared that even a feathered arrow could not outdo his throw. The mother of warlike Aeacides rewarded him with a capacious bowl acquired by Achilles when he speared Mynes during the sack of the wealthy city of Lyrnessus.[13]

Dauntless Ajax, eager for a bout of all-in wrestling, came forward and laid down a challenge to the best among the heroes. But when they saw how mighty and power-

[13] Cf. *Il.* 2.689–93.

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463 *αὐτὸν* Vian: *-τὸς* M
464 *τερπωλὴ* Pauw: *-ῆς* M
467 *τοι* Rhodomann: *τῶ* M

ful he was they were in awe, and no one dared face him: painful fear made their courage fail, and they were afraid that those never-tiring hands would give his opponent's face a real pummeling and cause serious injury. Eventually they all began to look expectantly at the staunch warrior Euryalus, because they knew he was an expert boxer; he, however, was scared of the fierce hero and addressed them all with these words:

"My friends, I dare face any other Achaean you like, but Ajax scares me: he is far the best, and if he gets really angry during one of his attacks he will completely shatter my confidence; and his stamina is so great that I would have no chance of getting back to the ships safe and sound."

His words made the crowd laugh, and stouthearted Ajax felt great satisfaction. He took away two talents of shining silver, Thetis' reward for his effortless victory; and as she looked at Ajax she was reminded of her dear son, and could not repress a sob.

Next the expert horsemen rushed forward in hopes of winning the prize. Menelaüs was first, followed by Eurypylus bold in battle, Eumelus, Thoas and godlike Polypoetes. They harnessed the horses and dragged the chariots into position, each keen on winning a joyous victory. Quickly they assembled in their chariots at a sandy spot, for the drawing of lots; then each took his place at the

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487 *ἔνευσαν* Pauw: *ἔλευσαν* M
494 *σόος* Heyne: *σόον* m: *σῶον* m
506 *κλῆρον* Pollack: *πεδίον* m: *χῶρον* m

start, their strong hands holding the reins. The horses, now placed in the shafts, were restive and eager for a head start; they pawed the ground, ears pricked, and flecked their frontlets with foam. Suddenly the charioteers whipped their light-footed horses into motion, and they swiftly sprang forward in the traces with the speed of Harpies, resentful of the whip, and bore their chariots along so quickly that they did not touch the ground: there were no wheel marks or hoofprints to be seen, such a pace did they maintain. Clouds of dust rose up from the plain into the sky like smoke, or like mist shed around mountain crags by the blast of Notus or Zephyrus at the beginning of winter when the mountains are soaked with showers of rain. Eumelus' horses had a good start, followed by those of godlike Thoas. Each man shouted to his team, and they hurtled over the broad space of the plain . . .[14]

‹48 lines missing›

". . . from the noble land of Elis: he[15] did a great deed by overtaking the swift chariot of wicked Oenomaüs, who

collision between Thoas and Eurypylus (cf. 538–40) and Menelaüs' victory, and recorded the speech of a spectator, the end of which is preserved (526–32).

[15] Pelops. Oenomaüs, king of Pisa in Elis, made suitors for his daughter Hippodameia compete with him in a chariot race; the losers were put to death. Pelops beat him using winged horses, a gift from Poseidon. Hippodameia is called "wise," *periphronos* (529, pointedly contrasting with "wicked," *kakophronos,* in line 527) perhaps because another version of the story has her cunningly bribe her father's driver to sabotage his chariot.

devised a cruel death for the young suitors who sought to marry his wise daughter Hippodameia. He[16] was an expert charioteer, but in speed of foot his horses were much inferior to these: they run like the wind!"

So he spoke, extolling the spirit of the horses and of the son of Atreus himself, who heard him with pleasure. His squires loosed the panting horses from their traces, and all the other competitors in the chariot race did the same for their storm-footed horses. Podalirius hastened to treat all the grazes suffered by godlike Thoas and doughty Eurypylus when they fell from their chariots. The son of Atreus felt infinite delight at his victory, and Thetis of the beautiful tresses presented him with a fine golden goblet which had belonged to godlike Eëtion until Achilles sacked his famous city of Thebe.[17]

Another set of competitors got ready their racehorses and led them to the course. With whips of ox hide in their hands they leaped up on their mounts, which champed foaming at the bit and pawed the ground in their impatience to start. The course was quickly laid out and they were off, leaving the start at a gallop and eager to race, no less swift than the blasts of blustery Boreas or roaring Notus when he stirs up the broad sea with whirlwind

[16] Pelops.
[17] *Il.* 6.414–20.

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527 *παρφθάμενος* Rhodomann: *παρφάμ-* M
534 *δ' ἄρ'* Pauw: *γὰρ* M
538 *Εὐρύπυλον* Rhodomann: *εὐρύαλον* M
550 *τάθη* Rhodomann: om. M
553 *ὀρίνει* Köchly: *ὄρινεν* M

and storm at the season when the dread Altar is visible,[18] bringing woe, grief and tears for sailors: just so they raced along, raising vast clouds of dust on the plain with their swift hooves. Each rider urged on his mount, applying frequent lashes with the whip with one hand and constantly controlling the bit rattling in their jaws with the other. On rushed the horses, flying across the broad plain as deafening cheers rose from the crowd. The race would have been won by a distance by the dashing Argive horse ridden by Sthenelus if it had not kept straying from the course and making for the plain. Capaneus' noble son, heaving on the reins with all his strength, was quite unable to make it turn at the end of the course, because it was still unused to racing. It was a divine offspring of swift Arion, far the best of all the colts born to Harpyia and roaring Zephyrus; Arion could gallop quickly enough to compete with his father's swift hurricanes. Adrastus was given it as a gift by the blessed gods. That was the horse's pedigree. The son of Tydeus gave it to his comrade in the holy land of Troy; and he, confident of its speed, entered it for the horse race expecting to win a high reputation for horsemanship. But his efforts in the games in honor of Achilles did nothing to cheer his heart: he came second for all his speed, overtaken by the superior skill of the son of Atreus. The spectators congratulated Agamemnon but also bold

[18] Late November. Cf. 13.483.

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566 μιν Rhodomann: μὲν M
579 ἵκανε Rhodomann: ἔμελλεν ἱκάνειν M

Sthenelus himself and his horse for coming second with such great speed and spirit in spite of straying wide so often. Then Thetis presented the triumphant son of Atreus with the silver breastplate of Polydorus, descendant of the gods; and to Sthenelus she gave the strong helmet of bronze, the pair of spears and the waist guard of Asteropaeus.

She presented gifts to the other riders, and to everyone who came to compete that day at Achilles' tomb. But the son of warlike Laërtes was full of regret that, though eager for victory in the games, he was prevented from competing by the painful wound he had received from mighty Alcon as he fought over the body of great Aeacides.

BOOK V

When all the competitions were ended, divine Thetis set out the immortal arms of greathearted Achilles. On every side the shield of redoubtable Aeacides gleamed with the detailed work produced by mighty Hephaestus.

The first things to be represented on that piece of divine workmanship were the heaven and the sky; and sea lay together with the land. There were the winds, clouds, moon and sun in distinct positions, and every star that revolves across the sky was portrayed. Above all these stretched the infinite air traversed by long-beaked birds; they seemed to be alive and to be borne along with the breezes. Tethys and the deep flood of Ocean were represented around it, and from that circle poured the streams of the mighty rivers winding in every direction over the earth.

All around were represented grim lions and shameless jackals in the mountain heights, together with cruel bears and panthers; with these there were mighty boars noisily whetting the cruel, champing tusks in their savage jaws. Behind came countrymen directing a pack of hounds,

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16 ἄλλῃ Zimmermann: ἄλλη M
19 δ' Rhodomann: θ' M

while others, true to life, fought their quarry face to face, throwing rocks and swift javelins.

On it were inlaid man-killing wars and the dread clamor of conflict: battalions of men and their swift steeds were being slaughtered pell-mell, and the entire plain represented on that dauntless shield looked as if it was drenched in blood. There were Fear, Terror and grief-bringing Enyo, their limbs foully spattered with blood; there were hideous Strife and the formidable Furies, the one urging on the troops toward the irresistible conflict, the others inspiring it with their fatal, fiery breath. All around rushed the pitiless spirits of doom, and among them went the grim force of Death. Around him could be seen the ill-sounding goddesses of Combat whose limbs dripped blood and sweat to the ground. There were vile Gorgons represented with grim, flickering-tongued snakes in their hair, a truly wonderful piece of intricate artistry, terrifying to viewers because they were like living, moving creatures.

Such were the ghastly scenes of war. Away from them were the fair works of peace. Numberless tribes of hard-working men living in fair cities and overseen by Justice turned their hands to their various tasks as the barns were loaded with abundant crops and the black earth flour-

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25 ἐν δ' Tychsen: ἔνθ' M

ished. The god's crowning effort was a representation of the mountain of holy Virtue, very high and hard to climb; the goddess herself stood high atop a palm tree, her head touching the sky. All the paths were full of thorn bushes to prevent easy access, so that most people retreated, put off by the steepness of the path, and only a few sweated their way to the top of that holy route.[1]

Another scene showed reapers driving a broad swathe, hard at work with their freshly sharpened sickles as their hands cut the dry corn. Behind them followed many men to bind the sheaves, and they were making good progress. There were also oxen to be seen, their necks ever beneath the yoke, some pulling carts laden with heavy sheaves, others again plowing the fields as the tilth showed black behind them and young men, alternating blows with their ox-drivers' whips, accompanied them: it was a picture of endless work.[2]

Another scene showed oboes and lyres being played at a banquet and female choruses performing before young men with lifelike movements.[3] Not far from this dancing and pleasant festivity, Cypris, garlanded and with her hair still flecked with foam, rose up from the sea; Desire fluttered round her, the Graces with their fair tresses accompanied her, and she wore a pleasant smile.

[1] Cf. 14.195–200. The palm was associated with victory.

[2] Or, perhaps, "the work scene was depicted with amazing realism."

[3] Text uncertain.

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68 ζωῇσιν Rhodomann: ζωοῖσιν M ἀλίγκια Dausque: -ιαι M

Another scene showed the daughters of proud Nereus leading their sister from the sea's broad paths to her marriage with warlike Aeacides. Nearby all the immortals were feasting on Pelion's great mountaintop, around which were well-watered, flourishing meadows furnished with plants of every kind, together with groves and fair springs with clear water.

Creaking ships were sailing over the sea, some taking a sidelong path and others a direct route, while the waves rose and increased dangerously all round them. The sailors were variously shown in lifelike fear of the approaching hurricane and attempting to escape death by reefing in the white sails, while others sat laboring at the oars; and as they plied their oars the black sea around the ships grew white.

Near them was depicted the smiling Earthshaker among his sea beasts. His storm-footed steeds, lashed by his golden whip, hastened in lifelike fashion to bear him over the sea. As they progressed, the waves were stilled, and a flat calm preceded them. On either side schools of overjoyed dolphins gathered round their master and fawned on their king. Though made of silver, they really seemed to be swimming as they went through the misty swell of the sea.

Countless more scenes had been skillfully wrought on the shield by the hands of the ingenious god Hephaestus. All were encircled by the deep stream of Ocean; it went

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88 ἐν Vian: καὶ M

round the rim which enclosed the whole shield and all its intricately chased decoration.

Next to it lay the helmet, one of great weight. On it was depicted Zeus looking very wrathful in the height of heaven; all around him the other immortals were joining their efforts with his against the rebellious Titans,[4] who were already surrounded by raging fire as bolts of lightning poured down ceaselessly from heaven thick as snowflakes now that Zeus' immense power had been roused; they looked to be on fire, though they had not yet quite expired.

The breastplate of the cuirass lay nearby; it was large, strong and indestructible, big enough to fit the son of Peleus. The decorated greaves were gigantic; only Achilles could put them on easily in spite of their great weight. Nearby glittered the irresistible sword, with its golden baldric and silver scabbard; the hilt was fitted with ivory, and stood out in brightness among all that divine armor. Next to these lay the long and mighty spear from Mount Pelion, big as a high, leafy fir tree, still reeking with Hector's blood and gore.

Then Thetis with her dark headdress made this divine speech to the Argives, moved by her grief for Achilles:

"Now all the competitions are ended in the games held by me in my great grief for my dead son. But let whoever recovered his body step forward—the best of the Achae-

[4] Cf. Hes. *Theog.* 664–733.

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107 *νιφάδεσσιν* Pierson: *νεφέεσσιν* M
120 *ἔτι* Brodeau: *ἐπὶ* M 123 *κατ'* Rhodomann: *καὶ* M

ans: I shall give him to wear this wonderful divine armor which even the blessed immortals admire."

At these words, up sprang, arguing already, the son of Laërtes and the son of godlike Telamon, Ajax, who stood out among the Danaans just as the bright star Hesperus stands out in the glittering heavens and shines far brighter than all the other stars: so Ajax seemed as he stood by the arms of Peleus' son. He appealed to noble Idomeneus, to Neleus' son, and to the wise Agamemnon, hoping that they knew the true facts about the deeds done in that glorious battle, and Odysseus similarly put his entire trust in them, because among the Danaans they were men of sense and upright character. Nestor spoke privately to the expectant Idomeneus and the divine son of Atreus:

"My friends, this truly is a serious and unavoidable problem which the carefree Heavenly Ones bring us today, now that great Ajax and the clever Odysseus are keen to enter into a violent argument whose consequences will be both endless and unpleasant; for the one to whom god grants victory will rejoice, but the loser will be much aggrieved: he will blame all the Danaans and us in particular, and he will refuse to stand by us any more in battle as in the past. It will be a great trouble for the Achaeans if either of these men becomes angry and resentful, because each is preeminent among all the heroes, the one in fighting and the other in counsel. But come, take my advice:

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127 μέγ' C. L. Struve: μετ- M

I am a great deal older than you, and in addition to my great age I have sound sense, having experienced much, good and bad. A wise old man is always superior in counsel to a younger one, because he has a wealth of knowledge. Let us then remit to the Trojans who have good sense the decision between godlike Ajax and warlike Odysseus as to which most fills the enemy with fear and which recovered the body of Peleus' son from the deadly battle. We have many Trojan prisoners captured in the recent conflict, and they will make a just decision in the case without prejudice, since they hate all the Achaeans equally, when they think of their ruin."

To this speech Agamemnon of the fine ash spear replied:

"Old man, there is no one among us Danaans, young or old, who is wiser than you. You are right to warn us that whoever the gods deny victory will be furious with the Argives; after all, the contest is between the best two men we have. I am just as keen as you are to devise a way to have the prisoners make this decision: then the loser will blame them and feel like slaughtering the warlike Trojans rather than inflicting his anger on us."

So he spoke; and with this motive in mind they both declared that they would not act as judges in this painful case. Since they refused, the glorious sons of the Trojans,

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170 *ἐπὶ* Köchly: *ἐνὶ* M
176 *ἀλεγεινήν* Pauw: *ἐρατεινήν* M

prisoners though they were, took seats in the midst of the assembly in order to make a just decision in this dispute about the war. Ajax spoke before the assembly with these indignant words:

"Odysseus, you rogue, some god must have tricked you into thinking you can rival me in strength and stamina! Do you claim to have kept that dreadful mass of encircling Trojans away from Achilles when he was lying in the dust, when it was I who unleashed grim slaughter on them while you cringed in terror? The truth is, you were born feeble and cowardly, weaker than me just as some cur is weaker than a loud-roaring lion. It's no doughty heart that you have in your breast; tricks and rascality are what you care about. Have you forgotten how you tried to avoid going to the holy city of Troy with the Achaean army, and how the sons of Atreus had to bring you here cringing and reluctant? If only you had never come! It was your idea to leave the noble son of Poeas groaning in agony on holy Lemnos.[5] And he is not the only one you have injured with your tricks: you also managed to get godlike Palamedes killed, a man superior to you in both strength and wise counsel.[6] And now you dare to face *me*: you have forgotten the good turn I did you, and you have no sense of shame before a man far better than you. I rescued you in the mêlée when you were trembling with fear at the enemy's

[5] Cf. 9.491–528.

[6] Angry at Palamedes for detecting his ruse to avoid fighting at Troy, Odysseus hid gold in his hut and accused him of taking bribes; the Greek leaders condemned him to death.

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181 ἤπαφε Rhodomann: ἤκαχε M

clamor, when everyone else was fleeing the din of the foe just like you, and you were all alone in the fighting.[7] I wish Zeus from high in the sky had put me to flight, too; then the Trojans would have cut you to pieces with their double-edged swords and fed you to the dogs, and you would not be planning to use your tricks and your cunning to oppose me now. You rascal, if you claim to be by far the best in strength, why did you keep your ships in the middle of the line?[8] You didn't dare, as I did, to draw up your swift ships at the end of the line—because you were scared! And you did not try to prevent the ships being set on fire, whereas *I* with fearless courage stood up to both the fire and Hector,[9] who used to give way to me whenever we met in battle—while *you* were always terrified of him. I wish someone had set up this prize for the two of us while the battle was still in progress and we were fighting over Achilles' fallen body: then you could have seen how I recovered those fine arms from that terrible struggle with the enemy and carried them back to our huts, together with warlike Achilles himself! But as it is, you are relying on your way with words to claim greatness in action. The truth is, you do not have the strength to wear warlike Achilles' invincible armor or the power to wield his spear in your hands, whereas everything fits me properly, and I am the right person to wear that splendid armor without bringing shame to the god's beautiful gift. But why are we standing here using bad words to contend about the splendid armor

[7] *Il.* 11.411–88.
[8] *Il.* 8.222–26 = 11.5–9.
[9] *Il.* 15.674–746.

of glorious Achilles, when his excellence was in slaughter and mayhem? It is a dispute over warlike strength, not of wounding words, that Thetis of the silver feet has set up here. Words are only useful in debate. I know that I am a far nobler and a far better man than you; and I am from the same stock as great Achilles himself."

So he spoke; and the son of Laërtes, using all his guile and wiles, replied with these wounding words:

"What a windbag you are, Ajax! Why so much pointless talk? You call me a weakling, a rascal and a coward, but I can claim superiority to you in both thought and word, qualities which improve men's power. Consider: it is intelligence which makes it possible for stonemasons up in the mountains to quarry a huge, high rock of unbreakable hardness; it is by using their intelligence that sailors can cross the great, sounding sea, be the swell never so rough; it is by skill that hunters are able to overcome mighty lions, leopards, boars and the other species of wild beasts; and it is human will that makes formidable bulls submit to the yoke. It is the mind that accomplishes everything: in work and counsel alike the man with knowledge is always better than the ignoramus. It was my good sense that made the brave son of Oeneus choose me of all men to be his helper in getting as far as the guards; it was a great deed that we accomplished together.[10] Moreover,

[10] In Book 10 of the *Iliad,* Diomedes chooses Odysseus to be his companion on a nighttime reconnaissance mission inside the Trojan camp. The two intercept and kill the Trojan spy Dolon, slaughter the newly arrived Trojan ally Rhesus and his men as they sleep, and return triumphantly in Rhesus' chariot.

it was I who brought the son of mighty Peleus himself to help the Atreidae;[11] and if the Argives ever need any other hero, he will come not because of your strength or any of the other Argives' good counsel: I alone of all the Achaeans will bring him by using my eloquence to persuade him to fight with our lads.[12] Eloquence gives men great power when it is allied to good sense, whereas valor is useless, and a man's size counts for nothing, unless accompanied by wisdom and intelligence. The immortals have bestowed on me strength and intelligence alike, and in doing so they have greatly benefitted the Argives. Nor is it true, as you alleged, that you once rescued me as I fled conflict with the enemy: far from fleeing, I withstood the combined violent assault of the attacking Trojans and by main force took the lives of many. What you say is untrue: you did not defend me in the mêlée because you were busy fighting for yourself, fearful that someone would kill you with his spear as you were fleeing the battle. And as for my ships—I drew them up in the middle not because I was afraid of the enemy forces, but so that I could always be there to provide the Atreidae with whatever help circumstances might demand. *You* may have placed your ships at the end of the line; but *I* disfigured myself with cruel blows for my mission to the city of the Trojans to find out their intentions concerning the war.[13] Nor was I afraid of Hector's

[11] Aware that he would die if he went to Troy, Thetis had disguised her son as a girl and left him with the king of Scyros. Odysseus devised a ruse to detect him among the maidens there.

[12] Cf. 6.64–67.

[13] Cf. *Od.* 4.244–58.

spear: I was among the first to volunteer to fight him when, confident in his prowess, he laid down a challenge to us all.[14] And just now I killed far more of the enemy around Achilles than you did, and I recovered the armor together with his body.[15] As for your spear—I have no fear of it; but I am still suffering pain from the cruel wound I was dealt as I fought over the arms and the dead Achilles.[16] And the select blood of Zeus is as much mine as it was Achilles'."

So he spoke; and in his turn mighty Ajax replied:

"Odysseus, you schemer and most insufferable of all men, neither I nor any of the other Argives saw you exerting yourself when the Trojans were trying to drag away Achilles' body. I, on the other hand, loosed the knees of some of them in the fray and put others to flight with my constant attacks, so that they fled in disarray like geese or cranes swooped on by an eagle as they feed on the grassy plain: just so the Trojans cringed before my spear and swift sword, and scuttled back into Ilium to avoid heavy losses. If you did make some show of strength, you weren't at any rate anywhere near me when you fought the enemy. Perhaps you were exerting yourself somewhere else in the lines; you were not in the thick of the fighting over the body of godlike Achilles."

So he spoke, and Odysseus cunningly replied:

[14] *Il.* 7.161–69.

[15] In Quintus' own account Ajax drives off the Trojans, but the body is carried by the Greek leaders (3.385–86).

[16] See 3.308–11.

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285 πολὺ Rhodomann: πολλῷ M

289 τ' Rhodomann: om. M 298 τ' Vian: om. M

"Ajax, I believe I am not inferior to you either in brains or in brawn, for all your great renown. In brains I am far superior to you among the Argives, and in brawn I could match or even surpass you. The Trojans know this, too: they only have to see me in the distance to tremble with fear. And you yourself are well aware of my physical strength, as is everyone else: I gave you a hard time in the wrestling when the glorious Pelides held those memorable games at the tomb of the slain Patroclus."[17]

So spoke the renowned son of godlike Laërtes. The sons of the Trojans then gave their judgment in this painful rivalry between the two heroes: they unanimously awarded the victory and those immortal arms to warlike Odysseus. He was overjoyed, but the army groaned aloud. The mighty Ajax felt a pang in his heart, and a baneful agony came over him; all the red blood boiled within him; his raging bile bubbled over and affected his liver; grief and pain invaded his heart; and bitter suffering rushed through the roots of his brain and enveloped the membranes, confounding his mind completely. He stood as if paralyzed, his eyes fixed on the ground. He was led off to the well-prowed ships by his grieving companions, who tried to console him. Reluctantly he went on this, his final way. Fate kept him close company.

The Argives went off, hungry and tired, to their ships

[17] *Il.* 23.700–739. The contest was declared a tie, but Odysseus seemed to have the upper hand.

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333 ἔβαν Rhodomann: ἔβη M

and the limitless sea, and Thetis meanwhile descended into the great sea's depths with the rest of the Nereids and an escort of the various monsters that the salt sea breeds. They felt great anger at the wise Prometheus, recalling that his prophecies had caused the son of Cronus to marry off Thetis to Peleus against her will. Cymothoë addressed them with these indignant words:

"Ah! How well deserved were the agonies that rascal suffered, chained up in unbreakable bonds as the great eagle plunged into his entrails and tore out his liver which kept renewing itself!"

Such was Cymothoë's speech to the dark-haired nymphs of the sea. Then the Sun set, night came on, the land grew dark, and the heavens were strewn with stars. The Argives passed the night at their slender-prowed ships, overcome with ambrosial sleep and by the sweet wine which sailors used to bring over the wine-washed sea from noble Idomeneus in Crete.

Ajax, however, was so angry with the Argives that, back in his hut, he had no care for the pleasures of eating and was quite unable to sleep. Instead he furiously donned his armor, grasped his sharp sword, and pondered which unspeakable crime he should commit: whether he should kill all the Argives by setting fire to the ships, or just dispatch the wily Odysseus by dismembering him with his grief-bringing sword. He would have quickly carried out

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344 *δύνων* Köchly: *βαίνων* M
354 *ἀλλ᾽ ὅ* Spitzner: *ἀλλὰ* M

the result of his deliberations if Tritonis had not afflicted him with irresistible Madness because of her affection for much-enduring Odysseus and her recalling the sincere sacrifices he had made to her; she therefore deflected the violence of the great son of Telamon away from the Argives. Off he went, like a hideous hurricane fraught with hateful whirlwinds, a sign for sailors to freeze with fear, appearing at the time when the Pleiad plunges into the streams of unwearied Ocean as she shrinks from glorious Orion and piles up clouds in the sky as the sea storms and rages; just so he made his way wherever his limbs carried him.

He ran around in every direction, like an unrestrained wild beast which charges through the deep glens of a craggy valley with foaming jaws, intent on doing harm to the hounds or the hunters who have dragged its young from the den to kill them; it roars all around, ‹seeking them and›[18] hoping for a sight of its beloved young in the undergrowth; and if anyone comes across it in that wrathful state, the day of his death has dawned and he loses his life on the spot: just so Ajax charged around in pitiless rage, his black heart seething like a cauldron bubbling madly and without ceasing on a fire kindled at Hephaestus' hearth when the whole belly of that pot is being heated by heaps of firewood as the man in charge tries his best to boil it so that he can scald the bristles off a fat hog: just so did the monstrous passion in his breast seethe and boil.

[18] Line missing.

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362 ἔρεξε C. L. Struve: ὄρεξεν M post 375 lac. stat. Scaliger 382 ἀμφὶς ἅπασαν Köchly: ἀμφὶ δὲ πᾶσαν M

He was maddened like the vast sea, or a tornado, or the rapid power of unwearied fire when a strong wind's force rages madly and without ceasing down on the mountains, and the vast forests topple, flaming and burning on every side: just so Ajax felt madness and grief, his mighty heart pierced with pain. A flood of foam issued from his mouth, a bellowing sound came from his jaws, and the armor clattered around his shoulders. The violent menaces of that one man produced fear and trembling in everyone who saw him.

Eos, with her reins of gold, now rose from the Ocean, and Sleep ascended like a breeze to the broad heaven. He met Hera, who was just returning to Olympus from visiting divine Tethys the day before. She embraced and kissed him: he had been like a noble son-in-law to her ever since he put to bed the son of Cronus on the peaks of Ida when he was angry with the Argives.[19] Soon she was on her way to the dwelling of Zeus, and Sleep hurried to the bed of Pasithea; the world awoke. Ajax roamed around like tireless Orion, with murderous Madness in his mind. He pounced on the flocks like a lion, bold and mighty, whose savage heart is in the grip of ravening hunger. He knocked them down in the dust on every side one after another, like mighty Boreas' blast scattering leaves when summer is over and the season of storms comes on: just so did

[19] Sleep helped Hera to seduce Zeus at *Il.* 14.231–362.

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399 ἦ Köchly: οἱ M
407 ἀργαλέῃ Zimmermann: -έω M
410 μετὰ Heyne: μέγα M

Ajax in his great grief and rage fall on the flocks, believing that he was dealing an evil doom on the Danaans.

Menelaüs now went and stood by his brother and said to him, so that none of the other Danaans could hear:

"I am afraid that this is soon going to be the day of destruction for all of us, now that the mind of great Ajax is maddened: he will soon burn the ships and kill us all, so angry is he about those arms! I wish Thetis had not set up the contest, and that the son of Laërtes had not had the foolish temerity to challenge a man so far his superior. As it is, some malign god has deceived us into making a grave mistake: the noble might of Ajax was our sole remaining defense in the war once Achilles had fallen, and now the gods are driving him too away from us, and are bringing misfortune to us both: we shall all be utterly ruined!"

To these words Agamemnon of the fine ash spear replied:

"Menelaüs, do not let your great grief make you angry with that wise counselor, king of the Cephallenians: the gods have counseled our destruction, and you should be angry with them. He is not to blame: he has often been a great benefit to us and caused grief to our enemies."

So they spoke between themselves, sorry for the plight of the Danaans. Meanwhile, far away on Xanthus' banks, the shepherds were cowering in the tamarisk bushes avoiding suffering hard to bear. As a swift eagle makes hares cower under the tamarisk leaves when it keeps

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411 *ἐνόρουσεν* Rhodomann: *ἀν-* M
419 *περὶ* Vian (*πέρι* Rhodomann, Pauw): *πρὶν* M
425 *ἐξελόωσι* Vian: *ἐξόλ-* M 426 *ἄιστοι* West: *-ον* M

flying above them, wings outspread, shrieking loudly: just so that mighty man made them scatter and tremble with fear.

Eventually he stood by a ram he had killed and with a grim laugh spoke as follows:

"Lie there in the dust as carrion for the dogs and birds! The glorious arms of Achilles did not protect you, the arms for which you foolishly competed with a man far better than you. Lie there, you dog! There will be no one to lament for you—no wedded wife with her child to embrace you, unable to hold back her grief, no parents who had hoped you would be there to help them in their old age: the dogs and birds will gnaw your dead body in a land far from your own!"

So he spoke, believing that it was wily Odysseus lying there among the dead, covered in blood and gore. Then Tritonis removed grim, murder-breathing Madness from his mind and eyes, and she quickly went back to the dread streams of Styx, dwelling place of the swift Furies, who always let loose wretchedness and misery upon the proud and arrogant.

When he saw the sheep gasping out their lives on the ground, Ajax was completely astonished. Realizing that the blessed gods had tricked him, he felt all his limbs give way; his warlike heart was grief-stricken; he had not the strength to step either forward or back: in his misery he stood like some mountain peak, firmly rooted and towering above the rest. When he came to his senses once more, he gave a groan of grief and began his lamentation:

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446 *ἐλδομένοισι* Köchly: *ἐλπο-* M 452 *βλοσυρὴν* Spitzner: *-ὸν* M 457 *δόλον* Rhodomann: *χόλον* M
462 *ὑπερτάτη* J. Th. Struve: *-τέρη* M

"Alas! Why do the gods hate me so? They damaged my mind by implanting madness, so that I slaughtered the sheep which were not the cause of my anger. If only I could have got violent revenge on that scoundrel Odysseus! It was his perfect malice that cast this doom around me. May he feel all the sufferings which the Furies can devise for criminals! And may they grant the other Argives bloody battles, tears and grief! The same goes for Agamemnon, son of Atreus: may his return home, which he so much desires, not be without suffering! But what have I, a brave hero, to do with these detestable people? Good riddance to the vile army of the Argives—and to this life of mine, now unbearable: now the brave man goes unrewarded and the worse is more valued and more liked: Odysseus is honored among the Argives, and they have quite forgotten the deeds I performed and the resolution I showed for the army's sake!"

With these words the brave son of mighty Telamon thrust the sword of Hector through his neck,[20] and a stream of blood gushed out. He lay stretched out in the dust like Typhon when he was blasted by Zeus' thunderbolt, and at his fall the black earth gave a great groan.

It was then, when they saw him lying in the dust, that the Danaans all came up: no one had come near him before: fear had seized all who saw him. Now that he was

[20] The sword given him by Hector at the end of their inconclusive duel (*Il.* 7.303–4).

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467 *θυμοῦ* Rhodomann: *-μῷ* M 470 *γε μὲν* Köchly: *δέ κεν* M 474 *ὅ γ'* Köchly: *ὃς* M 480 *ἐπὶ* Tychsen: *ἀπὸ* M 481 *θ'* Spitzner: om. M

dead they surrounded him as they lay facedown on the ground pouring endless handfuls of dust over their heads and lamenting so loud that their wailing reached the divine sky. Just as when someone drives away the young offspring of fleecy sheep in order to prepare a meal, and the mothers restlessly bleat round the pens bereft of their offspring; just so did the whole army groan and lament that day around Ajax; and leafy Ida, the plain, the ships and the boundless sea all reechoed the sound.

Teucer wished to encounter his own grim fate there over him;[21] but the others kept him from his great sword. In his distress he took the dead man in his arms and wept more copiously than a child who, sitting by the hearth, keenly laments that he is now an orphan: he never knew his father, and his caring mother has died; over his head he pours ashes that cascade down to his shoulders. Just so did Teucer bewail his dead brother as he dragged himself around the corpse and lamented with these words:

"Ajax staunch in spirit, what destructive impulse can have made you inflict suffering and death on yourself?[22] Did you do it so that the sons of the Trojans could have respite from their ordeal and come to slaughter the Argives now that you are dead? These troops of ours will not keep their old confidence in the fight: they will be mas-

[21] I.e., kill himself over the body. [22] Text uncertain.

491 *κόνιν* Rhodomann: om. M 495 *μέγα σκαίρουσι* Rhodomann: *μέγ' ἀσπαίρουσι* M *διηνεκέως* Rhodomann: *-έες* M 500 *μήδετο* Rhodomann: *κήδ-* M
509 *τί δή* Rhodomann: *τίη* M
510 *σοὶ* Zimmermann: *οἱ* M

sacred now that you are no longer there as defense and protection. As for me, I have no desire to go home at last now that you are dead: I should like to die here too and share with you a common grave in the fertile earth: my parents, if in fact they are still alive and dwelling in Salamis, are not such a concern to me as your death: all my pride was in you!"

Such were his loud lamentations; and in response a lament was uttered by the divine Tecmessa, wife of noble Ajax, a captive whom he had married and given the same status and responsibilities as dowried wives receive from their wedded husbands. He had taken her in his powerful embrace and fathered Eurysaces, a son just like his father. Still an infant, he had been left in his cradle; but his mother, lamenting aloud, dragged herself over her dear husband's corpse, disfiguring her fair body and leaving its impression in the dust. In the grief of her heart she cried out with loud lamentation:

"Alas! What misfortune is mine! You are dead—not killed in battle by an enemy hand, but self-slain! And so the grief I have is inconsolable: I never expected to see the mournful day you would die in Troy; but the evil spirits of doom confounded all my hopes. I wish the nourishing earth had swallowed me up before I could see your cruel end! I have never felt such distress, not even when you first dragged me and the other captives far away from my parents and my homeland—though I lamented aloud

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518 *εἴ που* Spitzner: *οἵ πω* M 523 *λιδίην* Rhodomann: *λιίδ' ἣν* M 524 *ὁπόσων* Vian: *ὅσσων* M
530 *ἐν* Rhodomann: om. M 533 *σοὶ* Spitzner: *οἱ/οἰ* M

then, an honored princess reduced to being a slave. But I am concerned less for that sweet homeland and the parents I have lost than for your death; you were so kind to me then in my wretchedness, making me your wife and soul's mate, and promising that I would be queen of the fair city of Salamis on your return from Troy. But that has not come to pass: you are dead and gone, unable to care any more for me and your son: he will never delight his father, never succeed you as king: he will be a miserable slave to someone else: after their father's death children are in the charge of men far less caring, and the life of an orphan is grim indeed, with troubles coming thick and fast. As for me, I shall soon be living a life of wretched servitude, now that you are dead and gone before: you were like a god to me!"

Agamemnon responded kindly to her speech:

"Lady, no one is going to make a slave of you so long as noble Teucer and I are still alive; we will honor you always with tokens of our infinite esteem—honor you like a goddess, and your son too, just as if that champion of the Achaeans, godlike Ajax, were still alive. If only he had not

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547 ῥά μ' Rhodomann: om. M
550 νῦν μὲν Rhodomann: μὲν νῦν M

brought distress to the whole of Achaea by his self-inflicted death! That whole vast army of our foes could not have slain him in battle!"

So he spoke in his heartfelt grief. The army uttered pitiful wailing and lamentation as the waters of the Hellespont resounded to their cries, and their minds were overcome with dreadful sadness. Even the wily Odysseus felt sorry for his death, and in the grief of his heart he addressed this speech to the despondent Achaeans:

"My friends, there is nothing worse in human life than anger, which leads to conflict; and it was the anger at me that Ajax felt which just now roused the passion of that giant among men. It would have been much better if the sons of the Trojans had not awarded me glorious victory in that contest over Achilles' arms: it was grief at his defeat that led the noble son of mighty Telamon to take his own life. Not that I am to blame for his anger: it was some lamentable Destiny that overcame him. If I had expected that he would be driven out of his wits, I would not have entered the contest myself or allowed any other Danaan here to do so; I would have taken those divine arms and presented them to him gladly, together with anything else he had set his heart on. But I did not foresee that he would react with such violent grief: it was not a woman or a city or vast wealth I was competing for; this was a contest in

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588 ὅπασσα Tychsen: ἔασα M

heroic virtue, something that always attracts men of good sense. Ajax was heroic, but some hateful god-sent Fate made him do wrong. It is not good to indulge too much in anger: even in great pain and distress the wise man endures with firm resolve and does not indulge in grief."

So spoke the renowned son of godlike Laërtes. When they had had their fill of unhappy grieving and lamentation, the son of Neleus addressed the still downhearted men:

"My friends, the cruel-hearted spirits of doom have loaded us with grief upon dreadful grief, with the deaths of Ajax, mighty Achilles, the other Argives, and my own son Antilochus. But men killed in battle should not be lamented and grieved over for ever. It is time to leave off lamenting—it does us no credit—and instead to perform the due obsequies for the dead: the pyre, the tomb, and burial of bones. No amount of lamenting can revive a corpse, and the dead have no perception once the cruel spirits of doom have swallowed them up."

So he spoke, advising them. The godlike kings at once all collected together grieving in their hearts. They quickly bore his great body to the ships—though it took many men to lift him. They cleared off the dried blood caked on his mighty limbs while he lay in his armor in the dust, and they covered him with a shroud. Then some men fetched masses of timber from the mountains of Ida and piled it all around the body; on all sides of him they put much

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611 *φράσσασθ'* Rhodomann: *φράσασθαι* M ἑ Rhodomann: *οἱ* M 614 *θοῶς* Köchly: *θοὰς* M
617 *ἔντεσιν ἐν* Vian: *-σι καὶ* M
619 *νηήσαντο* Rhodomann: *δινήσαντο* M

wood and many sheep, items of fine weaving, cattle of the best breeds, horses that loved to gallop, gleaming gold, and the arms without number stripped from his victims by that glorious hero, as well as translucent amber, which is said to be tears of the all-prophesying daughters of Helios, shed as they lamented Phaethon's death by the stream of the great Eridanus and turned into amber, an item of great value, by Helios as an imperishable honor for his son: that was what the Argives then placed upon the huge pyre in honor of noble Ajax, the fallen hero. Lamenting aloud, they set all around precious ivory, misty silver, jars of oil, goods of every kind indicating honor, wealth and prosperity. Then they applied the powerful force of fire; and a wind rose from the sea, sent by the goddess Thetis so that great Ajax' heroic presence might be burned. As the wind blew with a will, he burned by the ships a day and a night. Just as Enceladus once lay beneath Thrinacia in the unwearied sea, vanquished by the grief-bringing thunderbolt of Zeus, and the whole island gave up smoke from below; or as when Heracles, made to suffer agonies by the treacherous deceit of Nessus, acted heroically in giving over his living body to the flames for burning, and the whole of Oeta groaned as he was burned alive; then

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631 *τότ'* Rhodomann: *πότ'* M
633 *μεγάλα* Rhodomann: *μέγα* M
644 *ἦ* Rhodomann, Köchly: *ἠδ'* M *οἷος* Köchly: *-ον* M

that glorious hero's spirit left him and was mingled with the ether, and he himself was admitted to the company of the gods once the earth, site of his many labors, held his body: just so Ajax lay, fully armed, in the fire, no longer mindful of fighting. The beach was packed with great crowds of mourners. The Trojans were joyful, the Achaeans despondent.

When the destructive fire had consumed his noble body, they extinguished the pyre with wine, placed his bones in a golden coffer, and buried it in a vast mound of heaped earth not far from the cape of Rhoeteum. Then they immediately went their several ways to the bounding ships, sad at heart: for they respected him just as much as Achilles. Up came black night, bringing sleep to the men; but once they had eaten their meal, they waited for the dawn, nodding off fitfully with their eyes barely closed, fearful and apprehensive that the Trojans would mount a night attack now that the son of Telamon was dead.

BOOK VI

Eos left Ocean's stream and the bed of Tithonus and rose into the great heavens, extending her brightness everywhere; earth and sky were gladdened, and humankind, creatures of a day, went about their various tasks. Summoned by Menelaüs, the Achaeans assembled; and once the whole army was collected together in proper order, he stood in their midst and addressed them:

"You kings of divine descent, listen to what I have to say. I am greatly troubled by the loss of men who entered this grim conflict on my account, and whose home, whose parents will never welcome them back: all too many men's lives have been cut short by god-sent Fate. If only I myself had been overcome by the heavy hand of irresistible Death before I assembled this army here! As it is, god has burdened me with never-ending troubles and with seeing many a grim sight. Who could take pleasure in looking so long at warfare with no resolution? Come, then: let each of us who is still alive at the swift ships make a speedy escape to his homeland now that Ajax and mighty Achilles are dead. I do not think we can avoid destruction ourselves: we shall be vanquished by those grim Trojans on

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16 *ἐπεθήκατο* West: *ἐνεθ-* M

account of me and that shameless bitch Helen—not that I have any thoughts of her when I keep seeing you suffering such heavy losses. Damn her and her feeble bedfellow! Some god robbed her mind of good sense when she abandoned my house and bed. From now on she is the concern of Priam and the Trojans; we should be off at once! It is much better to run away from the din of battle than to die."

So he spoke, testing the Argives. But in his heart of hearts his jealous soul had quite different plans, plans to destroy the Trojans, to reduce the long walls of the city to their foundations, and to sate Ares with the blood of divine Alexander, killed along with all the rest—no hatred is more bitter than jealous hatred. Such were his plans; but he took his seat. Then the son of Tydeus, wielder of the spear, rose in their midst and roundly reproached Menelaüs, beloved of Ares:

"Cowardly son of Atreus, what awful access of fear can have made you address the Argives like a weak woman or a feeble child? The sons of the Achaeans who are leaders will not take your advice before they have demolished all the battlements of Troy: a bold heart does men great credit, but cowardice brings disgrace. And if any of them *does* obey this order of yours, I shall instantly cut off his head with my dark sword and throw it out as carrion for the birds that fly in the air. Come on! Those whose duty it is to rouse and encourage a warlike spirit must go at once through the whole fleet and order the troops to sharpen

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33 *ἐν κραδίῃ* Köchly: *καὶ κραδίη* M

their spears and put in order their shields and all the rest of their equipment; and they should all get a meal—men and horses alike—if they are eager for war. Out on the plain Ares will judge of their courage soon enough."

With these words, Tydides resumed his seat. Then the son of Thestor spoke as follows, standing in their midst, as a speaker should:

"Listen to me, dear sons of the Argives, resolute in battle; as you know, I am well qualified to prophecy on behalf of the gods. For some time I have been saying that you would sack lofty Ilium in the tenth year, and now the immortals are about to fulfill my prediction: victory lies in the hands of the Achaeans. Come, let us send Tydeus' son and Odysseus, resolute in battle, on a swift black ship to Scyros to persuade Achilles' mighty son and bring him here; then things will seem much less gloomy for all of us."

So spoke the son of Thestor the wise; and the troops round about him cheered for joy, confident that events would turn out just as Calchas predicted. The son of Laërtes addressed the Achaeans:

"My friends, it is time to bring today's debate to an end. You are keen to get going, and have long been tired of speeches: I am well aware that an audience wearied in this way finds pleasure neither in an orator nor in a bard, even one who is favored by the Pierides: men love brevity. As it is, I undertake to perform the mission which the entire Argive army wants done—especially if Tydides goes with me. Acting in concert we shall use persuasion to bring

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56 κατὰ δ' Rhodomann: κατ' ἄρ' M

here the mighty son of that keen warrior Achilles, even if his mother tries to keep him at home by long lamenting, expecting that the son of such a mighty father is likely to be keen on war."

To this speech Menelaüs wisely replied:

"Odysseus, how useful you are to the doughty Argives! If you can contrive to persuade greathearted Achilles' mighty son to come from Scyros to aid us, and if some god in heaven grants our prayer for victory, on my return to the land of Hellas I shall be glad to bestow on him my renowned daughter Hermione, together with many valuable marriage gifts; and I daresay he will not be too proud to accept a wife and father-in-law of noble rank."[1]

So he spoke; and the Danaans all approved his words. The meeting was then dissolved, and they dispersed to the ships: they wanted their dinner, and food gives a man strength.

When the meal was ended and they had eaten their fill, the son of Tydeus, accompanied by wise Odysseus, dragged his swift ship down into the boundless sea. They quickly loaded up all the provisions and ship's tackle and embarked, with a crew of twenty rowers experienced alike in head winds and in the broad sea's flat calms. They took their seats on the well-made benches and struck the great swell of the sea, and a mass of foam boiled all around. As the ship rushed forward, the fir-wood blades produced a

[1] The marriage took place: *Od.* 4.5–9.

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82 *ἀπὸ* Zimmermann: *ἐπὶ* M 98 *εἴρυσσεν* Tychsen: *ἔρυσεν* M 99 *βάλοντο* Tychsen: *-τες* M
101 *ἀντιόωσιν* Lehrs: *ἀντίαι εἰσὶν* M

wake in the water. The rowers were sweating with their efforts. Just as when a pair of oxen straining under the yoke make every wearisome effort to pull a wooden cart whose turning axle squeaks shrilly because of the weight of its load, and the sweat cascades down to the ground from their necks and shoulders: just so did those lusty rowers toil at their strong fir-wood oars as they made rapid progress over the broad sea. As the rest of the Achaeans watched them go, they sharpened their cruel arrows and fighting spears.

In their city the Trojans were eagerly and fearlessly preparing for war, and they prayed to the blessed gods to grant an end to the slaughter and a respite from their toil. In response the gods brought Eurypylus, descendant of mighty Heracles, to be a present help in their troubles. With him came many battalions experienced in the rout, men who dwelt by the waters of the long river Caïcus, men who put their trust in their mighty spears. The sons of the Trojans came round him with joy in their hearts: just as when domestic geese kept in a pen catch sight of a man who gives them their food, and they press all round him cackling, a sight to gladden his heart: just so the sons of the Trojans rejoiced at the sight of mighty Eurypylus, and his bold heart was pleased at their gathering. From their doorways the women gazed with admiration on that divine warrior, who stood out among the escorting crowd like a lion among jackals.

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110 *αὐχένος . . . ὤμων* Spitzner: *-ένας . . . -ους* M
125 *ἐντὸς* Rhodomann, Pauw: *ἐκτὸς* M
126 *ἥμεροι* Pauw: *ἥμενοι* m: *εἵμενοι* m

He was welcomed by Paris and honored like Hector, whose cousin he was: they were from the same stock, since Eurypylus was born from Priam's divine sister Astyoche after she had felt the powerful embrace of Telephus, whom Auge of the fair tresses likewise bore to fearless Heracles without the knowledge of her father; and when he was an unwearied infant he was suckled by a swift hind which Zeus had planned should give him the breast and cherish him like her own fawn: it would not have been right for a child of Heracles to suffer a pitiful death. It was his distinguished son whom Paris was delighted to conduct through the spacious city to his palace. They passed the tomb of Assaracus, the lofty halls of Hector, and the holy temple of Tritonis, near which stood his palace and the inviolable altar of Zeus Herceus.[2] He plied Eurypylus with questions about his brothers, kinsmen and parents, and he answered fully as the pair of them went along in each other's company.

They came to the palace, great in size and wealth; and there sat godlike Helen, beautiful as the Graces. Four maidservants were busy attending to her, and others had left her fine chamber to carry out such duties as are fitting for slaves. Helen was astonished to see Eurypylus, and he was seized with admiration, and they exchanged words of greeting in the fragrant hall. Attendants placed two seats

2 "Inviolable" anticipates its violation by Priam's murder (13.222).

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134 *τ'* Köchly: *δ'* M 145 *καὶ* Pauw: *καθ'* M
151 *δ'* Köchly: om. M
158 *ἄμφω* Rhodomann: *ἀμφι-* M

by their mistress; Alexander sat down forthwith, and Eurypylus next to him. His troops set up camp before the city, where the stouthearted Trojan guards were stationed. They immediately placed their arms on the ground, and next to them they drew up their horses, still panting after their hard work; and they put into the mangers food suitable for swift horses.

Then Night fell, and darkness covered the earth and sky. The Ceteans and Trojans took their meal before the lofty walls, and had much to talk about as they ate. The whole area by the huts was lit with the force of bright fires; there came the noise of shrill pipes and of flutes with clear-sounding reeds, mingling with the lovely strains of lyres. The Argives watched all this from a distance and were astonished at the sound of flutes and lyres, of men and horses,[3] and of the pipes which feature at feasts and are played by shepherds. Each commander at his hut accordingly gave orders that guards should take turns to keep watch on the ships until dawn, in case the noble Trojans, still feasting before the lofty walls, should come and burn them. In Alexander's palace the warlike son of Telephus was also feasting, in the company of renowned princes. Priam and the other sons of the Trojans kept begging him, one after the other, to confront the Argives ‹. . . . .›[4] with

[3] Text probably corrupt. [4] Line missing.

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161 λαοὶ Köchly: δαναοὶ M 166 δ' Spitzner: τ' M
168 Κήτειοι Rhodomann: κήδειοί τε m: κήδετοί τε m
176 οἷσιν Rhodomann: ἧσιν M
181 μετ' ἀγακλειτῶν Rhodomann: μετὰ κλειτῶν M
post 183 lac. ind. Hermann, Köchly

dreadful doom; and he promised to fulfill all their hopes. After the meal they each went home, and Eurypylus retired to rest there in the palace in the well-built room where noble Alexander usually slept with his renowned wife: it was the most impressive and the best they had. That was where he went to sleep; and the others went elsewhere to rest until the coming of fair-throned Erigeneia. At dawn the son of Telephus got up and joined his vast army in company with all the princes in Ilium. The troops immediately donned their armor with eagerness, all keen to do their duty in the front ranks. Eurypylus did likewise, putting his arms, which glittered like lightning, on his massive limbs. On his divine shield there was much intricate work depicting the past exploits of Heracles, that doughty hero.

On it was a pair of snakes depicted realistically at the moment of striking with terrible ferocity, their grim tongues flickering; the infant Heracles was shown gripping one in each hand; his mind and heart were fearless, since he was like Zeus in strength right from his birth: offspring of the descendants of Uranus are never unsuccessful or without resource, and even in the womb their power is limitless.—On it was that powerful creature the Nemean Lion in the forceful grip of mighty Heracles' tough hands; its grim jaws dripped bloody foam, and it

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191 *ἐς* Vian: *ἐπ'* M
194 *δῦσαν* Spitzner post Hermann: *ἦσαν* m: *ἶσαν* m
205 *γένος* Rhodomann: *σθένος* M
209 *ὑπὸ* Wernicke: *ἐπὶ* M
210 *βλοσυρῇς* Pauw: *-οις* M

seemed to be expiring.—The next piece of workmanship was the body of the Hydra with its many necks and deadly flickering tongues; some of its savage heads had been destroyed and were on the ground, and from the few that remained many others grew. Heracles and bold Iolaüs were hard at work; both were purposeful and determined, the one continually lopping off the rising heads with swift blows from his saw-toothed sickle, and the other burning them with red-hot iron, so that the creature's mighty threat was ended.—Next was fashioned the Boar of unwearied strength, with foaming jaws; Alcides, that hero of great power, was realistically shown carrying it alive to Eurystheus.—There was a fine representation of the swift-footed deer which used to do great damage to all the land of those unfortunate enough to live in that neighborhood; that mighty hero kept a grip on its golden horns as it snorted its fatal fiery breath.—Not far off were the loathsome Stymphalian Birds. Some of them had been shot with arrows and were breathing their last in the dust, while others were trying to escape by hurtling through the misty air; Heracles in his fury was constantly shooting one arrow after another like a man wholly intent on his task.—Another skillfully wrought scene on that unbreakable shield showed the vast byres of godlike Augeas.[5] The mighty Heracles was diverting the deep stream of divine Alpheüs toward them, and the Nymphs were marveling at

[5] The shield is here called *boeiê*, lit., "<shield> of ox hide," in an allusion to the bovine context.

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232 μέγας σταθμὸς Tychsen: μέγα σθένος M

his extraordinary exploit.—At some distance was the fire-breathing Bull. It was resisting stubbornly, but he was grasping one of its mighty horns and forcing its neck to bend. His unwearied muscles were shown taut with the effort, and the bull seemed to be bellowing.—Nearby on the shield was a representation of Hippolyta, godlike in beauty. With his mighty arms he was dragging her by the hair from her swift steed as he tried to strip her of her patterned girdle; and the other Amazons were fearfully keeping their distance.—Not far away were the hideous, flesh-eating horses of Diomedes in the land of Thrace; he had killed them at their loathsome mangers together with their wicked king.—There was also an image of unwearied Geryon, killed beside his cattle, his heads all bloody in the dust, smashed by the power of Heracles' club. Before him was the corpse of his savage hound Orthrus, who was the brother of foul Cerberus and equally powerful; and nearby lay the oxherd Eurytion, all spattered with blood.—Nearby were depicted the gleaming apples of the Hesperides on their sacred tree, and coiled round it the serpent, their grim guardian, lay dead while the Nymphs fled cowering in all directions from the valiant son of great Zeus.—There was also Cerberus, a fearful sight even for the immortal

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238 *βίῃ* Rhodomann: *βίη* M
247 *ἐπὶ* Wernicke: *ὑπὸ* M
250 *οἱ* Rhodomann: *μιν* M
253 *ὄβριμον* Rhodomann: *-ος* M

gods, to whom Echidna gave birth from unwearied Typhoeus in a clammy cave, close to the dwelling of Night, dark and fearful. He was a hideous monster at the baneful gates of much-lamented Hades to keep the crowd of dead men down in their deep pit. But the son of Zeus easily overcame him with blows and led him, head lolling, beside the deep stream of Styx and valiantly dragged his unwilling victim by main force up to a place unfamiliar to him.—Some distance away were depicted the deep clefts of Caucasus, and Heracles setting free the great Titan Prometheus by shivering to pieces his chains and the rocks that supported them; and nearby lay the vicious eagle, shot through the body with an agonizing arrow.—The mighty Centaurs were depicted near the dwelling of Pholus, and those monstrous creatures were being provoked by contention and wine to fight with Heracles. Some of them lay dead and vanquished among the pine trunks, their chosen weapons, which they still gripped, while others continued to fight spiritedly with their huge firs and had no wish to cease hostilities. Their heads were all shown realistically gory from blows received in that cruel conflict; blood mingled with wine; food, mixing bowls and polished tables were all alike destroyed.—On yet another part, Heracles, enraged at the treatment of his lovely wife,[6] was shooting Nessus, who had escaped that earlier conflict, with an arrow.—Also depicted was mighty Antaeus, big and strong,

[6] Deianira.

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270 *ἀραρυίης* Vian post J. Th. Struve (*-αις*): *ἅμα γυίης* m: *ἅμα γυίοις* m

274 *ἀμφὶ Φόλοιο* Rhodomann: *ἀμφιπόλοιο* M

who was keen to compete in wrestling; Heracles lifted him up high and broke him with a powerful hug.—By the streams of the fair-flowing Hellespont there lay a sea monster, great and savage, shot by cruel arrows; and Heracles was shown loosening Hesione's deadly bonds.—These were not the only extraordinary exploits of Alcides included on the broad shield of Eurypylus, nursling of Zeus.

He was as impressive as Ares, who moves rapidly along the lines; and the escorting Trojans rejoiced to see the man, godlike in beauty, in that armor. To encourage him to fight, Paris addressed him:

"I am glad that you have come: I feel in my heart that every single Argive is doomed to destruction, ships and all: never have I seen such a man among the Trojans or those fine Achaean warriors. I entreat you, in the name of Heracles, that great and mighty hero whom you resemble in stature, in strength, and in beauty—think of him and aim for exploits no less heroic as you valiantly go to prevent the Trojans' ruin and give us a chance to recover; I believe that you alone can ward off the evil spirits of doom from our dying city."

So he spoke, giving great encouragement; but Eurypylus addressed him with these words:

"Greathearted son of Priam, formed like the blessed gods—who is to die in this violent conflict and who is to survive lies in the lap of the immortals. We for our part shall take our stand before the city, as duty dictates and

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300 ποτε Rhodomann: πω M
311 κε Vian: τε M

as our strength permits us to fight; and I add this oath: I shall not turn back until either victory or death is mine."

Such was his valiant speech, and it gave great joy to the Trojans. He then selected Alexander, stouthearted Aeneas, Polydamas of the fine ash-wood spear, divine Pammon, Deïphobus too, and Aethicus, the most battle-hardened of all the Paphlagonians, every one of them experienced in war's work, to form the foremost rank in fighting the enemy. They promptly came to the front of the army and eagerly made their way out of the city. They were escorted by massed troops in the same way that swarms of bees, a familiar sight, pour noisily out of their enclosed hives after their leaders when springtime comes: just so did those men escort their leaders on the way to war. A great din rose up to the sky as they and the horses moved forward, and there was a tremendous noise of arms all around. Just as when a powerful gale arises and stirs up from the very bottom the depths of the barren sea, so that dark waves rush thundering shoreward spewing up seaweed from the belching surge, and a clamor arises from the barren shores: just so did the vast earth resound as they charged forward.

Away in the distance, the Argives were pouring out to assemble in front of their ramparts around divine Agamemnon. The shouts of the troops could be heard as they

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326 *ἐκχύμεναι* Köchly: *ἐσσύ-* M

encouraged one another to face up to deadly war and not to stay cowering by the ships through fear of the yells of the enemy, keen for the fight. They went to meet the Trojan charge as calves go to meet cows returning to the byre from pasturing in the mountain thickets in springtime—when crops grow abundantly in the fields, the earth teems plentifully with flowers, and the bowls are full of milk from the cows and sheep; everywhere a great lowing arises as they come together, and the oxherd rejoices among them: such was the clamor that arose as they charged together with a terrific yelling from both sides.

In the long drawn out and intense fighting that followed, Uproar stalked in their midst in company with dreadful Slaughter. Shields, spears and helmets fell pell-mell as the bronze glittered like fire. The battle bristled with spears, and everywhere the black earth grew wet with the blood of slaughtered heroes and swift-footed horses, collapsed in the shafts, some still gasping from spear wounds while others fell on top of them. A hideous yelling filled the air as Strife decked in bronze fell upon both sides. Some did their baneful work with stones, others again with freshly-sharpened javelins or with arrows, and yet others with hatchets, double-edged axes, mighty swords and spears for close fighting: each man had armed himself with his chosen weapon.

The Argive front ranks made the Trojan lines fall back

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358 *ἀυτή* Pauw: *ἀυτμή* M

363 *κρατεροῖς ξιφέεσσι* Pauw: *κρατεροῖσι λάεσσι* M

a little; but they made a countercharge, and by springing upon the Argives they caused the conflict to be drenched in blood. Eurypylus moved among the whole host like a louring whirlwind, valiantly slaughtering the Argives: he had been granted prodigious strength by Zeus as a tribute to renowned Heracles.

As Nireus, handsome as a god, engaged with the Trojans, he struck him with his huge spear low in the belly. He collapsed on the ground, and his gushing blood soaked his fine armor—soaked, too, his handsome form and his luxuriant locks. He lay there in the dust, among the blood and the dead, just like some growing shoot of delicate olive carried downstream, banks and all, by the force of a roaring river which has uprooted it and washed away its soil, and it lies there with its mass of blossom: just so were the fine body, the beauty and the handsome form of Nireus now cast upon the plain's vast expanse. Eurypylus taunted his victim:

"Lie there in the dust! The good looks you relied on were of no avail: I cut short your life for all your efforts to escape. Poor man! You did not realize that you were up against a better warrior: in battle, beauty is no match for brawn."

So saying, he set off intending to strip the dead man of his splendid armor. But against him came Machaon, enraged at Nireus' having met his doom so close by. He struck Eurypylus a blow with his cruel spear in his broad

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377 δ' ἄρ' Köchly: γὰρ M
384 ἄρ' ἐπ' Hermann: ἐπὶ M

right shoulder and made him bleed, for all his great strength. Even so, he did not retire from the baneful battle; instead, like some lion or wild mountain boar which stands angrily among the hunters waiting for a chance to kill the man who first wounded it with a shot from the safety of the crowd; so minded he sprang at Machaon and swiftly wounded him in the right buttock with his long and sturdy spear. The blood flowed freely, but he did not retreat or try to avoid his attacker; instead, he quickly picked up a huge rock and threw it at the head of the valiant son of Telephus; but his helmet served its purpose of keeping off grim death and injury. Then the hero Eurypylus, full of rage and resentment at his mighty opponent, swiftly drove his spear through Machaon's chest until its point emerged bloody from his back. He collapsed like a bull in a lion's jaws, as his intricate armor clattered round his body. Eurypylus at once pulled the agonizing spear from the wound it had made in his flesh, and yelled tauntingly:

"You miserable creature! You could hardly have been of sound mind to pit such feeble powers against a man much better than you; and the result is that you are a victim of heaven's Fate. All you will gain by it will be a death in battle and having your flesh made carrion for the birds to share. Can it be that you are hoping to get back home and escape my mighty hands? Perhaps you think that your being a doctor and knowing all about healing

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410 γναθμοῖσι Köchly: -οῖς M
412 εἴρυσεν Keydell: -ύσατ' M

remedies will allow you to avoid the day of your doom. Let me assure you that not even your father up in misty Olympus[7] will be able to save your life, even if he smeared you with nectar and ambrosia!"

So he spoke; and Machaon, barely able to breathe, replied:

"Eurypylus, you yourself are not long for this world: grim Doom stands beside you on the Trojan plain as you go about your wicked work."

His spirit left him as he spoke, and he made straight for the halls of Hades. Though he was alive no longer, that man of renown addressed him:

"For now, it is you who must lie beneath the earth. As for me, I care nothing for the future, even if a hideous death is indeed close at hand for me today. Human beings can not live for ever: death is in store for us all."

As he spoke these words he kept stabbing at the corpse. Teucer meanwhile yelled aloud when he saw Machaon in the dust. He had taken up his position some distance away, and was hard at work as the battle ranged to and fro with charge and countercharge. Even so he did not neglect his duty to that noble fallen warrior—or his duty to Nireus, whom he recognized lying in the dust after godlike Machaon. He immediately shouted across to the Argives:

[7] Asclepius, god of healing.

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428 *τόθι περ* Vian: *τό περ* M 432 *εἰ καὶ* Gerhard: *καὶ εἰ* M 440 *θ'* Rhodomann: om. M

"Charge, men of Argos! Give no ground to the charge of the enemy! We shall be for ever shamed and dishonored if we allow the Trojans to drag divine Machaon and godlike Nireus back to Ilium. Come on, let us fight the foe with a will; let us either recover the casualties of war or die in the attempt. It is a warrior's duty to defend his comrades and not to let them become spoil for the enemy; men do not win great renown without effort."

His speech grieved the Danaans; and many warriors from both sides stained the ground red, victims of Ares, as they fought round those bodies; and an equal conflict arose.

Podalirius was late to learn that a grievous death had laid his brother low in the dust: he was seated by the swift-voyaging ships healing the wounds inflicted by enemy spears. Enraged in his heart at his brother's death, he donned all his armor; terrible violence swelled in his breast as he frenziedly sought the grievous battle, and the dark blood seethed and boiled in his heart. He sprang straight on the enemy, brandishing his javelin with its slender point in his nimble hands, and he rapidly slew Agamestor's divine son Clitus, whom a nymph with fine tresses had borne by the streams of Parthenius, a river which moves through the land smooth as oil and discharges its fair-flowing waters in the Euxine Sea. Then by his brother's body he slew another foeman, the godlike Lassus, whom Pronoe bore by the streams of the river

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443 ἔσσυσθ' Rhodomann: ἔσσυτ' M
451 μέγ' Vian: μετ' M
465 Κλεῖτον Rhodomann, Pauw: κλυτὸν M

Nymphaeus very close to a broad cave, a cave of marvels, which is said to be sacred to the nymphs who haunt the mountains of Paphlagonia and dwell around Heraclea, famed for its vines. That cave is a fit habitation for goddesses: formed in the living rock, it is of enormous extent; a stream cold as ice passes through the cavern; and in all its recesses can be seen stone bowls, which look to be made by human hands, standing on solid pedestals of rock.[8] Nearby are Pans in the company of lovely Nymphs, looms, distaffs, and other products of human art and crafts, an astonishing sight for those visitors who venture inside that sacred space. It contains two ways down and two ways up, one facing the blasts of roaring Boreas and the other the moist breezes of Notus. Mortals use the second of these to descend into that broad cavern of the goddesses; the other way is for the blessed gods, and human beings can not easily tread there, because its gaping void is made to lead right down to the pit of proud Aïdoneus: only the blessed ones have the right to peer into it. A great many men from either side perished in the fighting round the bodies of Machaon himself and the renowned son of Aglaia, but at last, after a great struggle, the Danaans recovered them. A few men conveyed them at once back to their ships; but all the rest still withstood the evil sufferings of cruel war, and they could not but continue their efforts.

[8] Stalagmites. Cf. *Od.* 13.103–12 (Cave of the Nymphs).

480 Πᾶνες Rhodomann, Tychsen: *πάντες* M
485 *τετραμμένη* Köchly: *τεταγμένη* M
490 *βέρεθρον* Tychsen: *βερέθρων* M

But when the dark spirits of doom had been sated with a great number of deaths in that bloody and grievous struggle, many of the Argives fled to the safety of their ships to avoid Eurypylus' rampage as it came rolling toward them. Only a few remained in the lines beside Ajax and the two mighty sons of Atreus. And all the Argives might well have perished at the hands of the enemy who pressed round them on every side, had it not been for the son of Oïleus, who speared wise Polydamas between his left breast and shoulder; the blood flowed, and he fell back a little. Then renowned Menelaüs wounded Deïphobus in the right breast, and he took to his heels; and divine Agamemnon slew multitudes of the attacking troops before singling out divine Aethicus in his spear frenzy and causing him to take refuge among his companions.

When Eurypylus, rouser of armies, realized that his troops were in general retreat from that hateful conflict, he at once left off his pursuit of the troops he was driving to the ships and made his way quickly toward the two mighty sons of Atreus and the stouthearted son of Oïleus, that swift runner and excellent fighter. He instantly sprang upon them grasping his long spear, and he was joined by Paris and the spirited Aeneas, who quickly dealt Ajax a blow on his stout helmet with a huge rock. He was stretched out in the dust, but he did not quite expire, since he was destined to die on the Capherean Rocks on his homeward voyage;[9] and so his attendants, dear to Ares,

[9] See 14.530–89.

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500 *τότ' ἄρ'* Spitzner: *τότε* M 501 *πῆμα* Rhodomann: *κῦμα* M 519 *κραιπνὸς* Rhodomann: *-ὸν* M

rescued him and carried him, still just breathing, to the Achaean ships. Then those renowned kings, the Atridae, were all alone and surrounded on every side by a murderous crowd throwing whatever missiles came to hand: some rained down grievous arrows, others rocks or javelins. There they stood in the midst, turning now this way now that, like boars or lions penned in on those occasions when rulers round up human beings in a confined space and devise for them a horrible death from powerful wild beasts which in that arena rip and mangle any of those slaves who come near them: just so they set about slaying the enemy who charged at them from every side.

Even so they would not have had the strength to extricate themselves as they hoped if Teucer, spirited Idomeneus, Meriones, Thoas and godlike Thrasymedes had not arrived. They had earlier been put to flight by Eurypylus' valiant onslaught; and they would have fled right to the ships to avoid calamity if their fears for the safety of the Atridae had not caused them to stand against Eurypylus. A destructive battle ensued.

Then Teucer of the fine ash-wood spear drove his weapon into Aeneas' shield. It did not pierce his fair flesh, because his great shield of four ox hides kept him from harm; but fear made him draw back a little none the less. Meriones sprang upon noble Laophoön son of Paeon, whom Cleomede of the fair tresses bore by the streams of Axius; he had come to Ilium with noble Asteropaeus to aid the Trojans. Meriones stabbed him with his deadly spear

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537 *ἐπεσσυμένους* Rhodomann: *-νως* M
544 *ἀίδηλος* Spitzner: *ἀρίδ-* M

above his private parts, and instantly disemboweled him: his spirit instantly rushed down to the darkness. Alcimedon, the warlike companion of Ajax son of Oïleus, let fly at the mass of doughty Trojans with a cruel slingshot, uttering a prayer as he sent it into the enemies' dreadful clamor. They scattered in all directions, terrified by the stone itself and the whistling noise it made. Deadly Fate carried it toward Hippasides, Pammon's valiant charioteer, and it struck him on the temple as he was holding the reins. The blow made him fall straight out of the chariot in front of the wheels. The swift chariot rolled straight over the poor man's fallen body with its tires as the horses rushed forward; he was quickly overcome by dread death and lost his hold on whip and reins. Pammon, griefstricken, was obliged to act as both master and driver of that swift chariot; and he would have experienced his doom and his life's last day there and then, had not one of the Trojans in the bloody fray seized the reins and saved the king, who was already being hard pressed by the deadly assaults of the enemy. Nestor's mighty son speared godlike Acamas just above the knee as he rushed at him, and he underwent horrible agonies from that deadly wound: he quitted the battle and left the fighting to his companions, with its tears aplenty: he had no more appetite for war. Next Thoas' comrade Deïopites the wise was struck just below the shoulder by one of glorious Eurypylus' attendants. The cruel spear went near his heart

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557 Ἀλκιμέδων Zimmermann: -μέδης M
568 δέ ἑ θῆκεν Rhodomann: δ' ἔθηκεν M
569 ἡνιοχεῖν Brodeau: ἡνίοχον M
580 ἐχέφρονα Zimmermann: ἐχέμμονα M

and, mingled with the blood, a cold sweat oozed from his limbs. As he turned to flee, the might of Eurypylus caught up with him and severed the tendons that gave him speed; for all his eagerness to flee, his feet were rooted to the spot where he received the blow, and immortal life left him. Thoas then rushed at Paris and struck him in the right thigh with his sharp spear; he retreated a little to fetch the bow and arrows which had been left behind. Idomeneus meanwhile lifted the heaviest rock he could handle and threw it at Eurypylus' arm, making him drop his cruel spear; he had to retreat to fetch another, having lost the one he was holding. The Atridae now had a brief respite from fighting; but Eurypylus' attendants quickly arrived with the long, unbreakable spear which had caused so many men to collapse in death. As soon as he had it, he charged this way and that among the troops, killing everyone he encountered and massacring men in great numbers.

Then neither the Atridae nor any other of the Danaans experienced in close combat could hold their ground: they were all seized with fear as Eurypylus went on his violent rampage against them all, pursuing and slaughtering the hindmost. And he yelled encouragement to the Trojans and to his horse-taming companions:

"Come, my friends, let us adopt one joint aim—to inflict slaughter, doom and destruction on the Danaans! They are flocking back to their ships like sheep; now it is

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585 ἀέκοντες Rhodomann: ἀκέοντες M
593 τ' Köchly: om. M
602 ἐπισπόμενος Bonitz: ἐπεσσύμενος M

time for every one of us to recall his skill in deadly war, which we have known well since boyhood."

In response to this speech they sprang as one upon the Argives, who in great terror fled the frightful conflict. They chased them like white-toothed hounds in pursuit of wild deer in the long wooded glens. Many were the men they laid in the dust, try as they might to escape the grievous clamor of that murderous massacre. Eurypylus slew noble Bucolion, Nisus, Chromius and Antiphus, some of whom dwelt in well-built Mycenae, others in Lacedaemon. These were the renowned warriors whom he dispatched; and from the rank and file he slew numbers beyond my powers to describe—though I would gladly sing of them all—even if a heart as tough as steel beat in my breast. Aeneas slew Pheres and Antimachus, who had both come from Crete with Idomeneus. Divine Agenor slew noble Molus, who had come from Argos under his king Sthenelus; he struck him with his freshly sharpened javelin from a good distance as he tried to flee the fighting: he caught him low on the right leg, and the spear-point's momentum severed the broad tendon and cruelly fractured the bones; fated to die in agony, he breathed his last. Paris hit Mosynus and noble Phorcys, a pair of brothers who had come from Salamis on Ajax' ships but never made

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612 *ἀγροτέρῃσι κατ'* Hermann: *-σιν ἐπ'* M
616 *Νῖσόν* Zimmermann: *νῆσόν* M
625 *ῥά τ' ἀπ'* Zimmermann: *ῥ' ἀπ'* m: *ῥ' ἀπὸ* m
631 *Μόσυνόν* Lascaris, Lehrs: *μόνυσόν* M

their way home. Next he shot Cleolaüs, the brave attendant of Meges, in the left breast: grim Night seized him in its grasp and his spirit took flight; but although he was dead, his heart in its agony kept throbbing rapidly in his chest and making the feathered arrow quiver. He quickly let fly another arrow at valiant Eëtion, and the bronze went right through his jaw; he gave a groan, and tears were mingled with his blood. Each man slew his own victims; and a great area was crowded with heaps of fallen Argives.

Indeed, the Trojans would have burned the ships had swift night not brought a thick mist. Eurypylus and the other sons of the Trojans drew back to the streams of Simoïs not far from the ships, where they encamped in high spirits. But at the ships the Argives collapsed on the sand and lamented their dead in great grief; for great numbers were dead in the dust having met with a dark fate.

BOOK VII

The stars in the sky faded from sight, Eos awoke casting bright light all around, the shades of night retired, and the warlike sons of the doughty Argives gathered before their ships, eager to test their strength in battle against Eurypylus. Some of them, however, stayed behind there by the ships to arrange obsequies for Machaon and Nireus, a man whose prowess was no match for his form and beauty, in which he resembled the blessed immortals. The gods do not bestow perfection on mankind, and even the finest character seems destined to be flawed: Nireus, a prince graceful and handsome, was a feeble creature. But the Danaans, far from neglecting him, performed his funeral and lamented him at his tomb no less than they did divine Machaon, whom they had always honored like the blessed immortals on account of his notable skill.

While they were erecting that joint tomb, lethal Ares was still raging out on the plain; from both sides arose a great clamorous din as shields were smashed by rocks and spears. But as they labored at the work of Ares, Podlirius continued to lie in the dust, fasting and groaning

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15 *κλυτὰ* Rhodomann: *τυκτὰ* M

16 *ἀλλ' ὅτ' ἄρ'* Vian: *ἄλλα γὰρ* M *τυκτὸν* Vian: *ταυτὸν* fere M

aloud, refusing to leave his brother's tomb, and determined to die a cruel death at his own hands: at one time he seized his sword and at another he sought some fatal poison. His companions restrained him and spoke many words of consolation, but his grief was not abated. He would have taken his life with his own hands if the son of Neleus had not heard with concern the sounds of his grief and suffering. He found him collapsed, lamenting at the tomb, alternately pouring dust down over his head, beating his breast with his mighty hands, and calling on his brother by name; his companions and slaves were lamenting around their lord, and all were in the grip of dreadful misery. He addressed the grieving man with these gentle words:

"Leave off this woeful work and bitter grieving, my son: as a man of sense, it is not right that you should be fallen here beside the dead, wailing like a woman. You will not restore him to the light: his soul has taken flight into the ether: it is apart from his body, which has been consumed by the destructive fire, and from his bones, buried in the earth: as once his life flourished, so now it has perished. Endure your unspeakable grief as I do my own: our foemen killed a son of mine by no means inferior to Machaon, excellent alike in spear-craft and good sense, unrivaled among young men for his devotion to his father:

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36 θ' Zimmermann: om. M

indeed, it was in trying to save me—to save his father—that he died. But straight after his death I made myself take food and live and look upon the light of day, well aware that the road to Hades is common to all, and that all life has unhappy death as its grievous end. Mortals should be accepting of god's gifts, the good and the grievous alike."

So he spoke; and Podalirius, still wetting his fair cheeks with tears of grief, replied:

"Sire, my heart is quite overpowered by this unbearable grief for my wise brother: after our father[1] went up to heaven he would cradle me in his arms as if I were his own son; he put his heart into teaching me the cure of diseases; and we took pleasure in eating and sleeping together, with everything in common. That is why the grief that has come over me can not be consoled: now that he is dead, I have no wish to see the light of day."

So he spoke; and the old man addressed him in his grief:

"Bereavement is a bane god grants to all mankind alike. We in our turn shall all be buried in the ground, though we make our way through life on different paths and experience things we had not expected: good things and bad lie in the lap of the gods above and are all mingled together by the Fates; they are shrouded in a wondrous

[1] Asclepius.

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53 ἄνθρωποι Rhodomann: -ώποις M
69 ἐκτελέσαντας Rhodomann: -τες M

mist which makes them unseen by the gods, and Fate alone lays her hands on them: from Olympus she flings them earthwards without looking, and they are carried this way and that as it were by the breezes, so that many a time great trouble lands upon a good man and prosperity unintentionally falls to a rogue. We live like blind men, going along unsteadily, tripping and stumbling, never the same for long, at one time turning toward grief and trouble and at another toward good. No mortal's life is prosperous from first to last: our fortunes vary. But since life is short, we ought not to live in grief: always hope that things will get better and do not dwell on your unhappiness. After all, it is said that good men's spirits mount to heaven that is the same for ever, while the spirits of the wicked dwell in darkness. Your brother helped mortals and was the son of an immortal; I believe that he has mounted to the company of the gods at his father's behest."

After these words of consolation he raised him up from the ground, reluctant though he was; he kept turning round and continued his wretched lament as he was led away from that unhappy tomb. They arrived at the ships as the rest of the Greeks and the Trojans were engaged in the hardship of war now that the battle was beginning.

Unwearied as Ares in valor, Eurypylus set about slaying hordes of the enemy with his tireless hands and raging spear. The earth was clogged left and right with the bodies

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74 δ' Köchly: om. M 77 *πνοιῇς* Bonitz: *πνοῇ* m: *πνοιὴ* m
79 *ἀλαὸς* Lobeck: *ἄλλος* M 86 *ἔλπεο* Hermann: *-πεε* M
94 *ἄγεν* Rhodomann: *ἄγαν* M *σήματος* Rhodomann: *πήματος* M 97 *ἀργαλέον* Pauw: *-έως* M *ὀρινομένου* Rhodomann: *ὀρνυμένου* M

of victims: he trod on corpses as he fought valiantly, his hands and feet spattered with gore. Never pausing in his deadly rampage, he slew dauntless Peneleüs with his spear as he came to face him in the cruel conflict, and he killed many other victims nearby. He gave his hands no respite from the fighting, furiously pursuing the Argives just as mighty Heracles in olden times sprang with rage and violence upon the Centaurs on Pholoe's great peaks and slew every one of them, for all their fleetness of foot and their strength and skill in deadly combat:[2] just so he charged and slew rank after rank of Argive spearmen, and masses of the fallen were laid low in the dust on every side. Just as when a huge river in spate through a sandy region shears away vast lengths of its banks on either shore as it rushes down to the swelling sea, boiling and turbid, and its banks re-echo all around, and its long stream roars as they keep crashing down, and all barriers give way: just so at the assault of Eurypylus the glorious sons of the warlike Achaeans fell in the dust in great numbers if he caught up with them in the bloody fray; only the quick runners escaped to safety. But although they took to their heels to escape hateful death and a cruel fate, they did manage to recover Peneleüs from the tumult of battle and bring him to the ships.

They fled at full speed to find refuge at the ships. They

[2] Cf. 6.273–82.

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111 *κρατερούς* Rhodomann: *-οῦ* M

did not have the courage to fight Eurypylus face to face: Heracles had put them to that sorry flight to increase the honor of his unwearied grandson. They stayed cowering within their walls like goats which take shelter under a crag to keep out of a bitter wind whose cold blasts bring snow in abundance and freezing hail; eager though they are to go to pasture, they do not venture to put their heads over the brow of the hill directly into the gale, instead waiting out the storm huddled in sheltering gullies and flocking to browse in the undergrowth until the wind's bitter blasts abate: just so the Danaans stayed under their ramparts, terrified by the mighty rampaging son of Telephus.

He would soon have destroyed the swift ships and the army too by reducing the wall to rubble with his mighty hands, had not Tritogeneia at long last inspired the Argives with courage. From the height of their defenses they kept up a rain of deadly missiles on the enemy, killing them thick and fast: the wall grew wet with blood and gore, and the groans of the dying could be heard.

In this way the Cetaeans and Trojans fought with the resolute Argives night and day, now at the ships and now at the lofty wall: the fighting was intense. But even so they had a two-day pause from slaughter and cruel conflict: a deputation came to prince Eurypylus from the Danaans proposing that they should stop fighting and consign to funeral pyres those killed in battle; and to this he promptly

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138 *θάμνοισι δ'* Köchly: *-οισιν* M
153 *οὔνεχ' ἵκανεν* Rhodomann: *οὔνεκ' ἐκίχανεν* M

agreed. They put a stop to the cruel conflict and performed funeral rites for the dead laid low in the dust on either side. The Achaeans grieved for Peneleüs above all, and they raised over his corpse a tomb broad and high, a landmark for men to come. Some distance away they buried all the other heroes who had been killed, their hearts filled with great grief as they heaped up a single pyre and a single tomb for them all. In the same way the sons of the Trojans on their side performed funerals for their dead. But deadly Strife did not stop rousing Eurypylus, that man of might, to go against the foe: he did not fall back from the ships at all, but kept his position to foster his cruel struggle against the Danaans.

Odysseus and Diomedes meanwhile arrived at Scyros, borne swiftly by their black ship. They came upon the son of Achilles in front of his dwelling; he was spending his time on target practice with bow and spear, and now and again he would put in some work with his swift-footed horses. They were delighted to see him practicing the arts of baneful war undeterred by his heart's great grief at the death of his father, of which he had already heard. As they made their way quickly toward him they were astonished at how closely he resembled the valiant Achilles in his handsome appearance. Before either of them could speak, he addressed them as follows:

"Strangers, you are very welcome to my home. Tell me where you are from, who you are, and the reason for your coming to see me through the barren sea-swell."

In answer to his questions divine Odysseus replied:

"We are friends of the great warrior Achilles, whose son by wise Deïdameia you are said to be. We can see for ourselves how much like him you are—and in prowess he was like the almighty gods. I am from Ithaca, and this man is from horse-pasturing Argos: you may perhaps have heard mention of the warlike Diomedes and the ingenious Odysseus: well, I am he, standing by you now, and a prophecy is the reason for my coming. There is not a moment to lose: take pity on the Argives, come to Troy, and lend us your aid: only that will bring an end to the war. The divine Achaeans will bestow on you gifts without number, and I myself will give you the arms of your godlike father. Wearing them will give you great pleasure: they do not resemble arms worn by mortal men; they look more like those of the god Ares. Their intricate workmanship is decorated with profusion of gold, and Hephaestus himself among the immortal gods took great pleasure in forging those imperishable arms. You will be amazed when you see them: earth, sea and sky are worked into the shield, and its vast surface is adorned with lifelike forms which seem to be moving. Even to the gods it is a marvel; no man in the world ever saw or wore the like—apart, that is, from your father, whom all the Achaeans honored like Zeus. I myself was especially devoted to him; and when he was killed I brought his body back to the ships, mercilessly

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194 *ἔγωγε* Rhodomann: *ἐγὼ* M
196 *τεύχεσι* Rhodomann, C. L. Struve: *-εα* M
202 *τ' ἐνὶ* Zimmermann: *περὶ* M

dealing death to many foemen.[3] That is why it was I who was given those renowned arms by Thetis. As soon as you arrive at Ilium I shall be glad to hand them on to you, though I value them myself. And as for Menelaüs, the moment we have sacked the city of Priam and returned home to Hellas, he will immediately make you his son-in-law, if you agree, as recompense for your help; and to go with his fair-tressed daughter he will give you countless possessions and gold, a fit dowry for a rich kingdom."[4]

To these words Achilles' mighty son replied:

"If a prophecy is indeed the reason for the Achaeans' summons, let us set out early tomorrow across the sea, broad and deep: I hope I can be a light to the Danaans in their hour of need. But for the moment let us go to my home's guest table: the fare is just as it should be for entertaining guests. As for my marriage—the gods will take care of that in due course."

With these words he led the way, and they were very glad to accompany him. Arriving at the palace with its magnificent courtyard, they came upon Deïdameia grieving in her heart and pining away, just as snow melts away on the mountains under the unwearying sun and the east wind's shrill breeze: just so was she fading away now that her husband had fallen in battle. The renowned princes spoke words of greeting to the mourning widow, and her son stood at her side and told her all about their names

[3] Cf. 3.385–86 and contrast 5.285–86.
[4] Cf. 6.86–92.

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232 περ Rhodomann: om. M

and lineage; but he put off telling her the reason for their visit until the morning, so as not to compound her grief and tears and have her hold him back with her entreaties. They dined straightaway, and then all who dwelt in the land of Scyros, with its roaring shores washed by the great breakers of the Aegean, refreshed themselves with sleep. But for Deïdameia no sweet sleep came: there kept coming into her mind the names of wily Odysseus and godlike Diomedes, who had widowed her of that keen warrior Achilles by luring his brave heart into joining the fight against the foe:[5] he had then come up against a Fate not to be avoided which had scotched his hopes of returning and instead brought grief without end to his father Peleus and to Deïdameia herself. For that reason a nameless dread filled her heart in case her son's departure for the conflict of war should mean one sorrow on top of another.

Eos went aloft in the wide sky, and the men quickly rose from their beds. On seeing this, Deïdameia threw her arms round his broad chest and lamented pitifully, her loud cries filling the air: just as a cow in the mountains keeps up an endless lowing when separated from her calf deep down in the glens, and the slopes of the lofty mountain loudly echo the sound: just so did her noisy

[5] See on 5.257.

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237 *ἀπεσσύμενον* Köchly: *ἐπ-* M
241 *ῥηγνυμένοιο* Rhodomann: *-ύμενα* M
243 *κερδαλέου* Rhodomann: *-έον* M
255 *δέ οἱ* J. Th. Struve: *δ' ἐνὶ* (deinde *περι-*) M

grief deep within come to be heard all through the building, as in her distress she cried:

"My child, where has your good sense flown? Why do you want to go with these strangers to Ilium, that city of tears, where even men expert in war and ghastly mayhem are dying in droves in the grim battle lines? You are only young: you know nothing yet about those fighting skills which can keep the evil day at bay. Listen to me and stay in your own home; otherwise, I am afraid that there shall come to my ears from Troy the terrible news of your death in battle. I have a foreboding that you will not be coming back from the war: not even your father could avoid dark doom: he was killed in the conflict even though he was a far better man than you and the rest of the heroes and had a goddess for his mother. His death was caused by the craft and cunning of these fellows, and now they are encouraging you too to join that woeful war. That is why my trembling heart is afraid that I shall be bereaved by your death, too, my child, and shall be left to suffer horrible distress. A woman can feel no worse pain than when her children's death follows that of her husband and her house is made desolate by sudden death: in no time those who live round about take over her land and make havoc, ignoring law and custom. Surely there is nothing more pitiable nor weaker than a woman left desolate in her house."

Such was her long complaint; but her son spoke in reply:

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261 *μυχάτων* Rhodomann, Bonitz: *πυμάτων* M

"Be of good cheer, mother, and banish these words of ill omen: no man is killed in war unless his time has come. If I am destined to die for the Achaeans, I hope I may at least die having done a deed worthy of the Aeacidae."

When he had made this speech, eager for the fray, old Lycomedes approached and addressed him:

"Dauntless child, strong as your father, I know your strength and might; but even so I fear for you, both in that cruel war and on the perilous sea-waves; for sailors are never far from death. You should beware, my child, when at last you set sail from Troy or from anywhere else, of the many dangers <. . . . .>[6] at the season when the sun leaves behind Sagittarius, who draws his bow, and enters dim Capricorn,[7] and strong winds whirl up violent storms; or when the stars of Orion rest on the flat expanse of Ocean as he sinks down into the dark.[8] You should beware, too, of the troubling equinox, when squalls appear from nowhere, rushing across the great gulfs and colliding on the deep sea's surface. You should also fear the setting of the Pleiades when they plunge furiously into the sea,[9] and the other stars whose risings and settings poor mortals fear on the broad expanse of the main."

[6] One or more lines missing. [7] The winter solstice.
[8] In November. [9] Late October/early November.

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291 *ἄξιον* Rhodomann: *ἄξων* m: *ἄξας* m post 299 lac. stat. C. L. Struve 305 *φρεσὶ σῇσιν* Spitzner: *φρεσὶν ἧῇσιν* M 307 *θύελλαι* Rhodomann: *θαλάσσης* M
309 *ἠδὲ* Rhodomann: *ἐν δὲ* M
311 *ἦ* Rhodomann, Pauw: *ἠδ'* M

With these words he kissed his grandson but did not try to deter him from making the journey, so eager was he for the din of battle. All smiles, he was for going straight to his ship; but his tearful mother detained him indoors in spite of his impatience. Just as when a rider checks his swift steed's eagerness for the race as it whinnies and champs at the restraining bit, its chest soaked with foam, its feet never still in their eagerness to be going, so that a great noise arises from its swift feet's rapid stamping on the ground, its mane rippling on all sides with the motion of its body, its head arched high as it snorts repeatedly, to its master's great delight: just so did his mother try to restrain the renowned son of Achilles, stalwart in battle, as he paced the ground impatiently; and for all her sorrow she felt proud of her son.

Having warmly kissed her a thousand times, he left her alone and bitterly lamenting in the house of his dear father. Just as a swallow flies round a building in great distress, lamenting her speckled chicks devoured shrieking by a dread serpent; the good mother, grieving, now flutters round her desolate nest and now flies round the well-built entrance keening bitterly for her young ones: just so did the good Deïdameia lament, now flinging herself on her son's bed and crying aloud, now weeping at the doorposts. She put in her bosom any playthings there

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313 *ἐρατεινὸν* Rhodomann: *-νὴν* M
333 *χήρην* Rhodomann: *-ρη* M
335 *κεδνὴ* Vian: *κείνη* M

might have been in the house which used to please his tender infant mind; and if she happened to see nearby a javelin he had left behind, she would cover it in kisses; and she did the same, sobbing aloud, if she saw anything else belonging to her warlike son. But he could no longer hear his mother's continual laments: he was well on his way to his swift ship, and his nimble limbs bore him along radiant as a star. As his escort he was flanked by the son of Tydeus and the warlike Odysseus, and by twenty other men of sound sense, the best Deïdameia had in her house, presented to her son to be his ready attendants. These were the men who bustled about the valiant son of Achilles as he hurried through the city to his ship, and he went along exultantly in their midst. The Nereids, companions of Thetis, were glad, and Poseidon of the dark locks himself rejoiced at the sight of noble Achilles' mighty son. Though still a beardless youth, he was eager for war that brings tears, spurred on by his valor and strength. As he hastened to leave his fatherland he resembled Ares when, angry at the foe, he enters bloody battle with rage and madness in his heart, his expression a grim frown, his eyes darting glances bright as fire, his face handsome but such as to inspire chilly fear as he charges along, a fearful sight even for the gods themselves: such was the noble son of Achilles. The citizens prayed to the immortals that they would

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340 *ἀταλὰς* Lehrs: *μεγάλας* M
342 *μιν* C. L. Struve: *μὲν* M
348 *ἄλλοι* Dausque: *λαοὶ* M *ἀρηρέμενοι* Zimmermann post Rhodomann (*-ράμ-*): *ἀνηράμενοι* m: *ἀνειρ-* m
364 *καὶ* Köchly: *οἱ* M

bring back their noble prince safe and sound from pitiless war, and the gods heard their prayers. And Neoptolemus stood tall among all those escorting him.

On arriving at the shore of the deep-roaring sea they found the rowers already aboard the well-planed ship, getting ready the sails and everywhere busy. They embarked at once, and the sailors cast off the cables and hauled in the anchor-stones, necessary pieces of tackle for all ships. The husband of Amphitrite[10] happily granted them a fair voyage, well knowing the Achaeans' sufferings at the hands of the Trojans and proud Eurypylus. Odysseus and Diomedes sat on either side of the son of Achilles and entertained him with tales of his father's adventures and of all his schemes during his far-ranging voyage and in the land of Telephus, expert in close combat, and his achievements in war against the Trojans around the city of Priam which brought renown to the Atridae. Their account inspired him with the ambition to achieve prowess and glory like his fearless father's.

Meanwhile in some part of the house the noble Deïdameia fretted over her son, moaning and shedding tears, heart and soul melting away with distress and pain, like pliant lead over hot coals or a piece of wax; and she never left off sobbing as she gazed out over the limitless sea—for a mother worries about her child even if he goes out to dine.[11] The distant ship's sails were now fading from

[10] Poseidon.
[11] Text suspect.

372 ἀν' Rhodomann: ἄρ' M αὐτοὶ Zimmermann: -τὸς M 381 κλέος Scaliger: καὶ ὅσσ' M

her sight and mistily indistinct; but she kept up her sobbing and groaning all day long.

The ship raced over the sea with a following wind, just skimming the sounding waves; the dark swell boomed on either side of its keel; and it sped along on its journey through the vast gulf. The shades of night fell; but the breeze and the steersman kept it on its journey over the depths of the sea. Then divine Eos ascended the sky, revealing to them the mountain peaks of Ida, Chrysa, the seat of the Sminthian god,[12] Cape Sigeüm, and the tomb of warlike Aeacides; but the son of Laërtes had the good sense not to point it out to Neoptolemus, in case the heart in his breast should swell with grief. Swiftly they passed the Calydnian islands and left Tenedos behind. The shrine of Eleous came in sight with its tomb of Protesilaüs shaded by lofty elms whose tops wither as soon as they grow high enough to see the Trojan plain.

Wind and oars together carried the ship near to Troy, and it arrived where the other Argive ships were beached. The Argives themselves were hard pressed at the time as they fought at the wall which they had constructed earlier to defend their ships and stalwart troops. Eurypylus would soon enough have demolished it with his hands

[12] Apollo.

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408 δ' αὖτ' Ἐλεοῦντος Rhodomann: δὲ πτελε- M τόθι Köchly: θ' ὃν m: θ' ὃ η m
410 ἀνερχόμεναι Pauw: -νον M
411 Ἴλιον Brodeau: ἥλιον M

if the son of mighty Tydeus had not noticed that the long wall was under attack. He jumped straight from the swift ship and shouted valiantly as loud as he could:

"My friends, great trouble is rolling toward the Argives this day. Let us quickly don our gleaming armor and enter the press of this wearying battle. The warlike Trojans are already at our ramparts: soon they will be smashing our long walls and setting fire to our ships in the most terrible way. Then we shall have no hoped-for return: we shall be killed before our time and lie dead in Troy, far from our wives and children."

In response to these words they all leaped from the ship without delay. His words had made every one of them fearful except for valiant-hearted Neoptolemus, whose might resembled his father's and who felt a lust for battle.

They hastened to Odysseus' hut, since that was the nearest to their dark-prowed ship and there were many sets of armor laid out there which had been stripped from their victims by the wily Odysseus and his godlike companions. Then the best men put on the fine armor, and those with timid hearts put on the worse. Odysseus put on the things he had brought with him from Ithaca, and he gave to Diomedes son of Tydeus the fine armor which he had once stripped from mighty Socus.[13] The son of Achilles put on the armor of his father, so that he became his very image; and, thanks to Hephaestus' craftsmanship, it

[13] Cf. *Il.* 11.428–55.

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427 ἐνιπρήσουσι Rhodomann: -ωσι M
437 δ' ἄρ' Pauw: γὰρ M
442 ἅ οἱ Rhodomann: οἷ M

fitted him well, though it was far too big for anyone else: the whole panoply seemed light to him; the helmet did not feel heavy on his head . . . ‹nor did the spear from Pelion seem heavy to him:›[14] he was easily able to raise that still bloodthirsty spear in his hands, for all its huge size.

The Argives who saw him would have liked to go to him, but they could not owing to the heavy struggle along the whole length of the wall which was wearing them down. Just as when a group of men, cut off from their fellow creatures on a remote island far out at sea, feel distress at being kept prisoner so very long by adverse storm-winds, and they miserably pace their ship as their provisions all run out, until at last a favorable wind begins to blow for them, worn out with waiting: just so the Achaean people, dispirited up to now, rejoiced at the arrival of mighty Neoptolemus, in hopes of a respite from their grim struggle. His eyes flashed like the eyes of a lion who with resentment in his heart charges straight at hunters in the mountains who are already entering a den eager to drag out his cubs while they are separated from their parents in a shady glen; from some high vantage-point he sees the deadly hunters and utters a savage roar from his

[14] At least one line is missing here. Probably the shield too was mentioned.

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449 *οἱ* Pauw: *μιν* M
post 450 lac. stat. Tychsen
450a Πηλιάς Tychsen: om. M
460 *ἐπέπνευσεν* Pauw: *ἐπιπνεύσῃ* M
471 *βλοσυρῇσιν* Pauw: *-οισιν* M

grim jaws: just so the son of fearless Aeacides stirred up his fury against the warlike Trojans.

He led the way rapidly to the place on the plain where the fighting was fiercest and where he thought the Achaean wall was most vulnerable to enemy assaults on account of its weaker defenses; and the others went with him, eager for Ares' work. They came upon the stalwart Eurypylus and his companions scaling a high part of the defenses with the intention of demolishing the long walls and bringing destruction to all the Argives in one fell swoop. But the gods did not allow their hopes to be fulfilled: Odysseus, mighty Diomedes, godlike Neoptolemus and divine Leonteus drove them back from the wall with volleys of missiles. Just as when hardy herdsmen and their dogs by darting this way and that contrive by force and noise to drive lions away from their steadings, and the beasts pace back and forth glaring fiercely, yearning to devour the cows and calves with their jaws; yet they fall back, harried by the resolute dogs and attacked by the herdsmen: ‹just so the Trojans fell back›[15] a little, the distance a heavy stone can be thrown: Eurypylus did not allow the Trojans to flee far from the ships, urging them instead to keep close to the enemy until he could capture the ships and destroy the Argives to a man: so immense was the strength Zeus had given him. Straightaway he

[15] Line missing.

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476 *κατὰ* Spitzner: *μετὰ* M
post 492 lac. stat. Rhodomann

seized a hard and jagged rock and flung it with all his force at the lofty wall. There was a terrific crash, and the towering structure was shaken to its very foundations, and the Achaeans suddenly became afraid that their wall had already collapsed in the dust.

But even so they did not retreat from the baneful conflict; they stood their ground just like jackals or wolves, those shameless ravagers of flocks, when flushed out of their dens in the mountains by countrymen and their hounds, intent on murdering their cubs; though pelted with missiles they do not retreat, but stand their ground and defend their offspring: just so they stood their ground in the battle lines to defend their ships and themselves. The bold warrior Eurypylus yelled these threats at them all, right in front of the ships:

"Cowards! Spineless weaklings! I have no fear of you: your weapons would never have driven me back from the ships: it was only the wall that warded off my attack. As it is, you are fighting from inside to avoid sheer death, just like curs cowering before a lion in the woods! If you ever come away from your ship and set foot on Trojan soil, eager for the fray as you used to be, no one will save you from a wretched death: every single one of you will be lying in the dust, brought low by me!"

So he spoke; but his threats were not to be fulfilled: he had no idea that only a little way off a great misfortune was moving toward him at the hands of dauntless Neoptolemus, who was to conquer him with his raging spear.

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499 ἐπεσσύμενος Zimmermann: -υμένως M
505 οὔς τ' Köchly: εἶτ' M
510 οἱ Köchly: ἄρ' M αὐτῶν C. L. Struve: ἀνδρῶν M

At this time, too, Neoptolemus had no lack of violent war-work: from up on the rampart he was slaying the Trojans, who fled under the rain of missiles from above and had to take refuge around Eurypylus, such was their fear and distress. Just as when young children cower round their father's knees when they hear great Zeus' thunder pealing from the clouds, and the sky rumbles frightfully: just so the sons of the Trojans took refuge from Neoptolemus' missiles among the Cetaeans around that great prince; for trouble was flying straight toward them, bringing war and tears aplenty on the heads of the enemy. Shocked and helpless, the Trojans thought it was mighty Achilles the man, armor and all, that they could see; but they kept their horror hidden in their hearts so as not to infect with fear and dread the minds of the Cetaeans and their leader Eurypylus. There they were, confused and in extreme terror, with death on one side and chill fear on the other, detained by their sense of shame and their pitiful terror alike. Just as when travelers on foot on a steep path gaze at a torrent teeming down from a mountain and roaring among the rocks, and for all their haste they are reluctant to enter that noisy stream, and fear at the sight of death right before them makes them care little about journeying further: just so the Trojans lingered under the Argive wall and avoided the din of battle. Godlike Eurypylus kept urging them to fight, since he hoped that the

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527 *ἀλλ' ἄρα* Köchly: *ἀλλὰ* M
549 *βήμεναι* Rhodomann: *θήμ-* M
551 *ἀλενόμενοι . . . ἀυτὴν* Vian: *ἐελδόμενοι . . . ἀυτῆς* M

gigantic warrior's arm and strength would tire after so much killing; but he never stopped fighting.

Seeing that they were engaged in a mighty struggle, Athena left the lofty halls of fragrant Olympus; in her haste she passed over the mountaintops without touching the ground, and the divine air bore her along like a cloud, swifter than the wind. Soon she arrived at Troy. She set her feet on the peak of windy Sigeüm and observed from there the hue and cry of those fighting hand to hand; and she bestowed great glory on the Achaeans.

The son of Achilles far excelled the others in that valor and strength which bring great glory to those who fight in single combat: he had both qualities because he was descended from Zeus and resembled his father: and so he felt no fear as he slew so many victims by the wall. Just as a man who fishes out at sea impatient for a catch devises death for the fishes by bringing the power of Hephaestus in his boat so that its fiery breath kindles a bright light shining around the boat and they leap out of the dark sea eager for a glimpse of that light—the last light they will see, since he kills them with his pointed trident as they crowd near, and his heart rejoices at his catch: just so the glorious son of warlike Achilles slew crowds of enemy opponents by the wall of stone. All the Achaeans were employed in the same way on different parts of the defenses; the broad beach and the ships echoed the noise, and the long walls groaned in response to their blows. Ex-

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554 *φῶτα* Rhodomann: *-ας* M 557 *θυώδεος* Rhodomann: *εὐώ-* M 558 *κεφαλὰς* West: *-ῆς* M
561 *ἀφίκανε* Tychsen: *ἐκίχανε* M
571 *διεγρομένῃ . . . ἀυτμῇ* Rhodomann: *-νη . . . -μὴ* M

treme weariness overcame the troops on both sides as the strength of the soldiers' limbs began to fade; but the divine son of stalwart Achilles was unwearied, because his mighty heart could never be worn down: as he fought, he was touched by no distress or ‹fear›.[16] In force he was like an inexhaustible, ever-flowing river which does not shrink from the onset of a vast conflagration even if raging wind is whipping up Hephaestus' divine might; for if it comes near the river's course it peters out, and its terrific power can not affect that inexhaustible stream: just so the noble son of warlike Pelides felt no fear or distressing weariness as he pressed forward and urged on his companions. Of all the missiles aimed at him, not a single one touched his fair flesh: they rained down in vain like snowflakes on a rock, every one of them repelled by his broad shield and massive helmet, the god's famous gifts; and the mighty son of Aeacides exulted in his arms as he went here and there by the wall yelling and giving orders to the Argives ‹to go into› battle fearlessly ‹. . .›[17] because he was far and away the best of them all and his heart was still not sated with baneful battle: his aim was to avenge his father's cruel death. The Myrmidons viewed their commander with joy; and a frightful clamor arose at the wall.

[16] Two half-lines missing. [17] One or more lines missing.

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586 lac. stat. Köchly δέος Köchly: om. M
588 *εἰ* C. L. Struve: *ἦν* M
595 *οὐδὲ μὲν* Zimmermann: *οὐ μὴν* M
597 *ἠίχθησαν* Spitzner: *ἠύτησαν* M
601 lac. stat. Vian

Next he killed two sons of Meges rich in gold, descendant of Dymas. These renowned sons of his were expert at throwing the javelin, at driving horses in battle, and at skillfully wielding the long spear. They were twins, borne by Periboea beside the river Sangarius, and they were called Celtus and Eubius; but they did not enjoy their immense riches for long, because the Fates granted them only a short span of life. They came into the world on the same day and died together, victims of the fierce Neoptolemus, one struck in the heart by a javelin, the other struck on the head by a cruel rock: the stout helmet on his head was smashed and staved in, so that his brain was crushed to a pulp.

Around them countless battalions of the enemy were slaughtered, and a great work of Ares arose. Eventually came the time when oxen are unyoked, and immortal day came to its end. Then the troops of fearless Eurypylus retired a little way from the ships, and those by the wall gained some small respite. The sons of the Trojans themselves also found relief from their exhausting efforts. The struggle at the wall had been a bitter one, and the Argives might well all have perished at their ships if the mighty son of Achilles had not come just in time to ward off that great enemy horde and Eurypylus himself. Old Phoenix soon came up to him and was astonished to see how like the son of Peleus he was; he felt great joy and unspeakable

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610 ὄχθας Vian: -ης M
618 ἐθλάσθη Köchly: ἐθραύσθη M

sadness—sadness from his remembrance of swift-footed Achilles, and joy at the sight of his son's prowess. He wept yet was happy: the human race is never far from grief, even at times when they achieve happiness. He embraced him like a father embracing a son who brings great joy to his beloved parent upon returning home at long last by the grace of god, after many tribulations: just so he embraced Neoptolemus, kissing his hand and breast, and he spoke these admiring words:

"I bid you welcome, noble child of Achilles, whom I once used to be happy to nurse in my arms when he was little. In accordance with the gods' distinguished plan he grew swiftly, like a flourishing plant, and his form and voice were a delight to me to behold. He was a great boon to me: I loved him like a late-born son, and he loved me as he did his own father: I was a father to him, he a son to me; and when he saw me he would say, 'We must be of one blood, because we get on so well!' But in prowess he was much my superior, in form and in strength like the blessed gods; and you are so like him that I can believe he is still alive here among the Argives. The sharp pain of grief envelops me all my days as my heart wears away in wretched old age. If only the heaped earth had covered me while he was still living! It brings a man renown to be buried by the hands of one who truly cares. My boy, for

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633 *ἀμφ'* Spitzner: *ἀντ'* M
637 *παιδὶ* Rhodomann: *παῖδα* M
641 *ἀγασσάμενος* Spitzner: *ἀγαπαζόμενος* M

my part I shall never forget to mourn for him; but *you* should not distress your heart with grief. Come now: protect the hard-pressed Myrmidons and horse-taming Achaeans inspired by rage against the foe as revenge for your good father. Glorious renown will be yours if you vanquish Eurypylus, that insatiable warrior. You are superior to him and shall be, just as your father was mightier than his wretched parent."

To these words the son of fair-haired Achilles replied:

"As for my prowess, old man, almighty Fate and irresistible Ares will be the judges of that as I fight the foe."

So he spoke, eager to charge at the enemy there and then wearing his father's armor. But he was prevented by the fall of Night, who came rapidly from the Ocean clad in darkness, bringing a rest from labor to mankind.

By the ships the joyful Argives celebrated him just as much as mighty Achilles: his eagerness to fight had given them confidence. And so they honored him with special presents, giving him countless gifts which would have made any man wealthy. Some bestowed gold and silver, others slave-women, others bronze in abundance or iron or jars of red wine, swift-footed horses, armor captured in war, or beautiful cloth of high quality woven by women; and Neoptolemus' dear heart took pleasure in these things.

Each of them then set about preparing a meal at his hut in celebration of the godlike son of Achilles, whom

they honored as much as the unwearied inhabitants of heaven; and Agamemnon, in high spirits, addressed him with these words:

"There is no doubt that you are the son of valiant Aeacides, my boy: you are just like him in strength, form, stature, valor and good sense. The sight of you warms my heart: you are so like your father that I can expect your hands and your spear will bring ruin to the enemy hordes and to Priam's famous city. When I see you I imagine that I am seeing him at the time when rage at Patroclus' death in battle led him to challenge the Trojans.[18] Now he lives with the immortals; but he has sent you from that blessed place this day to bring help to the Argives just as they are threatened with destruction."

To these words Achilles' mighty son replied:

"Agamemnon, I wish I had found him still alive! Then with his own eyes he could have witnessed his beloved son living up to his father in prowess; or so I hope it will be, if only the carefree gods, descendants of Uranus, let me live!"

Such were the words prompted by his wise mind; and the people in close attendance were astonished at this godlike man.

When they had had their fill of eating and drinking, the mighty son of valiant Aeacides rose from the meal and came to the huts of his father. Beside them lay the armor of the many heroes he had killed, and all about widowed captive women were busy at their tasks at the hut, just as if their master were still alive. The sight of the

[18] *Il.* 18.165–229.

Trojan armor and the slaves made him miss his father so much that he groaned aloud. Just as when in the brushwood of a gorge covered in undergrowth the cub of a savage lion killed by hunters enters its shady den and sees, as it casts its eyes all around that empty cave, the bones of no small number of earlier kills, both horses and cattle, which makes it feel great grief for the loss of its parent: just so the heart of valiant Pelides' son felt cold and chill. The slave girls standing round him were filled with admiration. As for Briseïs, the sight of Achilles' son made her feel now great joy, now sorrow, by reminding her of Achilles; and she grew speechless with amazement, almost convinced that fearless Aeacides was there still alive.

The Trojans by their distant huts were likewise joyfully celebrating a mighty warrior, Eurypylus, with no less honor than they paid divine Hector when he slaughtered the Argives while defending their city and all their property. But at last sweet sleep came upon mortal men and, apart from the guards, the sons of the Trojans and the Argives steadfast in battle fell into a heavy sleep.

BOOK VIII

At the time when the sunlight arises from Erigeneia's cave at the world's edge and spreads across the earth, the Trojans and the mighty sons of the Achaeans armed themselves in their camps eager for the fray; the noble son of Achilles urged on the Achaeans to face the Trojans with fearless courage, and the son of Telephus, great and powerful, spoke in the same way: he hoped to demolish the wall, burn the ships with destructive fire, and slaughter the troops. But that hope of his was as empty as the breezes: the spirits of doom were standing close by and mocking his vain plans.

Then the fearless son of Achilles encouraged the Myrmidons to further efforts with these valiant words:

"Listen to me, men: prepare your minds for battle, so that we can bring relief from this grim war to the Argives and be a source of woe to the enemy. Let none of us feel any fear: men gain strength and power when they are confident, while fear reduces force and resolution to nothing. Come, then, and nerve yourselves for the work of Ares, so that the Trojan army, with no respite, may think that Achilles is still alive and among the Argives!"

With these words he donned his father's armor, which

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4 *ποτὶ* Spitzner: *περὶ* M
5 *γὰρ* Rhodomann: om. M

gleamed all around; and Thetis, watching from the sea, felt great pleasure at the sight of her grandson's prowess. He rushed swiftly before the lofty wall, mounted behind his father's immortal horses. Just as the Sun rises from the bounds of Ocean shining his fiery beams of light over the earth while Sirius, the star which brings wretched sickness to mankind, keeps pace with his steeds and his chariot: just so did that mighty hero, the son of Achilles, advance upon the Trojan army. The immortal horses bore him along, eager to drive the enemy away from the ships; they had been brought to him by Automedon, who was their driver. The horses in turn were glad to be carrying a master so like Aeacides: they felt in their immortal hearts that he was no less a man than Achilles. The Argives, too, were exultant as they swarmed eagerly around the mighty Neoptolemus like dangerous wasps which <. . . . .> stirs up <. . . . .>;[1] they fly out of their hole eager to sting the man's flesh, and in their massed attack they are very dangerous for those hurrying by: just so they poured out from beside the ships and the wall, inspired with the power of Ares. Crowds of them filled a great area, and from far away the plain could be seen glittering with those warriors' arms as the sun shone down brightly on them from the air above. Just as a cloud passes through the air's vast expanse driven along by the powerful blasts of Boreas in the bitter season

[1] Line missing.

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30 ὁππότε Platt: πῦρ ὅτε M
post 41 lac. stat. Pierson

of winter blizzards, and the whole sky is wreathed in darkness: just so the armies from both sides filled the plain as they massed together not far from the ships, and rising dust spread across the expanse of heaven. The warriors' armor and the many chariots clattered as the whinnying horses galloped into the fray. Each man felt his valor urging him into that bitter conflict.

Just as when two winds stir up and make high the waves with a frightful booming sound across the sea's broad streams, coming out of nowhere and colliding against each other's blast as a dreadful storm is set raging across the broad depths of the sea and Amphitrite, stirred to violence, groans aloud with the baneful waves borne along in all directions, tall as lofty mountains, and a dreadful shrieking is heard over the sea as they rise up on each side: just so were the troops on either side borne along to the work of Ares with frightful rage, spurred on by Strife herself. They clashed with a noise like thunder and lightning up in the air when violent winds conflict with each other and their violent blasts make the clouds collide as a result of Zeus' anger at men who deliberately strive against Right and Justice: just so did they collide, spear pitted against spear, shield against shield, and man going against man.

First of all the mighty son of the great warrior Achilles overcame noble Melaneus and glorious Alcidamas,

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67 ἐς Vian: ἐπ' M

sons of warlike Alexinomus who dwelt in hollow Caunus and near its clear lake beneath snowy Imbros and at the foot of Tarbelus. Next he killed Mynes, the swift-footed son of Cassander, whom divine Creusa bore by the streams of the fair-flowing river Lindus, the boundary between the Carians, resolute in battle, and the high land of renowned Lycia; and he slew Morys the spearman, who had come from Phrygia, together with Polybus and Hippomedon, one hit below the heart and the other in the collarbone. He destroyed men on all sides, and the earth groaned beneath Trojan corpses. They fell back like dry bushes easily destroyed by the blast of devastating fire when Boreas comes on in autumn: just so did their ranks fall before his assaults. Aeneas slew Aristolochus, stalwart in battle, with a blow to the head from a large rock: he stove in helmet and skull together, and at once the life left his bones. Tydides slew swift Eumaeus, who once dwelt in lofty Dardanus, where is to be found the bed where Anchises held Cythereia in his arms.[2] Agamemnon killed Eustratus: he never returned to Thrace from the war, but perished far from his dear fatherland. Meriones slew Chlemus son of Pisenor; he was a friend and a trusted companion of godlike Glaucus; he dwelt by the streams of Limyrus, and was honored as a king by those who lived in

[2] Cf. *Il.* 2.819–21. The story is told at length in the *Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite.*

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80 Ἴμβρῳ Rhodomann: ὄμβ- M
87 δ' ἐς Köchly: δὲ M 90 τ' Vian: om. M
102 καὶ Rhodomann: om. M
103 Λιμυροῖο (sic) Rhodomann: ἀμύροιο M

that region, now that Glaucus had been killed and ruled no longer—all the people who inhabited the abode of Phoenix, the lofty peak of Massicytus, and Chimaera's altar.

As they slaughtered one another in the fray, Eurypylus brought baneful doom on many of the enemy. First he slaughtered Eurytus, stalwart in battle, and then Menoetius with his gleaming belt, godlike companions of Elephenor; and near them he killed Harpalus, a companion of wise Odysseus. Odysseus himself was hard at work some distance away, and he was not able to defend his fallen comrade; but his companion stouthearted Antiphus, furious at his death, cast his spear straight at Eurypylus; but the mighty spear just missed him and came down on Milanion whom his mother, fair-cheeked Cleite, bore by the streams of fair-flowing Caïcus after being violated by Erylaüs. Furious at his comrade's death, Eurypylus immediately sprang toward Antiphus, who took to his heels and fled for cover among his comrades; he was not laid low by the warlike Telephides' mighty spear, because he was destined to die a grisly death at a later time at the hands of the Cyclops, murderer of men:[3] such was the pleasure of hateful Fate. Eurypylus advanced in another direction; and wherever he charged, victims fell in abundance. Just as tall trees felled by the ax's force up in the forested

[3] *Od.* 2.17–20.

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113 *εὐφρονος* Rhodomann: *δαΐφρονος* M

mountains fill the glens as they lie on the ground in disordered confusion: just so were the Achaeans felled by the spears of warlike Eurypylus, until eventually the haughty son of Achilles faced him. Then each man brandished his spear at the other, full of rage.

Eurypylus, first to speak, addressed him and asked:

"Who are you? Where have you come from to face me in combat? It seems the merciless spirits of doom are taking you off to Hades; for no one has escaped me in the baneful battle: I have unleashed grievous bane and slaughter upon all who came here eager to face me, and every bone and all the flesh of every one of them has been torn to pieces by dogs alongside the streams of Xanthus. Come, tell me who you are and whose are these horses in which you take so much pride."

To these words Achilles' mighty son replied:

"You are an enemy, and I am eager for bloody battle: why are you acting like a friend and asking me my lineage, which is known to so many? I am the son of stout-hearted Achilles, who once put your father to flight with a blow from his long spear; and the malign spirits of doom would have snatched him off to death if my father had not swiftly healed his mortal wound. The horses that carry me are my godlike father's, offspring of Harpyia and sired by Zephyrus: they can gallop over the barren sea barely touching it with their hooves, borne along quick as the

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137 *ἑ* Bonitz: om. M

157 *ἀκρονύχως* Zimmermann: *ἄκρ' ὀνύχων* M

wind. But now that you know my own lineage and that of my horses, it is time you became acquainted with my tireless spear face to face; its lineage goes back to lofty Pelion's peaks, where it left behind its embedded stump."[4]

With these words the glorious hero leaped to the ground from his chariot, brandishing his huge spear. His opponent seized an immense rock in his mighty hands and hurled it at Neoptolemus' golden shield, but its impetus did not shake him: he stood firm like an immense boulder high on a mountain which not even the force of all the swollen torrents together can shift from its position, so firmly is it fixed: just so did Achilles' mighty son keep holding his ground without fear. Even so, Eurypylus' valiant strength did not shrink before the irresistible son of Achilles: his valor and the spirits of doom urged him on. Each man's heart seethed with rage, and their gleaming armor clanked as they moved. They attacked each other savagely like a pair of wild animals fighting up in the mountains when the pangs of ravening hunger prompt them to struggle with repeated attacks on each other as they contend over the body of some cow or deer, and the glens echo the noise of them fighting: just so they closed with each other in merciless conflict. The long ranks of troops on either side of them set to work in the battle, and a cruel conflict arose around them. They charged with the force of hur-

[4] Cf. *Il.* 16.140–44.

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172 ἄσχετον Van Herwerden: ἄσπ- M
173 δὲ Rhodomann: τε M

ricanes, eager to draw blood with their spears. Strife stood by, continually urging them on. They did not cease from the fight, raining blows on each other's shields, or aiming at greaves or crested helmets; and now and again there would be a flesh wound, so violent were the efforts of those valiant heroes. Strife's heart was gladdened to see them sweating profusely yet giving no ground and never tiring, like true descendants of the blessed gods. From Olympus the ‹gods . . .›[5] some supported the mighty son of Achilles and others godlike Eurypylus. As they continued their duel they were hard as the crags of high mountains, and their shields clattered with the blows from their ash-wood spears. At last, after much effort, the great spear from Mount Pelion went right through Eurypylus' throat; blood and gore gushed out, the life in his body flew out through the wound, and a fatal darkness came over his eyes. He fell to the ground in his armor like a tall pine or fir tree uprooted and felled by the blast of chilly Boreas, so great an extent of ground did his body cover in its clattering collapse on the plain of Troy. A livid pallor quickly spread over his corpse, destroying its healthy glow.

The mighty hero taunted him triumphantly:

[5] One line missing: cf. 2.492–94.

"Eurypylus, I believe you said you would destroy the ships and the Danaans themselves, and inflict a miserable death on us all; but the gods have not brought your hopes to pass. Instead you have been vanquished, for all your unwearied strength, by my father's great spear, which no mortal has ever evaded in a duel with me, even if he was made of bronze!"

With these words he furiously pulled his huge spear out of the body, and the Trojans quaked at the sight of that mighty-hearted hero. He stripped off the armor at once and gave it to his comrades to convey swiftly to the Achaean ships; he himself leaped into his swift chariot with its unwearied horses, and shot away just like a thunderbolt with its lightning sent by unwearied Zeus shoots through the air's vast void, making even the immortals —great Zeus excepted—quake with fear as it descends furiously earthwards, shivering to pieces trees and rugged mountains: just so he charged with furious swiftness against the Trojans causing mayhem and slaying on all sides every man his immortal horses encountered. The battlefield was filled with corpses and reddened with gore aplenty: just as when in the mountain glens leaves without number cascade down thick and fast and cover the ground: just so those countless Trojan troops lay dead there on the earth by the hand of Neoptolemus and the dauntless Argives. Their hands were drenched in the dark blood of

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222 *ἀπλήτοιο* Rhodomann: *ἀτλή-* M
225 *ἐσσύμενος* Rhodomann: *-μένως* M
228 *ἄλλον* Vian: *-ος* M

men and horses, and their chariot wheels became wet as they whirled along.

And now the sons of the Trojans would have passed inside their gates like calves fleeing a lion or boars a shower of rain, if cruel Ares, keen to help the warlike Trojans, had not come down from Olympus in secret from the other blessed gods. He was borne into battle by his horses Aethon and Phlogius, together with Conabus and Phobus, offspring of grim-visaged Erinys by clamorous Boreas; they breathed out baneful fire, and the shimmering sky groaned beneath their feet as they charged into battle. He was quick to arrive at Troy; the earth resounded under his divine horses' feet. Approaching the thick of the fight, he brandished his mighty spear and shouted at the Trojans to face the enemy and fight. They were all amazed to hear that unearthly voice, not being able to see the immortal form of the divinity or his chariot, which was shrouded in a mist. It took the renowned wisdom of godlike Helenus to recognize as divine that mysterious voice coming loud and clear to the ears of the Trojans; he rejoiced in his heart and began to shout loudly to the troops, who were in hasty retreat:

"Cowards! Why are you running away from the son of Achilles, who so loved war? He may be valiant, but he is mortal just like us,[6] and he does not have the strength of Ares, who is our great helper in our hour of need and is

[6] Or, perhaps, "just as his father was."

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235 *ὀχέεσσι* Lehrs: *-έεσφι* M 252 *γὰρ* Rhodomann: *δὲ* M 255 *ἀπεσσύμενον* Rhodomann: *ἐπ-* M
258 *μέγ'* Rhodomann: *μιν* m: *μὴν* m: *τις* m

shouting us orders to engage with the Argives in the conflict. Come on, my friends: make your hearts resolute and take courage: I hardly think the Trojans will find any better ally in the war! What can be better than Ares in war, when he comes to the aid of armed warriors, as he is coming to help us now? Make sure that you are ready for war, too, and cast aside all fear."

No sooner had he spoken than they made a stand to face the Argives: just as dogs which have been retreating in the face of a wolf in the brushwood will turn and fight when the shepherd keeps urging them on with his shouts: just so the sons of the Trojans shed their fear in Ares' terrible conflict and fought valiantly face to face, man to man. There was a great din as armor was struck by these warriors' swords, spears and arrows; spear points penetrated flesh; dread Ares was drenched in blood; and, as the fighting went on, victims piled up in the mêlée on either side. The battle was evenly balanced: just as when young men in a large vineyard make haste with their iron sickles to harvest rows of grapes, making equal progress as they compete with one another because they are equal in age and strength: just so the scales were evenly balanced on each side of the conflict, with the Trojans holding firm with remarkable resolve and putting their trust in the aid of fearless Ares, and the Argives putting their faith in the son of Achilles, stalwart in battle. As the killing continued, deadly Enyo ranged among them, her arms and shoulders

befouled and spotted with gore, and horribly drenched all over with sweat. Out of respect for Thetis and divine Ares she did not favor either side, but she took pleasure in the equal conflict.

Then Neoptolemus slew far-famed Perimedes, who dwelt near the sacred grove of Sminthes; and next he killed Castrus, Phalerus stalwart in battle, mighty Perilaüs and Menalcas of the fine ash-wood spear, whom Iphianassa bore at the foot of holy Cilla to skillful Medon, expert in carpentry: he stayed back at home in his fatherland, and he had no joy of his son; and after his death distant kinsmen divided up his household and all that he had made. Deïphobus slew Lycon, stalwart in battle, hitting him just above the groin; all his entrails streamed out around that huge spear, and all the contents of his belly. Aeneas killed Dymas, who used to dwell in Aulis and had accompanied Arcesilas to Troy; he did not see his beloved land again. Euryalus cast his baneful spear and slew Astraeus; the point flew agonizingly through his chest, bringing death to the man by severing the passage of his gullet so that his food was mingled with gore. Close by, great-hearted Agenor killed Hippomenes the noble comrade of great-spirited Teucer with a swift blow to the collarbone; his loss of blood meant the speedy loss of his spirit, too, and he was wrapped in darkness. Grieved at the death of his comrade, Teucer aimed and let fly a swift arrow straight at Agenor, who moved aside slightly so that it missed and

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298 δόμον Köchly: πόνον M
303 κατέκτανεν Rhodomann: κατέπεφνεν M ῥα Vian: τε m: τις m 306 ἄκοντα Köchly: -ντι M
313 οἱ Spitzner: μιν M

struck his neighbor, warlike Deïphontes, in the left eye, emerging through his right ear and splitting the eyeball; for the Fates directed that cruel arrow just as they liked. He was still teetering upright when Agenor shot a second arrow, which sped whistling into his throat, pierced right through, and severed the tendons in his neck: cruel Fate had caught up with him.

The mutual slaughter continued: the spirits of death and Doom were delighted; cruel Strife frenziedly gave a loud yell, to which Ares responded with a savage shout; and he inspired the Trojans with great valor and the Argives with an urge to run away as their ranks suddenly began to quake. But the son of Achilles was not put to flight; he held his ground and fought valiantly, killing victims one after another: just as a young boy wafts his hand at flies coming near the milk, and they give up the ghost all around the vessel, vanquished by so light a blow, and the boy is kept entertained: such was the joy which the illustrious son of Achilles took in his victims. He paid no heed to Ares' helping the Trojans: he slew them on every side, from whichever direction the army attacked him, fearlessly awaiting the onslaught just as the peak of some great mountain awaits the force of a rushing hurricane. Filled with wrath at his furious defense, Ares would have cast aside the holy mist and openly fought against him himself, had not Athena sprung down to wooded Ida from wherever she had been on Olympus: the divine earth and

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318 ἐς Rhodomann: om. M 324 φόνον Pauw: μόρον M
332 περιρρύψῃ Dausque: -ρρήσσῃ M 333 τυτθῇ Köchly: -ὸν M 337 ἀμύνοντος Dausque: ἐπαμ- M
338 λαοῦ ἐπαΐσσοντος Köchly: -οὺς -τας M

the roaring streams of Xanthus trembled, and the Nymphs' hearts were gripped with terror as they feared for the city of Priam. Bolts of lightning flashed from her immortal armor; on her shield vicious snakes breathed incessant fire; and her divine helmet touched the clouds above. She would have fought agile Ares there and then, had not Zeus in his wisdom deterred them both with a terrific thunderclap from high heaven. Ares withdrew from the fray at this clear sign of great Zeus' anger: he made for wintry Thrace and concerned his violent mind with the Trojans no more. Noble Pallas herself, too, did not stay any longer on the plain: she made for the sacred ground of the Athenians. But the armies were still occupied with their deadly conflict. The sons of the Trojans began to lose heart, and the Argives, eager for battle, kept pace with their retreat stride for stride just as the breezes keep pace with ships hurrying under sail across the mighty swell of the sea, or as forceful fire spreads through brushwood, or as agile hounds eager for the chase pursue deer up in the mountains: just so the Danaans went after their foes. They were made bolder by the example of the son of Achilles, who kept killing with his huge spear whoever he encountered in the press as the Trojans, panic-stricken, fell back and took refuge behind the high walls of their city.

Having penned the Trojan people in their city as shepherds do lambs in their remote steadings, the Argives had a brief respite from fighting. Just as oxen exhausted

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357 ἔτ' Spitzner: om. M 358 Ἀθηνάων Platt: -αίων M οἱ δ' ἔτι Köchly: οὐδέ τι fere M
362 ὑπὸ Köchly: ἅμα M 367 φύζῃ Zimmermann: -ης m: -αν m 371 ἐν Platt: ἐπ' M

with pulling a heavy load to the top of a rough slope have a rest while panting heavily under the yoke: just so the weary Achaeans rested under arms. They surrounded the city, eager to fight. The Trojans bolted their gates and waited behind their walls expecting a violent assault: just as when shepherds wait in their steadings for a louring hurricane to arrive at the start of the violent season of storms with its lightning, rain and close-packed clouds, and for all their impatience to get out in the pastures they stay put until the tempest and the roaring rivers in spate abate their force: just so they waited behind their walls fearing an enemy attack. The teeming battalions quickly surged toward the city: just as when jackdaws or starlings with wings outstretched swoop down in flocks on the fruit of olive trees eager to eat their favorite food, and the young men for all their shouting can not make them fly off until they have eaten, hunger making them bold and shameless: just so the mighty Danaans teemed then around Priam's city and swooped on the gates eager to demolish that huge work of the dauntless Earthshaker.[7] But the Trojans did not forget to fight: terrified though they were, they stood on the battlements and labored unceasingly: arrows, stones and swift javelins sped into the crowd of attackers from their unwearying hands; for Phoe-

[7] *Il.* 7.452–53, 21.446–49.

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377 ἄφαρ Rhodomann: ἄρα M
397 ἰοὶ δὲ Rhodomann: οἱ δ' αἰεὶ M

bus had granted them the strength to resist, determined as he was to defend the fine Trojan fighters even after the death of Hector.

It was then that Meriones let fly a hateful arrow and struck Phylodamas, a friend of mighty Polites, just below the jaw, so that the arrow stuck in his throat; he fell just like a vulture falls from its rock when some young man shoots it dead with a well-barbed arrow: such was the speed with which he fell from the high tower; the life left his limbs and his armor clattered about his corpse. Exultant at his success, the son of mighty Molus let fly another arrow fully expecting to hit Polites, the son of much-enduring Priam; but he avoided it by moving his body aside quickly, and the arrow did not touch his fair flesh. Just as when a ship is driving over the sea's expanse with a following wind, and the steersman suddenly catches sight of a rugged rock just above the surface and, keen to get out of the way, shifts the rudder with his hand and turns aside the ship in the direction he feels is best, averting disaster without any great force: just so he avoided death by seeing that deadly arrow beforehand.

There was no pause in the fighting. The walls, battlements and lofty towers became red with gore where the Trojans were being slain by arrows from the mighty Achaeans; but they themselves were not out of trouble either, and many of them were reddening the earth. With men being hit on either side, a scene arose of sheer devastation; and baneful Enyo rejoiced as she urged on Strife the sister of War.

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400 *μάλα* Castiglioni: *αἰεὶ* M 408 *νεκρῷ* C. L. Struve: *-ροῦ* M 412 *ἑτέρωσε* Spitzner: *-θεν* M
415 *ἐπὶ* Vian: *ἐπὶ ἑνὶ* m: *ἐνὶ* m 423 *οὐδὲ* Köchly: *οὔτι* M

The Argives would certainly have smashed the gates and walls of Troy, so vast was their might, had not renowned Ganymede looked down from heaven and suddenly cried out, fearing for his fatherland:

"Father Zeus, if I truly am related to you and am now in the company of the gods because I left Troy in accordance with your will, so that I have an immortal life—hear me now in my heart's great grief. I shall not be able to bear the sight of my city being burned and my family perishing in this dreadful conflict: no pain is worse than this. If your heart is indeed set on bringing about these things, do so away from me: my pain will be easier to bear if I am not there to see it. The most pitiable and shameful thing in the world is to see one's fatherland destroyed by enemy hands."

So spoke the handsome Ganymede, with heartfelt grief; and thereupon Zeus took care to shroud the famous city of Priam in clouds vast and dense, so that the murderous battle was obscured in mist and none of the attackers could any longer make out the position of the wall, which continued to be shrouded in thick cloud. From heaven came the noise of thunder and lightning. The Danaans were dumbstruck when they heard this noise from Zeus, and the son of Neleus shouted to them:

"Listen to me, you commanders of the Argives: we shall not be able to keep standing firm now that Zeus is defending the Trojans and making them much bolder; for much

trouble is sweeping toward us. Let us go instead to our ships and leave off our efforts in the deadly conflict, in case he burns us all to ashes in his intense anger. We must obey his omens: all mortals ought to obey him, since he is far more powerful than the other mighty gods and than feeble humankind. When the Titans' arrogant behavior enraged him, he poured down from heaven on them the force of fire, so that the earth beneath was all ablaze and the broad stream of Ocean boiled to its depths right to its furthermost boundaries, the flow of even the longest rivers was dried up, all living creatures bred on the teeming earth or raised in the boundless seas and in the water of the ever-flowing rivers were destroyed, and the vast sky above them was obscured with smoke and ash, so that the earth was in torment. Hence my fear of Zeus' might today. Let us go, then, to the ships: today he is helping the Trojans, but afterward he will grant the glory to us: sometimes the day dawns well, at other times badly. We are not yet fated to sack this famous city, even if Calchas really did deliver a true prophecy when he recently told the assembled Argives that they would destroy Priam's city in the tenth year."

At this they moved away from the famous city and withdrew from the fighting through fear of Zeus' threats and because they trusted Nestor's knowledge of what had been said in the past. None the less, they did not abandon those who had been killed in the conflict: they recovered them

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458 ἄρ Vian: om. M
459 ἀεὶ πεπιθέσθαι Köchly: ἐπιπείθεσθαι M

from the battlefield and gave them burial, since it was not the bodies that were enveloped in mist but only the lofty city and its sheer walls, around which many sons of the Trojans and the Argives had become victims of Ares. Once at the ships, they set down their warlike arms and washed away the dust, sweat and blood by bathing in the waves of the fair-flowing Hellespont.

The Sun drove his unwearied horses into the western darkness, and night was spread over the earth signaling for men an end to labor. The Argives paid just as much honor to the valiant son of Achilles as to his father. He was dining in high spirits in the leaders' quarters, not at all weighed down by weariness, because Thetis had removed grievous pains from his limbs and made him seem like a man who would never be weary. When his mighty heart had had enough of eating, he went to his father's hut and was soon wrapped in sleep. The Danaans slept before their ships and took turns at mounting guard, terrified that the Trojan army or its allies, experts in close combat, might burn their ships and prevent their returning home. And in Priam's city likewise the Trojan people took turns to sleep by their gates and walls, fearful of a grievous attack by the Argives.

BOOK IX

When the darkness of night was over and Eos awoke from the world's end, so that the vast sky shone with limitless light, the warlike sons of the dauntless Argives, still astonished at the strange occurrence of the day before, scanned the plain and saw the heights of Ilium free of cloud. As for the Trojans, they were no longer prepared to stand before their lofty walls and do battle: they were all afraid, imagining that the glorious son of Peleus was alive. In their midst Antenor directed this prayer to the king of the gods:

"Zeus, ruler of Ida and of the bright heavens, listen to my prayer: turn away from our city that mighty man with murder in his mind, whether he is Achilles, not gone to Hades' halls, or some other Achaean who resembles him: multitudes are perishing in the city of god-begotten Priam: we have no respite from this evil: the doom and slaughter are ever increasing. Father Zeus, you care nothing at all for the victims of the Achaeans: you are giving great help to the Argives, forgetful of your son Dardanus. If your mind and heart are set on having the Trojans perish miserably at the hands of the Argives, bring this about at once without prolonging our misery!"

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2 *ἀπείριτον* Rhodomann: *-τος* M
14 *λαοὶ* Pauw: *ἄλλοι* M
19 *μέγ'* Dausque: *μετ'* M

Such was his passionate prayer, and Zeus in heaven heard it. He fulfilled part of it at once, but the other part he would never fulfill: he nodded assent to many Trojans perishing together with their children, but not to the warlike son of Achilles being turned away from the broad streets of Troy; in fact he roused him to greater efforts, because his heart was set on obliging and honoring the wise daughter of Nereus.

Such were the intentions of the god who far excelled all others. Meanwhile, in the area between the city and the broad Hellespont, the Argives and Trojans cremated those killed in the conflict, both men and horses; the battle had stopped shedding blood as a result of mighty Priam's sending his herald Menoetes to Agamemnon and the rest of the Achaeans with the request that the dead should be cremated; and they agreed, out of respect for the dead, who incur no resentment. Once work on the many pyres for the dead was complete, the Argives went to their huts and the Trojans to the palace of wealthy Priam, grieving greatly for the fallen Eurypylus. Because they held him in equal honor to the sons of Priam, they buried him apart from the other victims in front of the Dardan Gate, where the great streams ‹of Xanthus . . .›[1] swollen by the rain of Zeus, flows eddying along.

The son of Achilles went to see the vast tomb of his

[1] One line missing.

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36 πυρὶ Rhodomann: περι- M
39 ἄρ' Rhodomann: om. M

fearless father. Weeping, he kissed the well-made monument of his departed parent and addressed him, his words mingled with groans:

"Hail, father: beneath the earth you may be, but I shall not forget you now that you are gone to the house of Hades. If only I had found you still alive among the Argives! We would have taken great pleasure in each other's company and in carrying off vast amounts of treasure from Ilium's sacred city! But as it is, you have not seen your son and I have not seen you alive, though I longed to. Still, in battle the enemy are terrified of your spear and your son, even now that you are far away among the dead; and the Danaans rejoice to see me like you in form, in stature and in deeds!"

With these words he wiped the hot tears from his cheeks and quickly made his way to the ships of his great-spirited father. He did not go alone: twelve Myrmidon warriors escorted him, and old Phoenix kept them company, grieving and lamenting for the renowned Achilles.

Night fell upon the earth, and the stars rose in the sky. After a meal, they all went to sleep. Then Eos awoke, and the Argives donned their armor, whose gleam was so bright that it was seen from far off and reached up to the sky. They charged out of their gates all together, just like

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53 κε Rhodomann: καὶ M
55 οὔτέ σ' ἔγωγε Köchly: οὐδέ σ' ἐγώ περ M
63 ἴσαν Rhodomann: ἔσαν M
65 ἐρικυδέος Zimmermann: περι- M

snowflakes that fall thickly from the clouds in the chilly winter season: just so they streamed out before the wall, giving rise to a grim clamor and making the earth groan aloud as they came.

The Trojans were amazed when they heard the shouts and saw the army, and their hearts sank within them as they felt their end was nigh; for the enemy's army seemed to envelop everything like a cloud, the warriors' armor clanked as they marched along, and dust rose continually from their feet. Then, either emboldened and made fearless by some god or self-prompted to war, Deïphobus felt the urge to chase the enemy's cruel army out of his fatherland with his spear. In the midst of the Trojans he made this bold speech:

"Come on, my friends: adopt a warlike spirit: remember all the distress captives must suffer at the end of a grievous war! This struggle is not just about Alexander or Helen: it is about our city, ourselves, our wives, our dear children and parents, all our splendid possessions, and this lovely land. And I hope to die in battle and be buried here rather than see my dear fatherland subject to enemy spears: to my way of thinking, no suffering worse than this can be devised for wretched mortals. Banish this hateful fear, then, and all of you gather round me and steel yourselves for a pitiless conflict. Achilles will not be fighting

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83 *ἐλάσσῃ* C. L. Struve: *ὀλέσσῃ* M
85 *ἄγε* Rhodomann: *ἄρα* M
88 *μοῦνον* Bonitz: *-νος* M
92 *ἀμφικαλύψαι* Platt: *-ψει* m: *-ψοι* m
93 *δούρασι* Köchly: *-τι* M
95 *μετ'* Rhodomann: *μέγ'* M

against us: he is no longer alive, and has been consumed by destructive fire; it is some other Achaean who is assembling their army now. In any case, when you are fighting for your fatherland you should have no fear of Achilles or of any other Achaean. So let us not even think of fleeing from the battle of Ares, much though we may have toiled and suffered in the past. You must have realized by now that happy days and prosperity come after suffering for wretched mortals; that Zeus brings mankind clear skies after hurricanes and violent storms; and that health comes after a dangerous sickness, peace after war. Time brings about change in all things."

So he spoke; and they, keen for Ares, hurried to arm themselves, so that the clanking of their arms could be heard all through the city as the young men got ready for cruel war. One man's wife, fearful at the prospect of the fighting, tearfully stacked his equipment beside him; another's infant sons bustled about for their father and brought him all his armor, while he grieved to see them unhappy yet could not help smiling with paternal pride, all the more resolved in his heart to do his utmost in the fight in defense of his children and himself. For another man it was his elderly father who with expert hands fitted the armor, his defense against cruel war, on his limbs, gave his dear son much advice about not yielding to anyone in battle, and showed him the many scars on his breast,[2] evidence of battles long ago.

[2] Cowards have wounds in the back.

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100 *μήτ'* Ἀχιλῆα Heyne: *πάντ'* ἀχιλῆι M
101 Ἀχαιὸν Rhodomann: *-ῶν* M

When all were equipped and armed, they streamed out of the city eager for cruel war. Cavalry galloped at swift cavalry, infantry battalions charged at infantry, chariots went against chariots; the ground resounded as they rushed into battle, and each leader called loudly to his men. Soon they engaged; there was a clanking of body armor mingled with blood-curdling yells from either side. Volleys of swift arrows shot by both sides flew swiftly; there was an indescribable din of men's shields being struck by spears or javelins or swords; many men were wounded by swift ax blows; and the warriors' armor was defiled with blood. From the wall the women of Troy watched this cruel conflict involving their young men; all atremble, they offered up prayers for their children, husbands and brothers, and the old men sat with them watching their dear children: they were consumed with apprehension. Only Helen stayed at home with her maidservants: extreme shame kept her there.

Before the wall the work of war was relentless; the spirits of doom rejoiced, and dire Strife yelled encouragement to both sides with loud shouts. The dust grew red with the blood of the dying as victims perished in the battle on every side. Deïphobus killed Hippasides, the mighty charioteer of ‹. . . . .›: from his speeding chariot

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132 *μίγη* C. L. Struve: *μίη* M
134 *ἔγχεσι* Rhodomann, Köchly: *-εϊ* M
142 *χείλεσι* Wifstrand: *χείρεσι* M
144 *ἅμ'* Rhodomann: om. M

he fell among the corpses. His master was anxious with fear that with his hands holding the reins he too would be killed by the noble son of Priam. But Melanthius did not abandon him: he quickly leaped on the chariot and directed the horses with a shake of the long reins; he had no whip, and used blows from his spear to drive them. Priam's son left them and moved on to the mass of fighters. In his fury he made that the dying day for many, all the time ranging valiantly among the foe like some deadly whirlwind: countless victims fell by his hand, and the ground was crowded with corpses. Just as when up in the high mountains a woodcutter plunges into the hollows of a glen and without delay begins to chop down the woods' fresh growth so that he can make charcoal by burying a good number of logs in a fire pit; and that wood, lying fallen in random profusion, forms a covering over the rocky ground, and the man is pleased at a job well done: just so the Achaeans dying in crowds at the agile hands of Deïphobus fell confusedly one upon another. Some of them joined battle with the Trojans, but the others fled to Xanthus' broad stream; and Deïphobus herded them into the water without ever ceasing the carnage. Just as when on the shores of the Hellespont, abundant in fish, toiling fishermen drag a bulging net to land, and while it is still in the sea some young man leaps in armed with a barbed spear, dealing dread death to the swordfish[3] and killing any oth-

[3] Perhaps specified because their "swords" make it a duel of a sort with the fishermen.

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174 ἐόντος Rhodomann: -τας M
176 φέρων Pauw: -ρον m: -ρει m

ers, too, in random profusion, while the water grows red with the carnage: just so his handiwork made Xanthus' streams all crimson with blood and choked with corpses.

Not that the Trojans were toiling without bloodshed themselves: the mighty son of Achilles was slaughtering them in another part of the lines, and Thetis, looking on, may have felt as much pride in her grandson as she felt grief for the son of Peleus, for a great host of men with their horses were felled in the dust by his ash-wood spear as he pursued them with carnage. It was there that he slew the renowned Amides, who encountered him on horseback but found no advantage from his beloved horsemanship: the polished spear dealt him a blow in the stomach and the point emerged by his spine; his entrails gushed out, and dread Doom seized him the instant that he fell at the feet of his swift steed. Next he slew Ascanius and Oenops, stabbing the one with his spear in the gullet close to the mouth[4] and the other below the throat, where wounds are most fatal for men. Others, too, he killed—everyone he found. What man could list all those who perished in the battle by Neoptolemus' hand? His body never tired: just as some young man by working all day with his stout hands in a flourishing grove and wielding his pole

[4] Text uncertain.

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186 ἵππῳ Pauw: -ων M
193 παρὰ Vian: ποτὶ M

makes an immense crop of olives fall to the earth and cover the ground beneath: just so did a great company fall at his hands.

On another part of the battlefield Tydides, Agamemnon of the fine ash-wood spear and the other Danaan leaders went to work with a will in the pitiless conflict. Nor were the noble Trojan leaders afraid: they too fought with determination and kept holding their men from retreating—although many ignored their leaders and fled the battle through fear of the Achaeans' might.

Eventually the mighty son of Aeacides realized that the Danaans were dying in ever greater numbers by Scamander's streams. He stopped killing fugitives running toward the city and ordered Automedon to drive where the Achaeans were suffering heavy losses. With instant obedience he used his whip to direct the power of those immortal horses toward the fray, and they flew swiftly through the carnage bearing their mighty master. Just as Ares enters murderous battle mounted on his chariot, the earth trembling as he passes, the divine armor ringing out on the god's breast: just so the mighty son of Achilles advanced against noble Deïphobus, and clouds of dust rose from his horses' feet. When valiant Automedon saw him, he recognized who he was and informed his lord about that renowned warrior with these words:

"My lord, these are the troops of Deïphobus and that

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222 *κρατερὸς* Zimmermann: *-οῦ* M

is the man himself <. . . . .>[5] who once fled before your father; but now some god or divine power has emboldened his heart."

To these words Neoptolemus made no direct reply, but ordered him to make the horses go faster so that without delay he could rescue the dying Danaans from a grim fate. When they came within a short distance of each other, Deïphobus, for all his eagerness to fight, came to a standstill like dread fire coming near to water. He was astonished at the sight of greathearted Aeacides' horses and of his massive son, equal in stature to his father: in his heart and mind he was torn between running away and fighting the man face to face. Just as when a boar up in the mountains is driving jackals away from its newborn offspring when a lion suddenly appears from some unexpected direction, making the boar cease its attacks, unsure whether to advance further or retreat as it whets the foam-spattered tusks in its jaws: just so Priam's son waited with his horses and chariot as he weighed the matter and grasped his spear in his hands. The son of pitiless Achilles addressed him:

"Priamides, why have you vented so much rage on Argives inferior to yourself? They have been fearfully fleeing your violent attacks, and you think you are far the best warrior. But if you really are strong and full of heart, pit yourself against my invincible spear in combat!"

With these words he rushed toward him like a lion at

[5] One line missing.

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post 227 lac. stat. Köchly

a deer, mounted on the chariot of his father and drawn by his horses. And he would soon have slain Deïphobus with his spear, and his charioteer too, had not Apollo from somewhere on Olympus suddenly poured down a dark cloud, snatched him up from the deadly conflict, and set him down in the city, where the rest of the Trojans, too, were fleeing. Pelides' son stabbed the empty air and spoke these words:

"You dog, you have escaped my onslaught! But it was not your own prowess that saved you, as you hoped it would: it was some god who let darkness fall from above to hide you and then snatched you from calamity!"

So he spoke. Then from above the son of Cronus made the dark cloud disperse like mist, and it disappeared into thin air. The plain and all the country round about at once came in sight, and Neoptolemus realized that the Trojans were far away by the Scaean Gates. The very image of his father, he advanced toward the enemy, and they fled at his approach. Just as sailors tremble at a lethal oncoming wave raised by the wind and moved along, broad and high, as the sea is made to boil by the hurricane: just so a wretched fear enveloped the Trojans as he advanced. To encourage his comrades he spoke these words:

"Listen to me, my friends! Set valor in your hearts and have no fear: that is how noble men should behave when they yearn to win glorious victory in the fight and renown in the din of battle. Come on! Let us risk our lives and strain every nerve until we finally sack the renowned city of Troy and fulfill our hopes! It is shameful to have stayed

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259 ἴσαν Spitzner: ἔσαν M
263 ἔρυσσεν Rhodomann: ἐρύξας M

here for such a long time doing nothing and feeble, just like women. I would rather die than be called unwarlike."

So he spoke; and they rushed to the work of Ares even more violently and charged at the Trojans, who themselves fought with a will either outside the city or within the gates from the battlements. The terrible fighting never let up, with the Trojans aiming to ward off the dread army of the enemy and the mighty Argives aiming to sack the city. Death and suffering were everywhere.

Then the son of Leto, eager to help the Trojans, leaped down from Olympus, hidden in cloud. Swift storm winds bore him there in a moment. He was dressed in his golden armor; the whole of the long path of his descent glittered like lightning, and the rattling of his quiver could be heard. When he set down his unwearying feet beside Xanthus' streams, there was an awesome crash in the air and the earth cried out aloud. He gave a bloodcurdling yell which emboldened the Trojans but made the Achaeans afraid to remain in the bloody battle. But this did not escape the notice of the mighty Earthshaker, who inspired the Achaeans with strength just as they were weakening. These gods contrived a savage battle with countless hosts of young men slain on either side. Apollo, enraged at the Argives, was preparing to shoot the valiant son of Achilles on the very spot where previously he had shot his father; but

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297 *εἶτ'* Köchly: *ἔνθ'* M

birds shrieking cries of ill omen, and various other signs, restrained his anger; though such was his rage that he was on the point of disobeying these omens. This did not escape the notice of dark-haired Poseidon, shrouded in a marvelous mist: the black earth shook beneath the tread of its lord. To restrain Apollo, he spoke these words:

"Stop, my boy! You are not to kill the mighty son of Achilles. The lord of Olympus himself will not be happy if he dies, and I and the other sea gods will be much aggrieved, as we were before about Achilles. Off you go back into the divine air: if you make me angry, I shall force open a broad chasm in the vast earth and instantly plunge the whole city of Ilium, walls and all, down into that broad darkness; then you will be the one who is grieving!"

So he spoke; and Apollo, out of his great respect for his father's brother and fear for the city and its mighty people, went back into the broad sky, and Poseidon sank into the sea. The armies fought on meanwhile with mutual slaughter, and Strife was delighted with the conflict. But eventually the Achaeans on advice from Calchas fell back to the ships and abandoned any idea of fighting: he said that the city of Ilium was not fated to be captured until Philoctetes, expert in war and its miseries, came to reinforce the Achaean host; and he knew this either from observing god-sent birds or from inspecting the entrails: he possessed great skill in divination and a godlike omniscience.

At his behest the Atridae broke off the cruel battle

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330 *ἐπεφράσατ'* Bonitz: *-σεν* M

and sent the mighty son of Tydeus and Odysseus, stalwart in battle, on a swift ship to well-built Lemnos. They crossed the broad expanse of the Aegean Sea and soon arrived at Lemnos famous for its vines, Hephaestus' city, where once the women devised dread death for their wedded husbands, enraged beyond measure at being neglected: the men had slept with Thracian slave women acquired as spoil by their valorous spears in raids on the land of the warlike Thracians; the wives' hearts swelled with such jealous rage that they murdered their husbands in their homes with their own hands, with no pity for them though joined to them in wedlock: the hearts of men and women renounce such ties when they are smitten by the disease of jealousy and prompted by its severe agonies. And so they inflicted calamity on their husbands in a single night and widowed the whole city with this powerful display of fearless anger.

When Diomedes and Odysseus arrived at the land of Lemnos and the rocky cave where the son of noble Poeas was lying, they were shocked to see the man stretched on the bare earth and groaning in excruciating pain. His bed was surrounded by a lot of feathers, and others he had stitched together to protect his body from the cold of winter. When he felt the pangs of hunger he would shoot one of his unerring arrows at his intended target

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353 *πέδον* Zimmermann: om. M

<. . . . .>[6] he would eat some and apply others to his dreadful wound to allay his black agony. The hair of his head was long and matted like the hide of some savage beast which while running one night has had its swift foot caught by a hunter's cruel trap, and has had no choice but to gnaw off the end of its foot with its baneful teeth, so that it goes back to its den suffering the twin agonies of hunger and terrible pain: just so was he worn down by an evil agony in his broad cave. His whole body had shrunk to mere skin and bone; a foul and unbearable smell enveloped his filthy face; he was worn down by his agonizing pain; the hollow eyes beneath the poor man's brows showed how dreadfully he suffered; he groaned incessantly because his black, suppurating wound <. . . . .>[7] reach to the bone, and he was gnawed by hideous pains. Just as when the surge of the boundless sea gradually erodes a rugged rock, for all its hardness, on some headland battered by the sea, and as it is beaten by wind and violent waves hollows are formed as the sea gradually eats it away: just so the wound in his foot grew worse from the suppurating venom inflicted by the cruel fangs of the deadly water snake, which is said to have a loathsome and incurable bite when it comes on the land and is dried in

[6] One line missing.
[7] One line missing.

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post 361 lac. stat. Köchly
368 *ἀποίχεται* Vian: *ἀφίκεται* fere M
post 376 lac. stat. Köchly
381 *τῆς δ' ἄρα θεινομένης* Vian: *θ. δ' ἄρα τῆς* M

the hot sun. That is why this great warrior was vanquished and worn down by incurable agony. The floor of that vast cavern was spattered with the discharge that kept oozing from his wound, an extraordinary sight still visible to men of later times. Near where he lay was laid his huge quiver full of arrows tipped with deadly venom from the lethal Hydra,[8] some to be used for hunting and others against his enemies. Nearby within reach was the great bow made by Heracles' tireless hands from bent horns.[9]

As soon as he saw them approaching his broad cave, he was minded to aim his cruel arrows at both of them without further ado, recalling his bitter anger at their having abandoned him in the past on the deserted seashore as he screamed in agony. And he would soon have carried out his bold heart's determination had not Athena dissolved his grief and anger when he saw these comrades-in-arms. As they approached they assumed an air of sympathy; sitting down on either side of him in the hollow cave they inquired about his deadly wound and cruel suffering, and he told them all about his troubles. They bade him take heart: his terrible wound would be healed and his deadly pain and suffering abated if only he would come to the Achaean army: those very troops were now in great distress by their ships, and the Atridae themselves no less so: no one in the Achaean army was to blame for his troubles,

[8] Cf. 6.212–19. [9] Philoctetes was given the bow as reward for kindling the pyre on which the suffering Heracles wished to be burned alive (cf. 5.644–49).

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402 *ἐπ'* Rhodomann: *ὑπ'* M 406 *ἐοικότε* Rhodomann: *-τες* M 414 *κακῶν* Köchly: *-ὸν* M

but rather the cruel Fates: no man who treads the earth can escape them: they roam the world continually all the days that are, unseen by wretched mortals, now cruelly impairing a man's vitality and now unexpectedly exalting him, since it is they who plan everything, pain and pleasure alike, for mortals, in accordance with their will. On hearing this from Odysseus and godlike Diomedes he found it easy to put an end to his anger at once, intensely angry though he had been until then at all he had suffered.

Without delay they joyfully brought the man together with his weapons to the ship on the deep-booming shore. They cleansed his body and his cruel wound with a porous sponge and bathed him in plenty of water; this revived him somewhat. Then they made haste to prepare a hearty meal for their famished guest, and they dined in his company inside the ship. Immortal night came on, and they were overcome by sleep. They remained beached in wave-washed Lemnos until dawn; but as soon as it was light they raised the cables and the curved anchor stones with all haste, leaning over the side. Athena sent a following wind for their slender-prowed ship; they immediately spread the sails with both sheets so as to direct that well-benched ship, and the breeze drove it across the broad main. The dark waves made a deep sound as they broke round it; the gray foam was churned up all about; and a

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422 *αὐταὶ* Rhodomann: *αὐτὰρ* M
431 *σὺν* Tychsen: *ἐν* M
435 *πείσμαθ' ὁμῶς* Pierson: *πεῖσμα θοῶς* M

school of escorting dolphins kept pace with them and made their way through the gray sea.

Soon they came to the Hellespont rich in fish, where the rest of the fleet was. The Achaeans were overjoyed at the sight of the men whom the whole army had been longing to see, and they were glad to disembark. The brave son of Poeas put his feeble hands on them both for support, and they conducted him, limping badly, on the divine earth as he leaned on their strong arms. Just as when in some coppice there is an oak half cut through by a strong woodsman, or a resinous pine just remaining upright on the small amount left by the woodcutter in chopping away the resinous part of the trunk to make a log to be consumed by fire up in the hills, so as to make pitch; the tree is in a bad way, and the wind combined with its own weakness makes it lean on young sturdy trees, which are weighed down in supporting it: just so those valiant heroes supported him, weighed down by intolerable pain, and brought him to the warlike Argive army. Everyone felt pity at the sight of that skilled archer worn down by his cruel wound. But he was restored to rude health more quickly than the speed of thought by Podalirius, equal to the heavenly gods, who sprinkled many powders over his wound while invoking his father by name; and before long all the Achaeans were shouting to congratulate the son of

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444 *ἄφαρ* Rhodomann: *ἆρ ἐς* M
450 *ἀμφοτέρων* Pauw: *-ρω* M 451 *κοπεῖσαν* Rhodomann: *-έντα* M 453 *ἔθ' ἑστηυῖαν* Köchly: *ἐπεστ-* m: *ἐφεστ-* m
456 *τε* Rhodomann: om. M *ποτικλίνει* Vian: *ποτὶ κλίνῃ* M 462 *ποίησε νοήματος* Rhodomann: *ποίησεν· ὃ δ' ἤματος* M

Asclepius with one accord. They carefully washed him and anointed him with oil, and in accordance with the gods' will his abject suffering was finished: they were delighted to see him recovering from his miserable state as his pallor gave way to a healthy glow and great strength replaced his weakness and prostration. Just as when a field which has been flooded by the onset of a dreadful storm's deluge and has been withering away grows a plentiful crop once the breezes have cured it, and its well-dug land looks happy and flourishing: just so Philoctetes' whole body, after his former sufferings, quickly regained health; he left behind in a well-rounded bath all the troubles that had broken his spirit.[10]

The Argives were astonished to witness the man as it were come back from the dead. They believed it must be the work of one of the immortals, and it was in fact as they thought: noble Tritogeneia had made him a fine figure of a man, just as he had been among the Argives before the onset of his malady. Then all the Achaean leaders joined in escorting the son of Poeas to the hut of wealthy Agamemnon, and they held a celebratory banquet in his honor. When they had had their fill of the excellent food and drink, Agamemnon of the fine ash spear addressed him:

"My friend, it was by the gods' will that Menelaüs and I left you in sea-girt Lemnos back then: we were out

[10] Text uncertain.

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473 *ἀλδαίνηται* Tychsen: *-δυν-* M
474 *τε* Vian: *τὸ* M *ἐπέκλυσε* Rhodomann: *ἀπέ-* M
480 *Ἀργεῖοι* Platt: *ἀτρεῖδαι* M

of our minds. You should not hold it against us: the blessed gods intervened to make us do it, no doubt because the immortals themselves wished to inflict a multitude of troubles on us by depriving us of your lethal skill in archery when the enemy come up against you. ‹. . . . .›.[11] There are unseen ‹paths› all over the land and also across the sea's expanse, and it is the Fates' will that these are close together, crooked, forking and leading in every direction; men are borne along them at the whim of god and fate just like leaves impelled by the blowing wind: many a time the good man chances upon a bad road and the unworthy on a good one, and no mortal is able to choose the one or avoid the other: the wise man's duty is to bear his suffering with a resolute mind when the storm winds bring him along a road of misfortune. But now that we have committed this act of blind folly, we intend to make full compensation with gifts in due course, if we succeed in capturing the Trojans' well-founded city. For the moment, here are seven women, twenty swift champion racehorses and twelve tripods which will delight you all your days; and at table in my quarters you will always have royal honors."

With these words he handed over to the hero those magnificent gifts; and the son of dauntless Poeas said in reply:

[11] One or more lines missing.

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post 497 lac. stat. Rhodomann
502 δι' Rhodomann: δὴ M Αἴσῃ Spitzner: αἶσαν M
504 σευομένοις Rhodomann: -νων M
512 λάβ' Rhodomann: om. M τ' Köchly: δ' M

"My friend, I am no longer angry with you or with any other of the Argives, if there is anyone else who has wronged me.[12] I know that a good man's mind is open to persuasion: it is not right to be always stern and headstrong: there is a time for fierceness and a time for mildness. And now let us go to our rest: sleeping is better than feasting for a man who wants to fight!"

With these words he rose and went to the quarters of his companions, who joyfully prepared a bed for that keen warrior, their king; and he rested contentedly until dawn.

Divine Night withdrew, the sun's light reddened the mountain peaks, and mortals busied themselves with all their tasks. The Argives were keen and eager for dread war, some sharpening their well-polished spears, some their arrows, and others their javelins. At dawn they prepared a meal for themselves and food for their horses, and everyone had something to eat. Then the mighty son of Poeas made this speech to encourage them to the work of war:

"Come on! It is time to think about war! None of us is to stay by the ships before we have demolished the famous walls of Troy's fine defenses and set the city ablaze."

In response to these soul-stirring words they donned their armor, took up their shields, and charged off en

[12] He means Odysseus, at whose instigation he was abandoned on Lemnos (5.195–96).

masse away from the ships, all fitted out with their ash-wood spears, their shields of ox hide, and their double-crested helmets. Their lines were solid, and as they charged you would have said that there was no distance at all between them, so dense and close packed were they as they moved along.

BOOK X

For their part the Trojans were all outside the city of Priam. They were armed and had their chariots and swift horses with them, because they were afraid that the Achaean army would bear down on them while they were cremating those who had been killed in the battle. And so as soon as they saw them advancing toward the city, they piled a tomb of heaped earth over their dead as hastily as they could, because the sight filled them with terrible fear. Then Polydamas, a man of great wisdom and good sense, made this speech to them in their hearts' grief:

"My friends, Ares' fury against us can be borne no longer. Come then, let us think of a way to find a remedy for the war: the Danaans are gaining the upper hand by their perseverance. Let us go up now on our well-built defenses and stay there fighting day and night, until the Danaans go back to fertile Sparta or become tired of waiting there by the wall during an inglorious siege. They will not have the strength to break down our long walls, no matter how hard they toil: they are not weak, these indestructible works made by gods. Of food and drink we have no lack: there is an unfailing supply of many kinds of food in the palace of wealthy Priam—enough to satisfy many

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17 *αὐτοῖς* Rhodomann, Pauw: *-ῶν* M
20 *ἐπιδευόμεθ'* Rhodomann: *-δεύμενοι* M

more men assembled for a long period of time, even if an army three times our present numbers were to come here, keen to answer our call for help."

So he spoke; but the valiant son of Anchises reproached him:

"Polydamas, how can you have a reputation for sound sense if you recommend us to suffer long hardships inside the city? The Achaeans will not grow tired with being here for a long time: they will bear down on us even more when they see us on the defensive, and we shall be the ones suffering distress as we waste away in our homeland if they keep up the siege for a long time. No one from Thebe is going to give us any excellent corn once we are cooped up in the city, and no one will bring us wine from Maeonia: we shall waste away miserably from the pangs of hunger, even if our defenses do hold firm. If we are to avoid death and spirits of doom, and not suffer a grievous and pitiful fate, we should be fighting in armor, and our children and aged fathers too. Perhaps Zeus will help us: after all, we are descended from his noble blood. But if he hates us and we perish after all, it is better to lose one's life quickly while defending the city than to die a lingering death."

When they heard this, they all shouted their approval and swiftly formed a solid line by linking together their

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36 *ἀμύνῃ* Zimmermann: *-νει* M
37 *Κῆρας* ed. Aldina: *χεῖρας* M
38 *μηδ'* Tychsen: *ἤδ'* m: *εἰ δ'* m *πότμῳ* Vian: *θυμῷ* M
39 *τεύχεσσι* Vian: *ἔντεσσι* M
43 *τάχ'* Köchly: *μέγ'* M
45 *τοὶ* Rhodomann: *τὸν* M

helmets, shields and spears. The eyes of Zeus who never tires looked down from Olympus on the Trojans preparing for war against the Argives, and he raised the spirits of each man so as to make more intense and unabating the battle between the two armies; for Alexander was to die that day at the hands of Philoctetes in the struggle over his wife.

The two armies were brought together by Strife, ruler of the conflict; made invisible by a bloody cloud which enveloped her shoulders, she went here and there, now among the Trojan army and now among the Achaeans, stirring up that great conflict; fearless Terror and Panic attended her as an honor to their father's[1] dauntless sister. She eagerly donned her equipment, greatly increasing in size as she did so: her armor was of steel, and spattered with gore; she brandished aloft a deadly spear; the dark earth shook under her feet; her breath was a blast of grim fire; and she yelled with loud shrieks as she urged on the young fighters. They made ready their battle lines and suddenly engaged: terrible was the goddess leading them into that great task. The noise was like that of violent blasts of wind in early springtime when the tall trees and the woods come into leaf, or like the loud sound of fire blazing through dry brushwood, or the boundless sea made raging

[1] Ares.

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65 δεινὴ Scaliger: -ὴν M
68 ἥ Rhodomann, Hermann: ἠδ' m: ἥδ' m ὅτ' Hermann: τ' M ἐν ἀζαλέῃς ξυλόχοισι Platt: ἀν' -έῃς -οιο M
69 βρέμει Rhodomann: βρομέει m: τρομ- m

by a roaring hurricane, so that a limitless clamor arises and sailors' knees buckle with terror: just so did the vast earth resound as they charged. Then the conflict began, and each man rushed at his opponent.

The first Danaan victim was killed by Aeneas: it was Harpalion, the son of Arizelus, whose mother Amphinome gave birth to him in the land of Boeotia; he had accompanied divine Prothoënor to Troy to help the Argive cause. This was the man whom Aeneas now struck low down in the soft stomach, robbing him of his breath and of his sweet life. Nearby he slew Hyllus, the son of warlike Thersander, by hitting him in the throat with his barbed javelin. This man was the son of divine Arethusa, who bore him by the waters of Lethaeus in sea-girt Crete. His death much distressed Idomeneus.

The son of Pelides forthwith slaughtered twelve Trojan warriors with his father's spear: first Cebrus, then Harmon, Pasitheus, Ismenus, Imbrasius, Schedius, Phlegus, and also Ennomus, Amphinomus, Phalis and Galenus, whose home was in lofty Gargarus; he was outstanding in battle among the mighty Trojans, and had brought a huge contingent with him to Troy, since Priam son of Dardanus had promised him many excellent gifts. The fool! He had no inkling of what was in store for him, destined soon to perish in the brutal war before he could carry off those excellent gifts from the palace of Priam.

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73 ἄλλῳ Wernicke: -ον M 76 ἅμα Rhodomann: ἄρα M
81 Ὕλλον Köchly: ὕαλον m; νΐαλον m
86 Ἄρμονα Köchly: ἀρίονα m: ἀρίωνα m
89 Φάλιν Friedemann: φάσιν M
91 ἅμ' ἀπείρονι Rhodomann: ἅμα πίονι M

Then destructive Fate sent against the Argives Eurymenes, the comrade of dauntless Aeneas, inspiring his heart with great valor, so that after killing many victims he could perish and fulfill the fated day of his death. He killed men on all sides like a merciless spirit of doom, and the enemy fell back at once before his terrible, raging onslaught, reckless of his life on that, his final day. He would have wreaked complete havoc in the battle if his arms had not tired, his spear's point become quite bent, and the hilt of his sword weakened (it was Fate that shattered him). Then Meges speared him in the gullet; blood gushed from his mouth; and suddenly Destiny stood by him, with agony in its train. Once he was dead, Deïleon and Amphion, two attendants of Epeüs, sped to strip off his armor; but Aeneas, strong and valiant, dealt them a pitiful death by the corpse as they eagerly set about their task. Just as when in a vineyard a man deals death to wasps by the drying clusters of grapes as they come to attack the fruit, so that they expire before they can get a taste of it: just so he swiftly dealt them death before they could carry away the armor.

Tydides slew Menon and Amphinoös, both warriors of repute. Paris killed Demoleon son of Hippasus, who formerly dwelt in the land of Laconia by the stream of the deep-flowing river Eurotas, and had come to Troy under

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102 *ἐφ'* Rhodomann: *ὑφ'* M
107 *διέκλασε· τὸν δ'* Rhodomann: *-σεν· ἀλλ'* M
112 *τοὺς δ'* Rhodomann: *ἠδ'* M
118 *Μένωνα* Vian: *μένοντα* M

the command of warlike Menelaüs; Paris killed him with an arrow-shot under the right breast which scattered the life from his limbs.

Teucer killed Zelys, the renowned son of Medon, who dwelt in Phrygia rich in flocks, near the sacred grotto of the Nymphs with their beautiful tresses. It was there that from high above divine Selene espied Endymion asleep by his cattle and came down from heaven, impelled by a keen desire for the youth, although she was immortal and a virgin. Even to this day traces of where they slept can be seen beneath the oak trees. In the surrounding thickets the cows had poured out milk, still visible today: from far off you would think you saw white milk, but in fact it is clear water which, once it has flowed a short distance from the cave, hardens in the bed of the stream and forms a surface of stone.[2]

Meges, son of Phyleus, made for Alcaeus and speared him beneath his pulsating heart, swiftly setting loose his lovely life: his poor hopeful parents never welcomed their son back from war, cause of so many tears, fair-girt Phyllis and Margasus, who dwelt by the streams of limpid Harpasus, which unites its vast, noisy and thunderous flow with the Meander, ever rushing along with a violent current.

The son of Oïleus wounded Scylaceus of the fine ash-wood spear, a noble comrade of Glaucus, just above the

[2] A petrifying spring.

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134 *τηλόθε* Zimmermann: *-θι* M
139 *ῥά* Köchly: om. M *ἀσπαίρουσαν* Köchly: *ἀεὶ σπαίρουσαν* M 144 *ὅς τ'* Zimmermann: *οὐδ'* M

shield as he came to confront him; he drove the spear agonizingly through his broad shoulder, and his ox-hide shield was spattered with blood. But the blow was not fatal, because the day of his death was destined to come on his return by the walls of his own dear land. At the sack of lofty Ilium by the eager Achaeans, he fled the fighting and arrived back in Lycia alone and with no companions. The women gathered together near the city and asked him about their children and husbands, and when he had told them the story of each man's fate they surrounded him and stoned him to death: he gained nothing by his return, and he died groaning in agony covered by stones. A burial mound made of the missiles that had killed him was erected by the sacred grove and tomb of mighty Bellerophon in renowned Tlos near the rock of the Titan's daughter.[3] But it is the will of the noble son of Leto that, having fulfilled the day of his destiny by dying in this way, he be worshiped like a god; and imperishable is the honor he receives.

As well as these, the son of Poeas killed Deïoneus and Antenor's son Acamas of the fine ash-wood spear, and he overcame a great number of other young warriors, too, as he rushed among the foe like unwearying Ares, or like a roaring river in flood which destroys its long dykes when it surges violently around the rocks and descends dangerously from the mountains, swollen with rainwater with a

[3] Leto, mother of Apollo.

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163 Τλῷ Zimmermann: *τῶ* m: *τῷ* m *κυδαλίμῃ* Zimmermann: *-μης* M 164 *ὀλέθρῳ* Köchly: *-ου* M
172 *πέτραις* Köchly: *-ης* M

constant powerful current, boiling indescribably with a force no defenses can control: just so no warrior was hardy enough to come near the valiant son of renowned Poeas if once he caught sight of him, even from far off; for he was inspired with measureless power and accoutred with the intricately worked arms of warlike Heracles. On the gleaming baldric were depicted bears, savage and shameless, and near them vicious jackals, and leopards with a grim smile beneath their brows, then dauntless wolves, white-tusked boars and powerful lions, all marvelously lifelike; and all around were pictured battle lines and the figure of brutal Carnage: so many were the intricate emblems on his baldric. His immense quiver was furnished with different images: there was storm-footed Hermes, son of Zeus, slaying huge Argos by the streams of Inachus—Argos, whose eyes slept by turns. There was also mighty Phaethon, struck from his chariot into the stream of Eridanus; the earth was ablaze, and black smoke hung realistically in the air. Godlike Perseus was shown slaying the hideous Medusa at the place where the stars dip below the horizon—the end of the earth and the streams of deep-flowing Ocean, where westering Night meets tireless Helius as he sets. The great son of tireless Iapetus was there too, suspended on a crag of the sheer Caucasus by unbreakable bonds while the eagle ripped at his liver, constantly renewed; and he looked as if he was groaning

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194 *μέλας* Hermann: *μέγας* M

aloud.[4] These were the arms designed by the famous craftsman Hephaestus for mighty Heracles, and he gave them to Poeas' son to wear because he was his dearest messmate.

Glorying in his armor, he slew multitudes of men. Eventually Paris moved against him, wielding his agonizing arrows and his curved bow in his hands; boldly he advanced to meet this last day of his life. He let fly a swift arrow, and the bow string twanged as it sped on its way. It did not fly from his hands in vain: although he missed Philoctetes, who moved aside a little, he hit Cleodorus, for all his great renown as a warrior, just above the breast, with force enough to penetrate as far as his shoulder; he was retreating without the protection of his broad shield, which would have saved him from grim death, because Polydamas had knocked it from his shoulders by cutting through the strap with his heavy ax. He retreated, still fighting with his cruel spear, until the agonizing arrow unexpectedly came at him, no doubt in accordance with the will of some god who wished to bring dread death to the son of wise Lernus whom Amphiale bore in the fertile land of Rhodes.

As soon as Paris had killed Cleodorus with that agonizing arrow, the mighty son of noble Poeas furiously aimed his swift bow at him and yelled:

"You dog, my gift to you will be death, doom and de-

[4] Cf. 5.342–44, 6.268–72.

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207 *ἐπόρουσε* Pauw: *μετ-* M
211 *ἀπεσσυμένοιο* Rhodomann: *ἐπ-* M
212–13 *καί ῥ' . . . ἀλλ'* Köchly: *ἀλλ' . . . καί ῥ'* M

struction in return for your wanting to match yourself against me! Then all those fighters who are being ground down by this dreadful war on your account will have respite: there will soon be an end to the dying once I have killed you here and now: you are the cause of all their troubles!"

With these words he drew the well-twined string close to his chest; the bow bent, and he aimed the cruel arrow so that its lethal tip just protruded beyond the bow, such was the man's strength. The string twanged loudly as the arrow sped off with a whistling that boded ill. That divine marksman did not miss, but Paris' heart continued to beat and he still had strength in him: that arrow had not wounded him fatally, only just grazing the fair flesh of his hand. He drew his bow for another shot; but before he could shoot, the dear son of Poeas hit him with a barbed arrow above the groin. He stayed to fight no longer, but quickly hurried off, like a dog that has been rushing forward suddenly retreats in fear from a lion: just so he retreated from the fighting with pangs of agony in his heart. The armies kept up the conflict with mutual slaughter: they fought in the blood of victims from either side, and heaped bodies piled up on top of bodies in no time, like raindrops or hailstones or snowflakes when at Zeus' command in winter Zephyrus lets fall a covering on the woods and high hills: just so were the bodies of the fallen victims of cruel Doom on both sides heaping up thick and fast.

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233 δὲ λυγρὴ Vian: δὲ αἰεὶ M 238 χειρὸς Pauw: χροὸς M 241 οὐκέτ' Rhodomann: οὐκ M
250 ἐννεσίης Spitzner: -ίῃ M
251 γ' Rhodomann: om. M Κηρὶ Rhodomann: χειρὶ M

Dreadful were the groans of Paris in despair and distress at his wound: he was out of his mind as the doctors hastened to treat him. The Trojans returned to their city and the Danaans went back quickly to their dark ships: black night had stopped them fighting and now removed the weariness from their limbs by pouring upon their eyelids sleep, the antidote to toil. But right until dawn no sleep took hold of restless Paris: keen though they all were to allay his suffering with cures of every sort, no one was able to help him, because it was fated that it was by the hands of Oenone, if she were willing, that he would escape death and the spirits of doom. In obedience to the oracle he went without delay, but unwillingly; it was grim necessity that led him to face his wedded wife. Birds of ill omen came to meet him and shrieked above his head, and others came flying on his left; at times he felt fear at the sight, but then he would persuade himself that their flight meant nothing: but they portended his horrible and agonizing death. When he came before renowned Oenone, the maidservants who thronged her palace were astonished to see him, as was Oenone herself. Straightaway he fell at the feet of his wife ‹and showed her his wound›[5] all black on the surface and within, penetrating through the bone right to the fatty marrow, because the arrow's dread poison had made the man's stomach gangrenous in the area where it

[5] One or more lines missing.

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270 ἶξε Rhodomann: ἴζε M ·
post 272 lac. stat. Rhodomann
273 *ἀμφιμέλαιν'* Vian: *ἀμφὶ μέλαιν'* M
274 *οὕνεκα νηδὺν* Pauw: *οὕνεκεν ἠὺν* M

had been pierced. He was weakening, and his heart was afflicted with hateful agony. Just as when a man, his heart ablaze with fever and cruel thirst, feels parched in the depths of his chest as his boiling bile burns him up and his spirit hovers sluggishly at his dry lips as it longs for life and water alike: just so was the heart in his breast ablaze with agony. With the little strength he had left he addressed her with these words:

"My respected wife, now that I am suffering do not feel hatred for me because I once abandoned you alone in our house: I did not do it willingly: I was led to Helen by the spirits of doom, whom no one can escape. I wish I had died and breathed my last in your arms before I shared her bed! But by the gods who dwell in heaven and by your bed and the joys of wedlock, come, feel some compassion and banish this cruel suffering by applying to my mortal wound those healthy medicines which are fated to expel my heart's pain—if you are willing, that is; for the choice is yours whether you intend to save me from a woeful death or not. But do take pity on me without delay and heal the effects of those fatal arrows while I still have some strength left and I can still use my limbs; do not let cruel jealousy fill your thoughts so that you leave me to die a pitiless death as I lie here at your feet. If you do, you will be provoking the Prayers, the very daughters of Zeus the Thunderer, who are angry at arrogant men and presently set the baneful Fury of their wrath against them. My lady,

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277 τε Hermann: om. M
294 ἐπὶ Heyne: ὑπὸ M
297 ἕως Spitzner: ὡς M

you for your part should take care to keep at bay the evil spirits of doom, even if I did thoughtlessly do wrong."

So he spoke; but he failed to persuade her brooding mind; instead, she taunted him in his agony with these words:

"Why have you come to see me? I am the one you once left bitterly lamenting here in the house for the sake of Tyndareus' daughter, cause of so many troubles! Go and enjoy yourself sleeping with her! After all, she is far superior to your wedded wife—it is said she never grows old! Off with you and fall at *her* knees, and do not talk tearfully to *me* about pity and pain! I wish I had a wild beast's savage heart; then I would tear your flesh in pieces and lap up your blood, so much harm have you done me at the prompting of your wicked folly! You wretched creature! Where is that fair-crowned Cythereia of yours now? Where is unwearied Zeus? Can he have forgotten his son-in-law? Look to them for help, and be off with you from my house! You are a bane and a pest for gods and men alike: yes, you made even the immortal gods grieve, you scoundrel, for the deaths of their sons and grandsons. Begone from my house! Go to Helen: she is the one in whose bed you need to be whining miserably night and day with your pangs of agony until she cures you of your cruel pains!"

With these words she dismissed him in his distress from that house of hers. Innocent fool! She did not know

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305 ἐσσυμένως Rhodomann: -ου M
308 μοι Rhodomann: με M

the fate she had in store: with him dead she too was soon to be pursued by the spirits of doom: for her the Destiny of Zeus ordained it so.

As he hastened over the heights of wooded Ida on his final journey, led by his cruel fate, limping pitifully, his spirit great with grief, Hera caught sight of him and felt a glow of satisfaction in her immortal heart. She was sitting on Olympus in the garden of Zeus, and stationed near her were four maidens in attendance to whom bright Selene had once given birth after being overpowered by Helios. They were tireless, each one unlike the others, each distinctive in appearance ‹. . . . .›[6] and the last has charge of winter and Capricorn: for human life keeps passing by turns through the four divisions over which they duly preside. But these matters should be the concern of Zeus himself, up in heaven. The maidens were gossiping about all that baneful Destiny was planning in her malignant mind[7] as she devised the loathsome marriage of Tyndareus' daughter to Deïphobus, Helenus' bitter wrath and ire on her account, the Achaeans' future kidnapping of him in the high hills and their taking him to their swift ships full of rage at the Trojans, and the scaling of the great wall at his suggestion by the son of mighty Tydeus accom-

[6] Three lines missing, describing spring, summer, and autumn. [7] The events listed here were described in the *Little Iliad.* If Quintus had chosen to narrate them, they would have been placed between Books 11 and 12.

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post 339 lac. trium uu. stat. Zimmermann
343 *μέλοιτο* Rhodomann: *μέδοντι* M
344 *ὁππόσα* J. Th. Struve: *ὅ(π)πως* M

panied by Odysseus, Tydeus being destined to deliver a cruel death to Alcathoüs and steal, with her own consent, Tritogeneia,[8] the talisman of the city and of the Trojans themselves: for no one whatever, even one of the gods in boundless rage, could sack Priam's wealthy city if that immortal and impassive goddess took her stand before it: that imperishable image of hers was not made by craftsmen's metal but was made to fall into the city of Priam, rich in gold, from Olympus by the son of Cronus himself.

These and many other events were the subject of the gossip of Zeus' wife with her attendant maidens. Paris meanwhile gave up the ghost on Ida, and Helen never saw his return. Around his body the Nymphs cried a loud lament: perhaps their minds still recalled how in the past from his earliest childhood he would meet and gossip with them all. The agile oxherds, heartbroken with grief, joined their lament, and the valleys echoed to the sound of their cries.

Then one of the oxherds told the news of Alexander's terrible death to the wife of much-enduring Priam.[9] As soon as she heard of it, her heart began to race, and she collapsed. This was her lament:

"You are dead, dear child of mine; and to add to my woes you have left me a new woe that I shall never escape. Hector apart, you were far the best of my sons, and

[8] I.e., the Palladium, a statue of Athena.

[9] Hecuba.

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366 *νηπιάχοιο* Rhodomann: *-ησι* M
373 *πένθεσι* Köchly: *-εϊ* M

in my grief I shall weep for you so long as my heart beats in my breast. The gods must have a hand in these sufferings: some Destiny has planned these dreadful deeds. I wish I had never known any of it: I ought to have died earlier, in peace and prosperity! Now I expect to see even worse sights—my sons killed, my city ravaged and burned by the dauntless Argives, my daughters and daughters-in-law and the other Trojan women dragged off—their children, too. That is what captives in war must suffer."

Such was her lament. But her husband had heard nothing of all this: he sat weeping at the tomb of Hector, the son he held in highest regard of all for his excellence and his keeping safe the city with his spear: his wise mind's grief for Hector had prevented him from hearing the news.

As for Helen, she kept up a continual loud lament; but what she cried out among the Trojans was not the same as her private thoughts, which she expressed to herself in these words:

"Husband, you brought great trouble to me, to the Trojans, and to yourself, and now you have died a miserable death, leaving me in dreadful wretchedness and expecting to witness even worse sufferings! I wish the Harpies had sooner snatched me away[10] before Divine Destiny made me go off with you. But as it is, the gods have brought trouble to you and to me, too, doomed as

[10] Harpy means "Snatcher."

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392 *αὐτῷ σοι* Köchly: *οἱ αὐτῷ* M

I am. Everyone shudders in horror at the sight of me, everyone loathes me, yet I have nowhere to go: if I take refuge with the Danaan army, they will mutilate and mistreat me; and if I stay here, the men and women of Troy will surround me and instantly tear me to pieces; and my unburied body will be prey for dogs and flocking birds. If only Fate had destroyed me before I could witness such troubles!"

Such were her thoughts: she was not so much grieving for her husband as remembering and regretting her own wicked behavior. The Trojan women around her lamented as if for Paris, but their minds were occupied with other matters: some were remembering parents, others husbands, sons or noble kinsmen.

One woman alone, the renowned Oenone, was afflicted by heartfelt grief. But she was not to be found lamenting among the women of Troy: she was far away in her house, mourning aloud over the marriage bed of her erstwhile husband on which she now lay. Just as in lofty mountain thickets there hardens into ice snow let fall by the squalls of Zephyrus and dusting the many hollows; and the tall peaks all around are wetted, pouring with watery streams; and the ice in the valleys, despite its great mass, melts into chilly water as a spring gushes upon it: just so she, in great distress and dreadful suffering, was melting away with grief for her wedded husband. Amid her groans and sighs she said to herself:

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405 lac. stat. Vian
409 *αἳ μὲν* Rhodomann, Tychsen: *αἰνὸν* M
415 *περιτρέφεται* Scaliger: *περιστρ-* M

"How blind and foolish I have been! How hateful is my life! Here is my misfortune: I loved a husband in whose company I hoped to reach the threshold of life,[11] worn down by old age but living in harmony. But the gods had other ideas. I wish the black spirits of doom had snatched me away when I was on the point of being separated from Alexander. Even though he was alive when he left me, I shall bring myself to die over him. The light of day is no pleasure to me now!"

As she spoke these words it was pitiful to see the tears pouring from her eyes as she thought of her wedded husband having met his destined death. Unseen by everyone—for she felt she should not be seen by her father[12] and her fine-robed attendants—she was secretly melting away like wax before fire. At last, night arose from the broad Ocean and spread across the divine earth, bringing to mortals a release from toil. Then, while her father and the slaves slept in the palace, she threw open the outer doors and rushed outside quick as the wind, as fast as her legs could carry her. Just as when up in the hills a heifer filled with desire for a bull feels the urge to set off running with swift feet, lust making her heedless of the oxherd, and nothing can stop her progress as she goes in search of the bull who is her mate: just so she covered the long paths

[11] Text uncertain. Perhaps this is the threshold between life and death. [12] The river-god Cebren.

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436 *ἀπ'* Rhodomann: *ἐπ'* M
437 *ἐχύθη* Rhodomann: *ἐλύθη* M
438 *τότ' ἄρ'* Zimmermann: *ῥα τόθ'* M

running at full speed in her urgent quest to mount the fatal pyre. Her knees never tired, and her feet moved more lightly the more she hurried along: deadly Doom and Cypris were urging her on. And she had no fear at all of meeting the shaggy wild beasts in the night, though she had been much afraid of them before. She trod every rock and crag in the undergrowth of the mountains, and made her way through every ravine. Divine Selene up on high saw her then and, fondly recalling noble Endymion,[13] felt pity for her in her frantic haste and lit her long journey with bright moonbeams.

After her eager journey through the hills she came to the place where the rest of the Nymphs had gathered to lament around the body of Alexander. He was still enveloped in the blazing fire, because the shepherds, who had assembled there from every part of the hills, had heaped up an immense pile of timber for him as their final tribute and also as a demonstration of their grief for their companion and master. They stood around the pyre in floods of tears; but she, when she saw him clearly, uttered no cry, despite her distress; instead, she covered her fair face with her robe and leaped straight on the pyre.[14] She caused a chorus of lamentation to rise as she burned beside her husband. The Nymphs who stood around the pyre were

[13] Cf. 127–37. [14] Evadne, wife of Capaneus, did the same (479–82; cf. Eur. *Suppliant Women* 980–1030). But the Greeks had no tradition equivalent to the Indian suttee.

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462 *ἦρα* Rhodomann: *ὄφρα* M
465 *γοήσατο* Pauw: *βοή-* M
467 *πυρῇ* Rhodomann: *πυρὶ* M

shocked to see her lying dead by his side, and each thought to herself:

"Paris was truly a scoundrel to leave a wedded wife so faithful to him and take into his bed a shameless creature who brought bane and suffering to himself, to the Trojans, and to his city. The fool! He had no respect for the distress felt by his wife, a woman of good sense who had more regard for him than for life itself, even though he had no love for her, only hatred!"

Such were the Nymphs' private thoughts as husband and wife were burning in the midst of the pyre, caring no longer for the light of day. The oxherds who stood by were no less shocked than the assembled Argives had been at the sight of Evadne stretched out upon and embracing the body of her husband Capaneus, victim of Zeus' devastating thunderbolt. But when the fire's destructive force had consumed them both, Paris and Oenone, and reduced them to one set of ashes, they extinguished the pyre with wine and placed the bones in a vessel of gold. They hastened to build a mound over them, surmounted by a pair of gravestones facing in opposite directions and commemorating the mutual hatred which caused such grief.

BOOK XI

The women of Troy mourned inside the city: they could not visit Paris' tomb, which was situated a long way from their lofty citadel. The young men meanwhile continued the struggle outside the city, and even though Alexander was dead the battle was still a bloody one: the Achaeans kept up their assaults on the Trojans in the direction of the city, and they for their part continued to make sorties: they had no choice, because Strife and Enyo bringer of grief were moving among them like grim Furies to look at, both of them breathing from their mouths ruin and perdition. Around them the spirits of doom, whose hearts hold no shame, raged mercilessly; in another part of the field Fear urged on the armies, and Terror was their escort: he was spattered with dark-red blood, a sight to inspire fight in some and flight in others. On every side the warriors' javelins, spears and arrows rained down from all directions with bloody intent, and an all-enveloping clamor arose from the collisions of those fighting on either side in that murderous conflict.

Then Neoptolemus slew Leodamas, who was brought up in Lycia by the fair streams of Xanthus,[1] streams re-

[1] Not the Xanthus near Troy.

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3 *ἔκτοσθε* Rhodomann: *ἑκάστοτε* M
4 *φόνοιο* Tychsen: *πον-* M

vealed to men by divine Leto, spouse of Zeus the thunderer, when she tore up[2] the rough ground of renowned Lycia with her hands during her agonizing pangs of labor as she gave birth to the god's children—such was the agony her labor pains induced. Next in the battle he killed Nirus with a spear blow to the jaw, and the bronze penetrated his tongue as it was still speaking; he screamed as he took the irresistible spear's full force, and as he cried out, blood poured over his cheeks; and he was lifeless when that cruel spear, sent with force from a mighty hand, pinned him to the ground. Next he struck divine Euenor just above the flank; he drove the spear right into his liver, and straightaway he met an agonizing death. Then he slew Iphition and Hippomedon, Maenalus' mighty son, whom the Nymph Ocyrhoe bore by the stream of the river Sangarius; but she never welcomed him back home: the evil spirits of doom which cause such pain deprived her of her child, and great grief for her son possessed her.

Aeneas slew Bremon and Andromachus, the one brought up in Cnossus, the other in holy Lyctus; both fell from their swift chariots in the same place, and the one writhed convulsively, pierced in the throat by a long spear, while the other expired, enveloped by black fate, from an

[2] The place where she tore up the ground in giving birth was called Araxa, and Quintus' verb *anarrhêxasa* alludes to this.

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31 κρατερῆς Pauw: -οῦ M ἀλκῇ Rhodomann: -ῆς M
34 ὑπὲρ Pauw: ὑπαὶ M
39 ἑ Rhodomann: om. M
40 ἔλλαβε Rhodomann: ἔμβαλε M

agonizing blow to the base of the temple from a deadly rock thrown with great force. The startled horses had got away from their drivers and were wandering among the many bodies of the fallen; they were seized by the attendants of noble Aeneas, delighted by their precious spoil.

Philoctetes killed Pyrasus with one of his deadly arrows as he retreated from the battle: he severed the flexible tendons at the back of his knee and brought him up short. One of the Danaans saw that he was lamed and lost no time in beheading him with his sword by striking the neck tendons a painful blow. His trunk fell to the ground; the force of the blow made his head roll some way off, still trying to speak; and his spirit quickly took its flight.

Polydamas struck Cleon and Eurymachus with his spear: they had come from Syme under the command of their lord Nireus. Both were skilled fishermen, able to devise lethal lures for the fish when angling with rod and line, and skilled also at casting nets into the divine sea and at spearing fish straight and true from the boat with an expertly wielded trident. But these sea skills were of no use in protecting them from destruction.

Eurypylus, stalwart in battle, struck glorious Hellus, whose mother, the fair-cheeked Cleito, bore him by the Gygean Lake. He lay stretched out in the dust, face down, and at the same time his huge spear fell some distance from his body.

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56 *ἀπάμερσε* Rhodomann: *ἄμερσε* M
57 *κόλον* Köchly: *ὅλον* m: *ὀλοὴ* m
59 *φωνῆς ἰεμένοιο* Rhodomann: *ἰεμένου φωνῆς* M
61 *ὑπὸ* Köchly: *ὑπαὶ* M 66 *τότε* Spitzner: *ἐπὶ* m: *πὶ* m: *γ' ἐπὶ* m 68 *παρὰ* Köchly: *παραὶ* M

<several lines missing>[3]

His arm, severed from his muscular shoulder by that lethal sword, was still eager to brandish his spear and ready for the fight—in vain, since the man himself was not in control of it, but was thrashing around with randomly convulsive movements. Just as the severed tail of a deadly snake twitches but has no strength for the hard task of killing him who has injured it: just so did that stouthearted man's right hand feel for his spear, though it had not the strength to match its will.

Odysseus slew Aenus and Polyidus, both Cetaeans, killing the one with his spear and the other with his cruel sword. Sthenelus hurled his javelin and killed divine Abas: it went straight through his throat as far as the vital tendon at the base of his skull, undoing his heart's life and making him collapse in a heap. Tydides killed Laodocus, Agamemnon Melius, and Deïphobus Dryas and Alcimus. Meanwhile Agenor slew Hippasus, a renowned warrior who had come from near the river Peneüs; but he never requited his parents for his upbringing, because some divine power cut short his life. Thoas slew Lamus and noble Lyncus, Meriones Lycon, and Menelaüs Archelochus, who dwelt beneath the ridge of Corycus and the rock of the artificer Hephaestus, an extraordinary sight for mortals to see: a perpetual fire burns there day and night, never extinguished, and round it are flourishing palm trees which

[3] Probably a new encounter has begun.

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post 70 lac. stat. Köchly
85 δ' Köchly: τε M

bear plentiful fruit even though their roots are in the red-hot rocks: the gods must have made it for mortals to admire.

Teucer immediately got ready to shoot an arrow at Menoetes, the son of noble Hippomedon, as he advanced against him. His mind, hands and eyes combined to direct the arrow from his curved bow. Bearing grief and trouble, it leaped from his dexterous hands toward the man, and the bow-string's twang could still almost be heard as he began to writhe from a direct hit: the spirits of doom were borne along with the arrow straight toward his heart, a fatal spot, the seat of man's mind and strength, a quick way to death.

Euryalus made the Trojan ranks quail with a long throw of a huge rock from his sturdy arm. Just as when a man set to watch over the land becomes angry with far-calling cranes and, annoyed at their damage to the fields, rapidly whirls a fine leather sling round his head and hurls a stone straight toward them; its whistling noise scatters their long lines stretched across the sky, and in confusion they turn and collide with one another as they swoop this way and that with noisy cries, their well-ordered lines now confused: just so were the enemy routed by mighty Euryalus' terrifying missile. Nor was it thrown in vain: some god bore it along, and it smashed with its impact the head and helmet of mighty Meges, and accursed doom found him out.[4]

[4] Text doubtful.

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111 *ἐπ᾽ ἀρούρῃ* Platt: *ἐπορούσῃ* M
112 *θοῶς* Brodeau: *-ῆ* M

There was general slaughter, and the earth groaned aloud all around. Just as when tall trees in a broad forest fall uprooted by the blast of a violently blowing hurricane, and all around the whole ground resounds: just so did they fall in the dust with a great clattering of armor as the earth echoed the sound all around. They meanwhile concerned themselves with the dread conflict and caused one another woe.

It was then that noble Apollo approached Aeneas and warlike Eurymachus son of Antenor, as they fought the mighty Achaeans in the battle, standing side by side like a pair of powerful oxen matched in age yoked to a wagon: they never stopped fighting. Straightaway the god addressed them, taking the form of the prophet Polymestor, whose mother bore him by the streams of Xanthus to be a servant to the Archer god:

"Eurymachus and Aeneas, offspring of gods, it is not right for you to give way before the Argives: even mighty Ares himself would not be happy to come up against you if you wished to fight him in the fray, since the Fates have spun a long measure of life for both of you."

With these words he mingled with the breezes and was no more to be seen; but they sensed the god's presence. He infused them at once with boundless bravery, and anger began to rage in their breasts. They rushed at the Argives like pitiless wasps which angrily make cruel attacks on bees when in autumn they see them going around the drying bunches of grapes or rushing out of

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125 *εὐρυπέδοιο* C. L. Struve: *ἐκ πεδίοιο* M

their hive: just so the sons of the Trojans rushed speedily toward the warlike Achaeans. As they fought, the dark Fates were delighted, Ares laughed aloud, and Enyo gave a gruesome yell; and a great clanking arose from their gleaming armor. They slaughtered the countless clans of the enemy with their raging hands, and soldiers were knocked down just as they pleased like sheaves in the hot summer season which the dexterous reapers busily cut, having divided up the long strips of an immense field: just so did their hands knock down ranks without number. All around, the earth was filled with corpses and awash with blood, and the sight of those dying men warmed the heart of Strife. They did not cease for a moment from that cruel conflict, but like savage lions ‹attack› flocks of sheep ‹they attacked the enemy›,[5] whose thoughts were only of miserable flight: all whose legs still had the strength to carry them fled from that deadly battle. The son of warlike Anchises kept up with the enemy, following close behind them and stabbing them in the back with his spear, and Eurymachus on his side did the same: it was a sight that warmed the heart of Apollo the Savior as he watched from on high.[6] Just as when a man sets his powerful dogs on a herd of pigs which have entered a dry cornfield before the reapers have cut the sheaves, and the pigs quake with fear when they see them rushing toward them and no longer have any care for their feeding as with one accord they

[5] Two half-lines missing.

[6] There is wordplay on "warmed" (*iaineto*) and Apollo's epithet "Savior" (*iêios*).

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163 *ἀπηνέες* Köchly: *-έος* M lac. stat. Köchly

turn in anxious flight while the dogs at their heels savage them from behind, and they flee with loud squeals, to the landowner's delight: just so was Phoebus' heart warmed when he saw that great Argive army fleeing from the battle with no care any longer for the work of warriors and praying to the gods for speed of foot, their feet being their only chance of safety, while Eurymachus and Aeneas, at the head of their comrades, attacked them all furiously with their spears.

Then one of the Argives, either through overconfidence in his own strength or because Fate was determined to will his destruction, drew up his horse as it fled from the clamor of conflict, in an attempt to turn it toward the battle so that he could fight the enemy face to face. But stouthearted Agenor forestalled him and dealt him an agonizing blow high on the arm with his two-edged ax. The bone of his wounded arm yielded to the iron's force; the surrounding tendons were easily cut through; and the veins gushed out copious blood. He collapsed over his horse's neck; then his body fell among the dead, leaving his stout hand firmly gripping the curved bit just as it did while he was alive: it was a shocking sight, this bloody arm dangling from the reins, Ares' way of frightening the foe. You would have thought it was still at work and wanting horsemanship; and the horse bore it along as a sign of its murdered master.

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180 *ἔργ' ἀνδρῶν* Zimmermann: *ἔργα θεῶν* M
181 *μούνοις* Rhodomann: *κείνοις* M *ἐν* Rhodomann: *ἀνὰ* M 190 *βίῃ . . . σιδήρου* Rhodomann: *βίη . . . -ρῳ* M
194 *νέκυσσι· λίπεν* Köchly: *νέκυς· λεῖπε* M
196 *οἷον ὅτε* Vian: *οἷα τότε* M
199 *ἔθ'* Rhodomann: *ἐφ'* M *ἱππασίης* Spitzner: *-ίῃ* M

Aeneas killed Aethalides by spearing him in the loins: the spear's point came out by his navel, dragging his entrails with it, and he lay stretched out in the dust clutching both the spear and his bowels. His groans were quite dreadful as he screamed and dug his teeth into the ground; then his life and his agony left him.

The Argives were panicked just as when a hardworking pair of yoked plow oxen are bitten in the flank by the slender jaws of a bloodthirsty gadfly, so that in their distraction they veer away from their task, and the plowman is anxious on their account, not only regretting the worktime wasted but also fearful in case the hard iron plowshare bouncing behind them should strike their legs and shear the tendons: such was the panic of the Danaans, and just so was the son of Achilles anxious on their account; and to stop their flight he yelled:

"Ah! You cowards! Why are you fleeing like feeble starlings put to flight when suddenly faced with a hawk? Come on! All for one and one for all! It is much better to die in battle than to choose feeble flight!"

So he spoke; and without delay they duly took courage. He himself confidently leaped upon the Trojans brandishing his swift spear, accompanied by the Myrmidon battalions, with storm-force valor in their breasts; this gave the Argives some respite from the fighting. With a fury like his dear father's he immediately killed victim after victim in the battle. The Trojans fell back and retreated

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212 *ποθέων* Platt: *πον-* M

just like waves which rise out at sea and are made to roll crashing shoreward by Boreas' blasts, only to be driven back from the beaches by some other wind rushing with great gusts in the opposite direction, though Boreas is still blowing a little: just so godlike Achilles' son drove some way back the Trojans who had been advancing. But Aeneas, strong, brave and resolute, would not let them flee; they had to stay and fight bravely in that dreadful battle. Enyo made the battle evenly balanced on either side; but the son of Achilles did not brandish his father's spear directly at Aeneas, because his fury was directed elsewhere by fair-robed Thetis, who out of respect for Cythereia directed the fury and the great power of her grandson toward other contingents in the army. Then the one slaughtered great numbers of the Trojans, and the other killed countless ranks of the Achaeans. As the battle's death toll grew, the carrion birds joyfully looked forward to devouring the warriors' guts and flesh, while the Nymphs, daughters of fair-flowing Simoïs and Xanthus, added their lamentations.

As the struggle continued, the tireless winds raised an immense cloud of dust which obscured the whole of the divine air above like a sudden mist, so that the earth became invisible and men's eyes were dimmed with dust. They fought on even so, killing pitilessly whoever came to hand, even dear friends: friend and foe alike were

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228 *κύμαθ' ἅ τ'* Rhodomann: *κύματ'* M
232 *ὦσεν* Vian: *ὦσῃ* M
247 *ἀκάμαντες* Rhodomann: *-μαντοι* m: *-ματοι* m
249 *ἀπροτίοπτος ὀμίχλη* Pauw: *-τον -λην* M
252 *εἰ καὶ* Köchly: *καὶ εἰ* M

unrecognizable as they approached in that conflict, and the troops were helpless to tell them apart. There would have been total confusion, and they would all have died a cruel death falling victim to one another's deadly swords, if the son of Cronus had not come to their aid in their distress by driving the dust away from the lines and soothing the deadly winds.

Still they fought on, their task made much easier now that they could see whether they should kill a man in the battle or avoid him. At times the Danaans made the Trojan forces fall back, and at times the Trojans repulsed the Danaan lines: the battle was a fierce one, and missiles from both sides fell like snowflakes. Fear gripped the shepherds who were watching the conflict from a high point on the mountains of Ida, and they raised their arms to the sky praying the gods in heaven that the enemy be completely destroyed in the war and that the Trojans gain some relief from cruel conflict and see at last the day of their deliverance. But their prayer went unheard: gloomy Fate had other plans. She is a respecter neither of mighty Zeus nor of any other of the immortals: her dread purpose is never turned aside when once with her inescapable thread she has spun the fate of men at the moment of their conception—or the fate of cities: she directs what is to wither away and what is to flourish. It was at her behest that struggle and conflict arose between the horse-taming Tro-

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268 χεῖρας Rhodomann: δῖαν
271 τ' Castiglioni: δ' M
275 πότμον C. L. Struve: πρῶτον M
279 ἱπποδάμοις Vian: -μάχοις M

jans and the Achaeans, expert in close combat. Tirelessly they devised murder and cruel death for one another with no sign of fear, fighting with a will; for it is courage that draws men into battle.

But when many had perished there in the dust, warlike Pallas caused the courage of the Argives to rise and to prevail: she came right up to the action and gave great support to the Argives in her eagerness to sack the famous city of Priam. It was then that divine Aphrodite, much grieved at the death of Alexander, in person suddenly removed renowned Aeneas from the battle and the murderous mêlée, and enveloped him in a thick mist: it was fated that he should not continue to fight in battle against the Argives before the lofty wall. And so she took care to keep her distance from wise Tritogeneia, whose heart was set on supporting the Danaans, in case that goddess should kill him in spite of destiny: in the past she had not spared the much more powerful Ares himself.[7]

The Trojans no longer stayed at the front of the fighting; they gradually gave ground in dismay as the Argives leaped at them like ravenous wild beasts, raging with the violence of Ares. As the slaughter continued, the rivers and the plain were filled with corpses: many a man, many a horse had fallen in the dust, and many a chariot of those

[7] At *Il.* 5.846–63 she helps Diomedes to wound Ares.

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284 ἄρ' C. L. Struve: om. M
286 μέγ' Pauw: μετ' M
288–89 transposuit Köchly
303 καὶ Pauw: καπ- M
304 ἀνέρες Rhodomann: ἄνδρες M
ἠδ' Rhodomann: ἔδ' M

struck lay in pieces. Everywhere there seemed to be a vast downpour of blood: deadly Fate was ranging over the fray. The victims lay there, pierced by swords or ash-wood spears, like planks littering the beach when on the deep-sounding seashore men undo the countless ties from the well-made pegs of an enormous raft and separate the long planks and the timbers, so that the broad beach is completely covered as they are washed over by the dark sea swell: just so those dead men lay in the blood and dust with no more thought for the battle and its sufferings.

Those few who succeeded in fleeing the cruel conflict avoided disaster by taking refuge in the city. Their wives and children removed all the gore-spattered armor from their bleeding bodies and prepared warm baths for them all; doctors busily hurried all over the city visiting the houses of the wounded warriors to treat their wounds.[8] Those returning from battle were surrounded by sobbing wives and children; but many were those lamented in absence. Stunned, shocked and bewildered, the injured lay there groaning deeply in pain, with no inclination to take food after all their efforts—though their swift horses were whinnying urgently and clamoring to be fed. On their side, meanwhile, the Achaeans were similarly employed by their huts and ships.

But when Eos drove her shining steeds up from the streams of Ocean, and mankind awoke, some of the war-

[8] Text suspect.

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308 *ἐκχυμένοισι* Rhodomann: *κεχυμ-* M
318 *αἱματόεντος* Rhodomann: *-ντα* M
326 *ὑπ'* Pauw: *ἐπ'* M 328 *ἑτέρωθε* Tychsen: *-θι* M

like sons of the doughty Argives went off to Priam's lofty city, while others stayed by the huts with the wounded men in case some hostile force favoring the Trojans should suddenly attack and capture the ships. The Trojans meanwhile fought the Argives from their walls, and a bitter conflict arose.

Before the Scaean Gate the son of Capaneus led the attack, and with him godlike Diomedes; they were kept at bay with arrows and rocks by Deïphobus, stalwart in battle, mighty Polites, and their comrades. All around could be heard the clanging of the impact on men's helmets and shields, the young warriors' protection against cruel death and bitter fate. At the Dardan Gate it was the son of Achilles who led the struggle, and the whole Myrmidon contingent, experts in brutal conflict, fought hard around him; Helenus and doughty Agenor valiantly kept them away from the wall with countless missiles, while encouraging the Trojans to battle; and they in turn fought with a will for the defenses of their dear fatherland. At the gates which faced the plain and the speedy ships Odysseus and Eurypylus kept up the struggle and were held at bay from the lofty rampart by rocks thrown by the noble and great-spirited Aeneas. In the direction of Simoïs' streams Teucer of the fine ash-wood spear was involved in a bitter struggle. Everywhere one looked there was a man in trouble.

It was then that the renowned warriors around war-

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341 *τ'* Rhodomann: om. M
345 *δὲ Δαρδανίῃσιν* Vian: *δ' ἄρ' ἰδαίῃσιν* M
353 *νισομένῃς* Rhodomann: *-ους* M

like Odysseus made their shields ready for Ares' combat at his ingenious suggestion: they set them together above their heads and arranged the whole structure.[9] You would have thought it was the tightly made, protective roof of a hall, impervious to the violent blasts of moist storm winds and to Zeus' most torrential downpours: so strong a defense did those Argive phalanxes have with their ox-hide shields; and one brave and warlike spirit animated that single form. Up above, the sons of Troy pelted them with stones, but these rebounded from that rock-hard structure to the solid ground. Many spears and arrows that cause woe and javelins that cause pain stuck in those shields, and others stuck in the earth or were carried away uselessly, diverted by the missiles being hurled from every direction. But the men were no more frightened by the terrific din than if it had been the sound of raindrops, and they did not give ground; they moved together inside up to the wall, and not one of them broke ranks as they advanced in close order like some dark cloud spread out wide high in the sky in the midwinter season by the son of Cronus. As they marched along, the feet of the men in the phalanx made a great clamorous din and raised just above the ground a cloud of dust, which the breezes

[9] The "tortoise" (*testudo*, χελώνη) of interlocking shields held above soldiers' heads, a Roman stratagem in siege warfare. Cf. Virg. *Aen.* 9.505–18.

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360 *καρήνων* Rhodomann: *κάρηνα* M
361 *ἀλλήλῃσι* Pauw: *-οισι* M *ἤρμοσαν* Vian: *-σεν* M
372 *παραγναμφθέντα* Zimmermann: *περιγναμφέντα* M
379 *βρόμος* Lobeck: *δρο-* M *θ'* C. L. Struve: *δ'* M

carried behind them; a noisy hubbub arose from them like bees buzzing around a hive; and as they panted and exhaled, their breaths caused a vapor to be shed all round them. The Atreids' heartfelt joy was boundless as they exulted in the sight of that fearless bulwark against the clamorous battle. They meant to approach all together the gates of Priam, descendant of the gods, to smash the great walls with their double-edged axes, and to demolish the gates by tearing them from their hinges. This admirable plan held hopes of success; but neither their ox-hide shields nor their fast-moving axes availed them when the mighty Aeneas picked up a great rock in both hands and furiously flung it at them, and a wretched death befell the men whom he caught unawares beneath their shields, just as the force of a fragment of some crag that has broken away from a cliff catches unawares goats at pasture in the mountains, and those grazing nearby quake with fear: such was the shock felt by those Danaans. He continued to hurl down volleys of rocks from above, and their phalanxes were thrown into utter confusion. Just as when Olympian Zeus from up in heaven shivers to pieces with his thunder and blazing lightning bolts mountain crags held together around a single peak, and the shepherds and ‹their flocks at pasture nearby›[10] all flee in panic: just so the sons of the

[10] Two half-lines missing.

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383 *περιβρομέουσι* Rhodomann: *-τρομ-* M
384 *ἀντμὴν* Rhodomann: *-μὴ* M
394 *ἀμφοτέρῃσιν ἀρηρότα* Vian: *ἀμφοτέρῃς ἐπαρηρότα* M
401 *οὐρανόθεν* Zimmermann: *-όθι* M
404 lac. stat. Köchly

Achaeans quaked with fear as Aeneas with immense god-given valor quickly destroyed that protection of theirs against attack made from tough shields. In the battle not a man of them dared to look him in the face, so brightly did the armor flash like god-sent lightning on his powerful limbs. Near him stood dread Ares, his body shrouded in darkness, directing all those missiles that brought either death or terror to the Argives. Aeneas fought just like Olympian Zeus himself when from high heaven he wrathfully slew the overweening race of savage Giants, making the boundless earth, Tethys, Ocean and heaven itself quake and the limbs of Atlas tremble at that powerful assault of Zeus the unwearied: just so Aeneas knocked down the Argive ranks in that conflict as he rushed along the whole length of the wall furiously attacking the enemy; and as he hastened to the fight, he hurled whatever he happened to find from the very many missiles useful for defense that lay to hand on the walls of the Dardanids. Armed with these weapons and raging with great force, Aeneas kept at bay the great host of the enemy, and the Trojans round him could renew their strength. The suffering of all those fighting around the city was extreme: many Achaeans were killed, and many Trojans too; and loud cries came from both sides as Aeneas urged the war-

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414 ἥ . . . ἥ Rhodomann: καὶ . . . καὶ M
417 σμερδαλέων Köchly: -έον M
418 πάντῃ Köchly: -τα M
421 τείχεα πάντα Vian: τεῖχος ἁπάντῃ M
426 περὶ J. Th. Struve: ἐπὶ M

like Trojans to fight with a will for their city, their wives and themselves, and the son of stalwart Achilles urged the Argives to stay by the famous walls of Troy until they could capture the city and set it ablaze. Both sides were enveloped in grievous commotion beyond words as they fought all day long in that conflict; and there was no respite from the fighting either for those eager to capture the city with the force of Ares, or for those desperate to save it.

Some distance from stouthearted Aeneas, Ajax was fighting the Trojans and inflicting dread doom on them by shooting from long range: now it was his arrows that flew through the air straight and true, now his javelins that caused them woe. His victims fell thick and fast, and the Trojans, quailing before the might of that glorious hero, no longer stayed to fight, and their forces abandoned the wall. Then one of Ajax' soldiers, valiant Alcimedon, far the best of the Locrian fighters, urged by his king but also by his own confidence and youthful bravery, eager to fight, set his nimble feet on a scaling ladder to open up a path of destruction into the city for the warriors. He held his shield aloft to protect his head and climbed up that deadly path fearless in heart and mind, alternately using his hand to brandish his cruel spear and to help his ascent; and he was making quick progress on his upward way. He would certainly have worked the Trojans woe; but Aeneas, who was aware of his attempt though some distance away,

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441 *ἐπὶ* Köchly: *περὶ* M
449 *κάρτεΐ* Köchly: *θάρσεΐ* M
452 *δὲ* Rhodomann: om. M *ἔμμεναι* Rhodomann: *ἠδὲ καὶ* M

pounced on him as, for the first and last time, he peered over the high rampart and looked into the city. He struck him on the head with a large stone, and such was the strength of that stouthearted warrior that he smashed the ladder. He fell all the way down like an arrow shot from a bowstring; deadly fate pursued him as soon as he toppled backward; and his grieving spirit had mingled with the air before he reached the hard ground. By the time he landed, he was clad only in his breastplate, because his mighty spear, broad shield and stout helmet had tumbled some way off. The Locrian troops uttered cries of woe when they saw the man overcome by a cruel fate, with his brains spattered all over his fine head of hair and all his bones and agile limbs smashed to a pulp and spattered with horrid gore.

When the noble son of godlike Poeas saw Aeneas rushing along the walls powerful as a wild beast, he immediately let fly an arrow aimed at that renowned warrior. He did not miss the mark; but the arrow did not reach through his indomitable shield to his fair flesh, Cythereia and the shield turning it aside, and it just grazed the ox hide. But it did not fall vainly to the earth: it struck Mimas in the gap between his shield and his helmet with its horsehair plume, and he toppled from the battlements just like a wild goat falls from a rock when hit by a hunter's agonizing arrow: just so he fell, and he lay stretched out with his holy life gone from him. Aeneas, angry at the

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460 λάθεν ὁρμὴ Köchly: λάθε χάρμη M
472 συνηλοίηντο Spitzner: συνηλλοίωτο M
481 Μίμαντα Zimmermann: μιν ἄντα m: μιν ὄντα m
483 δ᾽ ἐκ Rhodomann: δὲ M

death of his comrade, threw a rock which killed Philoctetes' noble comrade Toxaechmes, smashing his head and staving in his helmet and the whole of his skull: that stopped his brave heart. The son of noble Poeas loudly shouted at him:

"Aeneas, do you believe you are the best of the heroes when you are at work up on the battlements, where feeble women fight the foe? If you are a real man, come away from the wall fully armed: then you will be able to learn about the valiant son of Poeas' prowess with spears and arrows!"

So he spoke. The valiant son of Anchises would have liked to reply, but he said nothing, because the fighting grew desperate around the city and its extensive walls and continued long: they never ceased from that cruel conflict, and for a lengthy period they toiled without relief, worn down by Ares: all their efforts were in vain.

BOOK XII

When the Danaan spearmen had labored long and hard round Troy's walls and there was no end to the war, an assembly of the chiefs was summoned by Calchas, whom the Archer god had made expert in the flight of birds, the stars, and all other things which the gods provide as portents for mankind; and he addressed the assembly with these words:

"Do not struggle besieging the walls any longer: you should think of some other stratagem—or some trick—which will be of use for the ships and for ourselves. Yesterday in this spot I saw a portent. A hawk was pursuing a dove, and the dove hastily took refuge in a hole in the rock. The angry hawk had a long and frustrating wait nearby, but the dove stayed out of reach. The hawk resorted to a cruel trick and hid in a bush; unsuspecting, the dove flew out, thinking the hawk had gone away; but it took flight into the air and dealt a sad death to the poor dove. And so we likewise should stop trying to sack the city of Troy by force, and see instead what can be done by guile and trickery."

So he spoke; but none of them could think of a means for putting a stop to that hateful war, try as they might

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15 δόλον Vian: χόλον M

to find some remedy. Only the son of Laërtes had the needful intelligence; and he made this speech in reply:

"My friend, held in great esteem by the heavenly gods, if it is true that the warlike Achaeans are fated to sack Priam's city by means of trickery, a horse should be constructed, and we chiefs shall be glad to lie in ambush inside it. The army must sail away to Tenedos, and we must all burn our huts. When the Trojans see this, they will pour out of the city into the plain without fear. But we need some valiant man unknown to any of the Trojans to stay resolutely outside the horse: when asked, he is to say that the Achaeans wanted to sacrifice him in return for reaching home, but that he escaped their brutal violence by hiding underneath that well-made horse, which they had put together with much effort to appease Pallas' anger on behalf of the spearmen of Troy.[1] During a lengthy interrogation he must give consistent answers, until in spite of their cruelty they are convinced and forthwith bring him, a pitiful sight, into the city. He will then provide us with a signal for the cruel combat of Ares by quickly raising a blazing torch for the army and by telling those inside the huge horse to get out, while the sons of Troy are sleeping peacefully."

They all approved this speech. Calchas in particular

[1] Her anger is caused by the theft of the Palladium, not narrated by Quintus. Cf. 10.350–60.

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33 *τ'* J. Th. Struve: *δ'* M
36 *ὑπαλύξαι* Castiglioni: *μιν ἀλύξαι* M
37 *ὑποπτήξας* Rhodomann: *-πλήξας* M
42 *πένηται* Herwerden: *πέλ-* M 43 *ἀνὰ* Pauw: *ἅμα* M

admired the way in which he had proposed a cunning and excellent stratagem for the Achaeans which would yield the Argives victory and the Trojans great bane; and so he addressed the warlike chiefs with these words:

"No longer seek to devise any other scheme, my friends: you should follow the suggestion of warlike Odysseus. His clever idea will not prove fruitless: the gods are already bringing to pass the hopes of the Danaans, and secure omens of various sorts are appearing on all sides: from Zeus thunder accompanied by lightning is rolling and pealing in the upper air, and screeching birds are flying past the army on the right. Come, let us put a stop to this lingering around the city: necessity has inspired the Trojans with great courage, and courage can rouse even a weakling to the work of Ares: men are best at fighting when they are desperate and care nothing for death and its sufferings: as now with the Trojans, who are fighting fearlessly for their city with hearts full of fury."

To this speech the mighty son of Achilles replied:

"Calchas, brave men fight the enemy face to face: skulking, craven weaklings fight from within their walls. And so let us not invent trickery, or any other way of settling the matter: we chiefs should be using hard work and our spears:[2] brave men are better at fighting."[3]

To this speech the mighty son of Laërtes replied:

[2] Text doubtful. [3] Implied criticism of Odysseus.

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56 *Ζηνὸς μὲν* Bonitz: *ζηνός· ἃ μὲν* M
65 *σφισι* Spitzner: *σφιν* M
68 *τοι* Pauw: *ὅσσοι* M
70 *μήτε*[1] Köchly: *μήτι* M

"Dauntless son of fearless Aeacides, you have spoken valiantly, and in all respects like a noble and glorious hero who puts his trust in his own hands' strength. But the fearless might of your unwearied father could not bring about the fall of Priam's prosperous city, and no more can we, in spite of all our efforts. Come, then: let us take Calchas' advice, go off to our swift ships, and have Epeüs build the horse: he is far the best carpenter among the Argives, and Athena taught him his craft."

So he spoke; and all the chiefs were persuaded except for warlike Neoptolemus and the noble mind of stout-hearted Philoctetes, men not yet sated with fighting and hardship: they made ready to join battle and ordered their troops to bring up to that immense wall all the armaments that can aid an attack in war:[4] they expected to be able to sack that well-built city, having both come to the war by the gods' will. And they would soon have carried out their intentions if Zeus had not shown his displeasure from high in the sky by causing the earth to quake beneath the feet of the Argives, making the whole expanse of the sky above them quiver, and hurling an irresistible thunderbolt just in front of the two heroes. The whole Dardan land echoed the crashing sound; their brave intentions quickly changed to fear, and they had no further thought of using noble force or violence: they reluctantly followed the advice of the renowned Calchas and went to the ships with

4 Anachronistic reference to siege engines: cf. 11.358–439.

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76 *πάντα* Bonitz: *πολλὰ* M
82 *ἐν* Rhodomann: *ὑπ'* M
96 *ἀκάμαντα* Rhodomann: *ἅμα πάντα* M

the other Argives, awed by the seer who seemed to be a son of Zeus—of Zeus or of Phoebus; and they gave him total obedience.

At the time when the twinkling stars adorn every part of the bright sky and men forget their labors, Athena left the lofty abode of the blessed gods and came to the ships and the army, taking the form of an innocent maiden. In a dream she stood above the head of warlike Epeüs and commanded him to make the wooden horse; she said that she would help with the work if he exerted himself and would enter his mind,[5] and she urged him to his task. Glad at heart to have heard the goddess's message, he suddenly awoke from his carefree sleep: he recognized the goddess, immortal and divine, and his heart and mind were set on one thing only, his divinely ordained work: all his thoughts were for his craft and skill.

When Eos' arrival banished the holy darkness to Erebus and her bright light came over the sky, the Argives listened eagerly as Epeüs told them what he had seen and what he had heard in his god-sent dream, and on hearing it their joy was unconfined. Then the sons of Atreus speedily dispatched soldiers to go to the forested glens of Ida's wooded peaks. They set about the forest pines and cut down the tallest, so that the valleys echoed to the sound of their blows, the mountain heights' long ridges were

[5] Or, perhaps, "and would enter the horse." The text of lines 111–12 is problematic.

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104 *περιστέφει* Vian: *-στέφετ'* m: *-στρέφετ'* m
106 *αἰπὺ λιποῦσα* Köchly: *ἀμφιλιποῦσα* M
124 *ἀν'* Köchly: *ἐς* M 126 *οὔρεα* Rhodomann: *ἰκρία* M

without covering, all the glades no longer held their former attraction for the wild beasts, and the bare stumps, dry and sere, missed feeling the force of the wind.[6] The Achaeans kept dividing up the timber with their axes and hastily carrying it from the leafy mountain to the shore of the sea, and great was the effort that men and mules put into the task. The army went to and fro ‹energetically›[7] serving Epeüs, some employed in cutting the lumber with sharp iron saws and measuring out planks, others in trimming off the branches from trunks yet unsawn; they all worked hard at their various tasks. Meanwhile Epeüs worked at the feet of the wooden horse, then the belly, fitting the back above that, the haunches behind, and the neck in front, and adding a mane above the high neck that looked to be really in motion, then a shaggy head, a tail with plenty of hair, ears, bright eyes, and all the other movable features of a horse. As the god-inspired work continued, the horse seemed to take on life, because the goddess had given the man skill truly marvelous. All was finished in three days—such was Pallas' will. The great Argive army was delighted, marveling how the wood was endowed with life and fleetness of foot, and how it seemed to be neighing. Then divine Epeüs stretched out his arms to unwearied Tritonis and made this prayer for his gigantic horse:

[6] Text doubtful. [7] Word missing.

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127 δεύοντο Tychsen: δεύοντ' ἐκ M 135 ὑπ' ὀκριόεντι Tychsen: ὑποκριθέντι M 136 δούρατα Pauw: δοῦρα τε M
147 ἐνὶ Spitzner: ἐπὶ M
152 εὔχετ' ἐπ' Rhodomann: εὔχεθ' ὑπ' M

"Hear me, greathearted goddess, and keep safe both me and this horse of yours."

So he spoke; and Athena, goddess of invention, heard him and made his work an object of wonder to all mortal men—to those who saw it and to those who heard tell of it in later times.

While the Danaans rejoiced to see Epeüs' handiwork and the routed Trojans stayed within their walls to avoid death and pitiless Doom, mighty Zeus left the other gods to visit the streams of Ocean and caves of Tethys, and strife arose among the immortals, whose minds were stirred with conflicting passions. Mounted on storm winds, they were carried from heaven to the earth, and the air resounded as they passed. Arrived at the streams of Xanthus, they lined up facing one another, some supporting the Achaeans and others the Trojans, and they felt a desire to fight. The gods whose domain is the broad sea came to join them. One side, full of anger, intended to burn the treacherous horse and the ships, too, and the other side had the same intention toward the lovely city of Ilium; but fickle Destiny turned the minds of the blessed gods toward battle. Ares began the fight by making straight for Athena, and the others too fell upon one another. Their immortal golden armor clanked loudly as they moved, the broad sea resounded with the noise, and the dark earth shook beneath the feet of the immortal gods. All of them uttered loud yells, and the terrific din reached the broad heaven

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164 *ποτὶ* Rhodomann: *ἐπὶ* M

and as far as the deep pit of mighty Aïdoneus, and the Titans down below shrank back in fear; the whole of lofty Ida and the sounding streams of its ever-flowing rivers were made to rumble, and so were the long ravines and the Argive ships and the famous city of Troy. But mankind was not put in fear—it was the gods' will that men should remain ignorant of that divine conflict. They meanwhile broke off crags of the range of Ida with their hands and hurled them at one another, and these simply shattered into tiny fragments like sand when they met the gods' irresistible limbs. Although Zeus was at the ends of the earth, they did not escape his notice. He left the streams of Ocean and ascended to the broad heaven, borne by Eurus and Boreas together with Zephyrus and Notus, brought by many-hued Iris under the divine yoke of his imperishable chariot made out of adamant by immortal Time's unwearying hands. He arrived at the great peak of Olympus and in his anger made the whole air beneath him shake; thunder, mingled with lightning, rolled in every direction; thunderbolts rained down on the earth thick and fast, and the air was a fiery furnace. Fear descended on the hearts of the immortal gods: immortal though they were, all their limbs began to tremble. Then renowned Themis, the only divinity to have kept out of that grievous conflict, swooped through the clouds swift as thought in her concern for their safety. She soon reached them, and delivered this speech to prevent further fighting:

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179 *βέρεθρον* Spitzner: *-έθρων* M 180 *ὑπένερθε* Spitzner: *ἐφ' ὕπερθε* M 186 *οὔρεος* Rhodomann: *οὔδεος* M
188 *περὶ* Rhodomann: *περὶ δ'* M
197 *ἠέρα* Köchly: *αἰθέρα* M *ἄλλοθε* Köchly: *-οτε* M
198 *ἐκ* Rhodomann: *ἐν* M

"Stop this noisy rioting! You are immortals! It is not right for you to enrage Zeus by fighting over men, whose life is short. Unless you stop, you will soon all be annihilated: he will uproot every mountain, crush them into a single missile, and hurl it upon you from on high: he will spare neither his sons nor his daughters, burying you all at once with a vast covering of earth: there will be no escaping into the light: grim darkness will keep you in for ever!"

So she spoke; and they obeyed her out of fear of Zeus' threats. They stopped fighting, set aside their cruel anger, and made an amicable peace. Some of them went up to the sky and others into the sea; others stayed on the land. Meanwhile the intelligent son of Laërtes addressed the warlike Achaeans:

"Stouthearted commanders of the Argives, I now expect you to show which of you are the strongest and most noble. This is the moment of truth. With Ares in our thoughts let us go inside the well-polished horse and bring about an end to this damnable war! Our best hope is to use trickery and deadly guile to sack this great city on whose account we came here and for which we are suffering many troubles far from our native lands. Come then, and fill your minds with valor and noble strength! It happens in battle that when he has no choice but to fight, a lesser but self-confident man will slay a man superior to himself: confidence bolsters the spirit and is far the best

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211 *καθύπερθε* Rhodomann: *ὕπερθε* M
212 *ὔμμιν* Rhodomann: *ἄμμιν* M 220 *ὀβριμόθυμοι* Köchly: *ἀκριτόμυθοι* M 224 *κε* Köchly: *τι* M
231 *ἀμείνονα* Rhodomann: *ἀμύμονα* M

thing for mortals. Come on! You leaders must get ready to form the ambush, and everyone else should go to the holy town of Tenedos and wait until the enemy drag us into the city in the belief that they are bringing a gift for Tritonis. And some fine young man unknown to the Trojans should remain near the horse with steely determination in his heart. It will be his task to carry out exactly all my earlier instructions; and he must not for a moment have any other ideas of his own, in case he reveals to the Trojans what the Achaeans are up to!"

So he spoke. It was Sinon, an impressive warrior, who responded when the others were in fear because of the severity of the task he was about to undertake, and the vast army was full of admiration for his cool courage. In their midst he spoke as follows:

"Odysseus and you other foremost sons of the Achaeans: if this is what you wish, I shall perform the task even if they maltreat me and intend to burn me alive: I am determined either to die by enemy hands or to get away when I have brought great glory to the Argives in their hour of need."

The Argives were delighted to hear this valiant speech, and men said: "What valor god has given him today, though in the past he has not been valiant! Some divine power is prompting him to be a bane to all the Trojans—or to us; for no doubt there will soon be a clear conclusion to this cruel war."

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234 *ἐὺν* Rhodomann: *εὐρὺν* M
240 *μέλοιτο* Rhodomann: *μέδοντα* M
246 *εὐρὺς* Köchly: *ἠὺς* M 254 *θάρσος* Köchly: *κάρτος* M
257 *καὶ* Köchly: om. M

That is what was said in the warlike Achaean army. Then on his side Nestor addressed them with these words of encouragement:

"My dear children, now is the time for strength and valor: the gods are placing in our own hands the end of struggling and the glorious victory which we crave. Come on! Mount valiantly inside the vast horse: valor bestows great glory on mortal men. If only my limbs still had the same power and strength as when the son of Aeson[8] summoned the best heroes to crew the swift ship Argo: of all the heroes I was the keenest to embark, but godlike Pelias kept me back, against my will.[9] Now miserable old age is upon me; but even so I shall embark in the horse with the valor of youth: god will grant me strength and glory!"

To this speech the son of fair-haired Achilles replied:

"Nestor, in wisdom you surpass all men; but you are in the grip of cruel old age, and you have not the strength for the work you would like to do. You must go off to the shores of Tenedos. We young men not yet sated with war will take part in the ambush: we are eager to obey your instructions, old man."

So he spoke. The son of Neleus came right up to him and kissed his forehead and both his hands, because al-

[8] Jason.

[9] Nestor's uncle, who commanded Jason to fetch the Golden Fleece. He hoped that the Argonauts would never return.

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266 ἔτι Köchly: ἐπὶ M 273 κάρτος Pauw: θάρσος M
275 προφερέστατος Köchly: προφρονέστερος M

though he had offered to be the first to enter the huge horse, Neoptolemus had told him to stay outside with the other Danaans on account of his age:[10] such was his desire for the work of war. It was this eagerness of his for the fray that Nestor addressed:

"In strength and in wise speech you are the true son of that father of yours, godlike Achilles; and I have high expectations that yours will be the hands that sack Priam's famous city for the Argives. After many pains and troubles from our struggles in battle, we shall exchange weary toil for great glory at last! The gods place suffering right before men's feet, and good things a long way off; hard work they set in between: and so the path to misery and suffering is an easy one for men, while that leading to glory is hard: glory is not reached without first going through painful effort."

So he spoke; and the renowned son of Achilles replied:

"Old man, may our prayers be fulfilled in accordance with your wishes: that would be the best outcome. But if that is not the gods' wish, then so be it: I should prefer to perish gloriously as Ares' victim than to earn bitter reproach by fleeing from Troy!"

With these words he clad his shoulders in the immortal armor of his father; and the best of the heroes, all those with valiant hearts, immediately armed themselves likewise.

[10] Text doubtful.

Now inform me clearly, Muses, as I ask you to list the names of those who went into that capacious horse. You it was who endowed me with all my song, at a time before down shadowed my cheeks, as I pastured my famous flocks in the land of Smyrna three shouts' distance from the river Hermus around Artemis' temple in the Gardens of Liberty on a hill neither too high nor too low.[11]

The first to enter the monstrous horse was the son of Achilles, and with him went mighty Menelaüs, Odysseus, Sthenelus and godlike Diomedes; Philoctetes, Anticlus and Menestheus, together with stouthearted Thoas, fair-haired Polypoetes, Ajax, Eurypylus, godlike Thrasymedes, and Meriones and Idomeneus, a famous pair; with them went Podalirius of the fine ash-wood spear, Eurymachus, godlike Teucer, and doughty Ialmenus, Thalpius, Amphimachus and Leonteus, resolute in war; also godlike Eumelus, Euryalus, Demophon, Amphilochus and mighty Agapenor, together with Acamas and Meges, son of mighty Phyles; all the other foremost leaders entered, too—as many as that polished horse could contain. The last of their number to enter was divine Epeüs, the one who made the horse, who was familiar with how its trap doors opened and closed: that was the reason for his en-

[11] On these lines see p. x. The Gardens of Liberty are not mentioned by any other extant author or in inscriptions from Smyrna.

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309 γε μοι Hermann: μοι M
323 Ἀμφίμαχός Vian: ἀντί- M
325 Ἀμφίλοχος Vian: -μαχος M

tering last. He pulled up the ladders by which they had mounted, closed everything securely, and sat down by the bolt. They all kept silent, poised midway between triumph and disaster.

Meanwhile the rest set fire to the huts, their former sleeping quarters, and set sail in their ships across the broad sea. Two stouthearted warriors, Nestor and the spearman Agamemnon, were the leaders who commanded them; both had hoped to enter the horse, but the Argives had prevented this, since men perform their tasks much better if overseen by their masters: and so they had stayed outside the horse, though they were among the noblemen.[12] Those in the ships promptly arrived at the shores of Tenedos, dropped their anchor stones to the sea bottom, quickly disembarked from their ships, fixed their mooring ropes to the shore, and stayed waiting there quietly until the expected beacon should appear. Those in the horse meanwhile were close to the enemy, alternately expecting to perish and to attack the sacred city; and they were in this state of anxious anticipation when Erigeneia appeared.

The Trojans noticed the smoke still rising into the air on the shores of the Hellespont; and they saw that the ships which had brought them death and destruction from Hellas were no longer there. Joyfully they all ran to the

[12] This seems to contradict what was said of Nestor above.

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333 ἐπερείσας Rhodomann: ἐπιέρσας M
334 πὰρ Rhodomann: περὶ M
337 ἆς Rhodomann: ἐς M
343 ἄνακτες Spitzner: -τας M

beach—after putting on their armor, being still in the grip of fear. They observed the well-polished horse and stood round it astonished by its colossal size. Then they observed the wretched Sinon nearby. They surrounded him in a ring and directed questions at him from all sides about the Danaans. Gentle questioning gave way to violent threats, and they subjected the crafty hero to continual and prolonged torture; but he held firm with stony resolution, and his limbs continued tough. Eventually they amputated his nose and ears and mistreated him in every way to make him tell them truly where the Danaans had gone—whether they were on board the ships or were hidden inside the horse. But he was determined to resist, and he made light of this vile mistreatment, dogged and resolute even when cruelly tortured with blows and fire; for Hera had inspired him with great resolve. And in the midst of them all he made this crafty speech:

"The Argives are in their ships fleeing over the sea: they are tired of this long war and its sufferings. At Calchas' suggestion they have built this horse for warlike Tritogeneia, to avert the anger the goddess feels on behalf of the Trojans. To secure their return they were planning to take Odysseus' advice to kill me by the sounding sea as a victim for the gods of the brine. But I realized what they were about: I quickly sneaked away from their cruel libations and first-offerings of barley, and by the will of the immortal gods I threw myself down at the feet of the

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380 *ἐννεσίης* Spitzner: *-ίῃ* M

horse. Reluctantly they had to leave me, out of respect for the stouthearted daughter of mighty Zeus."

Such was his cunning speech. The agony did not wear down his spirit: a strong man is able to withstand evils that can not be avoided. Some in the army were persuaded, but others said he was a wily deceiver; these were of Laocoön's opinion, who wisely declared it was a cruel trick contrived by the Achaeans: his advice to them all was to set fire to the horse, that horse made of wood, without delay, and to find out if there was anything hidden inside.

They would have been persuaded by him and escaped death, had not Tritogeneia, her heart kindling with wrath against the man himself, the Trojans, and their city, made the vast earth quake beneath Laocoön's feet. He was suddenly seized with terror, and a fit of trembling enfeebled his limbs, though he had been sure of himself before. His head felt enveloped in the blackness of night;[13] terrible pain descended on his eyelids and confused the eyes under the man's shaggy brows; his eyeballs were pierced with cruel agony and agitated from their roots, and they began to roll, affected by the pain inside; and this cruel distress reached as far as the membranes of the brain and to its very base. At times his eyes seemed much suffused with blood, and at others to be covered with an incurable

[13] The symptoms described are those of congestive glaucoma. Cf. 1.76–82.

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393 *ἐμπρησέμεν* Rhodomann: *ἐμπρῆσαι μὲν* M
394 *γνώμεναι* Rhodomann: *γνῶναι* M

glaucoma; and often they would run just as water mingled with frozen snow trickles down from some rough mountain crag. He seemed like a madman; he saw double; and his groans were truly dreadful. Still he kept telling the Trojans what to do, with no thought for his suffering; but then the divine goddess took the good light from him, and after the critical bleeding the eyes beneath their lids became fixed and white. The people all around groaned out of pity for that man whom they loved well, but they also quailed with fear in case they had thoughtlessly offended immortal Ageleia. Their thoughts became bent on a course leading to their own destruction, because they had mistreated the body of the wretched Sinon in hopes of his telling them the whole truth. And so they willingly led him to the city of Troy, feeling pity for him at last. Then they all assembled together. They quickly threw a rope over the huge horse and attached it high up. Noble Epeüs had actually fitted rounded wooden wheels under its massive feet, so that it could follow along behind the men into their city, dragged by the hands of the Trojans. The whole mass of them exerted themselves as they dragged it along, just as men struggle to drag a ship into the sounding sea as its weight pressing on the solid rollers makes them creak, and the keel squeaks horribly as it slides down into the sea swell: just so they united their efforts as they pulled Epeüs'

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414 *ἄρ'* Hermann: om. M
417 *παρήλιτον* Rhodomann, Wifstrand: *-τεν* M
420 *ἀγορεύσειν* Zimmermann: *-εύειν* M
421 *ἄγον* Rhodomann: *ἄγοντο* M
430 *περιστενάχουσι* Rhodomann: *-ουτο* M

construction, a bane for themselves, toward their city. They decorated it all around with floral wreaths and crowned their own heads; and great shouts arose from the people as they urged one another on. Enyo smiled to see this fatal conclusion to the war; up in heaven Hera was delighted, and Athena rejoiced. When they reached their city, they opened up a breach in the great encircling walls and brought the deadly horse inside. The women of Troy all raised a cry and stood around the horse, looking in wonderment at the mighty work which hid their bane.

Laocoön still persisted in urging his companions to destroy the horse with blazing fire; but they did not obey him, through fear of threats from the immortal gods. Then the great-spirited goddess Athena devised an even more horrible punishment for Laocoön's wretched sons. Somewhere below a rugged rock there was a misty cavern; no mortal could set foot there, but it was inhabited by savage beasts, surviving spawn of dread Typhon; and this cave was down in the glens of an island people call Calydna which lies in the sea opposite Troy. There she roused two mighty serpents and dispatched them to Troy. Stirred to action by the goddess, they immediately made the whole island quake; the sea crashed as they moved along, and the waves parted; and as they made their way, dread tongues flickering, the beasts of the sea shuddered with horror. The Nymphs, daughters of Xanthus and Simoïs, set up a great wailing, and on Olympus Cypris was stricken with grief. Soon they came where the goddess had dispatched them,

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443 δή Platt: δέ M 445 τοι Rhodomann, Bonitz: τῷ M
453 ἐπικλείουσιν Köchly: -κλύ(σ)- M
456 ὅλην Spitzner: ἐὴν M

whetting the terrible fangs in their fearsome jaws as they made for the children. Blind panic overcame the Trojans when they saw those dreadful creatures in the city, and not even the strongest and most fearless among the young men dared to stand his ground: cruel terror enveloped them all as they tried to avoid those creatures, and they were in the grip of suffering.[14] The women began to wail, and some even forgot their children as they tried to avoid their own horrid fate. The whole of Troy wailed as they approached. As multitudes suddenly crowded together, limbs were bruised, and the streets were overcrowded with people desperately trying to find a hiding place. Laocoön was left isolated with his children, prevented from moving by deadly Doom and by the goddess. The serpents seized both his sons in their murderous jaws as they stretched out their hands to their father, terrified of dying; but he could not help them; and the shocked Trojans watching from a distance could only weep. Having carried out Athena's cruel orders with relish, the serpents disappeared from sight under the earth; though there was still a trace where they slid down in Apollo's temple in holy Pergamus. Before it the sons of the Trojans jointly built a cenotaph for Laocoön's cruelly murdered sons. At it their father shed tears from his sightless eyes, and beside him their mother howled and moaned round that empty tomb: she had a presentiment that even worse was to come as she lamented the doom brought about by her husband's folly, fearful of the wrath of the blessed gods. Just as when

[14] Text uncertain.

484 ᾧ Köchly: καὶ M 485 ὑπ' Pauw: ἐπ' M

a grief-stricken nightingale laments around her empty nest in a shady glen because her young children have been killed by the jaws of a fearsome serpent before they could sing their tuneful song; the mother, made miserable, laments around her empty dwelling with plaintive cries: just so did she lament around that empty tomb, groaning pitifully at the death of her children. And at the same time she was sorely troubled at the blindness of her husband.

As she kept lamenting her dear children slain and her husband deprived of the sunlight, the Trojans were preparing sacrifices to the immortal gods and pouring them libations of sweet wine, hoping in their hearts that they were about to escape the oppressive weight of horrid war. But the offerings would not burn; the fire's force was extinguished as if by a deluge of rain from above; the smoke that rolled upward was bloodred; all the offerings of thigh meat fell quivering to the ground; the altars collapsed; the libations turned to blood; the gods' statues wept, and their temples were defiled with gore; a mysterious sobbing could be heard; the long walls shook and their great towers rumbled as if they were really ‹being attacked›;[15] the bars of the gates opened of their own accord with a dreadful grinding noise; night birds' lonely cries added to the mournful sounds; all the stars up above the god-built city were enveloped in a mist, though there was not

[15] One line missing

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496 *κενεῷ* Pauw: *τεκέων* M
497 *ἀλαοῖο* Rhodomann: *ὀλ-* M
498 *ἦ* Tychsen: *οἱ* M post 510 lac. stat. Pauw
514 *θεοδμήτοιο* Köchly: *-κμή-* M

a cloud in the glittering heavens; the laurel trees beside Phoebus' temple, green and flourishing until then, became withered; wolves and jackals boldly came to howl inside the city itself; and countless other signs appeared portending ruin for the sons of Dardanus and their city. But as they witnessed all these dreadful portents throughout their city, the Trojans' minds were touched by no dreadful fear: the spirits of doom had removed the good sense from every one of them, so that after the banquet they would fulfill their fate as victims of the Argives.

One woman alone kept her spirit unaltered and her mind sound—Cassandra. Nothing she said was ever unfulfilled, all she said was true; and yet her words were destined always to be wasted on the winds, so that the Trojans would suffer.[16] When she saw this conjunction of sinister signs throughout the city, she uttered a howl like a lioness stabbed or speared by a keen hunter in the thickets: her heart and mind are maddened <as she rushes>[17] all over the high hills with unstoppable force: just so the prophetic heart within her was raging as she came out of the palace. Her hair streamed over her white shoulders and down her back; it was not with a demure look that her eyes gleamed; and her neck rolled this way and that like a tree in the wind. That noble maiden gave a deep groan and cried out these words:

[16] Apollo had made her a prophetess who would never be believed. [17] One line missing.

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528 *αἰέν* Bonitz: *ἦεν* M
532 *μαίνεται* Rhodomann: *μαρν-* M
post 532 lac. stat. Köchly

"Ah! How wretched we are! We have entered into the darkness: the city all around us is filled with fire and blood and dreadful doom; everywhere the immortal gods show us prodigies betokening tears, and we are lying at the feet of Death! Poor fools! You have no idea what an evil fate is in store: you are all blithely rejoicing! A great bane is hidden here. But you will not believe me, however much I say: the Furies are angry at us for Helen's dreadful marriage, and the pitiless spirits of doom are rushing all through the city. This is a deadly feast, and you are eating your very last meal—it is defiled with gore! Now you are on the same path that the ghosts tread!" ‹So she spoke . . .›[18] Then the Trojans taunted her with these insulting words:

"Daughter of Priam, why do your raving tongue and insane mind make you speak only windy nothings? Your chaste virgin modesty has abandoned you, and you are in the grip of deadly madness; and so mortal men one and all despise your babblings. Begone, and make your gloomy predictions to the Argives and to yourself! A fate even worse than shameless Laocoön's is in store for you before long: it is not right to destroy the gods' precious gifts so foolishly!"

So spoke the Trojans in the city. Others, too, mocked the girl and said that she was raving; for trouble and des-

[18] One line missing.

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546 *πείσεσθ'* Pauw: *πειθ-* M
547 *ἄμμι* Pauw: *ἄρα* M
post 551 lac. stat. Hermann

tiny's cruel power were standing beside them. Oblivious of their doom, they taunted her and moved her away from the vast horse. She intended to smash its timbers to pieces or to burn it to ashes with blazing fire. For that purpose she had come frenziedly running with a brand of still burning fire from the hearth, while in her other hand she carried a two-edged ax. She wanted to get close to that fatal horse and to show the Trojans clear proof of the deadly ambush; but they straightaway dashed the fire and the destructive iron weapon from her hands and blithely prepared their fatal feast. Their last night drew on apace.

The Argives inside the horse rejoiced when they heard the hubbub of the Trojans feasting in the city with no regard for Cassandra. They themselves were astonished at her ability to divine the Achaeans' plans and intentions.

Cassandra meanwhile was like a leopard which has been vigorously driven away from a farmstead by hardy shepherds and their dogs and leaves in disappointment over the hills, often looking back and savage in temper as she retreats with grieving heart: just so did she leave that vast horse, distressed at the thought of the Trojans being slaughtered: great indeed was the woe that she foresaw!

BOOK XIII

The Trojans were feasting in their city to a loud accompaniment of oboes and panpipes; all around could be heard songs for dancing and a noisy hubbub of diners such as usually goes with eating and drinking. In this situation each of them had a full goblet and drank without a care, wits befuddled, eyes rolling, mouth babbling streams of half-formed nonsense, while the household furniture and the very house itself seemed to be moving, and they thought everything in the city was going round and round as their eyes grew dim and misty (for men's sense and sight are marred by neat wine when deep drafts affect the mind); and with lolling heads they said some such words as these:

"It was all for nothing that those Danaans got their great army together here! Poor things! Their careful planning came to nothing, and they have scuttled off away from our city just like that—just like silly children or women!"

That was how they all talked, their wits impaired by wine. The fools! They had no idea that Ruin was at their doors.

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4 παρὰ Spitzner: περὶ M
7 ἄλλῳ ed. Aldina: ἄλλο M
11 ὅσσε δ' ἄρ' ἀχλὺς Rhodomann: ἀχλὺς δ' ὅσσους M
18 ἠὲ Spitzner: ἠδὲ M

As soon as all the townsfolk, sated with eating and with drinking, were fast asleep just anywhere, Sinon raised a blazing torch to give the fire signal to the Argives. His mind was filled with anxiety in case he should be seen by the doughty Trojans and all be soon revealed; but they were deep in that last sleep of theirs, weighed down with neat wine, as from Tenedos the fleet saw the signal and prepared to sail.

As for Sinon, he went up to the horse and called out softly—softly so that none of the Trojans would hear, but only the Danaan leaders who, far from sleeping, were keen to get to work. Inside they listened, and all strained their ears to Odysseus. He gave the command for a quiet and calm exit. They obeyed his command to battle, and were eager to descend from the horse and get to work. But he sensibly curbed the eagerness of them all as they pressed on together, while with calm dexterity he opened up the flanks of the wooden horse in several places, instructed by Epeüs of the fine ash-wood spear. He put his head outside just beyond the planking and peered round to see if any of the Trojans were awake. Just as when a wolf famished with cruel hunger and desperate for food comes from the mountains to a large shepherd's steading, keeps out of the way of the men and dogs who are intent on

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22 *ἅμα* West: *ἀνα-* M
31 *ἦκα* Rhodomann: *ὦκα* M
40 *μάλ'* Rhodomann: om. M
41 *ἐυμμελίω . . . Ἐπειοῦ* West: *-ίῳ . . . -ῷ* M
42 *ἐξανέδυ σανίδων* Lehrs: *ἐξανέδυσ' ἰδὼν* M
43 *ἐγρηγορότ'* Rhodomann: *-ότας* M

guarding the flocks, and silently leaps over the fence of the sheepfold: just so did Odysseus descend from the horse. He was followed by the other mighty lords of all Hellas, who went in orderly fashion down the ladders provided by Epeüs for those doughty heroes as they entered and left the horse. These were the ladders down which they then swarmed; they were like valiant wasps disturbed by a woodcutter which all pour angrily down from their branch when they hear the noise he makes: just so did they all pour down eagerly from the horse into the Trojans' well-built city, hearts pounding in their breasts. Some of them quickly set about killing the enemy ‹while others kept watch›.[1] Meanwhile they were rowing out at sea, their ships borne along across the wide waters as Thetis directed their way with a ready following wind, to gladden Achaean hearts. Swiftly they came to the shores of the Hellespont, where they once more moored their ships and expertly dismantled all the tackle with which ships are normally equipped. They quickly disembarked and hurried noisily[2] toward Ilium. Just as flocks hurry back from their forest pasture to the sheepfolds as autumn nights draw on: just so they all went clamorously[3] toward the city

[1] Several lines missing. [2] Or, perhaps, "noiselessly."
[3] Or, perhaps, "without clamor."

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55 *θαρσαλέοις* Lascaris: *-έοι* M
57 *ὄζου* ed. Aldina: *ὄζων* M
60 *δ' οἳ* Rhodomann: *τοὶ* M
61 lac. stat. Köchly *ἄρ'* Zimmermann: om. M
68 *ἄβρομοι* Pierson: *ἄτρ-* M *ποτὶ* Rhodomann, Pauw: *περὶ* M

of the Trojans in their eagerness to help the chiefs. Then, like ‹wolves driven on› by cruel hunger ‹. . . . .›[4] darting this way and that attack a sheepfold in the high wooded hills as the hardy shepherd sleeps, and under cover of darkness they slaughter victim after victim within the sheepfold, and all around ‹. . . . .›[5] with blood and corpses, and a dreadful massacre began even though most of the Danaans were still outside the city.

When all of them had reached the walls of Troy, they poured into Priam's city, reckless, raging, and breathing the violence of Ares. They found the whole city filled with fighting and corpses, and all the poor palaces cruelly ablaze with fire: it was a sight to gladden their hearts. They too pounced on the Trojans with evil intent, while Ares and cruel Enyo raged in their midst.

Everywhere the earth overflowed with streams of black blood as the Trojans and their foreign allies were massacred. Some lay in blood in the streets, conquered by chill death, while others breathed their last and fell over their bodies. Others again stumbled pitifully through their houses clutching their entrails; others, their feet ampu-

[4] Two half-lines missing.
[5] Several lines missing.

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72 lac. stat. Vian
75 *ἐντὸς* Rhodomann: *ἐκτὸς* M
post 75 lac. stat. Scaliger, Rhodomann
82 *πυρὶ* Spitzner: *περὶ* m: *περι-* m
85 *δ'* Rhodomann: *τ'* M
90 *ἀποπνείοντες* Pauw: *ἀνα-* M *χερσὶ* Köchly: *χειρὶ* M

tated, crawled among the corpses with bloodcurdling screams; many who had bitten the dust as they fought tooth and nail had their hands—and their very heads—cut off; others, attempting flight, were pierced in the back with ash-wood spears, which emerged through their chests; other spears penetrated as far as the groin, above the private parts, where the spear of tireless Ares gives most pain. All through the city arose a gloomy howling of dogs mingled with the horrid groans of the dying, and every dwelling seemed to echo with endless shrieks. And there were the sobbing lamentations of the women: they were like cranes which catch sight of an eagle swooping from high in the sky, promptly lose their hearts' valor and strength, and can do nothing but cry shrilly in their terror of that sacred bird: just so did the women loudly lament all through Troy, some just waking in their beds, others leaping down from them: in their misery they no longer had any care for decent dress, but wandered about just as they were, with only a robe put on to cover their bodies. Others had no time to put a veil or a long robe on their bodies: they were so terrified by the enemy attack, so paralyzed and helpless, suffering such palpitations of the heart, that they could only hide their nakedness by using their hands. What misery! They cruelly tore the hair from their heads, beat their breasts, and lamented loud and long. Others even ventured to fight the foe face to face,

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106 ἀλλ' ἄρα J. Th. Struve: ἀλλά ἑ M
110 δ' Rhodomann: om. M λυγρῇς Köchly: -ῆς M
111 χιτῶνα Köchly: -νας M

forgetting their fear in their desperate desire to save their husbands or children from being murdered: necessity lent them great courage. The general lamentation woke from sleep innocent young children who had never felt a care.

Men expired amid chaotic scenes; some lay dead seeing death and dreams together; and the gloomy spirits of doom were gladdened by that pitiful massacre. They were being slaughtered by the thousand, like pigs when a huge feast is being prepared for his people in some rich man's palace; and the wine still remaining in their goblets was mixed with hideous gore. There was not a single Argive, no matter how timid, who could have kept his cruel blade of iron untouched by slaughter. It was a general massacre of the Trojans. Just as when flocks are killed by jackals or wolves while the shepherd is away owing to the onset of excessive midday heat; the sheep are all packed close together in a shady spot as they wait for him to take their milk to his farm ‹. . . . .›[6] filling their capacious bellies, they attack every sheep and drink its black blood, and stay to slaughter the entire flock, producing an unhappy feast for their wretched herdsman: just so in that final conflict the Danaans attacked and slew multitudes all through the city of Priam. There was not a single Trojan left unwounded: all whose limbs could still move were blackened with a mass of blood.

[6] One line missing.

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122 δ' *ἀταλάφρονας* Rhodomann: δὲ *κατὰ φρένας* M
124 *ἐκέχυντο* Rhodomann: *ἐπέ-* M
128 *λαοῖσιν* Pauw: *ἀλλήλοισιν* M *ἐντύνοντος* Rhodomann: *-τες* M post 137 lac. stat. Pauw
144 *γναμπτὰ* Rhodomann: *πλαγκτὰ* m: *πλακτὰ* m

Not that the conflict was without Argive casualties, too. Some breathed their last when struck by goblets or tables; others when hit by still burning brands taken from hearths; others were pierced by spits still holding pork offal warm from the heat of blazing Hephaestus' cooking fire. Others again writhed in their own blood, killed with axes and hatchets; some had had fingers cut off as they reached out for a sword in hopes of warding off the grim spirits of doom. One man would smash another's skull and brains with a stone cast in the battle. Like wild beasts wounded in a rustic shepherd's fold, they fought with cruel rage during that awful night as their wrath increased; and in their great hunger for Ares they created mayhem around Priam's palace as they chased their victims in every direction. But many of the Argives were killed by spears, too, since those Trojans who had had time to seize swords or long spears in their houses managed to kill the enemy in spite of having their wits dulled with wine. An extraordinary brightness illuminated the city because many of the Achaeans were holding flaming torches in their hands so that in the conflict they could clearly distinguish friend from foe.

Then the son of Tydeus encountered the spearman Coroebus, son of noble Mygdon, in the battle, and stabbed him in the hollow gullet, the easy passageway for food

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146 *τετυμμένοι* Rhodomann: *τετυγμένοι* M
148 *οἳ δ'* Köchly: *ἠδ'* m: *ἤδ'* m 152 *δμηθέντες* Bonitz: *τμη-* M 153 *εὖτ' ἐβάλοντο* Vian: *εὖτε βαλόντος* M
154 *ἀπὸ* Pauw: *ἐπὶ* M
169 *ἀγανοῦ* Rhodomann: om. M

and drink. Dark fate came with that spear: he collapsed in his black blood among the crowd of corpses. The poor fool! He never enjoyed the marriage for which he had just recently come to Priam's ‹city, a marriage with Cassandra›.[7] He had promised to drive the Achaeans back from Ilium, but god had not fulfilled his prayer, since the spirits of doom had sent destruction first. With him the son of Tydeus killed Eurydamas of the fine ash-wood spear as he attacked him; he was a son-in-law of Antenor, most notable among the Trojans for wisdom and prudence. Then he encountered the aged counselor Ilioneus and drew his sword against him. He was very old, and his limbs just gave way under him. All atremble, he got hold of that murderous hero's sharp sword with one hand and grasped his knees with the other. And he, for all his eagerness for battle, either because his rage abated for a while or at the behest of some god, slightly drew back his sword so that the old man could address his supplication to that swift and mighty warrior. Gripped by complete terror, he hastily cried out with these pitiful words:

"I beg you, whichever of the doughty Argives you may be—have some regard for an old man ‹. . . stay›[8] your hand and desist from your cruel anger. Great is the glory a man gets from killing one who is young and strong; but

[7] Two half-lines missing. [8] Two half-lines missing.

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175 *πόλιν* Rhodomann: om. M lac. stat. Köchly
183 *ὑπὸ* Platt: *ἐνὶ* M 184 *ἅμα* Hermann: *μάλα* M
190 *ἴαχεν* Rhodomann: *ἴσχεν* M
191 *σ', ὅ τις* Scaliger: *σε τὶς* M 192 lac. stat. Hermann
193 *μακρὸν πέλει* Zimmermann: *π. μ.* M

if you slay an old man, your feat will earn no praise. Take your hands off me, then, and use them against the young and strong, if you hope to reach an age like mine!"

To this speech the son of mighty Tydeus replied:

"Old man, I do indeed hope to reach a fine old age. But so long as I have strength and vigor I shall not spare a single enemy of mine: I shall send them all to Hades, because it is equally the mark of a fine man to gain vengeance on an enemy."

So saying, that fearsome warrior drove his deadly sword through his throat, directing it just where the soul's death comes quickest for mortal man, that lethal pathway for the blood.[9] And lethal fate undid him, slain by the hand of Tydides, who continued to massacre the Trojans as he rushed through the city, raging and powerful. He slew noble Abas and with his huge spear struck renowned Eurycoön, the son of Perimnestus. Ajax meanwhile slew Amphimedon, Agamemnon Damastorides, Idomeneus Mimas, and Meges Deïopites.

For his part the son of Achilles killed divine Pammon with his raging spear, struck Polites as he attacked him, and after that slew Tisiphonus; they were all sons of Priam. Then he slew divine Agenor as he faced him in the fighting. He slaughtered hero upon hero as dark Ruin appeared everywhere in that massacre, and clad in the valor of his

[9] The carotid artery.

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200 ἕως Spitzner: ὡς M 204 ἴθυνε Rhodomann: -σε M
205 καθ' Hermann: καὶ M 207 εἰσέτι Tychsen: εἰς M
Τρῶας Heyne: ἥρωας M 209 δ' ἠὺν Ἄβαντα Rhodomann: δὴ συνάβαντα M 211 δ'[2] Köchly: τ' M

father he furiously slew whomever he encountered. It was in this ruthless state that he came upon the enemy king himself at the altar of Zeus Herceüs. When he saw the son of Achilles he recognized him at once, but he had no fear, having made up his mind to perish beside his sons. And so, eager to die, he addressed him with these words:

"Dauntless child of warlike Achilles, kill me! Have no pity for my wretchedness! My sufferings have been so many and so dreadful that I have no desire to see the light of the sun which looks upon all the world: my wish now is to perish together with my children and have no more memory of my pain and distress, of the conflict and the mayhem. I wish your father had killed me before I could see Ilium in flames, when I brought the ransom for the murdered Hector, killed by that father of yours.[10] But I suppose that is the thread the Fates have spun for me. Satisfy your mighty sword with my blood, and make me forget my troubles!"

To these words Achilles' mighty son replied:

"Old man, I am all too eager and impatient to do as you say: I am not about to let live an enemy such as you: after all, men hold nothing more dear than life!"

With these words, he cut off the head of that venerable man as easily as if he were harvesting a dry ear of grain in the hot summer season. It gave a loud gasp as it rolled across the ground a good distance from those

[10] Narrated in Book 24 of the *Iliad*.

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231 λευγαλέης Rhodomann: -ου M
234 περ Vian: om. M
243 εὐθαλπέος Rhodomann: εὐελπέος M

limbs which make a man move. There he lay among the black blood and the other victims of the massacre, ‹Priam, famed for›[11] his wealth, his ancestry, and his countless children. Human glory does not last long: disgrace can come upon a man unforeseen. And so fate took him, and he had no more thought of his misfortunes.

Next the Danaans, those swift horsemen, threw Astyanax from a high tower and destroyed his dear life. They seized him from his mother's arms because of their anger at Hector, who had caused them much trouble while he yet lived: hence they hated his offspring and threw his son from the lofty wall though he was an infant who knew nothing yet of war and conflict. Just as when famished mountain wolves separate a calf from its mother's milky udder and deliberately drive it over an echoing cliff; and the mother laments for her dear young one, lowing loud and long, while trouble of another sort comes up behind her—lions, which prey on her, too: just so did those foemen lead away noble Eëtion's daughter with the other captive women as she grieved for her child and uttered pitiful laments. And when she thought of the appalling murders of her child, her husband and her father, Eëtion's fair-ankled daughter felt an urge to die: for those of royal

[11] One line missing.

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post 246 lac. stat. Tychsen
257 *πω* Spitzner: *τι* M
266 *γοῶσαν* Zimmermann: *βο-* M

blood it is better to die in war than to be a slave to one's inferiors. Her heart stricken with great grief, she cried out with this lament:

"Come on, you Argives! Throw my body, too, down from the wretched walls, or from the rocks, or into the flames; for my sufferings are beyond reckoning. The son of Peleus slew my noble father in holy Thebe, and in Troy he slew my glorious husband, who was all I could have wished for. He left me with our son, still an infant, in the palace: he was my endless delight and glory; but Destiny, wicked and cruel, cheated me of the many hopes I had for him. Since I am in this state of distress, rid me without delay of this miserable life; do not take me home with you along with the other captives: I have lost all desire to live among men, now that some god has destroyed my family; and if I am isolated from the Trojans I shall have a terrible grief to add to my cruel sufferings!"

So she spoke in her eagerness to sink beneath the earth; for it is unseemly to carry on living when one's good name is in the very jaws of disgrace: it is a terrible thing to be looked at with contempt. But for all her reluctance they led her away to a life of servitude.

In every other house men were losing their lives, amid a chorus of weeping and crying, but not in Antenor's palace: the Argives remembered his kind hospitality when he once entertained and protected godlike Menelaüs when he came to the city accompanied by Odysseus.[12] In grati-

[12] Cf. *Il.* 3.205–24.

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273 *πυρὶ* Zimmermann: *-ὸς* M 277 *πάντα* Köchly: *πολλὰ* M 278 *ἐνὶ μεγάροις* Canter: *ἐν ἡμετέροις* M
285 *με δέχνυται* Rhodomann: *μοι ἄχνυται* M

tude for this, the foremost sons of the Achaeans left him and all his property alone, out of respect for Themis, who sees all, and for a man whom they considered a friend.

It was then that the noble son of blameless Anchises, who had labored valiantly with his spear around the city of Priam, descendant of the gods, and had made many men lose their lives, beheld his city burn by the cruel hands of the enemy, its people and their countless possessions rapidly destroyed, and wives and children dragged from their dwellings; and in the expectation that he would never again see his homeland with its fine walls, he felt moved to get away from that great disaster. Just as when out on the deep sea a steersman expert at controlling his ship's rudder finds his hands and his resolve alike exhausted from trying to avoid the winds and waves in the hateful winter season, and as it begins to be swamped and to sink he abandons the rudder and boards a small boat on his own with no further care for the ship and its cargo: just so the noble son of wise Anchises abandoned his blazing city to the foe, seized his father and his son, and set off carrying them, lifting the old man, enfeebled by grievous age, on his broad shoulders with his mighty arms, and leading his son[13] by his tender hand, barely touching the ground with his feet and terrified of those acts of deadly war, out of the hurly-burly and the fighting. That tender child could do nothing but keep close to him and hang

[13] Ascanius.

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310 ἀλεείνων Rhodomann: ἀλεγεινὸν M
313 μοῦνος West: -να M
320 ἀπαλῆς Rhodomann: ἀπ' ἄλλης M

from his hand as the tears coursed down his soft cheeks. His father leaped over many a dead body with nimble feet, and could not but tread on many others in the darkness. Cypris led the way, eager to protect her grandson, her son and her husband from that dreadful disaster: as he rushed along, the fire everywhere gave way beneath his feet, Hephaestus' raging flames were parted, and all the Achaean warriors' spears and missiles thrown at him in that grievous battle missed their target and fell to the ground. Then Calchas gave a loud shout restraining the army:

"Stop hurling your deadly missiles and murderous spears at mighty Aeneas' head! By the glorious will of the gods he is destined to leave Xanthus and go to Tiber's broad streams, there to found a holy city that will be a marvel even to future men;[14] he himself shall be ruler of a people far and wide, and his descendants shall be lords of an empire extending from the tireless sun's eastern rising to where it sets in the west. And it is right that he should have a place among the immortals, since he is the son of Aphrodite of the beautiful tresses. For another reason, too, we should offer this man no violence: instead of all his gold and other possessions <. . . . .> which might keep an exile safe even in a foreign land, he preferred his father and his son: this one night has shown us the extraor-

[14] Rome. Various stories were told of its origins. Virgil followed a version according to which Aeneas' descendant Romulus was the founder.

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341 ἐλθεῖν Vian: ἔλθῃ M
post 345 lac. stat. Vian

dinary piety of a son toward his father and the blameless love of a parent toward his son."

So he spoke, and they obeyed him, regarding Aeneas with godlike respect. He meanwhile had hastened on his way out of the city, going wherever his impatient steps carried him; and the Argives continued to sack the well-built city of Troy.

Then it was that Menelaüs slew the ill-fated Deïphobus with his cruel sword, when he found him heavy with drink near Helen's bed; she herself had fled and was hiding in the palace. The killer rejoiced to shed his blood and addressed him as follows:

"You dog! This day I have dealt you a cruel death; and divine Erigeneia shall not find you still alive among the Trojans, even if you do boast that you are the son-in-law of Zeus the thunderer! Black death has received you, cruelly vanquished beside the bed of the woman rightfully my bedmate. If only I had been able earlier[15] to do away with that damnable Alexander, too, facing him in battle; then my suffering would have been easier to bear. But he has paid the penalty for all his crimes and has sped to the chill darkness below; and as for you, you were destined to get no good out of my wife: wicked men never escape the pure goddess Themis, who observes them both day and night

[15] *Il.* 3.310–82: Paris was rescued by Aphrodite just as he was about to be killed by Menelaüs.

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363 *παρὰ λεχέεσσι* Platt: *παρ' ἠμετέρῃσι* M
366 *ἐλαφρότερον* Tychsen: *-ότατον* M
367 *αἶψ' ἀφίκανεν* Vian: *ἵκανεν* M

and hovers above all the tribes of mankind joining Zeus in punishing men's wicked ways!"

With these words he set about cruelly massacring the enemy: his heart and soul were bursting with jealous rage, and Justice, that august goddess, brought to pass the many malign thoughts which his mind harbored against the Trojans, because those wretches had been the first offenders with Helen, the first to break their oaths and to spurn the gods' blood sacrifices with their willfully criminal minds.[16] For that reason the Furies thereafter caused them grief and misery, destroying some of them before their walls and others as they enjoyed themselves in the city with their wives with their beautiful tresses.

It was some time before Menelaüs found his wife in her hiding place in the palace. She was terrified of the menaces of her rightful husband: the sight of her roused his jealousy so much that he felt driven to kill her. But Aphrodite, goddess of love, restrained his violence, made the sword fall from his hand, and put a stop to his impulse by ridding him of dark jealousy and kindling sweet desire deep in his mind and eyes. He had not expected to be dumbstruck at the sight of her in all her beauty, but he could no longer bring himself to strike her neck with his sword. Just as on a wooded hillside a dried-out tree keeps standing, unmoved by the strong blasts of Boreas or Notus

[16] Cf. *Il.* 4.155–68.

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380 οἵ ποτε Vian: ποτε m: ὁππότε m
384 καὶ Köchly: παρ' M 388 ὥρμαινε West: -μηνεν M
395 τε Spitzner: περ M
396 περ Zimmermann: μὲν M οὔτε Spitzner: οὔτι M

gusting through the air: just so he stood long rooted to the spot in amazement, and as he gazed at his wife his strength gave way. He instantly forgot all the offenses she had committed against the marriage bed, because they were all effaced by the goddess Cypris, conqueror of the minds of all immortal gods and mortal men. Still, he did pick up his swift sword again and rush at his wedded wife; but this time his violence had a different purpose—it was meant to mislead the Achaeans. Then his brother restrained his zeal by using many mollifying words to change his mind, since he was afraid that all their efforts would come to nothing:

"Control you anger now, Menelaüs! It is not right to do away with your wedded wife, for whom we have endured so many sufferings as we devised Priam's ruin. You are mistaken in blaming Helen: the guilty party was Paris, who forgot what he owed to Zeus the god of strangers and to your hospitable table. He is the one who has been made to suffer in consequence."

So he spoke; and Menelaüs was quick to obey him. Meanwhile, shrouded in louring clouds, the gods kept up a lament for the renowned city of Troy—all except Tritonis of the fine tresses and Hera, too, who exulted at the sight of the famous city of Priam, descendant of the gods, being sacked. Not that even wise Tritogeneia herself was entirely without tears, when the mighty son of Oïleus raped Cassandra inside her temple, his heart and mind

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400 *ἐνήλιτε* Zimmermann: *ἀν-* M 413 *Πάριϛ* Brodeau: *περὶ* M *ξενίοιο* Brodeau: *ξείνοιο* M
420 *μὰν* Rhodomann: *μὲν* M 421 *ἦ νύ* Köchly: *ῥά* M

impaired by madness. She would later inflict on him terrible misfortune as punishment for his shameful crime.[17] As it was, she did not actually see the disgraceful deed: in a sudden access of modesty and anger she turned her grim gaze toward the high roof of the temple as her sacred statue made a loud noise and the floor of her temple shook. But even then he did not desist from his foolish crime, because Cypris had impaired his mind.

All over the city lofty houses were falling in ruins in every direction; a dry dust mingled with smoke; a dreadful noise arose; and the city's streets shook to their foundations. The house of Aeneas burned, the whole palace of Antimachus burned; the higher part of the city blazed intensely including lovely Pergamus, Apollo's shrine, Tritonis' holy temple, and the altar of Zeus Herceüs. The gorgeous chambers of Priam's sons and grandsons were on fire; and the whole city was being reduced to ashes.

Some Trojans were victims of the sons of the Argives, others of the dreadful fire and of their own houses, where they encountered a bitter death and burial. Others used their swords to cut their own throats when they saw the fire and the enemy together at their gates; and others were compelled to kill their wives and children, a deed of unbearable horror, before falling dead themselves. One, thinking no enemies close by, snatched a pitcher from somewhere in the fire, intending to use it for water; but before he could do so he was stabbed by an Argive

[17] See 14.548–89.

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426 δ' *ἔστρεψεν* Vian: δὲ *τρέψεν* M 433 *ἄσπετον* Vian: -ος M 443 *ἀκοίτις* Zimmermann: -της m: -τῃ m

sword and breathed his last, still heavy with drink, as he collapsed inside his house and the pitcher, still empty, fell at his side. Another was fleeing through his hall when the blazing center beam fell on him and ruin came down from above. Many of the women, too, rushed to flee in their distress; then, remembering the dear children they had left at home in bed, they would retrace their steps, only to perish together with their children as the houses collapsed on top of them. Horses and dogs, too, fled through the city in panic at the fire's hateful blaze; they trod the dead underfoot and harmed the living by constantly dashing against them. The city would ring out with cries, too, when some young man screamed as he ran through the flames. Others again were vanquished by pitiless Destiny although they stayed indoors. Men met a cruel death in many and varied ways.

Flames mounted into the divine air, and an intense brightness extended over the city: it was visible to the neighboring peoples as far as the lofty peaks of Ida's mountains, Samothrace and sea-girt Tenedos; and out on the deep sea sailors on board ship would say:

"The doughty Argives have brought their huge enterprise to an end after their long struggle over the seductive Helen; and the once prosperous city of Troy is in flames. They hoped for help from the gods, but none came: irresistible Destiny surveys all the deeds of men,

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451 ἄλλῳ . . . φεύγοντι Rhodomann: ἄλλος . . . φεύγων τις M δι' ἐκ West: διὰ M

452 αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος Köchly: -ὺν -ον M

453 ἐπὶ Rhodomann, Pauw: ὑπὸ M

460 βοῇ Vian: -ὴ M

making famous things originally without fame and obscure, and making low the mighty. As life goes by with all its changes and sufferings, good many a time gives way to evil, evil to good."

So mortal men spoke as from afar they watched that intense brightness. The Trojans were still enveloped in terrible suffering as the Argives ran amok through their city. Just as violent winds get up and set the boundless sea in tumult in the season when the Altar rises opposite unwholesome Arcturus into the starry firmament and is turned toward misty Notus,[18] and as the winds rise with it many ships at sea are swamped and destroyed: with just such fury did the sons of the Achaeans sack lofty Ilium, engulfed in fire. Just as when a leafy, well-wooded mountainside blazes rapidly with fire fueled by the wind, as tall peaks echo the crackling sound and all the wild creatures suffer a cruel death, trapped in the forest by the fire god's force: just so were the Trojans massacred throughout their city. None of the heavenly gods came to their aid: the Fates had set round them that great net which no mortal man has ever escaped.

It was then that Aethra, the mother of great Theseus, met Demophon and the steadfast warrior Acamas[19] in the city. She was hoping to meet them, and one of the blessed gods, acting as guide, led her face to face with them. She was fleeing frantically from the fighting and the

[18] Late November. Cf. 4.554. [19] Sons of Theseus.

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474 *πολλὰ* Köchly: *πάντα* M 488 *ἠύτ' ὄρος* Rhodomann: *εὖτ' ὄρεος* M 494 *λίνα* Rhodomann: *αἰνὰ* M
498 *Αἴθρη* J. Th. Struve: *καίπερ* M

fire. When they caught sight of her form and stature in the bright light of Hephaestus, they thought she was the god-like spouse of Priam, descendant of the gods, and they instantly hastened to seize hold of her, wishing to bring her to the Danaans; but she addressed them with bitter sobs and groans:

"Renowned children of the warlike Argives, do not handle me like an enemy and bring me to your ships. The ancestry I claim is not Trojan: I am of noble and renowned Danaan blood: Pittheus fathered me in Trozen, divine Aegeus married me as his dowered wife, and Theseus is my renowned son. I beg you in the name of great Zeus and your beloved parents—if it is true that the sons of blameless Theseus came here with the Atreids, let me be seen by his dear children in the army: they will be hoping to see me; and I think they are the same age as you! I shall feel much better if I can see both of them alive, and champion warriors!"

So she spoke; and her speech put them in mind of their father's exploits concerning Helen, and how the sons of Zeus the thunderer[20] once sacked Aphidnae while their own nurses put them, still infants, in a hiding place away from the fighting; and they remembered noble Aethra herself and all she had suffered in her captive state when

[20] The Dioscuri (Castor and Polydeuces), brothers of Helen. Some years before her marriage to Menelaüs, Theseus and Peirithoüs abducted Helen from Sparta and hid her at Aphidnae near Athens. The Dioscuri invaded Attica, sacked Aphidnae, recaptured Helen, and took Theseus' mother, Aethra, captive to be Helen's servant (cf. *Il.* 3.143–44). Aethra is called her mother-in-law (524) somewhat loosely: Theseus' connection with Helen was brief.

she became both mother-in-law and servant to godlike Helen: and they were speechless with joy. Then noble Demophon addressed her request:

"At this very moment the gods are fulfilling your heartfelt wishes! You see in us the sons of your own blameless son. We shall take you in our loving arms, carry you to the ships, and be delighted to bring you to the holy soil of Hellas, where you used to reign as queen."

When she heard these words, the mother of his distinguished father threw her arms around him and embraced him, kissing his broad shoulders, his head, his breast, and his bearded cheeks; and she kissed Acamas likewise. They all wept, shedding copious tears of joy. Just as when a young man who has gone abroad is rumored to be dead, only for his sons suddenly to see him returned home; they weep tears of joy, and he himself in turn cries in his hall in front of his children, and a chorus as of lamentation spreads through the house as they all sob sweetly: just so was that sweet lament kindled as they sobbed and wept.

It was about that time, so they say, that Laodice, daughter of the much-suffering Priam, stretched her arms to the sky and prayed to the blessed, unwearying gods that the earth should swallow her up before she sullied her hands by working as a slave. One of the gods heard her prayer and immediately broke open the boundless earth beneath her; and in response to that god's command the

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529 *φίλῃσιν* Vian: *φίλῃς σὺν-* M
536 *μυρομένοισιν* Rhodomann: *-οιιν* M
541 *ἐνωπαδόν* Vian: *ἐπωμαδόν* M

earth took that divine girl within its hollow abyss as Ilium perished. Its fall is said also to have caused the long-robed Electra to shroud her body in mist and cloud and to reject the company of the other Pleiades, her sisters. When they rise as a group into the heavens, the others are visible to wretched mortals, but she is the only one always to keep hidden and unseen; and this she does because the holy city of her noble son Dardanus has fallen, and almighty Zeus did not come to its aid in person from the sky: even the power of great Zeus must yield to the Fates. Perhaps the immortal gods' good sense brought these things to pass, and perhaps not. But the Argives continued in their fury at the Trojans in every part of the city; and Strife it was who had control of the battle.

BOOK XIV

Eos, goddess of the golden throne, now mounted from Ocean into the heavens, and Chaos provided a welcome for Night.[1] The Argives had violently destroyed Troy with its stout defenses and had plundered its countless possessions. They were like torrents which tumble noisily down from mountainsides during a cloudburst and carry to the sea tall trees and anything growing on the mountains, rocks and all: just so the Danaans laid waste the city of Troy with fire and carried off all their booty to the bounding ships.

The Trojan women were assembled and brought down to the ships—some of them still virgins with their marriages unconsummated, others recently broken in to love by young husbands, still others with gray hair, and others not quite so old who had had their children torn from the breast as for the last time they sought the milk eagerly with their lips. Amid the army was Menelaüs himself, leading his wife from the burning city, his great enterprise accomplished; and he felt both joy and shame. Agamemnon of the fine ash-wood spear led off divine Cassandra, and the noble son of Achilles Andromache. Odysseus dragged away Hecuba: copious tears streamed from her eyes; all her limbs were atremble; her heart was in an

[1] Chaos is Night's mother according to Hesiod.

agony of terror; she had torn her hair from her gray head; she was covered in ashes which she had picked up from the hearth and poured over herself when Priam perished and the city burned; and she groaned aloud as the day of her servitude snatched her away, all unwilling. They each compelled a lamenting Trojan woman to go with them to their ships, and the women loudly lamented and cried out on every side, joining with their infant children in a miserable keening chorus. Just as when at the start of the winter season swineherds lead the young piglets and white-tusked sows from their former steading to a new one, and they never stop squealing confusedly among themselves in pitiful tones: just so those women of Troy continually lamented their conquest by the Danaans; and the same necessity was undergone by queen and slave alike.

As for Helen—she was not overwhelmed by lamentation, but a look of shame was to be seen in her dark eyes and brought a blush to the cheeks beneath. She felt a nameless misgiving that the Achaeans might maltreat her on her way to the dark ships, and so she trembled and her heart beat quickly. Her head veiled, she kept pace behind her husband, and her cheeks were crimson with shame. She was like Cypris on the occasion when the heavenly gods were present to see her in the arms of Ares

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28 *στενάχιζεν, ὅτ'* Zimmermann: *στοναχίζετ'* M
29 *μάρψ'* Zimmermann: *μὰψ* M
32 *κινυρόμεναι* Rhodomann: *κινύμεναι* M
39 *μὰν* Rhodomann: *μὲν* M
45 *ἐφύπερθε* Rhodomann: *ὑπένερθε* M

dishonoring her marriage, trapped in skillful Hephaestus' fine bonds and lying there unhappy and ashamed before that collected crowd of blessed gods, and of Hephaestus himself;[2] for it is a terrible thing for a woman to be seen fornicating openly before the very eyes of her husband. Helen was just like her in her form and in her feelings of complete shame as she came to the well-oared Argive ships in company with the captive Trojan women. The soldiers around her were amazed at the sight of the woman's perfect beauty, and at her glamour and loveliness: no one dared fling any words of abuse at her either in secret or openly: they regarded her with joy, as if she were a goddess, because this was a sight they had all waited so long to see. Just as when their long-prayed-for homeland comes in sight for sailors who have strayed over the restless sea, and they reach out their arms to their fatherland with hearts full of boundless joy now that they have escaped a watery death: just so did all the Danaans rejoice. They had quite forgotten the struggles and suffering of battle, all made oblivious by Cythereia out of respect for bright-eyed Helen and Zeus her father.

Xanthus meanwhile was still recovering from the bloody conflict. When he saw that his dear city had been laid waste, he and the Nymphs began to lament that evil which had unexpectedly fallen on Troy and had put an end to the city of Priam. Just as when a storm of hail descends on a dry field of grain and cuts it to pieces, chopping off

[2] *Od.* 8.266–366.

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51 *περὶ* Rhodomann: om. M
52 *ἀγρομένων* Rhodomann: *ἐγρ-* M

all the corn ears with its cruel assault, so that the stalks are uselessly flattened and the crop lies rotting pitifully on the ground, a great and cruel grief for the landowner: just such grief came over Xanthus' mind when Ilium was left abandoned; and, immortal though he was, he felt enduring sorrow. The mountain range of Ida and the Simoïs groaned, too; and all the distant torrents of Ida flowed with tears as they lamented the city of Priam.

The Argives went to their ships in great exultation, now celebrating in song the might and power of glorious Victory, now the holy race of the blessed gods, and now their own courage and daring and the work of Epeüs, for ever famous. Their singing passed through the air as far as heaven: it was as noisy as the countless cries of jackdaws when the good weather arrives after a bad winter, and the sky is windless and still: just so did their hearts inwardly rejoice ‹as they sang› by their ships. Up in heaven the immortals took pleasure ‹in hearing them›,[3] those at least who heartily supported the warlike Argives. Those who defended the Trojans were angry at the sight of Priam's city in flames; but although they wished to do so, they had not the power to defend the Trojans by defying Destiny: even the son of Cronus himself does not find it easy to defy what is fated and to set aside Destiny, even though he exceeds all the other immortals in power and is the origin of everything.

The Argives set out many haunches of oxen and burned

[3] One line missing.

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92 *γηθομένων* Rhodomann: *-όμενον* M
post 92 lac. stat. Bonitz 100 *μένος* Pauw: *γένος* M

them all together on a heap of firewood. Then they hastened to go round the altars making libations of unmixed wine on the burning offerings to honor the gods now that they had accomplished their great enterprise. During their happy feasting, they celebrated many times over all those who had donned their arms and entered the wooden horse. And the renowned Sinon was the object of their admiration because he had withstood agonizing mutilation by the enemy. They honored him continually in song and with countless gifts. His enduring heart was elated by the Argive victory, and he felt no misery at being disfigured; for glory is far preferable for a man of good sense than gold or beauty or the other fine things in life now or to come.

With fearless hearts they took their meals by the ships, all the time speaking to one another in this fashion:

"We have brought about an end to this long-drawn-out war and have gained glory far and wide by conquering this city and our foes. But Zeus, we pray you, give your assent to our hopes for a return voyage home!"

So they spoke; but Zeus the father did not assent to every man's returning.

And in their midst a skilled <singer stood up to perform>[4] now that the troops no longer had reason to fear the clamor of war and could turn to peaceful activities, enjoyment and good cheer. First of all he performed for his eager audience an account of the army's mustering on

[4] Two part-lines missing.

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114 ὁππόσα τ' Hermann: ὁππόσ(σ)α M
121–22 lac. stat. Rhodomann

the sacred ground of Aulis; then he told how that great and mighty man, the tireless son of Peleus, sacked twelve cities during his voyage across the sea and eleven more once he reached the boundless mainland; also his exploits against King Telephus and the mighty Eëtion and his slaying of the arrogant Cycnus; how the Achaeans had struggled in the fighting after Achilles became angry; how he had dragged Hector round the walls of his city, slain Penthesileia in battle, and vanquished the son of Tithonus; how mighty Ajax had slain Glaucus of the fine ash-wood spear, the son of swift Aeacides had slain the renowned warrior Eurypylus, and Philoctetes' arrows had vanquished Paris; and he named all those who had taken part in the ambush by going inside the horse, and told how they sacked the city of Priam, descendant of the gods, and were now dining far from cruel conflict. And throughout the army men sang about whatever they liked.

The Danaans dined well into the night, but eventually they stopped feasting and drinking neat wine in favor of sleep's carefree oblivion. They were all exhausted by their efforts of the day before and, much as they would have liked to continue for the whole night, sleep's powerful influence made them reluctantly call a halt. The others slept and did not care where; but Atrides was in his quarters[5] deep in conversation with his fair-tressed wife. Sleep had not yet descended upon *their* eyes: Cypris was hovering about their minds to make them banish all their grief by

[5] At 12.337 these were said to have been burned.

recalling how they used to sleep together. Helen spoke first, as follows:

"Do not make your heart angry at me, Menelaüs: I did not leave your house and your bed willingly: the forceful Alexander and the sons of Troy came and carried me off while you were away. I was desperate to inflict a wretched death on myself with a cruel noose or a fatal sword, but they kept me in the palace and talked me round as I was grieving over you and our beloved daughter. For her sake, for the sake of our marriage with all its joys, and for your own sake, too, I entreat you to forget the cruel suffering I have caused!"

To these words the wise Menelaüs replied:

"Do not dwell any longer on what our hearts have suffered: may the dark house of Oblivion keep all such thoughts prisoner! It is not right for us to dwell on the bad things any longer."

So he spoke. She was overcome with happiness, and her mind was suddenly relieved of fear as she sensed that her husband had ended his cruel anger. She threw her arms round him, and they both shed tears from their eyes as they wept happily. Then they lay down joyfully together and rediscovered the happiness of their married love. Just as when an ivy plant and a vine twine their stems round each other so that the gusting wind never has the strength

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159 *μ' ἄμοτον* Spitzner: *με* M
166 *ἄ τ' ἐπάσχομεν* Bonitz: *ἀλλ' ἴσχομεν* M
171 *σφιν* Rhodomann: *μιν* M *ἄμ'* Hermann: *ἀπ'* M
172 *βελφάροιιν ἐλείβετο* C. L. Struve: *-ρων ἠλεί-* M

to separate them: just so did they cling to each other in their love and desire.

At last, when even they were overcome by sweet sleep, godlike Achilles, dauntless of heart, stood above the head of his son, looking as he did when he was alive, a cause of grief for the Trojans, of joy for the Achaeans. He fondly kissed his neck and his bright eyes, and counseled him with these words of exhortation:

"I bid you greeting, son! Do not rend your heart with grief over my death: I already share a dwelling with the blessed gods. Stop troubling yourself about me, and be inspired by my valor! Always stand forth as the foremost warrior among the Argives, and yield to no man in prowess; but in the assembly you should take the advice of your elders: then everyone will account you wise. Treat with respect those who have a blameless character and good sense: good men incline to friendship with the good, wicked men with the bad. If your intentions are good, you will achieve good things. No man ever reached the topmost height of Virtue unless he had a righteous mind: her tree is hard to climb, and her branches extend far into the sky. But whoever is strong and struggles hard gathers a delightful fruit after his efforts, once he has climbed that famous tree of fair-crowned Virtue.[6] Come then, and seek for glory! And have the good sense neither to be too despondent when things go badly nor to be overjoyed when

[6] Cf. 5.49–56.

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195 κεῖνος Pauw: αἰνὸς M
198 ἀνηέξηνθ' Köchly: ἀπη- M

they go well. Have a mild disposition toward your dear companions, your children and your wife, in the knowledge that the gates of dread Fate and the dwellings of the dead are never far from men: the human race is like the flowers of the field, flowers that bloom in springtime, and some perish as others grow. Be gentle, then. And tell the Argives, and especially Agamemnon, that if they have any remembrance of all my efforts around the city of Priam and of all the plunder I won before we reached the land of Troy, they should carry out my wishes by bringing to my tomb the fair-robed Polyxena, who is part of the plunder taken from Priam, and sacrificing her without delay, because I am even more angry with them now than I once was over Briseïs. Otherwise, I shall stir up the sea swell and unleash no end of storms, so that they have to stay here for a very long time, wasting away thanks to their own folly, until their desire to get home is such that they pour libations in my honor.[7] As for the girl herself—once they have killed her, I do not begrudge it if they wish to give her separate burial."

With these words he sped away swift as a breeze and went straight to the Elysian[8] Fields, where there exists a path used by the blessed immortals to go to and from high heaven. And when Neoptolemus awoke, his father was in his thoughts, and his noble heart glowed with pleasure.

[7] Text doubtful. [8] At 3.771–79 he is said to live on the island of Leuce. Perhaps he is only visiting the Elysian Fields.

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213 *ποτὶ τύμβον* Zimmermann: *κατὰ θυμὸν* M *περ ἀγόντων* Zimmermann: *περὶ πάντων* M 224 *κίεν* Rhodomann: om. M 227 *νόος* Rhodomann: *γόος* M

When Erigeneia dispersed the night by mounting into the broad heavens and revealing the earth and sky, the sons of the Achaeans sprang from their beds eager to return home. They were already exultantly dragging their ships into the deep sea when the mighty son of Achilles restrained their enthusiasm, summoned them to an assembly, and told them of his father's command:

"Dear children of the Argives, stalwart in battle, let me tell you of the command which my renowned father gave me as I slept last night in my bed. He said that he is now numbered among the immortals who live for ever. He commanded you, and the son of Atreus, your king, in particular, to bring fair-robed Polyxena to his vast tomb as a handsome reward for his services in the war, to sacrifice her, and then to give her separate burial. And he threatened that if you neglect to do this before you set out on your voyage, he will raise the waves of the sea against you and detain the army and the ships here for a long time."

They obeyed his words and offered up prayers to Achilles as if he were a god. Meanwhile out on the deep sea a gale began to make the waves bigger and closer together than before; the wind raged, and the vast sea was stirred up by Poseidon to honor Achilles: every wind that blows suddenly swooped down upon the sea. As with one voice they offered up their fervent prayers to Achilles, the Danaans talked among themselves in these terms:

"Achilles really must have been descended from great Zeus! That is why he is now a god, even though he used

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237 χθιζὸς Rhodomann: -ὸν M

to live among us. Everlasting Time can not destroy the race of the blessed gods!"

With these words, they departed for Achilles' tomb, leading the girl just as herdsmen lead to some immortal god's sacrifice a female calf removed from her mother in the woods and lowing loud and long in her heart's distress: just so did Priam's daughter keep on lamenting, a prisoner of the enemy. She wept no end of tears: just as when the fruit of the olive, not yet blackened by winter rains, produces copious oil beneath the mighty millstone as the rollers, operated with ropes by active young men, creak loud and long: just so did the tears, mingled with dreadful groans, flow from the eyes of much-suffering Priam's daughter as she was dragged to the tomb of pitiless Achilles, so that her dress below was drenched, and her skin, white as precious ivory, was quite soaked.

Then there fell on the heart of poor Hecuba, on top of her bitter sorrows, a worse pain. There came back to her mind the unhappy and troubling dream which she had seen in her sleep the night before: she had stood lamenting at the tomb of godlike Achilles with the hair streaming down from her head to the ground and crimson blood flowing from both her breasts upon the earth, soaking the grave. The dream terrified her and filled her with foreboding of some great trouble, and she kept up a pitiful sobbing, and lamented loud and long. Just as a dog whimpers and barks loud and long in front of a house when she has

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258 *ἀθανάτοιο* Rhodomann: *θάνατον* M
263 *χερμάδι* Vian (noluerat Spitzner): *χείματι* M
266 *ἁρμοὶ* Vian: *ἅρμον'* fere M

just begun to suckle her still blind litter of pups, only for her master to put them out as prey for carrion birds, and she mingles whimpers, barks and growls, filling the air with a horrible noise:[9] just so did Hecuba groan and cry loudly over her daughter:

"Alas! What should I lament first and what last in my heart's grief, in my surfeit of trouble? My sons or my husband, who died dreadful and unforeseen deaths? My city, or my mistreated daughters, or my own fate, be it death or slavery? In how many troubles the grim spirits of doom have entangled me! And they have spun dreadful and unforeseen troubles for you, too, my child: you were about to celebrate your wedding,[10] but they have done away with that and decreed that you should die a horrible, a brutal, an unspeakable death! It seems that in death Achilles still relishes our blood. My dear child, I wish the earth had opened up and covered us both before I saw this fate of yours!"

As she spoke, the tears streamed from her eyes without ceasing, so cruel was this grief as her suffering cruelly mounted.

When they reached the tomb of the divine Achilles, his son drew his sword, restrained the girl with his left

[9] The simile foreshadows her metamorphosis (347–53).
[10] See lines 321–23.

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295 δ' Köchly: τ' M
299 ἔτ' ἰαίνεται Lehrs: ἐνὶ μαίνεται M
302 ἐχέοντο Rhodomann: χεύοντο M
303 μετὰ Rhodomann: μέγα M πένθεσι Köchly: -εῖ M

hand, and touching the tomb with his right, spoke these words:

"Father, hear this prayer of your son and the rest of the Argives: cease being angry at us: we are about to carry out all your heart's wishes: be propitious, and in answer to our prayers give us the return home for which we long!"

With these words he drove the fatal blade through the girl's throat, and lovely life left her at once as she gave one last pitiful groan. She fell face down on the ground, her neck all red and bloodied, just like the surface of mountain snow reddened by the crimson blood of some boar or bear wounded by a javelin. The Argives let her be carried at once to godlike Antenor's house in the city, because of all the Trojans it was he who had been bringing her up in his palace as intended bride for his divine son Eurymachus. He buried Priam's renowned daughter near his house, by the sanctuary of Ganymede and opposite the temple of Atrytone; and then the waves were stilled, the terrible storm abated, and the calm sea made smooth its streaming tides.

They returned quickly to their ships in great exultation, hymning the holy race of the blessed gods and praising Achilles. They made their meal straightaway, cutting the thigh flesh of the oxen as an offering to the blessed gods: it was a delightful sacrifice in every way. They drew sweet

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311 *ἐνὶ* Spitzner: *ἐπὶ* M
328 *χεῦμα* Köchly: *κῦμα* M

wine to drink from goblets of silver and of gold; and they were overjoyed at the prospect of return to their own countries. When at last they had had enough of eating and drinking, the son of Neleus addressed an attentive audience:

"My friends, survivors of the long dangers of war, hear me! I have pleasant news, news you are eager to hear: now is the time for us to make a welcome return home. Well, let us go: Achilles' mighty heart has ended its grievous anger, the Earthshaker has calmed his mighty waves, the breezes are blowing gently, and the waves are no longer high. Come! Let us drag our ships into the sea's swell and turn our minds to getting home!"

These were words they had hoped to hear, and they set about preparing for their voyage. It was then that a portent appeared, remarkable for the mortal men who saw it: the wife of Priam, that man of much misery, changed from a human into a wretched dog, to the amazement of the people nearby; the same god changed all her limbs to stone, to arouse the wonder of future generations, too. On the orders of Calchas the Achaeans took her across to the other side of the Hellespont aboard a swift ship. They promptly dragged their ships into the sea and loaded on board all the plunder won by conquest of the neighboring peoples during their voyage to Ilium, together with the spoils gained from Ilium itself; this gave them most joy, because it was of vast extent. There were also many captive women, who went along deeply grieving in their hearts.

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338 *προφυγόντες* Rhodomann: *φυγόντες* M
346 *ἐελδομένοις* Rhodomann: *-όμενος* M 358 *δ'* Pauw: om. M 359 *συνέποντο* Rhodomann: *συνέχοντο* M

They embarked themselves, but Calchas did not accompany their eager departure, and he tried to restrain the rest of the Argives: he was afraid that a dreadful doom was imminent for the Danaans on the rocks of Cape Caphereus. But they were not to be persuaded: evil Destiny had deluded their minds. The only man to remain with wise Calchas was the expert seer Amphilochus, son of blameless Amphiaraüs: they were both destined to travel to the cities of Pamphylia and Cilicia, far from their homeland.

But it was later that the gods brought these things to pass. The Achaeans cast off their ships' cables from the land and smartly raised the anchor stones. The Hellespont was filled with clamor as they sped along, and the sea washed around the ships. On either side of their prows they had fixed armor stripped from the dead; up above they had suspended countless trophies of victory; and they had placed garlands on the ships, on their heads, and on the spears and shields they had used in battle against the enemy. Their commanders poured libations of wine into the dark sea from the ships' prows as they prayed the blessed gods to grant them a trouble-free voyage home. But their prayers mingled with the winds and were vainly carried off, far away from the ships, up into the cloudy sky.

The captive women grieved in their hearts as they gazed toward Ilium, trying to keep from the sight of the Argives their continual sobs and lamentations and their minds' great unhappiness. Some clasped their knees,

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381 εὐχωλαὶ Canter: εὐχόμενοι M

some miserably let their foreheads droop on their arms, and others cradled their children: these were not old enough to lament the day of their enslavement, but were concerned only for the breast: the infant mind is far from cares. They had all unbound their hair and lacerated their poor breasts with their nails, and dried traces of tears could be seen on their cheeks while more cascaded down from their eyes. They gazed at their wretched city still an inferno, and at the rising cloud of smoke. They all kept looking at renowned Cassandra, too, and regarded her with awe as they remembered her unhappy prophecy; but she laughed over their lamenting, in spite of her grief at the terrible misfortunes of her fatherland.

Those Trojans who had escaped the cruel conflict assembled in the city and put all their efforts into burying the dead. It was Antenor who directed them in this unhappy task;[11] and with their own hands they built pyres for many men.

Their hearts filled with boundless exultation, the Argives made their way over the black waters, now plying their oars and now making eager haste to hoist sail. Soon the whole Dardan land and Achilles' tomb were left behind. For all their hearts' joy, they felt sorrow and pity when they recalled their dead companions, and they kept turning their gaze toward that foreign land which seemed

[11] He would rule in Troy after the Greeks' departure.

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389 *ἀπόπροθι* Spitzner: *-θε* M
394 *ἔτι* Tychsen: *ἐπὶ* M
399 *ἀνηλέος* Rhodomann: *ἀνηλεγέος* M

to be far from the ships as it retreated. They soon passed the shores of sea-girt Tenedos and went by Chrysa and Apollo's sanctuaries at Sminthe and holy Cilla; then windy Lesbos came in sight and they quickly rounded Cape Lectus, the last of Ida's promontories. The bellying sails flapped, the dark sea swell roared around the prows, shadows were cast along the great waves, and wakes showed white on the sea.

The Argives would all have crossed the deep sea and reached the sacred soil of Hellas untroubled had not Athena, daughter of Zeus the thunderer, been angry with them. When they approached windy Euboea, she formed a plan to oppress the king of the Locrians with a cruel fate: unable to hold back her grief, she came and stood by Zeus, ruler of the gods, apart from the other immortals, and spoke to him unable to contain her anger:

"Father Zeus, this is not to be borne! Men devise crimes against the gods quite unmindful of yourself and of the other blessed gods, because punishment no longer attends wicked men: the good encounter troubles more often and have no end of suffering: that is why justice is no longer respected and men have no sense of shame. I declare that I shall renounce Olympus and your claim to be my father if I can not punish the sacrilege of the Achaeans: the son of Oïleus committed a great crime in my temple: he had no pity for Cassandra as she kept stretching

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435 ἔνδοθι νηοῦ Tychsen post Pauw (ἔνδοθε): ἔνδοθεν ἦτορ M

out her innocent hands to me, and he felt no shame in my divine presence as he performed that heinous crime. Do not let your immortal will refuse to perform my heart's wishes: then other young men will come to fear the manifest anger of the gods!"

So she spoke; and her father replied with kindly words: "My child, I do not stand in your way on account of the Achaeans. If you like, I shall even let you have those weapons once forged in my honor by the Cyclopes' tireless hands.[12] In your mighty anger go and raise a cruel storm against the Argives yourself!"

With these words, he placed beside his fearless daughter his swift lightning, his deadly thunder, and his grievous levin bolt, and her heart was filled with happiness. She straightaway put on her terrible, gleaming aegis,[13] unbreakable, sturdy, a marvelous sight for the immortal gods with its worked image of grim Medusa's hideous head surmounted by mighty serpents violently breathing out a powerful blast of unceasing fire. The entire aegis rang out on its mistress' breast like the crash of lightning in the vast sky. She took up her father's arms, which no god wields but great Zeus; she made high Olympus shake and put in confusion the clouds and the whole of

[12] See Hes. *Theog.* 139–46.

[13] A shield covered in the skin of a goat (*aix*).

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444 *τοι* Rhodomann: *τι* M

459 *ἀείρει* Köchly: *ἄειρε* M

461 *ἠέρα* Rhodomann: *οὔρεα* M *πᾶσαν* Köchly: *πᾶσα δ'* M

the upper air; night enfolded the land and the sea grew misty; and Zeus took great pleasure in the sight. The broad heavens shook at her every step, and the sky rang out all around as if unwearying Zeus himself were charging into battle.

She quickly sent Iris to go from heaven over the misty sea to immortal Aeolus: he was to hurl the full weight of all the winds around the cape of rocky Caphereus so that they continuously smashed against it, and to make big the sea as they raged with their deadly blasts. When she heard her orders, she hastened to make her way in an arc through the clouds: one would have thought fire and black water were mixed with the air.[14] She arrived at Aeolia, where enclosed in its rough rocks are the hollow, echoing caves of the gusting Winds; and very close by is the dwelling of Aeolus, son of Hippotes. Finding him at home with his wife and twelve children, she told him of Athena's plans for the return journey of the Danaans. He obediently went out of his house and with his unwearying arms gave the great mountain a blow from his trident: this was where the Winds, with their boisterous din, were quartered in a vacant lair which never ceased to echo with the sound of their roaring and howling. He broke open the mountainside by main force, and they came pouring out.

[14] Iris, the gods' messenger, is the personification of the rainbow.

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475 *στυφελῇσιν* Rhodomann: *στυγερῇσιν* M
479 *ὁππόσ'* Rhodomann: *ὅππως* M
482 *κελαδεινὰ* Rhodomann: *-νοὶ* M
484 *βρυχομένων* Vian: *-νῃ* M

He commanded them to blow a dark hurricane all together, so as to raise a dreadful sea swell which would overwhelm the cape of Caphereus.

The winds rose quickly, before they heard all he had to say; as they rushed along, the sea gave a great moaning, and the waves, high as lofty mountains, were carried in every direction. The Achaeans' hearts sank in their breasts as the towering waves carried their ships through the air at one moment and at another bore them down into the rushing depths as if they were being rolled off a cliff; and all the time an irresistible force made the sand come boiling up as the waves parted. The Achaeans felt helpless: they were so stunned that they could neither set their hands to the oars nor—dearly though they would have liked to do so—had they the strength to haul their windtorn sails tight to the yardarms or, on the other hand, to trim them for a straight course: the blast that buffeted them was terrific. The steersmen were no longer able to wield the tiller deftly with their expert hands, because the hurricane had smashed everything to pieces. All hope of life was gone now that the darkness, the great storm and the dreadful anger of the gods had risen together; for Poseidon had stirred up a cruel sea to honor his brother's renowned daughter, who herself was rushing and raging mercilessly up in the sky, wielding her lightning; and from the heavens Zeus provided an accompaniment of thunder because he wished to lend glory to his daughter. All the

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487 *ἄκρα* Brodeau: *οἶδμα* M 490 *ἄσπετον* Castiglioni: *ἄσχ-* M 491 *δ' ἄρ* Rhodomann: *γὰρ* M
495 *οἱ* Hermann: *τοι* M 505 *βιότου* Rhodomann: *βίου* M
507 *πόντον* Rhodomann: *πότμον* M

islands and areas of the mainland near Euboea were flooded by the sea: it was there most of all that the gods were devising trouble upon pitiful trouble for the Argives. The sound of wailing and groaning was to be heard from men perishing on the ships, and also the cracking of ships' timbers as they broke in constant collisions one with another. Great efforts were made, but in vain: some tried desperately to use their oars to repel ships washing against them, but wretchedly fell, oars and all, into the vast depths and died a cruel death, assailed on all sides by the long ships' timbers and all pitifully crushed, while others fell on the ships and lay like dead men, or swam for their lives clutching on to the polished oars, or kept themselves afloat on the spars. The sea was raging from its very depths; it was as if earth, sea and sky were all confused together.

From Olympus, deep-thundering Atrytone wielded her mighty weapons in a way worthy of her father, and the sky was filled with noise. Bringing death and destruction to Ajax, she hurled a thunderbolt at his ship and smashed it to pieces in all directions: earth and sky were filled with noise, and Amphitrite's surrounding sea was all in flood. Everyone was thrown pell-mell from the ship, and the great waves flooded over them as the goddess's bright lightning came flashing through the darkness. They were

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512 *θαλάσσῃ* Rhodomann, Pauw: *-ης* M
518 *ἐνερρήγνυντο* Zimmermann: *ἐρρήγν-* M
532 *Αἴαντι* Pauw: *αἰνόν τε* M *φόνον* Platt: *χόλον* M

carried over the sea as they drowned, gulping down the salt brine of the sounding sea. The captive women felt joy even as they perished, some of them going down with their arms wrapped around their children (poor things!), others cruelly seizing their enemies' heads, eager to perish so long as the Danaans had a worthy punishment for their outrages. Noble Tritogeneia looked on from above, and her heart was filled with joy.

At first Ajax kept himself afloat on one of the ship's spars; then he made his way through the salty depths by using his arms, like a tireless Titan of enormous strength. With his mighty arms that dauntless hero clove the salt sea's swell, and the gods looked on in wonderment at his courage and strength as at one moment he was borne aloft into the air as high as a mountaintop, and the next hidden as if in a gully; and yet his much-enduring arms did not become weary. On every side of him countless thunderbolts crashed as they were quenched in the sea: the daughter of Zeus the thunderer, for all her anger at him, was intending that Doom should not vanquish him until he had endured many troubles and extremes of suffering. And so his woes in the deep sea took a long time to subdue him, though he was assailed on every side by the countless evils with which the spirits of doom surrounded him. Inspired with strength by necessity, he felt that even if all

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539 ἄποτον Rhodomann: ὁπότε M
551 περὶ Köchly: ποτὶ M
557 γε μὲν Spitzner: δέ μιν M

the Olympians were to unite in wrath and make the entire ocean rise against him, he would still escape. But he could not avoid the gods' attack. The mighty Earthshaker became furious when he saw him grasping the Gyrean Rock, and in his great anger he made both the sea and the boundless earth quake: all the nearby cliffs of Caphereus tottered from their foundations, and as they were struck by that lethal sea's swell of their angry lord the rocks boomed gloomily. He broke off into the sea the huge boulder which Ajax was trying to grasp: as he was thrown this way and that on the rocks for a long time, his hands were torn, and blood oozed from his nails; and the foam constantly rising from the seething surf made his head and shaggy beard quite white. But he would have escaped death if the god had not broken open the depths of the earth and hurled a hill on him. Just as warlike Pallas once lifted up the island of Sicily and threw it upon mighty Enceladus, and it continues to burn as that unwearying Giant breathes out his fiery breath beneath the earth: just so did that mountaintop fall from on high and bury the unfortunate Locrian king, weighing down upon that mighty man, and death's dark destruction caught up with him, vanquished by the land and the barren sea together.

The rest of the Achaeans were borne in the same way over the great gulf of the sea, some of them dumbstruck

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568 *οἱ* Rhodomann: *τοι* M
572 *κρημνοὶ* Rhodomann: *-νὸν* m: *-νὰ* m
578 *ὀρινόμενος* West: *-νου* m: *-νον* m

and helpless on their ships and others fallen overboard: deadly suffering gripped them all. Some of the ships were borne along over the sea broadside on, while others were turned keel upward or had their masts snapped off at the base by the force of the hurricane, or had all their timbers scattered by the swift storm winds, or sank into the great deeps under the force of the deluge of rainwater, unable to withstand the violent drenching from sea and sky combined with the wind; for the sky poured down continually like a river, and the sacred sea below raged furiously.

And men said: "It must have been a storm like this which was unleashed on mankind when Deucalion's mighty deluge came to inundate the earth and cover everything with deep waters!"

So spoke the Danaans, stunned at the sight of that lethal storm. Many men perished: the sea's great expanse was filled with corpses, all the beaches crowded with the many bodies disgorged on land by the waves. Ships' timbers as good as covered Amphitrite completely, so that the waves could not be seen between them.

Fate allotted them a variety of deaths, all wretched: some drowned in the broad sea's irresistible swell, others were shipwrecked on the rocks and perished in misery thanks to Nauplius,[15] who was angry at the death of his son and in spite of his grief felt great joy at the rising of

[15] Father of Palamedes; see 5.198–99.

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604 *βυθὸς* Rhodomann: *βάθος* M
610 *οὐ φαίνετο* West: *ἐφαίν-* M
612 *οἳ* Rhodomann: om. M

the storm and the destruction of the Argives: he had been granted a speedy revenge, and he was able to see the army of his enemies perishing in the deep. He prayed fervently to his father that every one of them should go under, ships and all, and Poseidon heard his prayer; the sea ‹. . . . .›.[16] The black sea swell bore ‹them› back again; but he held aloft a blazing torch in his accursed hand and tricked the Achaeans, who expected to come to anchorage in a safe harbor. They and their ships were destroyed upon the rough rocks—a dreadful death; and to add to the keenness of their sufferings, it was in the awful night that they underwent the ordeal of shipwreck on those cruel rocks. The few who survived were saved by a god or rescued by some divine power. Meanwhile Athena's feelings veered between great joy and her concern for Odysseus, that man of good sense, who was destined to suffer many troubles from the wrath of Poseidon. Just now, however, Poseidon was feeling great resentment in his tireless heart at the walls and ramparts carefully constructed by the stalwart Argives as a defense against the Trojans' hateful onset. He hastened to raise into a tidal wave all the waters which come down the Hellespont from the Euxine Sea, and he hurled it upon the beaches of Troy; and Zeus sent down his rain from above out of respect for the renowned Earth-

[16] One line missing.

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621 *οὐλομένῃ* Weinberger: *οὐ κειμένην* m: *ἀναμένην* m: *αὐομένην* m 622 *ἀπάφησεν* Rhodomann: *ἀπείλησεν* m: *ἀπέλησεν* m 627 *παῦροι* Rhodomann: *πάλιν* M
629 *θυμῷ* Rhodomann: *θεὴ* m: om. m
634 *Τρώων* Tychsen: *τροίης* M
637 *Τροίης* Köchly: *τρώων* M

shaker. The Archer god,[17] too, was by no means idle: he channeled every single stream from the mountains of Ida to one spot and flooded the building-works of the Achaeans. The sea <. . . . .> and also the roaring <rivers . . . . .>[18] and the mountain torrents in deadly spate thanks to Zeus' rain; and the black sea swell of growling Amphitrite prevented them from reaching the sea until they had mercilessly razed all that the Achaeans had built. Poseidon himself broke open the ground beneath and made a huge torrent of water, mud and sand gush out; Sigeüm quaked, such was his force and might, and the beaches made a great booming; from its foundations the Dardan land <. . . . .>.[19] And the vast ramparts, inundated and no longer to be seen, sank down into a chasm that gaped wide in the earth. When the sea receded, nothing but sand could be seen on the sounding shore, stretching along the beaches far into the distance.[20] Such it seems was the result of the immortal gods' resentment. Meanwhile those Argives still aboard ship sailed on, scattered by the storm; and those who survived the voyage through that dreadful tempest landed wherever they could.

[17] Apollo.
[18] Two part-lines missing.
[19] One line missing.
[20] Text probably corrupt.

TRYPHIODORUS
THE TAKING OF ILIOS

The long delayed end of the laborious war and the ambush, even the horse[a] fashioned of Argive Athena, straightway to me in my haste do thou tell, O Calliopeia, remitting copious speech; and the ancient strife of men, in that war now decided, do thou resolve with speedy song.

Already the tenth year was rolling on and old had grown the strain of war, insatiate of blood, for Trojans and Danaans. With slaying of men the spears were weary, the menace of the swords died, quenched was the din of breastplate, rent and perishing the coiled fabric of shield-carrying baldricks; the shield endured no more to abide the hurtling of javelins, unstrung was the bent bow, the swift arrows decayed. And the horses—some apart at the idle manger, with heads bowed piteously, bewailed their fellow horses, some mourned to miss their perished charioteers.

Low lay the son of Peleus and with him his comrade[b] dead: over his young son Antilochus old Nestor mourned: Aias with self-dealt wound had unstrung his mighty form, and bathed his foeman's sword[c] in the rain of frenzied blood. The Trojans,

[c] In *Iliad* vii. Aias and Hector fight an indecisive duel and on parting exchange gifts, Aias giving his belt and receiving Hector's sword (*l.c.* 303), with which he afterwards slew himself: Pind. *I.* iii. (iv.), Soph. *Aj.* 815 f.

lamenting over the shameful dragging of Hector, had not only their domestic pain, but groaning for the woes of men of alien speech they wept in turn for their many-tongued allies. The Lycians wept for Sarpedon [a] whom his mother, glorying in the bed of Zeus, had sent to Troy; howbeit he fell by the spear of Patroclus, son of Menoetius, and there was shed about him by his sire a mist that wept tears of blood. The Thracians wailed for Rhesus [b] that in the guileful night was fettered by an evil sleep. And for the fate of Memnon [c] Eos, his mother, hung aloft a cloud in heaven and stole away the light of shamefast day. The women from Thermodon [d] dear to Ares, beating the unripe, unsucked circle of their breasts, mourned the warlike maiden Penthesileia, who came unto the dance of war, that war of many guests, and with her woman's hand scattered the cloud of men back to their ships beside the sea; only Achilles withstood her with his ashen spear and slew and despoiled her and gave her funeral.

And still all Ilios stood, by reason of her god-built towers, established upon unshaken foundations, and at the tedious delay the people of the Achaeans chafed.

told in the *Aethiopis* of Arctinus, and is described in Qu. Smyrnaeus ii. 542 f., as also the miraculous darkness which enabled his friends to recover his body, 550 f.

[d] The Amazons, a race of warrior women, whose chief home was Themiscyra on the Thermodon in Pontus. They were reputed to mutilate one or both breasts to enable them better to draw the bow and throw the spear; hence they got their name (α + μαζός) "without breasts." (Here Tryph. seems to take the word to mean "not giving suck." Philostr. *Her.* xx. 42 makes it "unsuckled.") They were in art represented usually with right breast bare. Their queen Penthesileia was slain at Troy by Achilles, who was smitten with love for her as she died and gave her honourable burial.

And now Athena, unwearying though she be, would have shrunk from her latest labour and all her sweat had been in vain, had not the seer [a] turned from the bride-stealing lust of Deiphobus and come from Ilios as guest of the Danaans, and, as doing a favour to Menelaus in his travail, prophesied the late-fulfilled ruin of his own fatherland. And at the prophesying of jealous Helenus they straightway prepared an end of their long toil. From Scyros, too, leaving that city of fair maidens, came the son [b] of Achilles and august Deidameia; who, albeit he mantled not yet on his goodly temples the down of manhood, showed the prowess of his sire, young warrior though he was. Came, too, Athena to the Danaans with her holy image [c]; the prey of war but a helper to her friends.

Now, too, by the counsel of the goddess her servant Epeius [d] wrought the image that was the foe of Troy, even the giant horse. And wood was cut and came down to the plain from Ida, even Ida whence formerly Phereclus built the ships for Alexander [e] that were the beginning of woe. Fitted to broadest sides he made its hollow belly, in size as a curved ship which the carpenter turns true to the

possession of Philoctetes. So Neoptolemus was brought from Scyrus by Odysseus alone, or with Phoenix (Soph. *Ph.* 343, *cf.* Philostr. *Imag.* ii.), or with Diomedes (Quint. Smyrn. vii. 169 ff.).

[c] The Palladium, the ancient image of Athena, said to have been given by Zeus to Dardanus, on the possession of which the safety of Troy depended. It was stolen by Odysseus and Diomedes.

[d] Epeius, son of Panopeus, built the Wooden Horse by means of which Troy was taken. *Od.* viii. 493, xi. 523, Verg. *A.* ii. 264.

[e] Paris.

line. And the neck he fixed to carven breast and bespangled the purple-fringed mane with yellow gold; and the mane, waving aloft on the arched neck, was sealed on the head with crested band. In two circles he set the gem-like eyes of sea-green beryl and blood-red amethyst: and in the mingling of them a double colour flashed; the eyes were red and ringed with the green gems. In the jaws he set white rows of jagged teeth, eager to champ the ends of the well-twisted bit. And he opened secret paths in the mighty mouth to preserve the tide of breath for the men in hiding, and through the nostrils flowed the life-giving air. Ears were fixed on the top of its temples, pricked up, ever ready to await the sound of the trumpet. And back and flanks he fitted together and supple backbone, and joined hip-joint to smooth hip. Unto the heels of the feet trailed the flowing tail, even as vine weighed down with twisted tassels. And the feet that moved with the dappled knees—even as if they were about to set them to the winged race, so were they eager, yet constraint bade them bide. Not without bronze were the hooves that stood below the legs, but they were bound with spirals of shining tortoise and hardly touched the ground with the strong-hoofed bronze. Also he set therein a barred door and a fashioned ladder: the one that unseen, fitted to the sides, it might carry the Achaean company of the famous horse this way and that; the other that, unfolded and firmly put together, it might be for them a path whereby to speed upward or downward. And he girt the horse about on white neck and cheeks with purple-flowered straps and coiling spirals of compelling

bridle inlaid with ivory and silver-flashing bronze. And when he had wrought all the warlike horse, he set a well-spoked wheel under each of its feet that when dragged over the plain it might be obedient to the rein, and not travel a difficult path under stress of hands.

So the horse flashed with terror and great beauty, wide and high; not even Ares, lord of horses,[a] would have refused to drive it, had he found it alive. And a great wall was driven about it, lest any of the Achaeans should behold it beforehand and fire the snare revealed. And beside the ship of Agamemnon from Mycenae the kings of the Achaeans gathered to council, avoiding the din and tumult of the stirring hosts. Then impetuous Athena took the likeness of a clear-voiced herald and stood by Odysseus to counsel him, daubing a man's voice with honeyed nectar. And, revolving his mind in godlike counsels, at first he stood like a man of empty wits[b] fixing on the ground the gaze of his unturning eye; but suddenly he opened his lips and delivered him of everflowing speech and thundered terribly, and poured, as from an airy spring, a great torrent of honey-dropping snow.

"O friends, now is the secret ambush prepared, by human hands but by the counsels of Athena. Do ye which have most trust in the might of your hands, heartily follow me with valiant mind and enduring soul; for it is not seemly that we should

wiles arose, he would stand and look downward, fixing his eyes upon the ground, and his staff he moved neither back nor fore, but held it steadfast; thou wouldst have deemed him simply sulky and silly. But when he uttered his great voice from his breast, and words like snowflakes in winter, then could no other mortal vie with Odysseus."

abide here a long time labouring and growing old without accomplishment or profit. Rather should we, while yet we live, do some deed worthy to be sung, or by bloody death escape the shameful reproach of cowardice. We have better comfort than they—if ye have not forgotten the sparrow[a] and the ancient serpent and the fair plane-tree and the mother devoured with her swiftly perishing young, and her tender nestlings.

"And if old Calchas in his soothsaying deferred the day of fulfilment, yet even so the prophecies of Helenus,[b] the alien seer, call us to a right speedy victory. Therefore hearken ye to me and let us hasten with good courage into the belly of the horse, that the Trojans may lead up into Ilios the guileful craft of the dauntless goddess, a self-taken woe, embracing their own doom.[c]

"And do ye others loose the stern cables of the ships and yourselves cast fire upon the plaited tents, and leaving desolate the shore of the land of Ilios, sail ye all together on your pretended homeward way, until the hour that to you, gathered on the neighbouring beach, a beacon at eventide, stretched from a fair-anchoring place of outlook, shall give the signal to sail back again. And then let there be no hesitation of hurrying oarsmen nor other cloud of fear, such as the nights bring to men to terrify the mobile soul. But let each clan respect its former valour, and

[b] Helenus, son of Priam and Hecuba, twin-brother of Cassandra. He was taken prisoner by the Greeks on the advice of Calchas, and he advised the building of the Wooden Horse and the stealing of the Palladium.

[c] A reminiscence of Hesiod, *W.* 58 (of the creation of Woman).

let no man put to shame his fame, so that each may win a recompense for chivalry worthy of his toils."

So he spake, leading them in counsel. And first godlike Neoptolemus followed his advising, even as a colt hastening over the dewy plain, which glories in his trappings of new harness and outruns both the lash and the threat of his driver. And after Neoptolemus rose up Diomedes, the son of Tydeus, marvelling for that even such aforetime was Achilles.[a] Followed also Cyanippus, whom Comaetho, daughter of a goodly sire, even Tydeus, in brief wedlock bare to shield-bearing Aegialeus[b] whose doom was swift. Rose, too, Menelaus; he was driven by a fierce impulse to strife with Deiphobus, and his stern heart boiled with eagerness to find him who a second time stole away his bride. After him rose Locrian Aias, the swift son of Oileus, still prudent of mind and not filled with lawless passion for women.[c] And he roused up another, even Idomeneus, the grizzled king of the Cretans. And with these went the son of Nestor, strong Thrasymedes, and Teucer went, the archer son of Telamon. After them rose up the son of Admetus, even Eumelus of many horses. And after him hasted the seer Calchas, well knowing that accomplishing their difficult labour the Achaeans should now at last ride down the city of Troy. Nor remained behind, turning from the fray, Eurypylus, son of Euaemon, and goodly Leonteus, and Demophoon and Acamas, the two sons of Theseus, and Anticlus, son of Ortyx—who died there and the Achaeans wept for him and buried

[a] only one of the Epigoni who was killed at Thebes (Pind. *P.* viii. 60 f.; Paus. ix. 5, 7).

[c] Aias assaulted Cassandra in the temple of Athena (*E.G.F.*, Kinkel, p. 49). See ll. 647 ff.

him in the horse; and Peneleus and Meges and valiant Antiphates, and Iphidamas and Eurydamas, offspring of Pelias, and Amphidamas armed with a bow. Last Epeius of glorious craft set foot in the thing he had himself contrived.

Then they prayed unto the grey-eyed daughter of Zeus and hasted into their vessel of the horse. And Athena mixed ambrosia and brought them the food of the gods to eat, that in their ambush all day long they might not be afflicted and their knees weighed down by unpleasant hunger. And as when with the frosts of the storm-footed clouds the snow freezes the air and besprinkles the fields and melting sends forth a great stream; and the wild beasts, cowering from the din of the mountain-cradled river, as it leaps swiftly down from a rock in headlong tumult, withdraw beneath the shelter of their hollow lair and abide there silently with shivering flanks, and, bitterly anhungered, by grievous constraint patiently await the ceasing of the rain: even so the unwearied Achaeans leapt through the carven wood and supported travail beyond enduring. And for them Odysseus, the faithful warder of the unguessed snare, closed the door of the pregnant horse, and sat himself in the head as scout; and both his yearning eyes escaped the notice of those without. And the son of Atreus bade the Achaean servants undo with well-bent mattocks the fence of stone wherewith the horse was hidden. He wished to let it be uncovered that, shining afar, it might send the message of its beauty unto all men. And at the bidding of their king they dug it up.

But when the sun, drawing on shadowy night for men, turned far-shooting dawn to the dusky-

footed setting, then spread abroad the voice of the heralds, telling the people to flee and launch in the hollow sea their fair-peaked ships and loose the cables. Then raising the rush of pinewood fire and burning the fences of their well-stablished tents they sailed away in their ships from the Rhoeteian shore to a haven over the sea in fair-crowned Tenedos, ploughing the grey waters of Helle, daughter of Athamas. Only Sinon[a] remained behind, the son of Aesimus, his limbs voluntarily scarred with stripes, a deceitful hero, concealing a hidden snare and sorrow for the Trojans. And even as when hunter men cast a net about the stakes and set a meshed ambush for the wild beasts that roam the hills, and one chosen apart from the others secretly creeps beneath the thick branches, a hidden scout of the hunt to watch the nets[b]: even so, his marred limbs marked about with stripes, he devised grievous destruction for Troy; and the streaming blood flowed over his shoulders from wounds purposely made. All night long the flame raged about the tents, belching forth smoke that curled in wandering eddy, and loud-roaring Hephaestus urged it on. Yea, and Hera herself, that gives light to men,[c] the mother

[b] The λινόπτης was the person who watched the nets to see what entered them. Pollux v. 17, Hesych. *s.v.* λινόπτης; *cf.* Aristoph. *Peace* 1178 ἐγὼ δ' ἔστηκα λινοπτώμενος and schol. there.

[c] Hera as "bringer of light" is attested by the fact that Phosphoros (the Morning Star or Venus) was sometimes regarded as the star of Hera: Aristot. *De mundo* 2 ὁ τοῦ Φωσφόρου δν Ἀφροδίτης, οἱ δὲ Ἥρας προσαγορεύουσιν. Pliny, *N.H.* ii. 37 speaking of the "sidus appellatum Veneris" says "in magno nominum ambitu est. Alii enim Iunonis, alii Isidis, alii Matris Deum appellavere."

of immortal fire, breathed thereon and stirred up all manner of gusts. And now in the shadowy dawn there came to Trojans and to the women of Ilios a rumour spoken by many tongues, announcing the flight of the foe by signal of smoke. Straightway they flung open the bars of the gates and rushed forth, foot and horse, and poured into the plain, seeking whether this were some fresh guile of the Danaans. And yoking swift mules to wagons there came down from the city with King Priam the other elders of the people; and most light of heart were they, being comforted for their children whom bloody Ares had spared, and boding of an old age of freedom: but not long were they to rejoice, since the counsel of Zeus willed it so. And when they saw the flashing form of the skilfully fashioned horse, they thronged about it marvelling, even as chattering jackdaws scream about when they see the valiant eagle. And confused[a] and uncertain counsel fell among them. Some wearied with dolorous war and hating the horse, because it was the work of the Achaeans, wished either to dash it on the long precipices or to break it up with two-edged hatchets. But others, trusting in the new polished work of art, bade dedicate the warlike horse to the immortals, to be in after days a memorial of the Argive war. And as they debated, there appeared unto them, dragging his motley limbs over the plain, a naked man in sorry case.[b]

the wooden horse. So Tzetz. schol. Lycophr. p. 134. 12 αἰκισάμενος ἑαυτὸν πλησίον τοῦ δουρείου ἵππου ἐκάθητο. In Verg. *A.* ii. 57 ff. he has allowed himself to be captured by the Trojans and is brought before Priam as a prisoner in fetters. In Qu. Smyrn. xii. 360 ff. he is found by the Trojans beside the wooden horse and only speaks after torture, when his nose and ears have been cut off.

His weals laden with unseemly blood showed the ruinous track of the swift lash. Straightway he grovelled before the feet of Priam, and touched his ancient knees with suppliant hands; and entreating the old man he uttered his craftily woven tale:

"Sceptred King, son of Dardanus, behold me the fellow voyager of the Argives, if thou pitiest me, and deliverer of the Trojans and their city, if thou wilt save me, and lastly foe of the Achaeans: behold how they evilly entreated me who had done no wrong, heeding not the regard of the gods, evil and unkind always. Even so they snatched away his reward from Achilles, son of Peleus, and even so they left Philoctetes,[a] fettered by the bite of the water snake, and slew in wrath Palamedes[b] himself. And behold now what they have done to me in their wicked folly, for that I would not flee with them, but bade my comrades stay. Overcome by frenzied foolishness they stripped me of my raiment and wounded all my body with unseemly stripes and left me on an alien shore. But, blessed one, do thou have regard unto the majesty of Zeus, the god of suppliants. For I shall be a joy to the Argives, if thou lettest a suppliant and a stranger perish at the hands of the Trojans. But I shall be surety unto all of you that ye no more dread returning war of the Achaeans."

So he spake, and the old man comforted him with gentle voice: "Stranger, it befits thee not to be afraid any more since thou hast mingled with the

[b] Palamedes, son of Nauplius, king of Euboea, exposed the ruse by which Odysseus tried to avoid the expedition to Troy. In revenge Odysseus contrived to bury a quantity of gold in the tent of Palamedes and forged a letter from Priam offering bribes for the betrayal of the Greek army. Palamedes was found guilty of treason and stoned to death.

Trojans; for thou hast escaped the unkindly violence of the Achaeans. Evermore thou shalt be our friend nor shall sweet desire seize thee for thy fatherland or for thy halls of many possessions. But come, declare thou to me what marvel is this, the horse, a portent of unappeasable terror. And declare thy name and lineage and whence the ships brought thee."

Then the hero of many devices took heart and said: "These things also will I declare; thou biddest me who am myself willing. Argos is my city and the name given to me is Sinon, and my grey-haired sire they call Aesimus; and the famous horse was invented for the Argives by Epeius. If you allow it to abide here in its place, it is decreed that the spear of the Achaeans shall capture Troy; but if Athena receive it a holy offering in her shrine, then they shall flee away with their task unaccomplished. But come, cast it about with entwining chains and draw to the great acropolis the horse of golden reins, and Athena, guardian of the city, be our guide, eager to win the carven offering, even she!"

So he spake, and the king bade him take and do on a cloak and a tunic.[a] And they bound the horse with chains of oxhide and drew it with well-plaited ropes over the plain, mounted on its swift wheels and filled with chieftains; and before it flutes and lyres made shrill minstrelsy together. Wretched generation of heedless mortals! for whom a mist which they cannot pierce enwraps the future. By reason of empty joy many men many times stumble unwittingly on destruction: even as at that time ruinous doom for the Trojans rioted on its own way

[a] *Cf.* Hesiod, *W.* 536 f.

into the city, and none knew that it was fierce sorrow unforgettable that they drew. And gathering flowers from the dewy river they wreathed the tresses on the neck of their slayer. The earth torn about the brazen wheels moaned terribly, and the axles of iron, grinding in them, groaned with harsh noise. The joining of knit ropes creaked and all the taut coiling chain sent up a fiery smoke.[a] And as they haled, loud rose the din and the vaunting. Groaned shady Ida together with her nymph-haunted oaks: the eddying waters of the river Xanthus shrieked, and the mouth of Simois rang aloud: and in the heaven the trumpet of Zeus prophesied of the war they drew. But they haled forward; and the long way waxed heavy, torn with rivers and not like plain lands. And the flashing horse followed them unto the altars dear to Ares, glorying exceedingly; and Athena set her might thereto, laying her heavy hands on the newly carven thighs of the horse. So it sped beyond overtaking, and ran on swifter than an arrow, following the Trojans with lightly prancing feet, until it reached the Dardan gates. And for its coming the folding doors were straitened. But Hera set it free once more to run its course, withdrawing the doors before it, while from the towers Poseidon with his trident drave back the posts of the opening gates. And the Trojan women throughout the city, some here, some there, brides and maidens unwed[b] and mothers experienced of Eileithyia[c] circled about the image with song and dance.

were ground under the heavy keel, and round them the dark smoky flame (λιγνύς) spurted under the weight."

[b] Verg. *A.* ii. 238 "pueri circum innuptaeque puellae Sacra canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent."

[c] Eileithyia, goddess of birth.

Others culling the fresh bounty of the rain strewed a rosy carpet for the wooden trail. Others undid the spun girdles of sea-purple about their breasts and with woven garlands wreathed the horse. Some broaching the seal of a great jar poured forth wine mixed with golden saffron and made the piled earth odorous with fragrant mud. With the shouting of men was mingled the cry of women, the huzza of boys was joined with the voice of age. And even as the denizens of rich Ocean, the attendants of winter, the ranks of the cranes[a] crying in air, align the circle of their wandering dance, uttering their notes abhorred by the ploughmen who labour the earth: even so with crying and with tumult they led to the acropolis the horse laden within. And the god-driven daughter[b] of Priam would not abide any more in her chamber. Tearing apart the bars she ran, like restless heifer whom the sting of the ox-tormenting gadfly has smitten and stung to frenzy: which looks no more to the herd nor obeys the herdsman nor yearns for the pasture, but whetted by the sharp dart she passes beyond the range of oxen: in such wise, her heart distraught by the pricking of the shafts of prophecy, the maiden shook the holy laurel wreath and cried everywhere throughout the city. She heeded nor parents nor friends, and maiden shame forsook her. Not so doth the pleasant flute of

enough that Tryphiodorus has in mind also the orderly flight of the cranes (Aristotle, *H.A.* ix. 10; Eurip. *Hel.* 1478 ff.). In Greece the bird was a migrant and its passage from its nesting-places in the north (Macedonia, etc.) to the south (Africa, etc., Hom. *Il.* iii. 2 ff.) which took place about October was the signal for ploughing, Hesiod, *W.* 448 ff.

[b] Cassandra.

Dionysus raging on the hills strike the Thracian woman[a] amid the thickets: who, smitten by the god, strains a wild eye and shakes her naked head dark-garlanded with ivy. So Cassandra, starting from her winged wits, raged god-maddened; and, beating ever and again hair and breast, she cried with frenzied voice:

"O wretched men! why rage ye possessed, dragging this unfriendly horse, hasting to your last night and the end of war and the sleep that knows no waking? This warlike rout comes from the foemen. Surely now the travail of the dreams of poor Hecabe[b] bears fruit. The long deferred year comes to an end with the resolving of the war. Such a company of chieftains comes, whom the mighty horse shall bring forth in the darkest night, flashing in their armour for battle; now shall warriors most perfect leap to earth and rush to the fray. For not women shall deliver the labouring steed in its travail and attend the birth of men, but she that wrought it shall herself be its Lady of Deliverance; Athena, sacker of cities, midwife of a dolorous birth, shall herself undo the pregnant belly and utter her cry. Lo! now there is rolled within the towers a purple sea of blood outpoured, a wave of death; about the hands of women, sharing the common doom, the bonds of bridal are twined: beneath the wooden planks lurks hidden fire. Alas! for my woes, alas! for thee, city of my fathers, soon shalt thou be fine dust: gone is the handiwork of the immortals, gone utterly the foundations of Laomedon. And

she had borne a firebrand. The seers interpreted this to mean that her child would be fatal to Troy and advised that it should be put to death (Hyginus, *Fab.* 91 and 249; Apollod. iii. 12. 5; Eur. *Troad.* 922; Verg. *Aen.* vii. 320, etc.).

for thee, my father,[a] and for thee, my mother,[b] I weep to think what manner of things ye both shall suffer. Thou, my father, piteously fallen shalt lie beside the altar of mighty Zeus of the Court.[c] Mother of the best of children, thee from human shape the gods shall turn into a hound[d] maddened over thy children. Fair Polyxena,[e] for thee lying low near to thy fatherland I shall weep but little: would that someone of the Argives had slain me too with thy lamented fate! For what profit have I in life any more, if life but keep me for a most pitiful death, and an alien soil shall cover me? Such things for me and such a doom for King Agamemnon himself doth my mistress[f] weave, his reward for all his labours. But now take ye heed—in suffering shall ye learn the truth of my words—and put away, my friends, the cloud of infatuate folly. Let the body of the capacious horse be rent with hatchets or burnt with fire. And hiding crafty persons as it does, let it perish and be greatly regretted by the Danaans. And then feast ye and array you for the dance, setting up mixing-bowls in honour of dear liberty."[g]

So she spake; but no one hearkened to her; for Apollo made her at once a good prophet and unbelieved.[h] And her father spake and rebuked her:

[f] *i.e.* Clytemnestra who treats Cassandra as a slave. *Cf.* Aesch. *Ag.* 1035 ff.

[g] Hom. *Il.* vi. 526, "if Zeus grant us to set up in our halls the mixing-bowl of liberty to the everlasting gods."

[h] Cassandra, daughter of Priam, obtained from Apollo the gift of prophecy. But afterwards she refused to fulfil the promise by which she had obtained it. Apollo avenged himself by causing her prophecies not to be believed (Aesch. *Ag.* 1208 ff.).

"What spirit of ill name hath brought thee again, prophetess of evil, bold dog-fly? Vainly dost thou try to stay us with thy barking. Is thy mind not yet weary of its plague of madness, and hast thou not had thy fill of ill-omened ravings, but thou hast come in vexation at our mirth, when Zeus, the son of Cronus, hath lighted for us all the day of freedom and scattered the ships of the Achaeans? And no longer are the long spears brandished, no longer are the bows drawn, no longer flash the swords, the arrows are silent. But dances and honey-breathing music is ours and no more strife: no more wails the mother over the child, nor doth the wife send her husband to the fray and weep, a widow, over his corpse. Athena, guardian of the city, welcomes the horse which is drawn along. But thou, bold maiden, rushing before the house with false prophecies and wild raving, labourest to no purpose and pollutest the holy city. Go to! but our care is dance and mirth. For no longer is terror left under the walls of Troy, and no longer have we need of thy prophetic voice."

So he spake, and bade lead away the frenzied maiden, hiding her in her chamber. And hardly and against her will she obeyed her parent, and throwing herself upon her maiden bed she wept, knowing her own doom: already she beheld the fire raging on the walls of her burning fatherland. But the others at the temple of the goddess Athena, guardian of the city, set up the horse on well-polished pedestal, and burned fair offerings on savoury altars; but the immortals refused their vain hecatombs. And there was festival in the town and infinite lust, lust uplifting the drunkenness of wine that unmans. And all the city was filled with foolishness and gaped

with heedlessness, and few warders watched the gates; for now the light of day was sinking and fateful night wrapped steep Ilios for destruction. And Aphrodite of many counsels, putting on the likeness of hoary age, came to Argive Helen with crafty intent and called her forth and spake to her with persuasive voice:

"Dear lady, thy valiant husband Menelaus calls thee. He is hidden in the wooden horse, and round him lie ambushed the leaders of the Achaeans, wooers of war in thy cause. But come and heed no longer ancient Priam nor the other Trojans nor Deiphobus himself. For now I give thee to much enduring Menelaus."

So spake the goddess and ran away again. But Helen, her heart beguiled by the craft, left her fragrant chamber, and her husband Deiphobus followed her. And as she went, the Trojan women of trailing tunics gazed upon her. And when she came to the high-roofed temple of Athena, she stood and scanned the form of the well-manned horse. Three times she walked round it and provoked the Argives, naming all the fair-tressed wives of the Achaeans with her clear voice. And their hearts were torn within them with grief and they restrained their pent up tears in silence. Groaned Menelaus when he heard the daughter of Tyndareus: wept the son of Tydeus remembering Aegialeia: the name of Penelope stirred the heart of Odysseus: but only Anticlus, stung by the name of Laodameia,[a]

Hades. And when she beheld him and thought he had returned from Troy she rejoiced; but when he was carried back to Hades she killed herself" Apollod. *epit.* iii. 30), it seems possible that the meaning here is "the goad that pricked Laodameia," *i.e.* desire for the absent spouse.

opened his lips and essayed answering speech. But Odysseus leapt upon him and fell about him with both his hands and restrained him while he strove to open his lips, and, seizing his mouth in escapeless fetters unbreakable, held him masterfully. And he writhed under the pressure of his hands, essaying to escape the giant bonds of murderous silence. And breath that gives men life forsook him; and the other Achaeans wept for him with secret tears and hid him away in the hollow flank of the horse, and cast a coverlet over his chilly limbs. And now would the crafty woman have beguiled another of the Achaeans, had not fierce-eyed Pallas met her from the sky and threatened her and led her forth from her dear temple, appearing unto her alone,[a] and sent her away with stern voice:

"Wretch, how far shall thy sinfulness carry thee and thy passion for alien wedlock and the infatuation of Cypris[b]? And thou hast never any pity for thy former husband nor any yearning for thy daughter Hermione, but helpest still the Trojans? Withdraw and go up into thy upper room in the house and with kindly fire welcome the ships of the Achaeans."

So she spake and shattered the woman's empty deceit. And Helen passed to her chamber, while they ceased from the dance, filled with weariness, and fell on sleep. The lyre rested, the weary flute lay beside the mixing-bowl, and many a cup fell from the drooping hand and flowed of itself. Peace, the companion of night, browsed about the city; and no baying of dogs was heard but perfect silence reigned, inviting slaughter-breathing battle. And now Zeus,

[a] *Cf.* Hom. *Il.* i. 198.

[b] Aphrodite.

dispenser of war, weighed the Balance [a] of destruction for the Trojans, and hardly and at last rallied the Achaeans. Phoebus Apollo withdrew from Ilios to his rich shrine in Lycia, grieving over his mighty walls. And straightway beside the tomb of Achilles Sinon [b] showed his message to the Argives with his shining brand. And all night long fair Helen herself also displayed from her chamber to her friends her golden torch. And even as when the moon, full with grey fire, gilds with her face the gleaming heaven: not when, sharpening her pointed horns, she first shines, rising in the shadowless [c] dusk of the month, but when, orbing the rounded radiance of her eye, she draws to herself the reflected rays of the sun: even so did the lady of Therapne on that night in her radiance lift up her wine-hued arm, directing the friendly fire. And when they beheld the gleam of the beacon on high, the Argives speedily set back their ships on the path of return, and every mariner made haste, seeking to find an end of the long war. They were at once sailors and stout warriors and called each on the other to row. So the ships, swifter than the speedy winds, with obedient rush sailed unto Ilios by the help of

persis (Procl. p. 244, *Myth. Gr.* i. Wagner) says Sinon gave the signal πρότερον εἰσεληλυθὼς προσποιητός, *i.e.* apparently inside the city. In Vergil, *A.* vi. 517 ff. the signal is given by Helen. No signal is given by Sinon, but *ib.* 256 a signal is sent by the Greeks to Sinon who then opens the door of the horse. In Quint. Smyrn. xiii. 23 ff. Sinon gives the signal and *ib.* 30 ff. he also opens the door of the horse.

[c] Aratus says (736) that the moon first casts a shadow when she "is going to the fourth day." Fest. Avien. *Progn.* v. ff.

namque facem quarti sibimet profitebitur ignis,
corpora cum primo perfundens lumine nostra
in subiecta soli tenuem porrexerit umbram.

Poseidon. And there the foot soldiers went in front, while the horsemen fell behind, in order that the horses might not rouse the people of Troy by their loud neighing. And those others poured from the carven belly of the horse, armed princes, even as bees from an oak: which when they have laboured within the capacious hive, weaving the sweet honeycomb with cunning art, pour from their vaulted nest to the pasture and vex the passing wayfarers with their stings: even so the Danaans undid the bolts of their secret ambush and leapt upon the Trojans and, while they still slept, shrouded them in evil dreams of brazen death. The earth swam with blood, and a cry unceasing arose from the fleeing Trojans, and sacred Ilios was straitened with falling corpses, while those others with murderous tumult raged this way and that, like mad lions, bridging the streets with new-slain bodies. And the Trojan women heard from their roofs and some, still thirsting for beloved liberty, submitted their necks to their wretched husbands for slaughter: mothers over their dear children, like light swallows, made lament: and many a young bride wept for her young husband quivering in his death struggle and was fain to die herself, and willed not to follow in the chains of captivity, but roused to anger her unwilling slayer and won to share the death-bed that was owing to her spouse. And many who bare within them breathless children whose months were not yet fulfilled, shed untimely the travail of the womb and died a chilly death, themselves too, with their children. And Enyo,[a] revelling in the drunkenness of unmixed blood, danced all night throughout the

[a] Goddess of War.

city, like a hurricane, turbulent with the waves of surging war. And therewithal Strife lifted her head high as heaven and stirred up the Argives; since even bloody Ares, late but even so, came and brought to the Danaans the changeful victory in war and his help that is now for these and anon for those. And on the acropolis grey-eyed Athena uttered her voice and shook her aegis, the shield of Zeus; and the sky trembled as Hera bestirred her, and the heavy earth rang as it was shaken by the three-toothed spear[a] of Poseidon. And Hades shuddered and looked forth from his seat under earth, afraid lest in the great anger of Zeus Hermes, conductor of souls, should bring down all the race of men. And all things were confounded together and there was slaughter without discretion.[b] For some in flight they slew standing by the Scaean[c] gates: one leapt from his bed and, seeking his arms, fell upon a darkling spear; one hidden in his shadowy house invited as his guest one whom he deemed to be a friend: fool! no friendly man was he to meet but got hateful gifts of his hospitality; another over his roof, while yet he looked not, fell by the swift arrow. And some, their hearts weighed down with grievous wine, in terror at the din, hasting to come down, forgot the ladder[d] and fell unwitting from the lofty roofs and luxed and brake the bones of their necks,

πολέμῳ· τυφλὰ δ' ἐκ χειρῶν βέλη ψυχαῖς ἔπι δυσμενέων φοιτᾷ θάνατόν τε φέρει τοῖσιν ἂν δαίμων θέλῃ, Appian p. 76 (Bekker), an elephant ran amuck and ἀνῄρει τὸν ἐν ποσίν, οὐ διακρίνων ἔτι φίλιον ἢ πολέμιον, and Byron's "friend, foe, in one red burial blent" (*Ch. Har.* iii. 28. 9).

[c] For a discussion of the gates of Troy see W. Leaf, *Troy*, pp. 151 ff.

[d] Like Elpenor in Hom. *Od.* x. 552 ff.

and therewithal spewed forth wine. And many gathered together in one place were slain as they fought and many, as they were pursued, fell from the towers into the house of Hades, leaping their latest leap. And a few through a narrow hollow, like thieves, escaped unnoticed from the storm of their perishing fatherland. Others within, in the surge of war and darkness, like to men gone rather than to men fleeing, fell one above the other. And the city could not contain the filth, desolate of men but over-full of dead. And there was no sparing. Driven by the frenzied lash of sleepless turmoil they had no regard even to the gods, but with most lawless onset they defiled with blood the innocent altars of the immortals. And old men most piteous were slain in most unworthy slaughter: slain not on their feet, but, stretching on the ground their suppliant limbs, they had their grey heads laid low. And many infant children were snatched from the mother's breast that had suckled them but a little while and, understanding not, paid for the sins of their parents, while she that nursed it, offered the child the breast in vain, and brought offering of milk it might not suck.[a] And birds and dogs, here and there throughout the city, the fowls of air and the beasts that walk the earth, feasted in company and drank the black blood and made a savage meal. The crying of the birds breathed slaughter, while the barking dogs bayed wildly over torn corpses of men, pitiless and heeding not that they were rending their own masters.

And Odysseus and Menelaus of the goodly hair set out for the house of woman-mad Deiphobus, like

[a] Pliny, *N.H.* xxxv. 98.

unto wolves of jagged teeth, which in a stormy night, lusting for blood, go to attack unshepherded flocks and waste the labour of the herdsmen. There, though they were but two, they engaged foemen beyond numbering. And a new battle arose, as these attacked and those from a chamber overhead hurled stones and arrows which bring speedy death. Yet even so, fencing their giant heads with helmets unbreakable and encircling themselves with shields, they leapt into the great house. And Odysseus drave and slaughtered the crowd that opposed him, even as wild beasts affrighted. And the son of Atreus on the other hand pursued Deiphobus who skulked away, and overtook and smote him in the midst of the belly and poured forth his liver and slippery guts. So he lay there and forgot his chivalry. And with Menelaus followed, trembling, his spear-won spouse, now rejoicing in the end of dire woes, and now ashamed, and then again, though late, as in a dream, secretly groaning, she remembered her dear fatherland. But Neoptolemus, scion of Aeacus, slew beside the altar of Zeus of the Court-yard the aged king out-worn with woe. He put from him such pity as his father had shown, and hearkened not to his prayers, nor had compassion when he looked on his hair grey even as the hair of Peleus: the hair at which of old Achilles softened his heart and, despite his grievous anger, spared the old man.[a] Hard of heart! verily a like fate was destined afterward to come to him by the altar of truthful Apollo, when, as he sought to

[a] Hom. *Il.* xxiv. 515 ff.

harm the divine shrine, a Delphian man smote and slew him with a holy knife.[a]

And Andromache bewailed short-lived Astyanax,[b] whom she saw dive headlong from the airy towers, hurled to death by the hand of Odysseus. Swift Aias, son of Oileus, assaulted Cassandra when she took shelter at the knees of the stainless goddess Pallas; and the goddess rejected his violence, and, helper though she had been aforetime, for one man's sake Athena was angered against all the Argives. Aeneias and Anchises did Aphrodite steal away, taking pity on the old man and his son, and far from their fatherland established them in Ausonia.[c] So the counsel of the gods was fulfilled with approval of Zeus, so that imperishable sovereignty should be the lot of the children and the grandchildren[d] of Aphrodite dear to Ares. The children and race of godlike Antenor,[e] that hospitable old man, the son of Atreus saved, in gratitude for his former kindness and that table wherewith his gentle wife Theano had welcomed him. Poor Laodice[f]! thee by thy native land the enfolding earth took to her yawning bosom,

[c] Italy. [d] The Romans.

[e] Antenor and his wife Theano, sister of Hecabe, had entertained Odysseus and Menelaus when they came to Troy to ask the restoration of Helen before the war (Hom. *Il.* iii. 205), and subsequently he advised the surrender of Helen (Hom. *Il.* vii. 347 ff.). His friendly attitude to the Greeks ("Troianae suasorem Antenora pacis," Ovid, *F.* iv. 75) led later to charges of treachery; *cf.* Lycophr. 340.

[f] Daughter of Priam and Hecabe, mother of Munitus by Acamas, son of Theseus, was, at the taking of Troy, swallowed up by the earth; *cf.* Lycophr. 314, 497.

and neither Acamas, son of Theseus, nor any other of the Achaeans led thee captive, but thou didst perish with thy fatherland.

All the multitude of strife and the sorrows of that night I could not sing, distinguishing each event. This is the Muses' task; and I shall drive, as it were a horse,[a] a song which, wheeling about, grazes the turning-post.

Dawn in her car was just speeding back from Ocean in the East and marking great space of sky with slowly brightening light, dispelling slaughterous night; and they, exulting in their proud victory in war, looked everywhere throughout the city to find if any others were concealed and avoiding the murderous warfare that embraced all the people. But they were overcome by the all-capturing net of death, as fishes poured forth on the shores of the sea. And the Argives carried from the halls their new bravery to deck their ships and many treasured heirlooms did they seize from the desolate chambers. And with them they carried off by force captive wives and children together unto the ships. And having arrayed city-sacking fire against the walls, in one flame they confounded all the works of Poseidon.[b] And even there was smoking Ilios made a great monument to her dear citizens. And Xanthus, beholding the fiery doom of the city, wept with seaward flowing fountain of lamentation, and, terrified by the anger of Hera, yielded to Hephaestus.

[b] In reference to the building of the walls by Poseidon and Apollo. So Verg. *A.* iii. 3 "Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia"; *cf. A.* ii. 622.

The Achaeans poured the blood of Polyxena[a] over the tomb of dead Achilles to propitiate his wrath, and took each his lot of Trojan women and divided all their other spoil, both gold and silver: wherewith they loaded their deep ships and through the booming sea set sail from Troy, having made an end of the war.

[a] Thymbraean Apollo that he was slain by Paris. On the capture of Troy Neoptolemus sacrificed her at the tomb of Achilles; schol. Lycophr. 323; Eur. *Tr.* 261 ff.

THE ODYSSEY

BOOK I

Tell me, O Muse, of the man of many devices, who wandered full many ways after he had sacked the sacred citadel of Troy. Many were the men whose cities he saw and whose mind he learned, aye, and many the woes he suffered in his heart upon the sea, seeking to win his own life and the return of his comrades. Yet even so he saved not his comrades, though he desired it sore, for through their own blind folly they perished—fools, who devoured the kine of Helios Hyperion; but he took from them the day of their returning. Of these things, goddess, daughter of Zeus, beginning where thou wilt, tell thou even unto us.

Now all the rest, as many as had escaped sheer destruction, were at home, safe from both war and sea, but Odysseus alone, filled with longing for his return and for his wife, did the queenly nymph Calypso, that bright goddess, keep back in her hollow caves, yearning that he should be her husband. But when, as the seasons revolved, the year came in which the gods had ordained that he should return home to Ithaca, not even there was he free from toils, even among his own folk. And all the gods

pitied him save Poseidon; but he continued to rage unceasingly against godlike Odysseus until at length he reached his own land.

Howbeit Poseidon had gone among the far-off Ethiopians—the Ethiopians who dwell sundered in twain, the farthermost of men, some where Hyperion sets and some where he rises, there to receive a hecatomb of bulls and rams, and there he was taking his joy, sitting at the feast; but the other gods were gathered together in the halls of Olympian Zeus. Among them the father of gods and men was first to speak, for in his heart he thought of noble Aegisthus, whom far-famed Orestes, Agamemnon's son, had slain. Thinking on him he spoke among the immortals, and said:

"Look you now, how ready mortals are to blame the gods. It is from us, they say, that evils come, but they even of themselves, through their own blind folly, have sorrows beyond that which is ordained. Even as now Aegisthus, beyond that which was ordained, took to himself the wedded wife of the son of Atreus, and slew him on his return, though well he knew of sheer destruction, seeing that we spake to him before, sending Hermes, the keen-sighted Argeïphontes,[1] that he should neither slay the man nor woo his wife; for from Orestes shall come vengeance for the son of Atreus when once he has come to manhood and longs for his own land. So Hermes spoke, but for all his good intent he prevailed not upon the heart of Aegisthus; and now he has paid the full price of all."

[1] "the swift appearer" (root φαν). The rendering "slayer of Argus" (root φεν) is inadmissible, as there is no trace of the Argus-myth in Homer.

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed[1] Athene, answered him: "Father of us all, thou son of Cronos, high above all lords, aye, verily that man lies low in a destruction that is his due; so, too, may any other also be destroyed who does such deeds. But my heart is torn for wise Odysseus, hapless man, who far from his friends has long been suffering woes in a sea-girt isle, where is the navel of the sea. 'Tis a wooded isle, and therein dwells a goddess, daughter of Atlas of baneful mind, who knows the depths of every sea, and himself holds the tall pillars which keep earth and heaven apart. His daughter it is that keeps back that wretched, sorrowing man; and ever with soft and wheedling words she beguiles him that he may forget Ithaca. But Odysseus, in his longing to see were it but the smoke leaping up from his own land, yearns to die. Yet thy heart doth not regard it, Olympian. Did not Odysseus beside the ships of the Argives offer thee sacrifice without stint in the broad land of Troy? Wherefore then didst thou conceive such wrath[2] against him, O Zeus?"

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her and said: "My child, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth? How should I, then, forget godlike Odysseus, who is beyond all mortals in wisdom, and beyond all has paid sacrifice to the immortal gods, who hold broad heaven? Nay, it is Poseidon, the earth-enfolder, who is ever filled with stubborn wrath because of the Cyclops, whom Odysseus blinded of

[2] In the Greek there is a play upon the verb *ὠδύσαο* and the name *Ὀδυσεύς*, the latter suggesting the meaning "man of wrath." See xix. 409.

his eye—even the godlike Polyphemus, whose might is greatest among all the Cyclopes; and the nymph Thoosa bore him, daughter of Phorcys who rules over the unresting[1] sea; for in the hollow caves she lay with Poseidon. From that time forth Poseidon, the earth-shaker, does not indeed slay Odysseus, but makes him a wanderer from his native land. But come, let us who are here all take thought of his return, that he may come home; and Poseidon will let go his anger, for he will in no wise be able, against all the immortal gods and in their despite, to contend alone."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Father of us all, thou son of Cronos, high above all lords, if indeed this is now well pleasing to the blessed gods, that the wise Odysseus should return to his own home, let us send forth Hermes, the messenger, Argeïphontes, to the isle Ogygia, that with all speed he may declare to the fair-tressed nymph our fixed resolve, even the return of Odysseus of the steadfast heart, that he may come home. But, as for me, I will go to Ithaca, that I may the more arouse his son, and set courage in his heart to call to an assembly the long-haired Achaeans, and speak out his word to all the wooers, who are ever slaying his thronging sheep and his sleek[2] kine of shambling gait. And I will guide him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos, to seek tidings of the return of his dear father, if haply he may hear of it, that good report may be his among men."

[1] ἔλικας is a word of uncertain etymology. The rendering given above connects it with σέλας. Others understand it as referring to the "crumpled" horns of cattle, or treat it as virtually equivalent to εἰλίποδας. The ancients took the word to mean "black."

So she spoke, and bound beneath her feet her beautiful sandals, immortal,[1] golden, which were wont to bear her both over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts of the wind. And she took her mighty spear, tipped with sharp bronze, heavy and huge and strong, wherewith she vanquishes the ranks of men—of warriors, with whom she is wroth, she, the daughter of the mighty sire. Then she went darting down from the heights of Olympus, and took her stand in the land of Ithaca at the outer gate of Odysseus, on the threshold of the court. In her hand she held the spear of bronze, and she was in the likeness of a stranger, Mentes, the leader of the Taphians. There she found the proud wooers. They were taking their pleasure at draughts in front of the doors, sitting on the hides of oxen which they themselves had slain; and of the heralds[2] and busy squires, some were mixing wine and water for them in bowls, others again were washing the tables with porous sponges and setting them forth, while still others were portioning out meats in abundance.

Her the godlike Telemachus was far the first to see, for he was sitting among the wooers, sad at heart, seeing in thought his noble father, should he perchance come from somewhere and make a scattering of the wooers in the palace, and himself win honour and rule over his own house. As he thought of these things, sitting among the wooers, he beheld Athene, and he went straight to the outer door; for in his heart he counted it shame that a stranger

[2] It has seemed better to render the word κῆρυξ uniformly by "herald," although the meanings range from "herald" in battle scenes to "page" or "henchman" in scenes portraying life in the palace.

should stand long at the gates. So, drawing near, he clasped her right hand, and took from her the spear of bronze; and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words:[1]

"Hail, stranger; in our house thou shalt find entertainment, and then, when thou hast tasted food, thou shalt tell of what thou hast need."

So saying, he led the way, and Pallas Athene followed. And when they were within the lofty house, he bore the spear and set it against a tall pillar in a polished spear-rack, where were set many spears besides, even those of Odysseus of the steadfast heart. Athene herself he led and seated on a chair, spreading a linen cloth beneath—a beautiful chair, richly-wrought,[2] and below was a footstool for the feet. Beside it he placed for himself an inlaid seat, apart from the others, the wooers, lest the stranger, vexed by their din, should loathe the meal, seeing that he was in the company of overweening men; and also that he might ask him about his father that was gone. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash, and beside them drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before them bread, and therewith dainties in abundance, giving freely of her store. And a carver lifted up and placed before them platters of all manner of meats, and set by them golden goblets, while a herald ever walked to and fro pouring them wine.

Then in came the proud wooers, and thereafter sat them down in rows on chairs and high seats. Heralds poured water over their hands, and maid-

[1] Perhaps "carven."

servants heaped by them bread in baskets, and youths filled the bowls brim full of drink; and they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. Now after the wooers had put from them the desire of food and drink, their hearts turned to other things, to song and to dance; for these things are the crown of a feast. And a herald put the beautiful lyre in the hands of Phemius, who sang perforce among the wooers; and he struck the chords in prelude[1] to his sweet lay.

But Telemachus spoke to flashing-eyed Athene, holding his head close, that the others might not hear: "Dear stranger, wilt thou be wroth with me for the word that I shall say? These men care for things like these, the lyre and song, full easily, seeing that without atonement they devour the livelihood of another, of a man whose white bones, it may be, rot in the rain as they lie upon the mainland, or the wave rolls them in the sea. Were they to see him returned to Ithaca, they would all pray to be swifter of foot, rather than richer in gold and in raiment. But now he has thus perished by an evil doom, nor for us is there any comfort, no, not though any one of men upon the earth should say that he will come; gone is the day of his returning. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city and where thy parents? On what manner of ship didst thou come, and how did sailors bring thee to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, didst thou come hither on foot. And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well, whether this is thy first coming hither, or whether thou art

[1] Or *ἀνεβάλλετο* may be used of the voice: "so he struck the chords, and lifted up his voice in sweet song."

indeed a friend of my father's house. For many were the men who came to our house as strangers, since he, too, had gone to and fro[1] among men."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Therefore of a truth will I frankly tell thee all. I declare that I am Mentes, the son of wise Anchialus, and I am lord over the oar-loving Taphians. And now have I put in here, as thou seest, with ship and crew, while sailing over the wine-dark sea to men of strange speech, on my way to Temese for copper; and I bear with me shining iron. My ship lies yonder beside the fields away from the city, in the harbour of Rheithron, under woody Neion. Friends of one another do we declare ourselves to be, even as our fathers were, friends from of old. Nay, if thou wilt, go and ask the old warrior Laertes, who, they say, comes no more to the city, but afar in the fields suffers woes attended by an aged woman as his handmaid, who sets before him food and drink, after weariness has laid hold of his limbs, as he creeps along the slope of his vineyard plot. And now am I come, for of a truth men said that he, thy father, was among his people; but lo, the gods are thwarting him of his return. For not yet has goodly Odysseus perished on the earth, but still, I ween, he lives and is held back on the broad sea in a sea-girt isle, and cruel men keep him, a savage folk, that constrain him, haply sore against his will. Nay, I will now prophesy to thee, as the immortals put it in my heart, and as I think it shall be brought to pass, though I am in no wise a soothsayer, nor one versed in the

[1] Or *ἐπίστροφος* may mean, as the scholiast took it, *ἐπιστροφὴν καὶ ἐπιμέλειαν ποιούμενος τῶν ἀνθρώπων*, "one that shewed care and attention to men." Yet see xvii. 486.

signs of birds. Not much longer shall he be absent from his dear native land, no, not though bonds of iron hold him. He will contrive a way to return, for he is a man of many devices. But come, tell me this and declare it truly, whether indeed, tall as thou art, thou art the son of Odysseus himself. Wondrously like his are thy head and beautiful eyes; for full often did we consort with one another before he embarked for the land of Troy, whither others, too, the bravest of the Argives, went in their hollow ships. But since that day neither have I seen Odysseus, nor he me."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Therefore of a truth, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. My mother says that I am his child; but I know not, for never yet did any man of himself know his own parentage. Ah, would that I had been the son of some blest man, whom old age overtook among his own possessions. But now of him who was the most ill-fated of mortal men they say that I am sprung, since thou askest me of this."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Surely, then, no nameless lineage have the gods appointed for thee in time to come, seeing that Penelope bore thee such as thou art. But come, tell me this and declare it truly. What feast, what throng is this? What need hast thou of it? Is it a drinking bout, or a wedding feast? For this plainly is no meal to which each brings his portion, with such outrage and overweening do they seem to me to be feasting in thy halls. Angered would a man be at seeing all these shameful acts, any man of sense who should come among them."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Stranger,

since indeed thou dost ask and question me of this, our house once bade fair to be rich and honourable, so long as that man was still among his people. But now the gods have willed otherwise in their evil devising, seeing that they have caused him to pass from sight as they have no other man. For I should not so grieve for his death, if he had been slain among his comrades in the land of the Trojans, or had died in the arms of his friends, when he had wound up the skein of war. Then would the whole host of the Achaeans have made him a tomb, and for his son, too, he would have won great glory in days to come. But as it is, the spirits of the storm[1] have swept him away and left no tidings: he is gone out of sight, out of hearing, and for me he has left anguish and weeping; nor do I in any wise mourn and wail for him alone, seeing that the gods have brought upon me other sore troubles. For all the princes who hold sway over the islands—Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus—and those who lord it over rocky Ithaca, all these woo my mother and lay waste my house. And she neither refuses the hateful marriage, nor is she able to make an end; but they with feasting consume my substance: ere long they will bring me, too, to ruin."

Then, stirred to anger, Pallas Athene spoke to him: "Out on it! Thou hast of a truth sore need of Odysseus that is gone, that he might put forth his hands upon the shameless wooers. Would that he might come now and take his stand at the outer gate of the house, with helmet and shield and two spears,

[1] The ἅρπυιαι, or "snatchers," are in Homer personified storm-winds; see xiv. 371; xx. 61–82; and *Iliad*, vi. 346. They have nothing in common with Virgil's Harpies (*Aen.* iii. 211 ff.).

such a man as he was when I first saw him in our house drinking and making merry, on his way back from Ephyre, from the house of Ilus, son of Mermerus. For thither, too, went Odysseus in his swift ship in search of a deadly drug, that he might have wherewith to smear his bronze-tipped arrows; yet Ilus gave it not to him, for he stood in awe of the gods that are forever; but my father gave it, for he held him strangely dear. Would, I say, that in such strength Odysseus might come amongst the wooers; then should they all find swift destruction and bitterness in their wooing. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods, whether he shall return and wreak vengeance in his halls, or whether he shall not; but for thyself, I bid thee take thought how thou mayest thrust forth the wooers from the hall. Come now, give ear, and hearken to my words. On the morrow call to an assembly the Achaean lords, and speak out thy word to all, and let the gods be thy witnesses. As for the wooers, bid them scatter, each to his own; and for thy mother, if her heart bids her marry, let her go back to the hall of her mighty father, and there they will prepare a wedding feast, and make ready the gifts[1] full many—aye, all that should follow after a well-loved daughter. And to thyself will I give wise counsel, if thou wilt hearken. Man with twenty rowers the best ship thou hast, and go to seek tidings of thy father, that has long been gone, if haply any mortal may tell

[1] but we must still think of the gifts as brought by the wooers, even though they were subsequently given to the bride by her parents. Owing to this difficulty many scholars reject line 278 (and ii. 197), and take *οἱ δὲ* of the wooers, not of the kinsfolk of Penelope.

thee, or thou mayest hear a voice from Zeus, which oftenest brings tidings to men. First go to Pylos and question goodly Nestor, and from thence to Sparta to fair-haired Menelaus; for he was the last to reach home of the brazen-coated Achaeans. If so be thou shalt hear that thy father is alive and coming home, then verily, though thou art sore afflicted, thou couldst endure for yet a year. But if thou shalt hear that he is dead and gone, then return to thy dear native land and heap up a mound for him, and over it pay funeral rites, full many as is due, and give thy mother to a husband. Then when thou hast done all this and brought it to an end, thereafter take thought in mind and heart how thou mayest slay the wooers in thy halls whether by guile or openly; for it beseems thee not to practise childish ways, since thou art no longer of such an age. Or hast thou not heard what fame the goodly Orestes won among all mankind when he slew his father's murderer, the guileful Aegisthus, for that he slew his glorious father? Thou too, my friend, for I see that thou art comely and tall, be thou valiant, that many an one of men yet to be born may praise thee. But now I will go down to my swift ship and my comrades, who, methinks, are chafing much at waiting for me. For thyself, give heed and have regard to my words."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Stranger, in truth thou speakest these things with kindly thought, as a father to his son, and never will I forget them. But come now, tarry, eager though thou art to be gone, in order that when thou hast bathed and satisfied thy heart to the full, thou mayest go to thy ship glad in spirit, and bearing a gift costly

and very beautiful, which shall be to thee an heirloom from me, even such a gift as dear friends give to friends."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Stay me now no longer, when I am eager to be gone, and whatsoever gift thy heart bids thee give me, give it when I come back, to bear to my home, choosing a right beautiful one; it shall bring thee its worth in return."

So spoke the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, and departed, flying upward [1] as a bird; and in his heart she put strength and courage, and made him think of his father even more than aforetime. And in his mind he marked her and marvelled, for he deemed that she was a god; and straightway he went among the wooers, a godlike man.

For them the famous minstrel was singing, and they sat in silence listening; and he sang of the return of the Achaeans—the woeful return from Troy which Pallas Athene laid upon them. And from her upper chamber the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, heard his wondrous song, and she went down the high stairway from her chamber, not alone, for two handmaids attended her. Now when the fair lady had come to the wooers, she stood by the doorpost of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and a faithful handmaid stood on either side of her. Then she burst into tears, and spoke to the divine minstrel:

"Phemius, many other things thou knowest to charm mortals, deeds of men and gods which min-

to be the name of a bird. Others give it the meaning "invisibly," and still others render "through the openings (ὀπαί) in the roof."

strels make famous. Sing them one of these, as thou sittest here, and let them drink their wine in silence. But cease from this woeful song which ever harrows the heart in my breast, for upon me above all women has come a sorrow not to be forgotten. So dear a head do I ever remember with longing, even my husband, whose fame is wide through Hellas and mid-Argos." [1]

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "My mother, why dost thou begrudge the good minstrel to give pleasure in whatever way his heart is moved? It is not minstrels that are to blame, but Zeus, I ween, is to blame, who gives to men that live by toil,[2] to each one as he will. With this man no one can be wroth if he sings of the evil doom of the Danaans; for men praise that song the most which comes the newest to their ears. For thyself, let thy heart and soul endure to listen; for not Odysseus alone lost in Troy the day of his return, but many others likewise perished. Nay, go to thy chamber, and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks; but speech shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me; since mine is the authority in the house."

She then, seized with wonder, went back to her chamber, for she laid to heart the wise saying of her son. Up to her upper chamber she went with her handmaids, and then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until flashing-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

[1] The phrase probably means no more than "throughout the length and breadth of Greece."

[2] Others render "that live by bread," and still others "gain-getting."

But the wooers broke into uproar throughout the shadowy halls, and all prayed, each that he might lie by her side. And among them wise Telemachus was the first to speak:

"Wooers of my mother, overweening in your insolence, for the present let us make merry with feasting, but let there be no brawling; for this is a goodly thing, to listen to a minstrel such as this man is, like to the gods in voice. But in the morning let us go to the assembly and take our seats, one and all, that I may declare my word to you outright that you depart from these halls. Prepare you other feasts, eating your own substance and changing from house to house. But if this seems in your eyes to be a better and more profitable thing, that one man's livelihood should be ruined without atonement, waste ye it. But I will call upon the gods that are forever, if haply Zeus may grant that deeds of requital may be wrought. Without atonement, then, should ye perish within my halls."

So he spoke, and they all bit their lips and marvelled at Telemachus, for that he spoke boldly.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, answered him: "Telemachus, verily the gods themselves are teaching thee to be a man of vaunting tongue, and to speak with boldness. May the son of Cronos never make thee king in sea-girt Ithaca, which thing is by birth thy heritage."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Antinous, wilt thou be wroth with me for the word that I shall say? Even this should I be glad to accept from the hand of Zeus. Thinkest thou indeed that this is the worst fate among men? Nay, it is no bad thing to be a king. Straightway one's house grows rich and

oneself is held in greater honour. However, there are other kings of the Achaeans full many in sea-girt Ithaca, both young and old. One of these haply may have this place, since goodly Odysseus is dead. But I will be lord of our own house and of the slaves that goodly Odysseus won for me."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered him: "Telemachus, this matter verily lies on the knees of the gods, who of the Achaeans shall be king in sea-girt Ithaca; but as for thy possessions, thou mayest keep them thyself, and be lord in thine own house. Never may that man come who by violence and against thy will shall wrest thy possessions from thee, while men yet live in Ithaca. But I am fain, good sir, to ask thee of the stranger, whence this man comes. Of what land does he declare himself to be? Where are his kinsmen and his native fields? Does he bring some tidings of thy father's coming, or came he hither in furtherance of some matter of his own? How he started up, and was straightway gone! Nor did he wait to be known; and yet he seemed no base man to look upon."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Eurymachus, surely my father's home-coming is lost and gone. No longer do I put trust in tidings, whencesoever they may come, nor reck I of any prophecy which my mother haply may learn of a seer, when she has called him to the hall. But this stranger is a friend of my father's house from Taphos. He declares that he is Mentes, son of wise Anchialus, and he is lord over the oar-loving Taphians."

So spoke Telemachus, but in his heart he knew the immortal goddess.

Now the wooers turned to the dance and to glad-

some song, and made them merry, and waited till evening should come; and as they made merry dark evening came upon them. Then they went, each man to his house, to take their rest. But Telemachus, where his chamber was built in the beautiful court, high, in a place of wide outlook, thither went to his bed, pondering many things in mind; and with him, bearing blazing torches, went true-hearted Eurycleia, daughter of Ops, son of Peisenor. Her long ago Laertes had bought with his wealth, when she was in her first youth, and gave for her the price of twenty oxen; and he honoured her even as he honoured his faithful wife in his halls, but he never lay with her in love, for he shunned the wrath of his wife. She it was who bore for Telemachus the blazing torches; for she of all the handmaids loved him most, and had nursed him when he was a child. He opened the doors of the well-built chamber, sat down on the bed, and took off his soft tunic and laid it in the wise old woman's hands. And she folded and smoothed the tunic and hung it on a peg beside the corded[1] bedstead, and then went forth from the chamber, drawing the door to by its silver handle, and driving the bolt home with the thong. So there, the night through, wrapped in a fleece of wool, he pondered in his mind upon the journey which Athene had shewn him.

[1] Possibly "mortised"; yet see xxiii. 201.

BOOK II

Soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, up from his bed arose the dear son of Odysseus and put on his clothing. About his shoulder he slung his sharp sword, and beneath his shining feet bound his fair sandals, and went forth from his chamber like a god to look upon. Straightway he bade the clear-voiced heralds to summon to the assembly the long-haired Achaeans. And the heralds made the summons, and the Achaeans assembled full quickly. Now when they were assembled and met together, Telemachus went his way to the place of assembly, holding in his hand a spear of bronze—not alone, for along with him two swift hounds followed; and wondrous was the grace that Athene shed upon him, and all the people marvelled at him as he came. But he sat down in his father's seat, and the elders gave place.

Then among them the lord Aegyptius was the first to speak, a man bowed with age and wise with wisdom untold. Now he spoke, because his dear son had gone in the hollow ships to Ilius, famed for its horses, in the company of godlike Odysseus, even the warrior Antiphus. But him the savage Cyclops had slain in his hollow cave, and made of him his latest meal. Three others there were; one, Eurynomus, consorted with the wooers, and two ever kept

their father's farm. Yet, even so, he could not forget that other, mourning and sorrowing; and weeping for him he addressed the assembly, and spoke among them:

"Hearken now to me, men of Ithaca, to the word that I shall say. Never have we held assembly or session since the day when goodly Odysseus departed in the hollow ships. And now who has called us together? On whom has such need come either of the young men or of those who are older? Has he heard some tidings of the army's return,[1] which he might tell us plainly, seeing that he has first learned of it himself? Or is there some other public matter on which he is to speak and address us? A good man he seems in my eyes, a blessed man. May Zeus fulfil unto him himself some good, even whatsoever he desires in his heart."

So he spoke, and the dear son of Odysseus rejoiced at the word of omen; nor did he thereafter remain seated, but was fain to speak. So he took his stand in the midst of the assembly, and the staff was placed in his hands by the herald Peisenor, wise in counsel. Then he spoke, addressing first the old man:

"Old man, not far off, as thou shalt soon learn thyself, is that man who has called the host together—even I; for on me above all others has sorrow come. I have neither heard any tidings of the army's return, which I might tell you plainly, seeing that I had first learned of it myself, nor is there any other public matter on which I am to speak and address you. Nay, it is mine own need, for that evil has fallen upon my house in two-fold wise. First, I have lost my noble sire who was once king among you

[1] Or, possibly, "regarding an invading host."

here, and was gentle as a father; and now there is come an evil yet greater far, which will presently altogether destroy my house and ruin all my livelihood. My mother have wooers beset against her will, the sons of those men who are here the noblest. They shrink from going to the house of her father, Icarius, that he may himself exact the bride-gifts for his daughter, and give her to whom he will, even to him who meets his favour, but thronging our house day after day they slay our oxen and sheep and fat goats, and keep revel, and drink the sparkling wine recklessly; and havoc is made of all this wealth. For there is no man here, such as Odysseus was, to ward off ruin from the house. As for me, I am no wise such as he to ward it off. Nay verily, even if I try I shall be found a weakling and one knowing naught of valour. Yet truly I would defend myself, if I had but the power; for now deeds past all enduring have been wrought, and past all that is seemly has my house been destroyed. Take shame upon yourselves, and have regard to your neighbours who dwell round about, and fear the wrath of the gods, lest haply they turn against you in anger at your evil deeds.[1] I pray you by Olympian Zeus, and by Themis who looses and gathers the assemblies of men, forbear, my friends,[2] and leave me alone to pine in bitter grief—unless indeed my father, goodly Odysseus, despitefully wrought the well-greaved Achaeans woe, in requital whereof ye work me woe despitefully by urging these men on. For me it were better that

[1] Or, possibly, "Lest in wrath they bring your evil deeds upon your own heads." Against this, however, are xiv. 284 and xxiii. 64.

[2] These words are addressed apparently to the whole body of the men of Ithaca, not to the wooers alone.

ye should yourselves eat up my treasures and my flocks. If ye were to devour them, recompense would haply be made some day; for just so long should we go up and down the city, pressing our suit and asking back our goods, until all was given back. But now past cure are the woes ye put upon my heart."

Thus he spoke in wrath, and dashed the staff down upon the ground, bursting into tears; and pity fell upon all the people. Then all the others kept silent, and no man had the heart to answer Telemachus with angry words. Antinous alone answered him, and said:

"Telemachus, thou braggart, unrestrained in daring, what a thing hast thou said, putting us to shame, and wouldest fain fasten reproach upon us! Nay, I tell thee, it is not the Achaean wooers who are anywise at fault, but thine own mother, for she is crafty above all women. For it is now the third year and the fourth will soon pass,[1] since she has been deceiving the hearts of the Achaeans in their breasts. To all she offers hopes, and has promises for each man, sending them messages, but her mind is set on other things. And she devised in her heart this guileful thing also: she set up in her halls a great web, and fell to weaving—fine of thread was the web and very wide; and straightway she spoke among us:

"'Young men, my wooers, since goodly Odysseus is dead, be patient, though eager for my marriage, until I finish this robe—I would not that my spinning should come to naught—a shroud for the lord Laertes, against the time when the fell fate of grievous[2] death shall strike him down; lest any of the Achaean

[2] Others render "that lays men at their length."

women in the land should be wroth with me, if he, who had won great possessions, were to lie without a shroud.'

"So she spoke, and our proud hearts consented. Then day by day she would weave at the great web, but by night would unravel it, when she had let place torches by her. Thus for three years she by her craft kept the Achaeans from knowing, and beguiled them; but when the fourth year came as the seasons rolled on, even then one of her women who knew all told us, and we caught her unravelling the splendid web. So she finished it against her will, perforce. Therefore to thee the wooers make answer thus, that thou mayest thyself know it in thine heart, and that all the Achaeans may know. Send away thy mother, and command her to wed whomsoever her father bids, and whoso is pleasing to her. But if she shall continue long time to vex the sons of the Achaeans, mindful in her heart of this, that Athene has endowed her above other women with knowledge of fair handiwork and an understanding heart, and wiles, such as we have never yet heard that any even of the women of old knew, of those who long ago were fair-tressed Achaean women—Tyro and Alcmene and Mycene of the fair crown—of whom not one was like Penelope in shrewd device; yet this at least she devised not aright. For so long shall men devour thy livelihood and thy possessions, even as long as she shall keep the counsel which the gods now put in her heart. Great fame she brings on herself, but on thee regret for thy much substance. For us, we will go neither to our lands nor elsewhither, until she marries that one of the Achaeans whom she will."

Then wise Telemachus answered him, and said: "Antinous, in no wise may I thrust forth from the house against her will her that bore me and reared me; and, as for my father, he is in some other land, whether he be alive or dead. An evil thing it were for me to pay back a great price to Icarius, as I must, if of my own will I send my mother away. For from her father's hand shall I suffer evil, and heaven will send other ills besides, for my mother as she leaves the house will invoke the dread Avengers; and I shall have blame, too, from men. Therefore will I never speak this word. And for you, if your own heart is wroth hereat, get you forth from my halls and prepare you other feasts, eating your own substance and changing from house to house. But if this seems in your eyes to be a better and more profitable thing, that one man's livelihood should be ruined without atonement, waste ye it. But I will call upon the gods that are forever, if haply Zeus may grant that deeds of requital may be wrought. Without atonement then should ye perish within my halls."

So spoke Telemachus, and in answer Zeus, whose voice is borne afar,[1] sent forth two eagles, flying from on high, from a mountain peak. For a time they flew swift as the blasts of the wind side by side with wings outspread; but when they reached the middle of the many-voiced assembly, then they wheeled about, flapping their wings rapidly, and down on the heads of all they looked, and death was in their glare. Then they tore with their talons one another's cheeks and necks on either side, and darted away to the right across the houses and the city of the men.

[1] The adjective is sometimes rendered "far-seeing."

But they were seized with wonder at the birds when their eyes beheld them, and pondered in their hearts on what was to come to pass. Then among them spoke the old lord Halitherses, son of Mastor, for he surpassed all men of his day in knowledge of birds and in uttering words of fate. He with good intent addressed their assembly, and spoke among them:

"Hearken now to me, men of Ithaca, to the word that I shall say; and to the wooers especially do I declare and announce these things, since on them a great woe is rolling. For Odysseus shall not long be away from his friends, but even now, methinks, he is near, and is sowing death and fate for these men, one and all. Aye, and to many others of us also who dwell in clear-seen Ithaca will he be a bane. But long ere that let us take thought how we may make an end of this—or rather let them of themselves make an end, for this is straightway the better course for them. Not as one untried do I prophesy, but with sure knowledge. For unto Odysseus I declare that all things are fulfilled even as I told him, when the Argives embarked for Ilios and with them went Odysseus of many wiles. I declared that after suffering many ills and losing all his comrades he would come home in the twentieth year unknown to all; and lo, all this is now being brought to pass."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered him, and said: "Old man, up now, get thee home and prophesy to thy children, lest haply in days to come they suffer ill. In this matter I am better far than thou to prophesy. Many birds there are that fare to and fro under the rays of the sun, and not all are fateful. As for Odysseus, he has perished far away,

as I would that thou hadst likewise perished with him. Then wouldst thou not prate so much in thy reading of signs, or be urging Telemachus on in his wrath, hoping for some gift for thy house, if haply he shall give it But I will speak out to thee, and this word shall verily be brought to pass. If thou, wise in the wisdom of old, shalt beguile with thy talk a younger man, and set him on to be wroth, for him in the first place it shall be the more grievous, and he will in no case be able to do aught because of these men here, and on thee, old man, will we lay a fine which it will grieve thy soul to pay, and bitter shall be thy sorrow. And to Telemachus I myself, here among all, will offer this counsel. His mother let him bid to go back to the house of her father, and they will prepare a wedding feast and make ready the gifts full many,—aye, all that should follow after a well-loved daughter. For ere that, methinks, the sons of the Achaeans will not cease from their grievous wooing, since in any case we fear no man,—no, not Telemachus for all his many words,—nor do we reck of any soothsaying which thou, old man, mayest declare; it will fail of fulfilment, and thou shalt be hated the more. Aye, and his possessions shall be devoured in evil wise, nor shall requital ever be made, so long as she shall put off the Achaeans in the matter of her marriage. And we on our part waiting here day after day are rivals by reason of her excellence, and go not after other women, whom each one might fitly wed."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Eurymachus and all ye other lordly wooers, in this matter I entreat you no longer nor speak thereof, for now the gods know it, and all the Achaeans. But come,

give me a swift ship and twenty comrades who will accomplish my journey for me to and fro. For I shall go to Sparta and to sandy Pylos to seek tidings of the return of my father that has long been gone, if haply any mortal man may tell me, or I may hear a voice from Zeus, which oftenest brings tidings to men. If so be I shall hear that my father is alive and coming home, then verily, though I am sore afflicted, I could endure for yet a year. But if I shall hear that he is dead and gone, then I will return to my dear native land and heap up a mound for him, and over it pay funeral rites, full many, as is due, and give my mother to a husband."

So saying he sat down, and among them rose Mentor, who was a comrade of noble Odysseus. To him, on departing with his ships, Odysseus had given all his house in charge, that it should obey the old man and that he should keep all things safe. He with good intent addressed their assembly, and spoke among them :

" Hearken now to me, men of Ithaca, to the word that I shall say. Never henceforth let sceptred king with a ready heart be kind and gentle, nor let him heed righteousness in his heart, but let him ever be harsh and work unrighteousness, seeing that no one remembers divine Odysseus of the people whose lord he was; yet gentle was he as a father. But of a truth I begrudge not the proud wooers that they work deeds of violence in the evil contrivings of their minds, for it is at the hazard of their own lives that they violently devour the house of Odysseus, who, they say, will no more return. Nay, rather it is with the rest of the folk that I am wroth,

that ye all sit thus in silence, and utter no word of rebuke to make the wooers cease, though ye are many and they but few."

Then Leocritus, son of Euenor, answered him: "Mentor, thou mischief-maker,[1] thou wanderer in thy wits, what hast thou said, bidding men make us cease? Nay, it were a hard thing to fight about a feast with men that moreover outnumber you. For if Ithacan Odysseus himself were to come and be eager at heart to drive out from his hall the lordly wooers who are feasting in his house, then should his wife have no joy at his coming, though sorely she longed for him, but right here would he meet a shameful death, if he fought with men that outnumbered him.[2] Thou hast not spoken aright. But come now, ye people, scatter, each one of you to his own lands. As for this fellow, Mentor and Halitherses will speed his journey, for they are friends of his father's house from of old. But methinks he will long abide here and get his tidings in Ithaca, and never accomplish this journey."

So he spoke, and hastily broke up the assembly. They then scattered, each one to his own house; and the wooers went to the house of divine Odysseus.

But Telemachus went apart to the shore of the sea, and having washed his hands in the grey sea-water, prayed to Athene: "Hear me, thou who didst come yesterday as a god to our house, and didst bid me go in a ship over the misty deep to seek tidings of the return of my father, that has

had the larger following." If this be adopted, the πλεόνεσσι in 245 may be construed with ἀργαλέον, "Hard would it be for you, though you are more in number than we." As it is, Leocritus speaks defiantly, and denies that Mentor's party is the more numerous.

long been gone. Lo, all this the Achaeans hinder, but the wooers most of all in their evil insolence."

So he spoke in prayer, and Athene drew near to him in the likeness of Mentor, both in form and in voice; and she spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Telemachus, neither hereafter shalt thou be a base man or a witless, if aught of thy father's goodly spirit has been instilled into thee, such a man was he to fulfil both deed and word. So then shall this journey of thine be neither vain nor unfulfilled. But if thou art not the son of him and of Penelope, then I have no hope that thou wilt accomplish thy desire. Few sons indeed are like their fathers; most are worse, few better than their fathers. But since neither hereafter shalt thou be a base man or a witless, nor has the wisdom of Odysseus wholly failed thee, there is therefore hope that thou wilt accomplish this work. Now then let be the will and counsel of the wooers—fools, for they are in no wise either prudent or just, nor do they know aught of death or black fate, which verily is near at hand for them, that they shall all perish in a day. But for thyself, the journey on which thy heart is set shall not be long delayed, so true a friend of thy father's house am I, who will equip for thee a swift ship, and myself go with thee. But go thou now to the house and join the company of the wooers; make ready stores, and bestow all in vessels—wine in jars, and barley meal, the marrow of men, in stout skins;—but I, going through the town, will quickly gather comrades that go willingly. And ships there are full many in sea-girt Ithaca, both new and old; of these will I choose out for thee the one that is best, and quickly will we make her ready and launch her on the broad deep."

So spoke Athene, daughter of Zeus, nor did Telemachus tarry long after he had heard the voice of the goddess, but went his way to the house, his heart heavy within him. He found there the proud wooers in the halls, flaying goats and singeing swine in the court. And Antinous with a laugh came straight to Telemachus, and clasped his hand, and spoke, and addressed[1] him :

"Telemachus, thou braggart, unrestrained in daring, let no more any evil deed or word be in thy heart. Nay, I bid thee, eat and drink even as before. All these things the Achaeans will surely provide for thee—the ship and chosen oarsmen—that with speed thou mayest go to sacred Pylos to seek for tidings of thy noble father."

Then wise Telemachus answered him : "Antinous, in no wise is it possible for me in your overweening company to sit at meat quietly and to make merry with an easy mind. Is it not enough, ye wooers, that in time past ye wasted many goodly possessions of mine, while I was still a child ? But now that I am grown, and gain knowledge by hearing the words of others, yea and my spirit waxes within me, I will try how I may hurl forth upon you evil fates, either going to Pylos or here in this land. For go I will, nor shall the journey be in vain whereof I speak, though I voyage in another's ship, since I may not be master of ship or oarsmen. So, I ween, it seemed to you to be more to your profit."

He spoke, and snatched his hand from the hand of Antinous without more ado, and the wooers were busy with the feast throughout the hall. They

equivalent to it. In a number of passages, however, the word is freely used, and it has seemed best to adopt a rendering which suits all, or nearly all, cases.

mocked and jeered at him in their talk; and thus would one of the proud youths speak:

"Aye, verily Telemachus is planning our murder. He will bring men to aid him from sandy Pylos or even from Sparta, so terribly is he set upon it. Or he means to go to Ephyre, that rich land, to bring from thence deadly drugs, that he may cast them in the wine-bowl, and destroy us all."

And again another of the proud youths would say: "Who knows but he himself as he goes on the hollow ship may perish wandering far from his friends, even as Odysseus did? So would he cause us yet more labour; for we should have to divide all his possessions, and his house we should give to his mother to possess, and to him who should wed her."

So they spoke, but Telemachus went down to the high-roofed treasure-chamber of his father, a wide room where gold and bronze lay piled, and raiment in chests, and stores of fragrant oil. There, too, stood great jars of wine, old and sweet, holding within them an unmixed divine drink, and ranged in order along the wall, if ever Odysseus should return home even after many grievous toils. Shut were the double doors, close-fitted; and there both night and day a stewardess abode, who guarded all in wisdom of mind, Eurycleia, daughter of Ops, son of Peisenor. To her now Telemachus, when he had called her to the treasure-chamber, spoke, and said:

"Nurse, draw me off wine in jars, sweet wine that is the choicest next to that which thou guardest ever thinking upon that ill-fated one, if haply Zeus-born Odysseus may come I know not whence, having

escaped from death and the fates. Fill twelve jars and fit them all with covers, and pour me barley meal into well-sewn skins, and let there be twenty measures of ground barley meal. But keep knowledge hereof to thyself, and have all these things brought together; for at evening I will fetch them, when my mother goes to her upper chamber and bethinks her of her rest. For I am going to Sparta and to sandy Pylos to seek tidings of the return of my dear father, if haply I may hear any."

So he spoke, and the dear nurse, Eurycleia, uttered a shrill cry, and weeping spoke to him winged words: "Ah, dear child, how has this thought come into thy mind? Whither art thou minded to go over the wide earth, thou who art an only son and well-beloved? But he hath perished far from his country, the Zeus-born Odysseus, in a strange land; and these men, so soon as thou art gone, will devise evil for thee hereafter, that thou mayest perish by guile, and themselves divide all these possessions. Nay, abide here in charge of what is thine; thou hast no need to suffer ills and go a wanderer over the unresting sea."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Take heart, nurse, for not without a god's warrant is this my plan. But swear to tell naught of this to my dear mother until the eleventh or twelfth day shall come, or until she shall herself miss me and hear that I am gone, that she may not mar her fair flesh with weeping."

So he spoke, and the old woman swore a great oath by the gods to say naught. But when she had sworn and made an end of the oath, straightway she drew for him wine in jars, and poured barley meal

into well-sewn skins; and Telemachus went to the hall and joined the company of the wooers.

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, took other counsel. In the likeness of Telemachus she went everywhere throughout the city, and to each of the men she drew near and spoke her word, bidding them gather at even beside the swift ship. Furthermore, of Noemon, the glorious son of Phronius, she asked a swift ship, and he promised it to her with a ready heart.

Now the sun set and all the ways grew dark. Then she drew the swift ship to the sea and put in it all the gear that well-benched ships carry. And she moored it at the mouth of the harbour, and round about it the goodly company was gathered together, and the goddess heartened each man.

Then again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, took other counsel. She went her way to the house of divine Odysseus, and there began to shed sweet sleep upon the wooers and made them to wander in their drinking, and from their hands she cast the cups. But they rose to go to their rest throughout the city, and remained no long time seated, for sleep was falling upon their eyelids. But to Telemachus spoke flashing-eyed Athene, calling him forth before the stately hall, having likened herself to Mentor both in form and in voice:

"Telemachus, already thy well-greaved comrades sit at the oar and await thy setting out. Come, let us go, that we may not long delay their journey."

So saying, Pallas Athene led the way quickly, and he followed in the footsteps of the goddess. Now when they had come down to the ship and to

the sea, they found on the shore their long-haired comrades, and the strong and mighty[1] Telemachus spoke among them:

"Come, friends, let us fetch the stores, for all are now gathered together in the hall. My mother knows naught hereof, nor the handmaids either: one only heard my word."

Thus saying, he led the way, and they went along with him. So they brought and stowed everything in the well-benched ship, as the dear son of Odysseus bade. Then on board the ship stepped Telemachus, and Athene went before him and sat down in the stern of the ship, and near her sat Telemachus, while the men loosed the stern cables and themselves stepped on board, and sat down upon the benches. And flashing-eyed Athene sent them a favourable wind, a strong-blowing West wind that sang over the wine-dark sea. And Telemachus called to his men, and bade them lay hold of the tackling, and they hearkened to his call. The mast of fir they raised and set in the hollow socket, and made it fast with fore-stays, and hauled up the white sail with twisted thongs of ox-hide. So the wind filled the belly of the sail, and the dark wave sang loudly about the stem of the ship as she went, and she sped over the wave accomplishing her way. Then, when they had made the tackling fast in the swift black ship, they set forth bowls brim full of wine, and poured libations to the immortal gods that are forever, and chiefest of all to the flashing-eyed daughter of Zeus. So all night long and through the dawn the ship cleft her way.

[1] It may be that in *ἱερὴ ῥῆς* and *ἱερὸν μένος* (vii. 167) we should see a reference to the sanctity attaching to royal station.

BOOK III

And now the sun, leaving the beauteous mere, sprang up into the brazen heaven to give light to the immortals and to mortal men on the earth, the giver of grain; and they came to Pylos, the well-built citadel of Neleus. Here the townsfolk on the shore of the sea were offering sacrifice of black bulls to the dark-haired Earth-shaker. Nine companies there were, and five hundred men sat in each, and in each they held nine bulls ready for sacrifice. Now when they had tasted the inner parts and were burning the thigh-pieces to the god, the others put straight in to the shore, and hauled up and furled the sail of the shapely ship, and moored her, and themselves stepped forth. Forth too from the ship stepped Telemachus, and Athene led the way. And the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, spake first to him, and said:

"Telemachus, no longer hast thou need to feel shame, no, not a whit. For to this end hast thou sailed over the sea, that thou mightest seek tidings of thy father,—where the earth covered him, and what fate he met. But come now, go straightway to Nestor, tamer of horses; let us learn what counsel he keepeth hid in his breast. And do thou beseech him thyself that he may tell thee the very truth. A lie will he not utter, for he is wise indeed."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Mentor, how shall I go, and how shall I greet him? I am as yet all unversed in subtle speech, and moreover a young man has shame to question an elder."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Telemachus, somewhat thou wilt of thyself devise in thy breast, and somewhat heaven too will prompt thee. For, methinks, not without the favour of the gods hast thou been born and reared."

So spake Pallas Athene, and led the way quickly; but he followed in the footsteps of the goddess; and they came to the gathering and the companies of the men of Pylos. There Nestor sat with his sons, and round about his people, making ready the feast, were roasting some of the meat and putting other pieces on spits. But when they saw the strangers they all came thronging about them, and clasped their hands in welcome, and bade them sit down. First Nestor's son Peisistratus came near and took both by the hand, and made them to sit down at the feast on soft fleeces upon the sand of the sea, beside his brother Thrasymedes and his father. Thereupon he gave them portions of the inner meat and poured wine in a golden cup, and, pledging her, he spoke to Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus who bears the aegis:

"Pray now, stranger, to the lord Poseidon, for his is the feast whereon you have chanced in coming hither. And when thou hast poured libations and hast prayed, as is fitting, then give thy friend also the cup of honey-sweet wine that he may pour, since he too, I ween, prays to the immortals; for all men have need of the gods. Howbeit he is the younger, of like age with myself, wherefore to thee first will I give the golden cup."

So he spake, and placed in her hand the cup of sweet wine. But Pallas Athene rejoiced at the man's wisdom and judgment, in that to her first he gave the golden cup; and straightway she prayed earnestly to the lord Poseidon:

"Hear me, Poseidon, thou Earth-enfolder, and grudge not in answer to our prayer to bring these deeds to fulfilment. To Nestor, first of all, and to his sons vouchsafe renown, and then do thou grant to the rest gracious requital for this glorious hecatomb, even to all the men of Pylos; and grant furthermore that Telemachus and I may return when we have accomplished all that for which we came hither with our swift black ship."

Thus she prayed, and was herself fulfilling all. Then she gave Telemachus the fair two-handled[1] cup, and in like manner the dear son of Odysseus prayed. Then when they had roasted the outer flesh and drawn it off the spits, they divided the portions and feasted a glorious feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia,[2] spoke first among them:

"Now verily is it seemlier to ask and enquire of the strangers who they are, since now they have had their joy of food. Strangers, who are ye? Whence do ye sail over the watery ways? Is it on some business, or do ye wander at random over the sea, even as pirates, who wander hazarding their lives and bringing evil to men of other lands?"

Then wise Telemachus took courage, and made answer, for Athene herself put courage in his heart,

[1] Others, "double cup," *i.e.* shaped like an hour-glass.
[2] The precise meaning of this epithet is quite unknown.

that he might ask about his father that was gone, and that good report might be his among men:

"Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, thou askest whence we are, and I will surely tell thee. We have come from Ithaca that is below Neion; but this business whereof I speak is mine own, and concerns not the people. I come after the wide-spread rumour of my father, if haply I may hear of it, even of goodly Odysseus of the steadfast heart, who once, men say, fought by thy side and sacked the city of the Trojans. For of all men else, as many as warred with the Trojans, we learn where each man died a woeful death, but of him the son of Cronos has made even the death to be past learning; for no man can tell surely where he hath died,—whether he was overcome by foes on the mainland, or on the deep among the waves of Amphitrite. Therefore am I now come to thy knees, if perchance thou wilt be willing to tell me of his woeful death, whether thou sawest it haply with thine own eyes, or didst hear from some other the story of his wanderings;[1] for beyond all men did his mother bear him to sorrow. And do thou nowise out of ruth or pity for me speak soothing words, but tell me truly how thou didst come to behold him. I beseech thee, if ever my father, noble Odysseus, promised aught to thee of word or deed and fulfilled it in the land of the Trojans, where you Achaeans suffered woes, be mindful of it now, I pray thee, and tell me the very truth."

Then the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, answered him: "My friend, since thou hast recalled to my mind the sorrow which we endured in that land, we

[1] Or, "from some other wanderer."

sons of the Achaeans, unrestrained in daring,—all that we endured on shipboard, as we roamed after booty over the misty deep whithersoever Achilles led; and all our fightings around the great city of king Priam;—lo, there all our best were slain. There lies warlike Aias, there Achilles, there Patroclus, the peer of the gods in counsel; and there my own dear son, strong alike and peerless, Antilochus, pre-eminent in speed of foot and as a warrior. Aye, and many other ills we suffered besides these; who of mortal men could tell them all? Nay, if for five years' space or six years' space thou wert to abide here, and ask of all the woes which the goodly Achaeans endured there, thou wouldest grow weary ere the end and get thee back to thy native land. For nine years' space were we busied plotting their ruin with all manner of wiles; and hardly did the son of Cronos bring it to pass. There no man ventured to vie with him in counsel, since goodly Odysseus far excelled in all manner of wiles,—thy father, if indeed thou art his son. Amazement holds me as I look on thee, for verily thy speech is like his; nor would one think that a younger man would speak so like him. Now all the time that we were there goodly Odysseus and I never spoke at variance either in the assembly or in the council, but being of one mind advised the Argives with wisdom and shrewd counsel how all might be for the best. But when we had sacked the lofty city of Priam, and had gone away in our ships, and a god had scattered the Achaeans, then, even then, Zeus planned in his heart a woeful return for the Argives, for in no wise prudent or just were all.

Wherefore many of them met an evil fate through the fell wrath of the flashing-eyed goddess, the daughter of the mighty sire, for she caused strife between the two sons of Atreus. Now these two called to an assembly all the Achaeans, recklessly and in no due order, at set of sun—and they came heavy with wine, the sons of the Achaeans,—and they spoke their word, and told wherefore they had gathered the host together. Then in truth Menelaus bade all the Achaeans think of their return over the broad back of the sea, but in no wise did he please Agamemnon, for he was fain to hold back the host and to offer holy hecatombs, that he might appease the dread wrath of Athene,—fool! nor knew he this, that with her was to be no hearkening; for the mind of the gods that are forever is not quickly turned. So these two stood bandying harsh words; but the well-greaved Achaeans sprang up with a wondrous din, and two-fold plans found favour with them. That night we rested, each side pondering hard thoughts against the other, for Zeus was bringing upon us an evil doom, but in the morning some of us launched our ships upon the bright sea, and put on board our goods and the low-girdled women. Half, indeed, of the host held back and remained there with Agamemnon, son of Atreus, shepherd of the host, but half of us embarked and rowed away; and swiftly the ships sailed, for a god made smooth the cavernous sea. But when we came to Tenedos, we offered sacrifice to the gods, being eager to reach our homes, howbeit Zeus did not yet purpose our return, stubborn god, who roused evil strife again a second time. Then some turned back their curved ships

and departed, even the lord Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded, with his company, once more showing favour to Agamemnon, son of Atreus; but I with the full company of ships that followed me fled on, for I knew that the god was devising evil. And the warlike son of Tydeus fled and urged on his men; and late upon our track came fair-haired Menelaus, and overtook us in Lesbos, as we were debating the long voyage, whether we should sail to sea-ward of rugged Chios, toward the isle Psyria, keeping Chios itself[1] on our left, or to land-ward of Chios past windy Mimas. So we asked the god to shew us a sign, and he shewed it us, and bade us cleave through the midst of the sea to Euboea, that we might the soonest escape from misery. And a shrill wind sprang up to blow, and the ships ran swiftly over the teeming ways, and at night put in to Geraestus. There on the altar of Poseidon we laid many thighs of bulls, thankful to have traversed the great sea. It was the fourth day when in Argos the company of Diomedes, son of Tydeus, tamer of horses, stayed their shapely ships; but I held on toward Pylos, and the wind was not once quenched from the time when the god first sent it forth to blow.

"Thus I came, dear child, without tidings, nor know I aught of those others, who of the Achaeans were saved, and who were lost. But what tidings I have heard as I abide in our halls thou shalt hear, as is right, nor will I hide it from thee. Safely, they say, came the Myrmidons that rage with the spear, whom the famous son of great-hearted Achilles led; and safely Philoctetes, the glorious son of Poias. All his company, too, did Idomeneus bring to Crete,

[1] Possibly, "keeping the isle (Psyria) on our left."

all who escaped the war, and the sea robbed him of none. But of the son of Atreus you have yourselves heard, far off though you are, how he came, and how Aegisthus devised for him a woeful doom. Yet verily he paid the reckoning therefor in terrible wise, so good a thing is it that a son be left behind a man at his death, since that son took vengeance on his father's slayer, the guileful Aegisthus, for that he slew his glorious father. Thou, too, friend, for I see thou art a comely man and tall, be thou valiant, that many an one among men yet to be born may praise thee."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Nestor, son of Neleus, great glory of the Achaeans, yea verily that son took vengeance, and the Achaeans shall spread his fame abroad, that men who are yet to be may hear thereof. O that the gods would clothe me with such strength, that I might take vengeance on the wooers for their grievous sin, who in wantonness devise mischief against me. But lo, the gods have spun for me no such happiness, for me or for my father; and now I must in any case endure."

Then the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, answered him: "Friend, since thou calledst this to my mind and didst speak of it, they say that many wooers for the hand of thy mother devise evils in thy halls in thy despite. Tell me, art thou willingly thus oppressed, or do the people throughout the land hate thee, following the voice of a god? Who knows but Odysseus may some day come and take vengeance on them for their violent deeds,—he alone, it may be, or even all the host of the Achaeans? Ah, would that flashing-eyed Athene

might choose to love thee even as then she cared exceedingly for glorious Odysseus in the land of the Trojans, where we Achaeans suffered woes. For never yet have I seen the gods so manifestly shewing love, as Pallas Athene did to him, standing manifest by his side. If she would be pleased to love thee in such wise and would care for thee at heart, then would many an one of them utterly forget marriage."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Old man, in no wise do I deem that this word will be brought to pass. Too great is what thou sayest; amazement holds me. No hope have I that this will come to pass, no, not though the gods should so will it."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, spoke to him, and said: "Telemachus, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth! Easily might a god who willed it bring a man safe home, even from afar. But for myself, I had rather endure many grievous toils ere I reached home and saw the day of my returning, than after my return be slain at my hearth, as Agamemnon was slain by the guile of Aegisthus and of his own wife. But of a truth death that is common to all[1] the gods themselves cannot ward from a man they love, when the fell fate of grievous death shall strike him down."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "Mentor, no longer let us tell of these things despite our grief. For him no return can ever more be brought to pass; nay, ere this the immortals have devised for him death and black fate. But now I would make enquiry and ask Nestor regarding another matter,

war or strife. Some would read ὀλοίιος, "baneful, destructive."

since beyond all others he knows judgments and wisdom; for thrice, men say, has he been king for a generation of men, and like unto an immortal he seems to me to look upon. Nestor, son of Neleus, do thou tell me truly: how was the son of Atreus, wide-ruling Agamemnon, slain? Where was Menelaus? What death did guileful Aegisthus plan for the king, since he slew a man mightier far than himself? Was Menelaus not in Achaean Argos, but wandering elsewhere among men, so that Aegisthus took heart and did the murderous deed?"

Then the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, answered him: "Then verily, my child, will I tell thee all the truth. Lo, of thine own self thou dost guess how this matter would have fallen out, if the son of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus, on his return from Troy had found Aegisthus in his halls alive. Then for him not even in death would they have piled the up-piled earth, but the dogs and birds would have torn him as he lay on the plain far from the city, nor would any of the Achaean women have bewailed him; for monstrous was the deed he devised. We on our part abode there in Troy fulfilling our many toils; but he, at ease in a nook of horse-pasturing Argos, ever sought to beguile with words the wife of Agamemnon. Now at the first she put from her the unseemly deed, the beautiful Clytemnestra, for she had an understanding heart; and with her was furthermore a minstrel whom the son of Atreus straitly charged, when he set forth for the land of Troy, to guard his wife. But when at length the doom of the gods bound her that she should be overcome, then verily Aegisthus took

the minstrel to a desert isle and left him to be the prey and spoil of birds; and her, willing as he was willing, he led to his own house. And many thigh-pieces he burned upon the holy altars of the gods, and many offerings he hung up, woven stuffs and gold, since he had accomplished a mighty deed beyond all his heart had hoped.

"Now we were sailing together on our way from Troy, the son of Atreus and I, in all friendship; but when we came to holy Sunium, the cape of Athens, there Phoebus Apollo assailed with his gentle[1] shafts and slew the helmsman of Menelaus, as he held in his hands the steering-oar of the speeding ship, even Phrontis, son of Onetor, who excelled the tribes of men in piloting a ship when the storm winds blow strong. So Menelaus tarried there, though eager for his journey, that he might bury his comrade and over him pay funeral rites. But when he in his turn, as he passed over the wine-dark sea in the hollow ships, reached in swift course the steep height of Malea, then verily Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, planned for him a hateful path and poured upon him the blasts of shrill winds, and the waves were swollen to huge size, like unto mountains. Then, parting his ships in twain, he brought some to Crete, where the Cydonians dwelt about the streams of Iardanus. Now there is a smooth cliff, sheer towards the sea, on the border of Gortyn in the misty deep, where the South-west Wind drives the great wave against the head-land on the left toward Phaestus, and a little rock holds back a great wave. Thither came some of his ships, and the men with much ado escaped

[1] A gentle, painless death was thought to be due to Apollo's shafts.

destruction, howbeit the ships the waves dashed to pieces against the reef. But the five other dark-prowed ships the wind, as it bore them, and the wave brought to Egypt. So he was wandering there with his ships among men of strange speech, gathering much livelihood and gold; but meanwhile Aegisthus devised this woeful work at home. Seven years he reigned over Mycenae, rich in gold, after slaying the son of Atreus, and the people were subdued under him; but in the eighth came as his bane the goodly Orestes back from Athens, and slew his father's murderer, the guileful Aegisthus, for that he had slain his glorious father. Now when he had slain him, he made a funeral feast for the Argives over his hateful mother and the craven Aegisthus; and on the self-same day there came to him Menelaus, good at the war-cry, bringing much treasure, even all the burden that his ships could bear.

"So do not thou, my friend, wander long far from home, leaving thy wealth behind thee and men in thy house so insolent, lest they divide and devour all thy wealth, and thou shalt have gone on a fruitless journey. But to Menelaus I bid and command thee to go, for he has but lately come from a strange land, from a folk whence no one would hope in his heart to return, whom the storms had once driven astray into a sea so great, whence the very birds do not fare in the space of a year, so great is it and terrible. But now go thy way with thy ship and thy comrades, or, if thou wilt go by land, here are chariot and horses at hand for thee, and here at thy service are my sons, who will be thy guides to goodly

Lacedaemon, where lives fair-haired Menelaus. And do thou beseech him thyself that he may tell thee the very truth. A lie will he not utter, for he is wise indeed."

So he spoke, and the sun set, and darkness came on. Then among them spoke the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene: "Old man, of a truth thou hast told this tale aright. But come, cut out the tongues of the victims and mix the wine, that when we have poured libations to Poseidon and the other immortals, we may bethink us of sleep; for it is the time thereto. Even now has the light gone down beneath the darkness, and it is not fitting to sit long at the feast of the gods, but to go our way."

So spoke the daughter of Zeus, and they hearkened to her voice. Heralds poured water over their hands, and youths filled the bowls brim full of drink, and served out to all, pouring first drops for libation into the cups. Then they cast the tongues upon the fire, and, rising up, poured libations upon them. But when they had poured libations and had drunk to their heart's content, then verily Athene and godlike Telemachus were both fain to return to the hollow ship; but Nestor on his part sought to stay them, and he spoke to them, saying:

"This may Zeus forbid, and the other immortal gods, that ye should go from my house to your swift ship as from one utterly without raiment and poor, who has not cloaks and blankets in plenty in his house, whereon both he and his guests may sleep softly. Nay, in my house there are cloaks and fair blankets. Never surely shall the dear son of this man Odysseus lie down upon the deck of a ship,

while I yet live and children after me are left in my halls to entertain strangers, even whosoever shall come to my house."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Well indeed hast thou spoken in this, old friend, and it were fitting for Telemachus to hearken to thee, since it is far better thus. But while he shall now follow with thee, that he may sleep in thy halls, I for my part will go to the black ship, that I may hearten my comrades and tell them all. For alone among them I declare that I am an older man; the others are younger who follow in friendship, all of them of like age with great-hearted Telemachus. There will I lay me down by the hollow black ship this night, but in the morning I will go to the great-hearted Cauconians, where a debt is owing to me, in no wise new or small. But do thou send this man on his way with a chariot and with thy son, since he has come to thy house, and give him horses, the fleetest thou hast in running and the best in strength."

So spoke the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, and she departed in the likeness of a sea-eagle; and amazement fell upon all at the sight, and the old man marvelled, when his eyes beheld it. And he grasped the hand of Telemachus, and spoke, and addressed him:

"Friend, in no wise do I think that thou wilt prove a base man or a craven, if verily when thou art so young the gods follow thee to be thy guides. For truly this is none other of those that have their dwellings on Olympus but the daughter of Zeus, Tritogeneia,[1] the maid most glorious, she that

[1] "Triton-born," possibly with reference to an actual stream of that name (in Boeotia or Thessaly).

honoured also thy noble father among the Argives. Nay, O Queen, be gracious, and grant to me fair renown, to me and to my sons and to my revered wife; and to thee in return will I sacrifice a sleek [1] heifer, broad of brow, unbroken, which no man hath yet led beneath the yoke. Her will I sacrifice, and I will overlay her horns with gold."

So he spoke in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him. Then the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, led them, his sons and the husbands of his daughters, to his beautiful palace. And when they reached the glorious palace of the king, they sat down in rows on the chairs and high seats; and on their coming the old man mixed for them a bowl of sweet wine, which now in the eleventh year the housewife opened, when she had loosed the string that held the lid. Thereof the old man bade mix a bowl, and earnestly he prayed, as he poured libations, to Athene, the daughter of Zeus who bears the aegis.

But when they had poured libations, and had drunk to their heart's content, they went, each to his home, to take their rest. But the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, bade Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, to sleep there on a corded bedstead under the echoing portico, and by him Peisistratus, of the good ashen spear, a leader of men, who among his sons was still unwed in the palace. But he himself slept in the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and beside him lay the lady his wife, who had strewn the couch.

Soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered,

[1] Scholars generally follow the ancient commentators, and render ἦνιν "one year old." The meaning "sleek" was suggested by Goebel, whom Ameis follows.

up from his bed rose the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, and went forth and sat down on the polished stones which were before his lofty doors, white and glistening as with oil.[1] On these of old was wont to sit Neleus, the peer of the gods in counsel; but he ere this had been stricken by fate and had gone to the house of Hades, and now there sat upon them in his turn Nestor of Gerenia, the warder of the Achaeans, holding a sceptre in his hands. About him his sons gathered in a throng as they came forth from their chambers, Echephron and Stratius and Perseus and Aretus and godlike Thrasymedes; and to these thereafter came as the sixth the lord Peisistratus. And they led godlike Telemachus and made him sit beside them; and the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, was first to speak among them:

"Quickly, my dear children, fulfil my desire, that first of all the gods I may propitiate Athene, who came to me in manifest presence to the rich feast of the god. Come now, let one go to the plain for a heifer, that she may come speedily, and that the neatherd may drive her; and let one go to the black ship of great-hearted Telemachus and bring all his comrades, and let him leave two men only; and let one again bid the goldsmith Laërces come hither, that he may overlay the heifer's horns with gold. And do ye others abide here together; and bid the handmaids within to make ready a feast throughout our glorious halls, to fetch seats, and logs to set on either side of the altar, and to bring clear water."

[1] So Eustathius and the scholia. Others think of a wash or stucco, covering the stones.

So he spoke, and they all set busily to work. The heifer came from the plain, and from the swift, shapely ship came the comrades of great-hearted Telemachus; the smith came, bearing in his hands his tools of bronze, the implements of his craft, anvil and hammer and well-made tongs, wherewith he wrought the gold; and Athene came to accept the sacrifice. Then the old man, Nestor, the driver of chariots, gave gold, and the smith prepared it, and overlaid therewith the horns of the heifer, that the goddess might rejoice when she beheld the offering. And Stratius and goodly Echephron led the heifer by the horns, and Aretus came from the chamber, bringing them water for the hands in a basin embossed with flowers, and in the other hand he held barley grains in a basket; and Thrasymedes, steadfast in fight, stood by, holding in his hands a sharp axe, to fell the heifer; and Perseus held the bowl for the blood. Then the old man, Nestor, driver of chariots, began the opening rite of hand-washing and sprinkling with barley grains, and earnestly he prayed to Athene, cutting off as first offering the hair from the head, and casting it into the fire.

Now when they had prayed, and had strewn the barley grains, straightway the son of Nestor, Thrasymedes, high of heart, came near and dealt the blow; and the axe cut through the sinews of the neck, and loosened the strength of the heifer. Then the women raised the sacred cry, the daughters and the sons' wives and the revered wife of Nestor, Eurydice, the eldest of the daughters of Clymenus, and the men raised the heifer's head from the broad-wayed earth and held it, and Peisistratus,

leader of men, cut the throat. And when the black blood had flowed from her and the life had left the bones, at once they cut up the body and straightway cut out the thigh-pieces all in due order, and covered them with a double layer of fat, and laid raw flesh upon them. Then the old man burned them on billets of wood, and poured over them sparkling wine, and beside him the young men held in their hands the five-pronged forks. But when the thigh-pieces were wholly burned, and they had tasted the inner parts, they cut up the rest and spitted and roasted it, holding the pointed spits in their hands.

Meanwhile the fair Polycaste, the youngest daughter of Nestor, son of Neleus, bathed Telemachus. And when she had bathed him and anointed him richly[1] with oil, and had cast about him a fair cloak and a tunic, forth from the bath he came in form like unto the immortals; and he went and sat down by Nestor, the shepherd of the people.

Now when they had roasted the outer flesh and had drawn it off the spits, they sat down and feasted, and worthy men waited on them, pouring wine[2] into golden cups. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, was first to speak, saying:

"My sons, up, yoke for Telemachus horses with beautiful mane beneath the car, that he may get forward on his journey."

So he spoke, and they readily hearkened and obeyed; and quickly they yoked beneath the car the swift horses. And the housewife placed in the car bread and wine and dainties, such as kings,

[1] Others simply "with olive oil."
[2] Or possibly "uprose to pour them wine."

fostered of Zeus, are wont to eat. Then Telemachus mounted the beautiful car, and Peisistratus, son of Nestor, a leader of men, mounted beside him, and took the reins in his hands. He touched the horses with the whip to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped on to the plain, and left the steep citadel of Pylos. So all day long they shook the yoke which they bore about their necks.

Now the sun set and all the ways grew dark. And they came to Pherae, to the house of Diocles, son of Ortilochus, whom Alpheus begot. There they spent the night, and before them he set the entertainment due to strangers.

So soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, they yoked the horses and mounted the inlaid car, and drove forth from the gateway and the echoing portico. Then Peisistratus touched the horses with the whip to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward. So they came to the wheat-bearing plain, and thereafter pressed on toward their journey's end, so well did their swift horses bear them on. And the sun set and all the ways grew dark.

BOOK IV

And they came to the hollow land of Lacedaemon with its many ravines, and drove to the palace of glorious Menelaus. Him they found giving a marriage feast to his many kinsfolk for his noble son and daughter within his house. His daughter he was sending to the son of Achilles, breaker of the ranks of men, for in the land of Troy he first had promised and pledged that he would give her, and now the gods were bringing their marriage to pass. Her then he was sending forth with horses and chariots to go her way to the glorious city of the Myrmidons, over whom her lord was king; but for his son he was bringing to his home from Sparta the daughter of Alector, even for the stalwart Megapenthes, who was his son well-beloved,[1] born of a slave woman; for to Helen the gods vouchsafed issue no more after that she had at the first borne her lovely child, Hermione, who had the beauty of golden Aphrodite. So they were feasting in the great high-roofed hall, the neighbours and kinsfolk of glorious Menelaus, and making merry; and among them a divine minstrel was singing to the lyre, and two tumblers whirled up and down through the midst of them, as he began his song.

[1] I follow Buttmann in the rendering of this doubtful word. Suggested etymologies are not convincing. Others take the word to mean "grown big."

Then the two, the prince Telemachus and the glorious son of Nestor, halted at the gateway of the palace, they and their two horses. And the lord Eteoneus came forth and saw them, the busy squire of glorious Menelaus; and he went through the hall to bear the tidings to the shepherd of the people. So he came near and spoke to him winged words:

"Here are two strangers, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, two men that are like the seed of great Zeus. But tell me, shall we unyoke for them their swift horses, or send them on their way to some other host, who will give them entertainment?"

Then, stirred to sore displeasure, fair-haired Menelaus spoke to him: "Aforetime thou wast not wont to be a fool, Eteoneus, son of Boethous, but now like a child thou talkest folly. Surely we two ate full often hospitable cheer of other men, ere we came hither in the hope that Zeus would hereafter grant us respite from sorrow. Nay, unyoke the strangers' horses, and lead the men forward into the house, that they may feast."

So he spoke, and the other hastened through the hall, and called to the other busy squires to follow along with him. They loosed the sweating horses from beneath the yoke and tied them at the stalls of the horses, and flung before them spelt, and mixed therewith white barley. Then they tilted the chariot against the bright entrance walls, and led the men into the divine palace. But at the sight they marvelled as they passed through the palace of the king, fostered of Zeus; for there was a gleam as of sun or moon over the high-roofed house of glorious Menelaus. But when they had satisfied their eyes with gazing they went into the polished baths and bathed.

And when the maids had bathed them and anointed them with oil, and had cast about them fleecy cloaks and tunics, they sat down on chairs beside Menelaus, son of Atreus. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash, and beside them drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before them bread, and therewith dainties in abundance, giving freely of her store. And a carver lifted up and placed before them platters of all manner of meats, and set by them golden goblets. Then fair-haired Menelaus greeted the two and said:

"Take of the food, and be glad, and then when you have supped, we will ask you who among men you are; for in you two the breed of your sires is not lost, but ye are of the breed of men that are sceptred kings, fostered of Zeus; for base churls could not beget such sons as you."

So saying he took in his hands roast meat and set it before them, even the fat ox-chine which they had set before himself as a mess of honour. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, lo, then Telemachus spoke to the son of Nestor, holding his head close to him, that the others might not hear:

"Son of Nestor, dear to this heart of mine, mark the flashing of bronze throughout the echoing halls, and the flashing of gold, of electrum,[1] of silver, and

[1] Probably here the metal is meant, an alloy of gold and silver. In xv. 460 and xviii. 296 the word, in the plural, means "amber beads."

of ivory. Of such sort, methinks, is the court of Olympian Zeus within, such untold wealth is here; amazement holds me as I look."

Now as he spoke fair-haired Menelaus heard him, and he spoke and addressed them with winged words:

"Dear children, with Zeus verily no mortal man could vie, for everlasting are his halls and his possessions; but of men another might vie with me in wealth or haply might not. For of a truth after many woes and wide wanderings I brought my wealth home in my ships and came in the eighth year. Over Cyprus and Phoenicia I wandered, and Egypt, and I came to the Ethiopians and the Sidonians and the Erembi, and to Libya, where the lambs are horned from their birth.[1] For there the ewes bear their young thrice within the full course of the year; there neither master nor shepherd has any lack of cheese or of meat or of sweet milk, but the flocks ever yield milk to the milking the year through. While I wandered in those lands gathering much livelihood, meanwhile another slew my brother by stealth and at unawares, by the guile of his accursed wife. Thus, thou mayest see, I have no joy in being lord of this wealth; and you may well have heard of this from your fathers, whosoever they may be, for full much did I suffer, and let fall into ruin a stately house and one stored with much goodly treasure. Would that I dwelt in my halls with but a third part of this wealth, and that those men were safe who then perished in the broad land of Troy far from horse-pasturing Argos.

[1] So Aristotle understood the passage (*H.A.* viii. 28); Herodotus, on the contrary, took the meaning to be "begin at once to become horned" (iv. 29). Eustathius agrees with Herodotus.

And yet, though I often sit in my halls weeping and sorrowing for them all—one moment indeed I ease my heart with weeping, and then again I cease, for men soon have surfeit of chill lament—yet for them all I mourn not so much, despite my grief, as for one only, who makes me to loathe both sleep and food, when I think of him; for no one of the Achaeans toiled so much as Odysseus toiled and endured. But to himself, as it seems, his portion was to be but woe, and for me there is sorrow never to be forgotten for him, in that he is gone so long, nor do we know aught whether he be alive or dead. Mourned is he, I ween, by the old man Laertes, and by constant Penelope, and by Telemachus, whom he left a new-born child in his house."

So he spoke, and in Telemachus he roused the desire to weep for his father. Tears from his eyelids he let fall upon the ground, when he heard his father's name, and with both hands held up his purple cloak before his eyes. And Menelaus noted him, and debated in mind and heart whether he should leave him to speak of his father himself, or whether he should first question him and prove him in each thing.

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, forth then from her fragrant high-roofed chamber came Helen, like Artemis of the golden arrows;[1] and with her came Adraste, and placed for her a chair, beautifully wrought, and Alcippe brought a rug of soft wool and Phylo a silver basket, which Alcandre had given her, the wife of Polybus, who dwelt in Thebes

[1] The common meaning of ἠλακάτη is "distaff," but Hesychius glosses χρυσηλάκατος by καλλίτοξος· ἠλακάτη γὰρ ὁ τοξικὸς κάλαμος.

of Egypt, where greatest store of wealth is laid up in men's houses. He gave to Menelaus two silver baths and two tripods and ten talents of gold. And besides these, his wife gave to Helen also beautiful gifts,—a golden distaff and a basket with wheels beneath did she give, a basket of silver, and with gold were the rims thereof gilded.[1] This then the handmaid, Phylo, brought and placed beside her, filled with finely-spun yarn, and across it was laid the distaff laden with violet-dark wool. So Helen sat down upon the chair, and below was a footstool for the feet; and at once she questioned her husband on each matter, and said:

"Do we know, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, who these men declare themselves to be who have come to our house? Shall I disguise my thought, or speak the truth? Nay, my heart bids me speak. For never yet, I declare, saw I one so like another, whether man or woman—amazement holds me, as I look—as this man is like the son of great-hearted Odysseus, even Telemachus, whom that warrior left a new-born child in his house, when for the sake of shameless me ye Achaeans came up under the walls of Troy, pondering in your hearts fierce war."

Then fair-haired Menelaus answered her: "Even so do I myself now note it, wife, as thou markest the likeness. Such were his feet, such his hands, and the glances of his eyes, and his head and hair above. And verily but now, as I made mention of Odysseus and was telling of all the woe and toil he endured for my sake, this youth let fall a bitter tear from beneath his brows, holding up his purple cloak before his eyes."

[1] Others render, "were finished."

Then Peisistratus, son of Nestor, answered him: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, his son indeed this youth is, as thou sayest. But he is of prudent mind and feels shame at heart thus on his first coming to make a show of forward words in the presence of thee, in whose voice we both take delight as in a god's. But the horseman, Nestor of Gerenia, sent me forth to go with him as his guide, for he was eager to see thee, that thou mightest put in his heart some word or some deed. For many sorrows has a son in his halls when his father is gone, when there are none other to be his helpers, even as it is now with Telemachus; his father is gone, and there are no others among the people who might ward off ruin."

Then fair-haired Menelaus answered him and said: "Lo now, verily is there come to my house the son of a man well-beloved, who for my sake endured many toils. And I thought that if he came back I should give him welcome beyond all the other Argives, if Olympian Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, had granted to us two a return in our swift ships over the sea. And in Argos I would have given him a city to dwell in, and would have built him a house, when I had brought him from Ithaca with his goods and his son and all his people, driving out the dwellers of some one city among those that lie round about and obey me myself as their lord. Then, living here, should we ofttimes have met together, nor would aught have parted us, loving and joying in one another, until the black cloud of death enfolded us. Howbeit of this, methinks, the god himself must have been jealous, who to that hapless man alone vouchsafed no return."

So he spoke, and in them all aroused the desire of lament. Argive Helen wept, the daughter of Zeus, Telemachus wept, and Menelaus, son of Atreus, nor could the son of Nestor keep his eyes tearless. For he thought in his heart of peerless Antilochus, whom the glorious son of the bright Dawn[1] had slain. Thinking of him, he spoke winged words:

"Son of Atreus, old Nestor used ever to say that thou wast wise above all men, whenever we made mention of thee in his halls and questioned one another. And now, if it may in any wise be, hearken to me, for I take no joy in weeping at supper time,[2]—and moreover early dawn will soon be here.[3] I count it indeed no blame to weep for any mortal who has died and met his fate. Yea, this is the only due we pay to miserable mortals, to cut the hair and let a tear fall from the cheeks. For a brother of mine, too, is dead, nowise the meanest of the Argives, and thou mayest well have known him. As for me, I never met him nor saw him; but men say that Antilochus was above all others pre-eminent in speed of foot and as a warrior."

Then fair-haired Menelaus answered him and said: "My friend, truly thou hast said all that a wise man might say or do, even one that was older than thou; for from such a father art thou sprung, wherefore thou dost even speak wisely. Easily known is the seed of that man for whom the son of Cronos spins the thread of good fortune at marriage and at birth, even as now he has granted to Nestor throughout all his days continually that he should

[1] *i.e.* Memnon, leader of the Ethiopians.

[2] Others render, "after supper"; but see 213.

[3] Possibly, "shall serve for that" (Merry), with which *cf.* 214; but see xv. 50.

himself reach a sleek old age in his halls, and that his sons in their turn should be wise and most valiant with the spear. But we will cease the weeping which but now was made, and let us once more think of our supper, and let them pour water over our hands. Tales there will be in the morning also for Telemachus and me to tell to one another to the full."

So he spoke, and Asphalion poured water over their hands, the busy squire of glorious Menelaus. And they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them.

Then Helen, daughter of Zeus, took other counsel. Straightway she cast into the wine of which they were drinking a drug to quiet all pain and strife, and bring forgetfulness of every ill. Whoso should drink this down, when it is mingled in the bowl, would not in the course of that day let a tear fall down over his cheeks, no, not though his mother and father should lie there dead, or though before his face men should slay with the sword his brother or dear son, and his own eyes beheld it. Such cunning drugs had the daughter of Zeus, drugs of healing, which Polydamna, the wife of Thon, had given her, a woman of Egypt, for there the earth, the giver of grain, bears greatest store of drugs, many that are healing when mixed, and many that are baneful; there every man is a physician, wise above human kind; for they are of the race of Paeëon. Now when she had cast in the drug, and had bidden pour forth the wine, again she made answer, and said:

"Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, and ye that are here, sons of noble men—though now to

one and now to another Zeus gives good and ill, for he can do all things,—now verily sit ye in the halls and feast, and take ye joy in telling tales, for I will tell what fitteth the time. All things I cannot tell or recount, even all the labours of Odysseus of the steadfast heart; but what a thing was this which that mighty man wrought and endured in the land of the Trojans, where you Achaeans suffered woes! Marring his own body with cruel blows, and flinging a wretched garment about his shoulders, in the fashion of a slave he entered the broad-wayed city of the foe, and he hid himself under the likeness of another, a beggar, he who was in no wise such an one at the ships of the Achaeans. In this likeness he entered the city of the Trojans, and all of them were but as babes.[1] I alone recognised him in this disguise, and questioned him, but he in his cunning sought to avoid me. Howbeit when I was bathing him and anointing him with oil, and had put on him raiment, and sworn a mighty oath not to make him known among the Trojans as Odysseus before that he reached the swift ships and the huts, then at length he told me all the purpose of the Achaeans. And when he had slain many of the Trojans with the long sword, he returned to the company of the Argives and brought back plentiful tidings. Then the other Trojan women wailed aloud, but my soul was glad, for already my heart was turned to go back to my home, and I groaned for the blindness that Aphrodite gave me, when she led me thither from my dear native land, forsaking my

[1] The rare word ἀβάκησαν seems literally to mean "could say naught"; *cf.* νηπιάζω.

child and my bridal chamber, and my husband, a man who lacked nothing, whether in wisdom or in comeliness."

Then fair-haired Menelaus answered her and said: "Aye verily, all this, wife, hast thou spoken aright. Ere now have I come to know the counsel and the mind of many warriors, and have travelled over the wide earth, but never yet have mine eyes beheld such an one as was Odysseus of the steadfast heart. What a thing was this, too, which that mighty man wrought and endured in the carven horse, wherein all we chiefs of the Argives were sitting, bearing to the Trojans death and fate! Then thou camest thither, and it must be that thou wast bidden by some god, who wished to grant glory to the Trojans, and godlike Deiphobus followed thee on thy way. Thrice didst thou go about the hollow ambush, trying it with thy touch, and thou didst name aloud the chieftains of the Danaans by their names, likening thy voice to the voices of the wives of all the Argives. Now I and the son of Tydeus and goodly Odysseus sat there in the midst and heard how thou didst call, and we two were eager to rise up and come forth, or else to answer straightway from within, but Odysseus held us back and stayed us, despite our eagerness. Then all the other sons of the Achaeans held their peace, but Anticlus alone was fain to speak and answer thee; but Odysseus firmly closed his mouth with strong hands, and saved all the Achaeans, and held him thus until Pallas Athene led thee away."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, all the more grievous is it; for in no wise did this ward

off from him woeful destruction, nay, not though the heart within him had been of iron. But come, send us to bed, that lulled now by sweet sleep we may rest and take our joy."

Thus he spoke, and Argive Helen bade her handmaids place bedsteads beneath the portico, and to lay on them fair purple blankets, and to spread thereover coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks for clothing. But the maids went forth from the hall with torches in their hands and strewed the couch, and a herald led forth the guests. So they slept there in the fore-hall of the palace, the prince Telemachus and the glorious son of Nestor; but the son of Atreus slept in the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and beside him lay long-robed Helen, peerless among women.

So soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, up from his bed arose Menelaus, good at the war-cry, and put on his clothing. About his shoulders he slung his sharp sword, and beneath his shining feet bound his fair sandals, and went forth from his chamber like unto a god to look upon. Then he sat down beside Telemachus, and spoke, and addressed him:

"What need has brought thee hither, prince Telemachus, to goodly Lacedaemon over the broad back of the sea? Is it a public matter, or thine own? Tell me the truth of this."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, I came if haply thou mightest tell me some tidings of my father. My home is being devoured and my rich lands are ruined; with men that are foes my house is filled, who are ever slaying my thronging

sheep and my sleek kine of shambling gait, even the wooers of my mother, overweening in their insolence. Therefore am I now come to thy knees, if perchance thou wilt be willing to tell me of his woeful death, whether thou sawest it haply with thine own eyes, or didst hear from some other the story of his wanderings; for beyond all men did his mother bear him to sorrow. And do thou no wise out of ruth or pity for me speak soothing words, but tell me truly how thou didst come to behold him. I beseech thee, if ever my father, noble Odysseus, promised aught to thee of word or deed and fulfilled it in the land of the Trojans, where you Achaeans suffered woes, be mindful of it now, I pray thee, and tell me the truth."

Then, stirred to sore displeasure, fair-haired Menelaus spoke to him: "Out upon them, for verily in the bed of a man of valiant heart were they fain to lie, who are themselves cravens. Even as when in the thicket-lair of a mighty lion a hind has laid to sleep her new-born suckling fawns, and roams over the mountain slopes and grassy vales seeking pasture, and then the lion comes to his lair and upon the two[1] lets loose a cruel doom, so will Odysseus let loose a cruel doom upon these men. I would, O father Zeus and Athene and Apollo, that in such strength as when once in fair-stablished Lesbos he rose up and wrestled a match with Philomeleides and threw him mightily, and all the Achaeans rejoiced, even in such strength Odysseus might come among the wooers; then

[1] The Greek seems to denote a pair of fawns, the slaying taking place in the absence of the hind; *cf. Iliad*, xi. 113 ff. Others assume that the dual means "both hind and fawns."

should they all find swift destruction and bitterness in their wooing. But in this matter of which thou dost ask and beseech me, verily I will not swerve aside to speak of other things, nor will I deceive thee; but of all that the unerring old man of the sea told me not one thing will I hide from thee or conceal.

"In Egypt,[1] eager though I was to journey hither, the gods still held me back, because I offered not to them hecatombs that bring fulfilment, and the gods ever wished that men should be mindful of their commands. Now there is an island in the surging sea in front of Egypt, and men call it Pharos, distant as far as a hollow ship runs in a whole day when the shrill wind blows fair behind her. Therein is a harbour with good anchorage, whence men launch the shapely ships into the sea, when they have drawn supplies of black[2] water. There for twenty days the gods kept me, nor ever did the winds that blow over the deep spring up, which speed men's ships over the broad back of the sea. And now would all my stores have been spent and the strength of my men, had not one of the gods taken pity on me and saved me, even Eidothea, daughter of mighty Proteus, the old man of the sea; for her heart above all others had I moved. She met me as I wandered alone apart from my comrades, who were ever roaming about the island, fishing with bent hooks, for hunger pinched their bellies; and she came close to me, and spoke, and said:

[2] The epithet "black" is applied to water in deep places, where the light cannot reach it, and to water trickling down the face of a rock covered with lichens (*Iliad*, xvi. 4 ff.).

"'Art thou so very foolish, stranger, and slack of wit, or art thou of thine own will remiss, and hast pleasure in suffering woes? So long art thou pent in the isle and canst find no sign of deliverance,[1] and the heart of thy comrades grows faint.'

"So she spoke, and I made answer and said: 'I will speak out and tell thee, whosoever among goddesses thou art, that in no wise am I pent here of mine own will, but it must be that I have sinned against the immortals, who hold broad heaven. But do thou tell me—for the gods know all things—who of the immortals fetters me here, and has hindered me from my path, and tell me of my return, how I may go over the teeming deep.'

"So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: 'Then verily, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. There is wont to come hither the unerring old man of the sea, immortal Proteus of Egypt, who knows the depths of every sea, and is the servant of Poseidon. He, they say, is my father that begat me. If thou couldst in any wise lie in wait and catch him, he will tell thee thy way and the measure of thy path, and of thy return, how thou mayest go over the teeming deep. Aye, and he will tell thee, thou fostered of Zeus, if so thou wilt, what evil and what good has been wrought in thy halls, while thou hast been gone on thy long and grievous way.'

"So she spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Do thou thyself now devise a means of lying in wait for the divine old man, lest haply he see me beforehand and being ware of my purpose avoid me. For hard is a god for a mortal man to master.'

[1] Lit. "appointed end."

"So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: 'Then verily, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. When the sun hath reached mid heaven, the unerring old man of the sea is wont to come forth from the brine at the breath of the West Wind, hidden by the dark ripple. And when he is come forth, he lies down to sleep in the hollow caves; and around him the seals, the brood of the fair daughter of the sea, sleep in a herd, coming forth from the gray water, and bitter is the smell they breathe of the depths of the sea. Thither will I lead thee at break of day and lay you all in a row; for do thou choose carefully three of thy companions, who are the best thou hast in thy well-benched ships. And I will tell thee all the wizard wiles of that old man. First he will count the seals, and go over them; but when he has told them all off by fives, and beheld them, he will lay himself down in their midst, as a shepherd among his flocks of sheep. Now so soon as you see him laid to rest, thereafter let your hearts be filled with strength and courage, and do you hold him there despite his striving and struggling to escape. For try he will, and will assume all manner of shapes of all things that move upon the earth, and of water, and of wondrous blazing fire. Yet do ye hold him unflinchingly and grip him yet the more. But when at length of his own will he speaks and questions thee in that shape in which you saw him laid to rest, then, hero, stay thy might, and set the old man free, and ask him who of the gods is wroth with thee, and of thy return, how thou mayest go over the teeming deep.'

"So saying she plunged beneath the surging sea, but I went to my ships, where they stood on the sand, and many things did my heart darkly ponder as I went. But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea, and we had made ready our supper, and immortal night had come on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I went along the shore of the broad-wayed sea, praying earnestly to the gods; and I took with me three of my comrades, in whom I trusted most for every adventure.

"She meanwhile had plunged beneath the broad bosom of the sea, and had brought forth from the deep the skins of four seals, and all were newly flayed; and she devised a plot against her father. She had scooped out lairs in the sand of the sea, and sat waiting; and we came very near to her, and she made us to lie down in a row, and cast a skin over each. Then would our ambush have proved most terrible, for terribly did the deadly stench of the brine-bred seals distress us—who would lay him down by a beast of the sea?—but she of herself delivered us, and devised a great boon; she brought and placed ambrosia of a very sweet fragrance beneath each man's nose, and destroyed the stench of the beast. So all the morning we waited with steadfast heart, and the seals came forth from the sea in throngs. These then laid them down in rows along the shore of the sea, and at noon the old man came forth from the sea and found the fatted seals; and he went over all, and counted their number. Among the creatures he counted us first, nor did his heart guess that there was guile; and

then he too laid him down. Thereat we rushed upon him with a shout, and threw our arms about him, nor did that old man forget his crafty wiles. Nay, at the first he turned into a bearded lion, and then into a serpent, and a leopard, and a huge boar; then he turned into flowing water, and into a tree, high and leafy; but we held on unflinchingly with steadfast heart. But when at last that old man, skilled in wizard arts, grew weary, then he questioned me, and spoke, and said:

"'Who of the gods, son of Atreus, took counsel with thee that thou mightest lie in wait for me, and take me against my will? Of what hast thou need?'

"So he spoke, and I made answer, and said: 'Thou knowest, old man—why dost thou seek to put me off with this question?—how long a time I am pent in this isle, and can find no sign of deliverance, and my heart grows faint within me. But do thou tell me—for the gods know all things—who of the immortals fetters me here, and has hindered me from my path, and tell me of my return, how I may go over the teeming deep.'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: 'Nay, surely thou oughtest to have made fair offerings to Zeus and the other gods before embarking, that with greatest speed thou mightest have come to thy country, sailing over the wine-dark sea. For it is not thy fate to see thy friends, and reach thy well-built house and thy native land, before that thou hast once more gone to the waters of Aegyptus, the heaven-fed river, and hast offered holy hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold broad heaven. Then at length shall the gods grant thee the journey thou desirest.'

"So he spoke, and my spirit was broken within me, for that he bade me go again over the misty deep to Aegyptus, a long and weary way. Yet even so I made answer, and said:

"'All this will I perform, old man, even as thou dost bid. But come now, tell me this, and declare it truly. Did all the Achaeans return unscathed in their ships, all those whom Nestor and I left, as we set out from Troy? Or did any perish by a cruel death on board his ship, or in the arms of his friends, when he had wound up the skein of war?'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: 'Son of Atreus, why dost thou question me of this? In no wise does it behove thee to know, or to learn my mind; nor, methinks, wilt thou long be free from tears, when thou hast heard all aright. For many of them were slain, and many were left; but two chieftains alone of the brazen-coated Achaeans perished on their homeward way (as for the fighting, thou thyself wast there), and one, I ween, still lives, and is held back on the broad deep.

"'Aias truly was lost amid his long-oared ships. Upon the great rocks of Gyrae Poseidon at first drove him, but saved him from the sea; and he would have escaped his doom, hated of Athene though he was, had he not uttered a boastful word in great blindness of heart. He declared that it was in spite of the gods that he had escaped the great gulf of the sea; and Poseidon heard his boastful speech, and straightway took his trident in his mighty hands, and smote the rock of Gyrae and clove it in sunder. And one part abode in its place, but the sundered part fell into the sea, even that on

which Aias sat at the first when his heart was greatly blinded, and it bore him down into the boundless surging deep. So there he perished, when he had drunk the salt water.

"'But thy brother escaped, indeed, the fates and shunned them with his hollow ships, for queenly Hera saved him. But when he was now about to reach the steep height of Malea, then the storm-wind caught him up and bore him over the teeming deep, groaning heavily, to the border of the land,[1] where aforetime Thyestes dwelt, but where now dwelt Thyestes' son Aegisthus. But when from hence too a safe return was shewed him, and the gods changed the course of the wind that it blew fair, and they reached home, then verily with rejoicing did Agamemnon set foot on his native land, and he clasped his land and kissed it, and many were the hot tears that streamed from his eyes, for welcome to him was the sight of his land. Now from his place of watch a watchman saw him, whom guileful Aegisthus took and set there, promising him as a reward two talents of gold; and he had been keeping guard for a year, lest Agamemnon should pass by him unseen, and be mindful of his furious might. So he went to the palace to bear the tidings to the shepherd of the people, and Aegisthus straightway planned a treacherous device. He chose out twenty men, the best in the land, and set them to lie in wait, but on the further side of the hall he bade prepare a feast. Then he went with chariot and horses to summon Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, his mind pondering a dastardly deed. So

at this time in Mycenae), we must understand this phrase to mean the Argolic promontory.

he brought him up all unaware of his doom, and when he had feasted him he slew him, as one slays an ox at the stall. And not one of the comrades of the son of Atreus was left, of all that followed him, nor one of the men of Aegisthus, but they were all slain in the halls.'

"So he spoke, and my spirit was broken within me, and I wept, as I sat on the sands, nor had my heart any longer desire to live and to behold the light of the sun. But when I had had my fill of weeping and writhing, then the unerring old man of the sea said to me:

"'No more, son of Atreus, do thou weep long time thus without ceasing, for in it we shall find no help. Nay, rather, with all the speed thou canst, strive that thou mayest come to thy native land, for either thou wilt find Aegisthus alive, or haply Orestes may have forestalled thee and slain him, and thou mayest chance upon his funeral feast.'

"So he spoke, and my heart and spirit were again warmed with comfort in my breast despite my grief, and I spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"'Of these men now I know, but do thou name the third, who he is that still lives, and is held back upon the broad sea, or is haply dead. Fain would I hear, despite my grief.'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: 'It is the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca. Him I saw in an island, shedding big tears, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who keeps him there perforce, and he cannot come to his native land, for he has at hand no ships with oars and no comrades to send him on his way over the broad

back of the sea. But for thyself, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, it is not ordained that thou shouldst die and meet thy fate in horse-pasturing Argos, but to the Elysian plain and the bounds of the earth will the immortals convey thee, where dwells fair-haired Rhadamanthus, and where life is easiest for men. No snow is there, nor heavy storm, nor ever rain, but ever does Ocean send up blasts of the shrill-blowing West Wind that they may give cooling to men; for thou hast Helen to wife, and art in their eyes the husband of the daughter of Zeus.'

"So saying he plunged beneath the surging sea, but I went to my ships with my godlike comrades, and many things did my heart darkly ponder as I went. But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea, and we had made ready our supper, and immortal night had come on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, our ships first of all we drew down to the bright sea, and set the masts and the sails in the shapely ships, and the men, too, went on board and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. So back again to the waters of Aegyptus, the heaven-fed river, I sailed, and there moored my ships and offered hecatombs that bring fulfilment. But when I had stayed the wrath of the gods that are forever, I heaped up a mound to Agamemnon, that his fame might be unquenchable. Then, when I had made an end of this, I set out for home, and the immortals gave me a fair wind, and brought me swiftly to my dear native land. But come now, tarry in my halls until the eleventh or the twelfth day be come. Then will I send thee forth with honour and

give thee splendid gifts, three horses and a well-polished car; and besides I will give thee a beautiful cup, that thou mayest pour libations to the immortal gods, and remember me all thy days."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Son of Atreus, keep me no long time here, for verily for a year would I be content to sit in thy house, nor would desire for home or parents come upon me; for wondrous is the pleasure I take in listening to thy tales and thy speech. But even now my comrades are chafing in sacred Pylos, and thou art keeping me long time here. And whatsoever gift thou wouldest give me, let it be some treasure; but horses will I not take to Ithaca, but will leave them here for thyself to delight in, for thou art lord of a wide plain, wherein is lotus in abundance, and galingale and wheat and spelt, and broad-eared white barley. But in Ithaca there are no widespread courses nor aught of meadow-land. It is a pasture-land of goats and pleasanter than one that pastures horses. For not one of the islands that lean upon the sea is fit for driving horses, or rich in meadows, and Ithaca least of all."

So he spoke, and Menelaus, good at the war-cry, smiled, and stroked him with his hand, and spoke, and addressed him:

"Thou art of noble blood, dear child, that thou speakest thus. Therefore will I change these gifts, for well I may. Of all the gifts that lie stored as treasures in my house, I will give thee that one which is fairest and costliest. I will give thee a well-wrought mixing bowl. All of silver it is, and with gold are the rims thereof gilded, the work of Hephaestus; and the warrior Phaedimus, king of the

Sidonians, gave it me, when his house sheltered me as I came thither, and now I am minded to give it to thee."

Thus they spoke to one another, and meanwhile the banqueters came to the palace of the divine king. They drove up sheep, and brought strengthening wine, and their wives with beautiful veils sent them bread. Thus they were busied about the feast in the halls.

But the wooers in front of the palace of Odysseus were making merry, throwing the discus and the javelin in a levelled place, as their wont was, in insolence of heart; and Antinous and godlike Eurymachus were sitting there, the leaders of the wooers, who in valiance were far the best of all. To them Noemon, son of Phronius, drew near, and he questioned Antinous, and spoke, and said:

"Antinous, know we at all in our hearts, or know we not, when Telemachus will return from sandy Pylos? He is gone, taking a ship of mine, and I have need of her to cross over to spacious Elis, where I have twelve brood mares, and at the teat sturdy mules as yet unbroken. Of these I would fain drive one off and break him in."

So he spoke, and they marvelled at heart, for they did not deem that Telemachus had gone to Neleian Pylos, but that he was somewhere there on his lands, among the flocks or with the swineherd.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spoke to him, saying: "Tell me the truth; when did he go, and what youths went with him? Were they chosen youths of Ithaca, or hirelings and slaves of his own? Able would he be to accomplish even that. And tell me this truly, that I may know full well. Was it

perforce and against thy will that he took from thee the black ship? or didst thou give it him freely of thine own will, because he besought thee?"

Then Noemon, son of Phronius, answered him: "I myself freely gave it him. What else could any man do, when a man like him, his heart laden with care, makes entreaty? Hard it were to deny the gift. The youths that are the noblest in the land after ourselves, even these have gone with him; and among them I noted one going on board as their leader, Mentor, or a god, who was in all things like unto Mentor. But at this I marvel. I saw goodly Mentor here yesterday at early dawn; but at that time he embarked for Pylos."

So saying he departed to his father's house, but of those two the proud hearts were angered. The wooers they straightway made to sit down and cease from their games; and among them spoke Antinous, son of Eupeithes, in displeasure; and with rage was his black heart wholly filled, and his eyes were like blazing fire.

"Out upon him, verily a proud deed has been insolently brought to pass by Telemachus, even this journey, and we deemed that he would never see it accomplished. Forth in despite of all of us here the lad is gone without more ado, launching a ship, and choosing the best men in the land. He will begin by and by to be our bane; but to his own undoing may Zeus destroy his might before ever he reaches the measure of manhood. But come, give me a swift ship and twenty men, that I may watch in ambush for him as he passes in the strait between Ithaca and rugged Samos. Thus shall his voyaging in search of his father come to a sorry end."

So he spoke, and they all praised his words, and bade him act. And straightway they rose up and went to the house of Odysseus.

Now Penelope was no long time without knowledge of the plans which the wooers were plotting in the deep of their hearts; for the herald Medon told her, who heard their counsel as he stood without the court and they within were weaving their plot. So he went through the hall to bear the tidings to Penelope; and as he stepped across the threshold Penelope spoke to him and said:

"Herald, why have the lordly wooers sent thee forth? Was it to tell the handmaids of divine Odysseus to cease from their tasks, and make ready a feast for them? Never wooing[1] any more, nor consorting together elsewhere, may they now feast here their latest and their last—even ye who are ever thronging here and wasting much livelihood, the wealth of wise Telemachus. Surely ye hearkened not at all in olden days, when ye were children, when your fathers told what manner of man Odysseus was among them that begat you, in that he wrought no wrong in deed or word to any man in the land, as the wont is of divine kings—one man they hate and another they love. Yet he never wrought iniquity at all to any man. But your mind and your unseemly deeds are plain to see, nor is there in after days any gratitude for good deeds done."

Then Medon, wise of heart, answered her: "I would, O queen, that this were the greatest evil. But another greater far and more grievous are the wooers planning, which I pray that the son of Cronos

[1] In the interpretation of this vexed passage I follow Agar, *Homerica*, pp. 59 ff.

may never bring to pass. They are minded to slay Telemachus with the sharp sword on his homeward way; for he went in quest of tidings of his father to sacred Pylos and to goodly Lacedaemon."

So he spoke, and her knees were loosened where she sat, and her heart melted. Long time she was speechless, and both her eyes were filled with tears, and the flow of her voice was checked. But at last she made answer, and said to him:

"Herald, why is my son gone? He had no need to go on board swift-faring ships, which serve men as horses of the deep, and cross over the wide waters of the sea. Was it that not even his name should be left among men?"

Then Medon, wise of heart, answered her: "I know not whether some god impelled him, or whether his own heart was moved to go to Pylos, that he might learn either of his father's return or what fate he had met."

So he spoke, and departed through the house of Odysseus, and on her fell a cloud of soul-consuming grief, and she had no more the heart to sit upon one of the many seats that were in the room, but down upon the threshold of her fair-wrought chamber she sank, moaning piteously, and round about her wailed her handmaids, even all that were in the house, both young and old. Among these with sobs of lamentation spoke Penelope:

"Hear me, my friends, for to me the Olympian has given sorrow above all the women who were bred and born with me. For long since I lost my noble husband of the lion heart, pre-eminent in all manner of worth among the Danaans, my noble husband, whose fame is wide through Hellas and

mid-Argos. And now again my well-loved son have the storm-winds swept away from our halls without tidings, nor did I hear of his setting forth. Cruel, that ye are! Not even you took thought, any one of you, to rouse me from my couch, though in your hearts ye knew full well when he went on board the hollow black ship. For had I learned that he was pondering this journey, he should verily have stayed here, how eager soever to be gone, or he should have left me dead in the halls. But now let one hasten to call hither the aged Dolius, my servant, whom my father gave me or ever I came hither, and who keeps my garden of many trees, that he may straightway go and sit by Laertes, and tell him of all these things. So haply may Laertes weave some plan in his heart, and go forth and with weeping make his plea to the people, who are minded to destroy his race and that of godlike Odysseus."

Then the good nurse Eurycleia answered her: "Dear lady, thou mayest verily slay me with the pitiless sword or let me abide in the house, yet will I not hide my word from thee. I knew all this, and gave him whatever he bade me, bread and sweet wine. But he took from me a mighty oath not to tell thee until at least the twelfth day should come, or thou shouldst thyself miss him and hear that he was gone, that thou mightest not mar thy fair flesh with weeping. But now bathe thyself, and take clean raiment for thy body, and then go up to thy upper chamber with thy handmaids and pray to Athene, the daughter of Zeus who bears the aegis; for she may then save him even from death. And trouble not a troubled old man; for the race of the son of Arceisius is not, methinks, utterly hated by the blessed gods,

but there shall still be one, I ween, to hold the high-roofed halls and the rich fields far away."

So she spoke, and lulled Penelope's laments, and made her eyes to cease from weeping. She then bathed, and took clean raiment for her body, and went up to her upper chamber with her handmaids, and placing barley grains in a basket prayed to Athene:

"Hear me, child of Zeus who bears the aegis, unwearied one. If ever Odysseus, of many wiles, burnt to thee in his halls fat thigh-pieces of heifer or ewe, remember these things now, I pray thee, and save my dear son, and ward off from him the wooers in their evil insolence."

So saying she raised the sacred cry, and the goddess heard her prayer. But the wooers broke into uproar throughout the shadowy halls, and thus would one of the proud youths speak:

"Aye, verily the queen, wooed of many, is preparing our marriage, nor does she know at all that death has been made ready for her son."

So would one of them speak; but they knew not how these things were to be. And Antinous addressed their company, and said:

"Good sirs,[1] shun haughty speech of every kind alike, lest someone report your speech even within the house. Nay come, in silence thus let us arise and put into effect our plan which pleased us one and all at heart."

So he spoke, and chose twenty men that were best, and they went their way to the swift ship and the

person addressed is acting in some unaccountable or ill-omened way. Hence the tone varies from angry remonstrance to gentle expostulation, or even pity.

shore of the sea. The ship first of all they drew down to the deep water, and set the mast and sail in the black ship, and fitted the oars in the leathern thole-straps, all in due order, and spread the white sail. And proud squires brought them their weapons. Well out in the roadstead they moored the ship, and themselves disembarked. There then they took supper, and waited till evening should come.

But she, the wise Penelope, lay there in her upper chamber, touching no food, tasting neither meat nor drink, pondering whether her peerless son would escape death, or be slain by the insolent wooers. And even as a lion is seized with fear and broods amid a throng of men, when they draw their crafty ring about him, so was she pondering when sweet[1] sleep came upon her. And she sank back and slept, and all her joints relaxed.

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, took other counsel. She made a phantom, and likened it in form to a woman, Iphthime, daughter of great-hearted Icarius, whom Eumelus wedded, whose home was in Pherae. And she sent it to the house of divine Odysseus, to Penelope in the midst of her wailing and lamenting, to bid her cease from weeping and tearful lamentation. So into the chamber it passed by the thong of the bolt, and stood above her head, and spoke to her, and said:

"Sleepest thou, Penelope, thy heart sore stricken? Nay, the gods that live at ease suffer thee not to weep or be distressed, seeing that thy son is yet to return; for in no wise is he a sinner in the eyes of the gods."

[1] It seems certain that *νήδυμος* has in all cases supplanted an original *Fήδυμος* = *ἡδύς*. See Buttmann, *Lexilogus*, i. p. 179, and Merry's note here.

Then wise Penelope answered her, as she slumbered very sweetly at the gates of dreams:

"Why, sister, art thou come hither? Thou hast not heretofore been wont to come, for thou dwellest in a home far away. And thou biddest me cease from my grief and the many pains that distress me in mind and heart. Long since I lost my noble husband of the lion heart, pre-eminent in all manner of worth among the Danaans, my noble husband whose fame is wide in Hellas and mid-Argos. And now again my well-loved son is gone forth in a hollow ship, a mere child, knowing naught of toils and the gatherings of men. For him I sorrow even more than for that other, and tremble for him, and fear lest aught befall him, whether it be in the land of the men to whom he is gone, or on the sea. For many foes are plotting against him, eager to slay him before he comes back to his native land."

Then the dim phantom answered her, and said: "Take heart, and be not in thy mind too sore afraid; since such a guide goes with him as men have full often besought to stand by their side, for she has power,—even Pallas Athene. And she pities thee in thy sorrow, for she it is that has sent me forth to tell thee this."

Then again wise Penelope answered her: "If thou art indeed a god, and hast listened to the voice of a god, come, tell me, I pray thee, also of that hapless one, whether he still lives and beholds the light of the sun, or whether he is already dead and in the house of Hades."

And the dim phantom answered her, and said: "Nay, of him I may not speak at length, whether he be alive or dead; it is an ill thing to speak words vain as wind."

So saying the phantom glided away by the bolt of the door into the breath of the winds. And the daughter of Icarius started up from sleep, and her heart was warmed with comfort, that so clear a vision had sped to her in the darkness[1] of night.

But the wooers embarked, and sailed over the watery ways, pondering in their hearts utter murder for Telemachus. There is a rocky isle in the midst of the sea, midway between Ithaca and rugged Samos, Asteris, of no great size, but therein is a harbour where ships may lie, with an entrance on either side. There it was that the Achaeans tarried, lying in wait for Telemachus.

[1] The word is of uncertain etymology, and its precise significance is doubtful.

BOOK V

Now Dawn arose from her couch from beside lordly Tithonus, to bear light to the immortals and to mortal men. And the gods were sitting down to council, and among them Zeus, who thunders on high, whose might is supreme. To them Athene was recounting the many woes of Odysseus, as she called them to mind; for it troubled her that he abode in the dwelling of the nymph:

"Father Zeus, and ye other blessed gods that are forever, never henceforward let sceptred king with a ready heart be kind and gentle, nor let him heed righteousness in his mind; but let him ever be harsh, and work unrighteousness, seeing that no one remembers divine Odysseus of the people whose lord he was; yet gentle was he as a father. He verily abides in an island suffering grievous pains, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who keeps him perforce; and he cannot return to his own land, for he has at hand no ships with oars and no comrades to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. And now again they are minded to slay his well-loved son on his homeward way; for he went in quest of tidings of his father to sacred Pylos and to goodly Lacedaemon."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: "My child, what a word has escaped

the barrier of thy teeth! Didst thou not thyself devise this plan, that verily Odysseus might take vengeance on these men at his coming? But concerning Telemachus, do thou guide him in thy wisdom, for thou canst, that all unscathed he may reach his native land, and the wooers may come back in their ship baffled in their purpose."

He spoke, and said to Hermes, his dear son: "Hermes, do thou now, seeing that thou art at other times our messenger, declare to the fair-tressed nymph our fixed resolve, even the return of Odysseus of the steadfast heart, that he may return with guidance neither of gods nor of mortal men, but that on a stoutly-bound raft, suffering woes, he may come on the twentieth day to deep-soiled Scheria, the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the gods. These shall heartily shew him all honour, as if he were a god, and shall send him in a ship to his dear native land, after giving him stores of bronze and gold and raiment, more than Odysseus would ever have won for himself from Troy, if he had returned unscathed with his due share of the spoil. For in this wise it is his fate to see his friends, and reach his high-roofed house and his native land."

So he spoke, and the messenger, Argeïphontes, failed not to hearken. Straightway he bound beneath his feet his beautiful sandals, immortal, golden, which were wont to bear him over the waters of the sea and over the boundless land swift as the blasts of the wind. And he took the wand wherewith he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he awakens even out of slumber. With this in his hand the strong Argeïphontes flew. On to

Pieria he stepped from the upper air, and swooped down upon the sea, and then sped over the wave like a bird, the cormorant, which in quest of fish over the dread gulfs of the unresting sea wets its thick plumage in the brine. In such wise did Hermes ride upon the multitudinous waves. But when he had reached the island which lay afar, then forth from the violet sea he came to land, and went his way until he came to a great cave, wherein dwelt the fair-tressed nymph; and he found her within. A great fire was burning on the hearth, and from afar over the isle there was a fragrance of cleft cedar and juniper, as they burned; but she within was singing with a sweet voice as she went to and fro before the loom, weaving with a golden shuttle. Round about the cave grew a luxuriant wood, alder and poplar and sweet-smelling cypress, wherein birds long of wing were wont to nest, owls and falcons and sea-crows with chattering tongues, who ply their business on the sea. And right there about the hollow cave ran trailing a garden vine, in pride of its prime, richly laden with clusters. And fountains four in a row were flowing with bright water hard by one another, turned one this way, one that. And round about soft meadows of violets and parsley were blooming. There even an immortal, who chanced to come, might gaze and marvel, and delight his soul; and there the messenger Argeïphontes stood and marvelled. But when he had marvelled in his heart at all things, straightway he went into the wide cave; nor did Calypso, the beautiful goddess, fail to know him, when she saw him face to face; for not unknown are the immortal gods to one another, even though one dwells in a

home far away. But the great-hearted Odysseus he found not within; for he sat weeping on the shore, as his wont had been, racking his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and he would look over the unresting sea, shedding tears. And Calypso, the beautiful goddess, questioned Hermes, when she had made him sit on a bright shining chair:

"Why, pray, Hermes of the golden wand, hast thou come, an honourable guest and welcome? Heretofore thou hast not been wont to come. Speak what is in thy mind; my heart bids me fulfil it, if fulfil it I can, and it is a thing that hath fulfilment. But follow me further, that I may set before thee entertainment."

So saying, the goddess set before him a table laden with ambrosia, and mixed the ruddy nectar. So he drank and ate, the messenger Argeïphontes. But when he had dined and satisfied his soul with food, then he made answer, and addressed her, saying:

"Thou, a goddess, dost question me, a god, upon my coming, and I will speak my word truly, since thou biddest me. It was Zeus who bade me come hither against my will. Who of his own will would speed over so great space of salt sea-water, great past telling? Nor is there at hand any city of mortals who offer to the gods sacrifice and choice hecatombs. But it is in no wise possible for any other god to evade or make void the will of Zeus, who bears the aegis. He says that there is here with thee a man most wretched above all those warriors who around the city of Priam fought for nine years, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. But on the way they sinned against Athene, and she sent upon them an evil wind and long waves. There

all the rest of his goodly comrades perished, but as for him, the wind and the wave, as they bore him, brought him hither. Him now Zeus bids thee to send on his way with all speed, for it is not his fate to perish here far from his friends, but it is still his lot to see his friends and reach his high-roofed house and his native land."

So he spoke, and Calypso, the beautiful goddess, shuddered, and she spoke, and addressed him with winged words: "Cruel are ye, O ye gods, and quick to envy above all others, seeing that ye begrudge goddesses that they should mate with men openly, if any takes a mortal as her dear bed-fellow. Thus, when rosy-fingered Dawn took to herself Orion, ye gods that live at ease begrudged her, till in Ortygia chaste Artemis of the golden throne assailed him with her gentle[1] shafts and slew him. Thus too, when fair-tressed Demeter, yielding to her passion, lay in love with Iasion in the thrice-ploughed fallow land, Zeus was not long without knowledge thereof, but smote him with his bright thunder-bolt and slew him. And even so again do ye now begrudge me, O ye gods, that a mortal man should abide with me. Him I saved when he was bestriding the keel and all alone, for Zeus had smitten his swift ship with his bright thunder-bolt, and had shattered[2] it in the midst of the wine-dark sea. There all the rest of his goodly comrades perished, but as for him, the wind and the wave, as they bore him, brought him hither. Him I welcomed kindly and gave him food,

[1] The phrase commonly denotes a painless death (so in iii. 280). It is only here used of death sent by a wrathful god or goddess.

[2] Possibly "submerged"; *cf.* vii. 250.

and said that I would make him immortal and ageless all his days. But since it is in no wise possible for any other god to evade or make void the will of Zeus who bears the aegis, let him go his way, if Zeus thus orders and commands, over the unresting sea. But it is not I that shall give him convoy, for I have at hand no ships with oars and no men to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea. But with a ready heart will I give him counsel, and will hide naught, that all unscathed he may return to his native land."

Then again the messenger Argeïphontes answered her: "Even so send him forth now, and beware of the wrath of Zeus, lest haply he wax wroth and visit his anger upon thee hereafter."

So saying, the strong Argeïphontes departed, and the queenly nymph went to the great-hearted Odysseus, when she had heard the message of Zeus. Him she found sitting on the shore, and his eyes were never dry of tears, and his sweet life was ebbing away, as he longed mournfully for his return, for the nymph was no longer pleasing in his sight. By night indeed he would sleep by her side perforce in the hollow caves, unwilling beside the willing nymph, but by day he would sit on the rocks and the sands, racking his soul with tears and groans and griefs, and he would look over the unresting sea, shedding tears. Then coming close to him, the beautiful goddess addressed him:

"Unhappy man, sorrow no longer here, I pray thee, nor let thy life pine away; for even now with a ready heart will I send thee on thy way. Nay, come, hew with the axe long beams, and make a

broad raft, and fasten upon it cross-planks for a deck well above it, that it may bear thee over the misty deep. And I will place therein bread and water and red wine to satisfy thy heart, to keep hunger from thee. And I will clothe thee with raiment, and will send a fair wind behind thee, that all unscathed thou mayest return to thy native land, if it be the will of the gods who hold broad heaven; for they are mightier than I both to purpose and to fulfil."

So she spoke, and much-enduring goodly Odysseus shuddered, and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words: "Some other thing, goddess, art thou planning in this, and not my sending, seeing that thou biddest me cross on a raft the great gulf of the sea, dread and grievous, over which not even the shapely, swift-faring ships pass, rejoicing in the wind of Zeus. But I will not set foot on a raft in thy despite, unless thou, goddess, wilt bring thyself to swear a mighty oath that thou wilt not plot against me any fresh mischief to my hurt."

So he spoke, but Calypso, the beautiful goddess, smiled, and stroked him with her hand, and spoke, and addressed him: "Verily thou art a knave, and not stunted in wit, that thou hast bethought thee to utter such a word. Now therefore let earth be witness to this, and the broad heaven above, and the down-flowing water of the Styx, which is the greatest and most dread oath for the blessed gods, that I will not plot against thee any fresh mischief to thy hurt. Nay, I have such thoughts in mind, and will give such counsel, as I should devise for mine own self, if such need should come on me. For I too have a mind that is righteous, and the heart in this breast of mine is not of iron, but hath compassion."

So saying, the beautiful goddess led the way quickly, and he followed in the footsteps of the goddess. And they came to the hollow cave, the goddess and the man, and he sat down upon the chair from which Hermes had arisen, and the nymph set before him all manner of food to eat and drink, of such sort as mortal men eat. But she herself sat over against divine Odysseus, and before her the handmaids set ambrosia and nectar. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had had their fill of food and drink, Calypso, the beautiful goddess, was the first to speak, and said:

"Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, would'st thou then fare now forthwith home to thy dear native land! Yet, even so fare thee well. Howbeit if in thy heart thou knewest all the measure of woe it is thy fate to fulfil before thou comest to thy native land thou wouldest abide here and keep this house with me, and wouldest be immortal, for all thy desire to see thy wife for whom thou longest day by day. Surely not inferior to her do I declare myself to be either in form or stature, for in no wise is it seemly that mortal women should vie with immortals in form or comeliness."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Mighty goddess, be not wroth with me for this. I know full well of myself that wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou in comeliness and in stature, for she is a mortal, while thou art immortal and ageless. But even so I wish and long day by day to reach my home, and to see the day of my return. And if again some god shall smite me on the wine-dark sea, I will endure it, having in my breast a

heart that endures affliction. For ere this I have suffered much and toiled much amid the waves and in war; let this also be added unto that."

So he spoke, and the sun set and darkness came on. And the two went into the innermost recess of the hollow cave, and took their joy of love, abiding each by the other's side.

As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, straightway Odysseus put on a cloak and a tunic, and the nymph clothed herself in a long white robe, finely woven and beautiful, and about her waist she cast a fair girdle of gold, and on her head a veil above. Then she set herself to plan the sending of the great-hearted Odysseus. She gave him a great axe, well fitted to his hands, an axe of bronze, sharpened on both sides; and in it was a beautiful handle of olive wood, securely fastened; and thereafter she gave him a polished adze. Then she led the way to the borders of the island where tall trees were standing, alder and poplar and fir, reaching to the skies, long dry and well-seasoned, which would float for him lightly. But when she had shewn him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the beautiful goddess, returned homewards, but he fell to cutting timbers, and his work went forward apace. Twenty trees in all did he fell, and trimmed them with the axe; then he cunningly smoothed them all and made them straight to the line. Meanwhile Calypso, the beautiful goddess, brought him augers; and he bored all the pieces and fitted them to one another, and with pegs and morticings did he hammer it together. Wide as a man well-skilled in carpentry marks out the curve of the hull of a freight-ship, broad of beam, even so wide did Odysseus make his

raft. And he set up the deck-beams, bolting them to the close set ribs, and laboured on; and he finished the raft with long gunwales. In it he set a mast and a yard-arm, fitted to it, and furthermore made him a steering-oar, wherewith to steer. Then he fenced in the whole from stem to stern with willow withes to be a defence against the wave, and strewed much brush thereon.[1] Meanwhile Calypso, the beautiful goddess, brought him cloth to make him a sail, and he fashioned that too with skill. And he made fast in the raft braces and halyards and sheets, and then with levers[2] forced it down into the bright sea.

Now the fourth day came and all his work was done. And on the fifth the beautiful Calypso sent him on his way from the island after she had bathed him and clothed him in fragrant raiment. On the raft the goddess put a skin of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and provisions, too, in a wallet. Therein she put abundance of dainties to satisfy his heart, and she sent forth a gentle wind and warm. Gladly then did goodly Odysseus spread his sail to the breeze; and he sat and guided his raft skilfully with the steering-oar, nor did sleep fall upon his eyelids, as he watched the Pleiads, and late-setting Bootes, and the Bear, which men also call the Wain, which ever circles where it is and watches Orion, and alone has no part in the baths of Ocean. For this star Calypso, the beautiful goddess, had bidden him to keep on the left hand as he sailed over the sea. For seventeen days then he sailed over the

[1] The precise meaning of the phrase is uncertain. The scholiast assumed that it meant "threw in much ballast," but this seems impossible. Ameis thinks that the ὕλη was to afford Odysseus a comfortable bed. [2] Possibly "rollers."

sea, and on the eighteenth appeared the shadowy mountains of the land of the Phaeacians, where it lay nearest to him; and it shewed like unto a shield in the misty deep.

But the glorious Earth-shaker, as he came back from the Ethiopians,[1] beheld him from afar, from the mountains of the Solymi: for Odysseus was seen of him sailing over the sea; and he waxed the more wroth in spirit, and shook his head, and thus he spoke to his own heart:

"Out on it! Surely the gods have changed their purpose regarding Odysseus, while I was among the Ethiopians. And lo, he is near to the land of the Phaeacians, where it is his fate to escape from the great bonds of the woe which has come upon him. Aye, but even yet, methinks, I shall drive him to surfeit of evil."

So saying, he gathered the clouds, and seizing his trident in his hands troubled the sea, and roused all blasts of all manner of winds, and hid with clouds land and sea alike; and night rushed down from heaven. Together the East Wind and the South Wind dashed, and the fierce-blowing West Wind and the North Wind, born in the bright heaven, rolling before him a mighty wave. Then were the knees of Odysseus loosened and his heart melted, and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit:

"Ah me, wretched that I am! What is to befall me at the last? I fear me that verily all that the goddess said was true, when she declared that on the sea, before ever I came to my native land, I should fill up my measure of woes; and lo, all this now is being brought to pass. In such wise does Zeus overcast the broad heaven with clouds, and has stirred

[1] See i. 21 f.

up the sea, and the blasts of all manner of winds sweep upon me; now is my utter destruction sure. Thrice blessed those Danaans, aye, four times blessed, who of old perished in the wide land of Troy, doing the pleasure of the sons of Atreus. Even so would that I had died and met my fate on that day when the throngs of the Trojans hurled upon me bronze-tipped spears, fighting around the body of the dead son of Peleus. Then should I have got funeral rites, and the Achaeans would have spread my fame, but now by a miserable death was it appointed me to be cut off."

Even as thus he spoke the great wave smote him from on high, rushing upon him with terrible might, and around it whirled his raft. Far from the raft he fell, and let fall the steering-oar from his hand; but his mast was broken in the midst by the fierce blast of tumultuous winds that came upon it, and far in the sea sail and yardarm fell. As for him, long time did the wave hold him in the depths, nor could he rise at once from beneath the onrush of the mighty wave, for the garments which beautiful Calypso had given him weighed him down. At length, however, he came up, and spat forth from his mouth the bitter brine which flowed in streams from his head. Yet even so he did not forget his raft, in evil case though he was, but sprang after it amid the waves, and laid hold of it, and sat down in the midst of it, seeking to escape the doom of death; and a great wave ever bore the raft this way and that along its course. As when in autumn the North Wind bears the thistle-tufts over the plain, and close they cling to one another, so did the winds bear the raft this

way and that over the sea. Now the South Wind would fling it to the North Wind to be driven on, and now again the East Wind would yield it to the West Wind to drive.

But the daughter of Cadmus, Ino of the fair ankles, saw him, even Leucothea, who of old was a mortal of human speech, but now in the deeps of the sea has won a share of honour from the gods. She was touched with pity for Odysseus, as he wandered and was in sore travail, and she rose up from the deep like a sea-mew on the wing, and sat on the stoutly-bound raft, and spoke, saying:

"Unhappy man, how is it that Poseidon, the earth-shaker, has conceived such furious wrath against thee, that he is sowing for thee the seeds of many evils? Yet verily he shall not utterly destroy thee for all his rage. Nay, do thou thus; and methinks thou dost not lack understanding. Strip off these garments, and leave thy raft to be driven by the winds, but do thou swim with thy hands and so strive to reach the land of the Phaeacians, where it is thy fate to escape. Come, take this veil, and stretch it beneath thy breast. It is immortal; there is no fear that thou shalt suffer aught or perish. But when with thy hands thou hast laid hold of the land, loose it from thee, and cast it into the wine-dark sea far from the land, and thyself turn away."

So saying, the goddess gave him the veil, and herself plunged again into the surging deep, like a sea-mew; and the dark wave hid her. Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus pondered, and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit:

"Woe is me! Let it not be that some one of the immortals is again weaving a snare for me, that she

bids me leave my raft. Nay, but verily I will not yet obey, for afar off mine eyes beheld the land, where she said I was to escape. But this will I do, and meseems that this is best: as long as the timbers hold firm in their fastenings, so long will I remain here and endure to suffer affliction; but when the wave shall have shattered the raft to pieces, I will swim, seeing that there is naught better to devise."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, Poseidon, the earth-shaker, made to rise up a great wave, dread and grievous, arching over from above, and drove it upon him. And as when a strong wind tosses a heap of straw that is dry, and some it scatters here, some there, even so the wave scattered the long timbers of the raft. But Odysseus bestrode one plank, as though he were riding a horse, and stripped off the garments which beautiful Calypso had given him. Then straightway he stretched the veil beneath his breast, and flung himself headlong into the sea with hands outstretched, ready to swim. And the lord, the earth-shaker, saw him, and he shook his head, and thus he spoke to his own heart:

"So now, after thou hast suffered many ills, go wandering over the deep, till thou comest among the folk fostered of Zeus. Yet even so, methinks, thou shalt not make any mock at thy suffering."

So saying, he lashed his fair-maned horses, and came to Aegae, where is his glorious palace.

But Athene, daughter of Zeus, took other counsel. She stayed the paths of the other winds, and bade them all cease and be lulled to rest; but she roused the swift North Wind, and broke the waves before

him, to the end that Zeus-born Odysseus might come among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, escaping from death and the fates.

Then for two nights and two days he was driven about over the swollen waves, and full often his heart forboded destruction. But when fair-tressed Dawn brought to its birth the third day, then the wind ceased and there was a windless calm, and he caught sight of the shore close at hand, casting a quick glance forward, as he was raised up by a great wave. And even as when most welcome to his children appears the life of a father who lies in sickness, bearing grievous pains, long while wasting away, and some cruel god assails him, but then to their joy the gods free him from his woe, so to Odysseus did the land and the wood seem welcome; and he swam on, eager to set foot on the land. But when he was as far away as a man's voice carries when he shouts, and heard the boom of the sea upon the reefs—for the great wave thundered against the dry land, belching upon it in terrible fashion, and all things were wrapped in the foam of the sea; for there were neither harbours where ships might ride, nor roadsteads, but projecting headlands, and reefs, and cliffs —then the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit:

"Ah me, when Zeus has at length granted me to see the land beyond my hopes, and lo, I have prevailed to cleave my way and to cross this gulf, nowhere doth there appear a way to come forth from the grey sea. For without are sharp crags, and around them the wave roars foaming, and the rock runs up sheer, and the water is deep close in shore, so that in no

wise is it possible to plant both feet firmly and escape ruin. Haply were I to seek to land, a great wave may seize me and dash me against the jagged rock, and so shall my striving be in vain. But if I swim on yet further in hope to find shelving beaches[1] and harbours of the sea, I fear me lest the storm-wind may catch me up again, and bear me, groaning heavily, over the teeming deep; or lest some god may even send forth upon me some great monster from out the sea—and many such does glorious Amphitrite breed. For I know that the glorious Earth-shaker is filled with wrath against me."

While he pondered thus in mind and heart, a great wave bore him against the rugged shore. There would his skin have been stripped off and his bones broken, had not the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, put a thought in his mind. On he rushed and seized the rock with both hands, and clung to it, groaning, until the great wave went by. Thus then did he escape this wave, but in its backward flow it once more rushed upon him and smote him, and flung him far out in the sea. And just as, when a cuttlefish is dragged from its hole, many pebbles cling to its suckers, even so from his strong hands were bits of skin stripped off against the rocks; and the great wave covered him. Then verily would hapless Odysseus have perished beyond his fate, had not flashing-eyed Athene given him prudence. Making his way forth from the surge where it belched upon the shore, he swam outside, looking ever toward the land in hope to find shelving beaches and harbours of the sea. But when, as he swam, he came to the mouth of a fair-flowing river, where seemed to him

[1] Possibly "shores that take the waves aslant."

the best place, since it was smooth of stones, and besides there was shelter from the wind, he knew the river as he flowed forth, and prayed to him in his heart:

"Hear me, O king, whosoever thou art. As to one greatly longed-for[1] do I come to thee, seeking to escape from out the sea from the threats of Poseidon. Reverend even in the eyes of the immortal gods is that man who comes as a wanderer, even as I have now come to thy stream and to thy knees, after many toils. Nay, pity me, O king, for I declare that I am thy suppliant."

So he spoke, and the god straightway stayed his stream, and checked the waves, and made a calm before him, and brought him safely to the mouth of the river. And he let his two knees bend and his strong hands fall, for his spirit was crushed by the sea. And all his flesh was swollen, and sea water flowed in streams up through his mouth and nostrils. So he lay breathless and speechless, with scarce strength to move; for terrible weariness had come upon him. But when he revived, and his spirit returned again into his breast, then he loosed from him the veil of the goddess and let it fall into the river that murmured seaward; and the great wave bore it back down the stream, and straightway Ino received it in her hands. But Odysseus, going back from the river, sank down in the reeds and kissed the earth, the giver of grain; and deeply moved he spoke to his own mighty spirit:

"Ah, woe is me! what is to befall me? What will happen to me at the last? If here in the river bed I keep watch throughout the weary night, I fear

[1] Or, "to whom many prayers are made."

that together the bitter frost and the fresh dew may overcome me, when from feebleness I have breathed forth my spirit; and the breeze from the river blows cold in the early morning. But if I climb up the slope to the shady wood and lie down to rest in the thick brushwood, in the hope that the cold and weariness might leave me, and if sweet sleep comes over me, I fear me lest I become a prey and spoil to wild beasts."

Then, as he pondered, this thing seemed to him the better: he went his way to the wood and found it near the water in a clear space; and he crept beneath two bushes that grew from the same spot, one of thorn and one of olive. Through these the strength of the wet winds could never blow, nor the rays of the bright sun beat, nor could the rain pierce through them, so closely did they grow, intertwining one with the other. Beneath these Odysseus crept and straightway gathered with his hands a broad bed, for fallen leaves were there in plenty, enough to shelter two men or three in winter time, however bitter the weather. And the much-enduring goodly Odysseus saw it, and was glad, and he lay down in the midst, and heaped over him the fallen leaves. And as a man hides a brand beneath the dark embers in an outlying farm, a man who has no neighbours, and so saves a seed of fire, that he may not have to kindle it from some other source, so Odysseus covered himself with leaves. And Athene shed sleep upon his eyes, that it might enfold his lids and speedily free him from toilsome weariness.

BOOK VI

So he lay there asleep, the much-enduring goodly Odysseus, overcome with sleep and weariness; but Athene went to the land and city of the Phaeacians. These dwelt of old in spacious Hypereia hard by the Cyclopes, men overweening in pride who plundered them continually and were mightier than they. From thence Nausithous, the godlike, had removed them, and led and settled them in Scheria far from men that live by toil. About the city he had drawn a wall, he had built houses and made temples for the gods, and divided the ploughlands; but he, ere now, had been stricken by fate and had gone to the house of Hades, and Alcinous was now king, made wise in counsel by the gods. To his house went the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, to contrive the return of great-hearted Odysseus. She went to a chamber, richly wrought, wherein slept a maiden like the immortal goddesses in form and comeliness, Nausicaa, the daughter of great-hearted Alcinous; hard by slept two hand-maidens, gifted with beauty by the Graces, one on either side of the door-posts, and the bright doors were shut.

But like a breath of air the goddess sped to the couch of the maiden, and stood above her head, and spoke to her, taking the form of the daughter of Dymas, famed for his ships, a girl who was of like

age with Nausicaa, and was dear to her heart. Likening herself to her, the flashing-eyed Athene spoke and said:

"Nausicaa, how comes it that thy mother bore thee so heedless? Thy bright raiment is lying uncared for; yet thy marriage is near at hand, when thou must needs thyself be clad in fair garments, and give other such to those who escort thee. It is from things like these, thou knowest, that good report goeth up among men, and the father and honoured mother rejoice. Nay, come, let us go to wash them at break of day, for I will follow with thee to aid thee, that thou mayest with speed make thee ready; for thou shalt not long remain a maiden. Even now thou hast suitors in the land, the noblest of all the Phaeacians, from whom is thine own lineage. Nay, come, bestir thy noble father early this morning that he make ready mules and a waggon for thee, to bear the girdles and robes and bright coverlets. And for thyself, too, it is far more seemly to go thus than on foot, for the washing tanks are far from the city."

So saying, the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, departed to Olympus, where, they say, is the abode of the gods that stands fast forever. Neither is it shaken by winds nor ever wet with rain, nor does snow fall upon it, but the air is outspread clear and cloudless, and over it hovers a radiant whiteness. Therein the blessed gods are glad all their days, and thither went the flashing-eyed one, when she had spoken all her word to the maiden.

At once then came fair-throned Dawn and awakened Nausicaa of the beautiful robes, and straightway she marvelled at her dream, and went through the house

to tell her parents, her father dear and her mother; and she found them both within. The mother sat at the hearth with her handmaidens, spinning the yarn of purple dye, and her father she met as he was going forth to join the glorious kings in the place of council, to which the lordly Phaeacians called him. But she came up close to her dear father, and said:

"Papa dear, wilt thou not make ready for me a waggon, high and stout of wheel, that I may take to the river for washing the goodly raiment of mine which is lying here soiled? Moreover for thyself it is seemly that when thou art at council with the princes thou shouldst have clean raiment upon thee; and thou hast five sons living in thy halls—two are wedded, but three are sturdy bachelors—and these ever wish to put on them freshly-washed raiment, when they go to the dance. Of all this must I take thought."

So she spoke, for she was ashamed to name gladsome[1] marriage to her father; but he understood all, and answered, saying: "Neither the mules do I begrudge thee, my child, nor aught beside. Go thy way; the slaves shall make ready for thee the waggon, high and stout of wheel and fitted with a box above."[2]

With this he called to the slaves, and they hearkened. Outside the palace they made ready the light-running mule waggon, and led up the mules and yoked them to it; and the maiden brought from her chamber the bright raiment, and placed it upon the polished car, while her mother put in a chest food of

[1] Possibly "fruitful"; *cf.* xx. 74; *Il.* ii. 53.

[2] Presumably with a body above the running-gear, not a mere δίφρος. Others assume that ὑπερτερίη denotes an "awning."

all sorts to satisfy the heart. Therein she put dainties, and poured wine in a goat-skin flask; and the maiden mounted upon the waggon. Her mother gave her also soft olive oil in a flask of gold, that she and her maidens might have it for the bath. Then Nausicaa took the whip and the bright reins, and smote the mules to start them; and there was a clatter of the mules as they sped on amain, bearing the raiment and the maiden; neither went she alone, for with her went her handmaids as well.

Now when they came to the beautiful streams of the river, where were the washing tanks that never failed —for abundant clear water welled up from beneath and flowed over, to cleanse garments however soiled —there they loosed the mules from under the waggon and drove them along the eddying river to graze on the honey-sweet water-grass, and themselves took in their arms the raiment from the waggon, and bore it into the dark water, and trampled it in the trenches, busily vying each with each. Now when they had washed the garments, and had cleansed them of all the stains, they spread them out in rows on the shore of the sea where the waves dashing against the land washed the pebbles cleanest; and they, after they had bathed and anointed themselves richly with oil, took their meal on the river's banks, and waited for the clothing to dry in the bright sunshine. Then when they had had their joy of food, she and her handmaids, they threw off their head-gear and fell to playing at ball, and white-armed Nausicaa was leader in the song.[1] And even as Artemis, the archer, roves over the mountains, along the ridges of lofty Taÿgetus or Erymanthus, joying in the pursuit of boars and

[1] They sing while tossing the ball to one another.

swift deer, and with her sport the wood-nymphs, the daughters of Zeus who bears the aegis, and Leto is glad at heart—high above them all Artemis holds her head and brows, and easily may she be known, though all are fair—so amid her handmaidens shone the maid unwed.

But when she was about to yoke the mules, and fold the fair raiment, in order to return homeward, then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, took other counsel, that Odysseus might awake and see the fair-faced maid, who should lead him to the city of the Phaeacians. So then the princess tossed the ball to one of her maidens; the maiden indeed she missed, but cast it into a deep eddy, and thereat they cried aloud, and goodly Odysseus awoke, and sat up, and thus he pondered in mind and heart:

"Woe is me! to the land of what mortals am I now come? Are they cruel, and wild, and unjust? or do they love strangers and fear the gods in their thoughts? There rang in my ears a cry as of maidens, of nymphs who haunt the towering peaks of the mountains, the springs that feed the rivers, and the grassy meadows! Can it be that I am somewhere near men of human speech? Nay, I will myself make trial and see."

So saying the goodly Odysseus came forth from beneath the bushes, and with his stout hand he broke from the thick wood a leafy branch, that he might hold it about him and hide therewith his nakedness. Forth he came like a mountain-nurtured lion trusting in his might, who goes forth, beaten with rain and wind, but his two eyes are ablaze: into the midst of the kine he goes, or of the sheep, or on the track of the wild deer, and his belly bids

him go even into the close-built fold, to make an attack upon the flocks. Even so Odysseus was about to enter the company of the fair-tressed maidens, naked though he was, for need had come upon him. But terrible did he seem to them, all befouled with brine, and they shrank in fear, one here, one there, along the jutting sand-spits. Alone the daughter of Alcinous kept her place, for in her heart Athene put courage, and took fear from her limbs. She fled not, but stood and faced him; and Odysseus pondered whether he should clasp the knees of the fair-faced maid, and make his prayer, or whether, standing apart as he was, he should beseech her with gentle words, in hope that she might show him the city and give him raiment. And, as he pondered, it seemed to him better to stand apart and beseech her with gentle words, lest the maiden's heart should be wroth with him if he clasped her knees; so straightway he spoke a gentle word and crafty:

"I beseech thee, O queen,—a goddess art thou, or art thou mortal? If thou art a goddess, one of those who hold broad heaven, to Artemis, the daughter of great Zeus, do I liken thee most nearly in comeliness and in stature and in form. But if thou art one of mortals who dwell upon the earth, thrice-blessed then are thy father and thy honoured mother, and thrice-blessed thy brethren. Full well, I ween, are their hearts ever warmed with joy because of thee, as they see thee entering the dance, a plant[1] so fair. But he again is blessed in heart above all others, who shall prevail with his gifts of wooing and lead thee to his home. For

[1] "That our sons may be as plants"; and *Isaiah* v. 7, "For the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant."

never yet have mine eyes looked upon a mortal such as thou, whether man or woman; amazement holds me as I look on thee. Of a truth in Delos once I saw such a thing, a young shoot of a palm springing up beside the altar of Apollo—for thither, too, I went, and much people followed with me, on that journey on which evil woes were to be my portion;—even so, when I saw that, I marvelled long at heart, for never yet did such a tree spring up from the earth. And in like manner, lady, do I marvel at thee, and am amazed, and fear greatly to touch thy knees; but sore grief has come upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark sea, but ever until then the wave and the swift winds bore me from the island of Ogygia; and now fate has cast me ashore here, that here too, haply, I may suffer some ill. For not yet, methinks, will my troubles cease, but the gods ere that will bring many to pass. Nay, O queen, have pity; for it is to thee first that I am come after many grievous toils, and of the others who possess this city and land I know not one. Shew me the city, and give me some rag to throw about me, if thou hadst any wrapping for the clothes when thou camest hither. And for thyself, may the gods grant thee all that thy heart desires; a husband and a home may they grant thee, and oneness of heart—a goodly gift. For nothing is greater or better than this, when man and wife dwell in a home in one accord, a great grief to their foes and a joy to their friends; but they know it[1] best themselves."

[1] Lit. "they hear." This use of κλύω is quite without parallel.

Then white-armed Nausicaa answered him: "Stranger, since thou seemest to be neither an evil man nor a witless, and it is Zeus himself, the Olympian, that gives happy fortune to men, both to the good and the evil, to each man as he will; so to thee, I ween, he has given this lot, and thou must in any case endure it. But now, since thou hast come to our city and land, thou shalt not lack clothing or aught else of those things which befit a sore-tried suppliant when he cometh in the way. The city will I shew thee, and will tell thee the name of the people. The Phaeacians possess this city and land, and I am the daughter of great-hearted Alcinous, upon whom depend the might and power of the Phaeacians."

She spoke, and called to her fair-tressed handmaids: "Stand, my maidens. Whither do ye flee at the sight of a man? Ye do not think, surely, that he is an enemy? That mortal man lives not, or exists[1] nor shall ever be born who shall come to the land of the Phaeacians as a foeman, for we are very dear to the immortals. Far off we dwell in the surging sea, the furthermost of men, and no other mortals have dealings with us. Nay, this is some hapless wanderer that has come hither. Him must we now tend; for from Zeus are all strangers and beggars, and a gift, though small, is welcome. Come, then, my maidens, give to the stranger food and drink, and bathe him in the river in a spot where there is shelter from the wind."

So she spoke, and they halted and called to each other. Then they set Odysseus in a sheltered

[1] The doubtful word διερός is here taken to mean "living" (Aristarchus, ὁ ζῶν). In ix. 43 διερῷ must be a different word.

place, as Nausicaa, the daughter of great-hearted Alcinous, bade, and beside him they put a cloak and a tunic for raiment, and gave him soft olive oil in the flask of gold, and bade him bathe in the streams of the river. Then among the maidens spoke goodly Odysseus: "Maidens, stand yonder apart, that by myself I may wash the brine from my shoulders, and anoint myself with olive oil; for of a truth it is long since oil came near my skin. But in your presence will I not bathe, for I am ashamed to make me naked in the midst of fair-tressed maidens."

So he said, and they went apart and told the princess. But with water from the river goodly Odysseus washed from his skin the brine which clothed his back and broad shoulders, and from his head he wiped the scurf of the unresting sea. But when he had washed his whole body and anointed himself with oil, and had put on him the raiment which the unwedded maid had given him, then Athene, the daughter of Zeus, made him taller to look upon and mightier, and from his head she made the locks to flow in curls like unto the hyacinth flower. And as when a man overlays silver with gold, a cunning workman whom Hephaestus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner of craft, and full of grace is the work he produces, even so the goddess shed grace upon his head and shoulders. Then he went apart and sat down on the shore of the sea, gleaming with beauty and grace; and the damsel marvelled at him, and spoke to her fair-tressed handmaids, saying:

"Listen, white-armed maidens, that I may say somewhat. Not without the will of all the gods who hold Olympus does this man come among the

godlike Phaeacians. Before he seemed to me uncouth, but now he is like the gods, who hold broad heaven. Would that a man such as he might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to remain. But come, my maidens; give to the stranger food and drink."

So she spoke, and they readily hearkened and obeyed, and set before Odysseus food and drink. Then verily did the much-enduring goodly Odysseus drink and eat, ravenously; for long had he been without taste of food.

But the white-armed Nausicaa took other counsel. She folded the raiment and put it in the fair waggon, and yoked the stout-hoofed mules, and mounted the car herself. Then she hailed Odysseus, and spoke and addressed him: "Rouse thee now, stranger, to go to the city, that I may escort thee to the house of my wise father, where, I tell thee, thou shalt come to know all the noblest of the Phaeacians. Only do thou thus, and, methinks, thou dost not lack understanding: so long as we are passing through the country and the tilled fields of men go thou quickly with the handmaids behind the mules and the waggon, and I will lead the way. But when we are about to enter the city, around which runs a lofty wall,—a fair harbour lies on either side of the city and the entrance is narrow, and curved ships are drawn up along the road, for they all have stations for their ships, each man one for himself. There, too, is their place of assembly about the fair temple of Poseidon, fitted with huge [1] stones set deep in the earth. Here the men are busied

[1] Lit. "drawn thither," or, according to others, "quarried." *cf.* xiv. 10.

with the tackle of their black ships, with cables and sails, and here they shape the thin oar-blades. For the Phaeacians care not for bow or quiver, but for masts and oars of ships, and for the shapely ships, rejoicing in which they cross over the grey sea. It is their ungentle speech that I shun, lest hereafter some man should taunt me, for indeed there are insolent folk in the land, and thus might some baser fellow say, should he meet us: 'Who is this that follows Nausicaa, a comely man and tall, a stranger? Where did she find him? He will doubtless be a husband for her. Haply she has brought from his ship some wanderer of a folk that dwell afar—for none are near us—or some god, long prayed-for, has come down from heaven in answer to her prayers, and she will have him as her husband all her days. Better so, even if she has herself gone forth and found a husband from another people; for of a truth she scorns the Phaeacians here in the land, where she has wooers many and noble!' So will they say, and this would become a reproach to me. Yea, I would myself blame another maiden who should do such thing, and in despite of her dear father and mother, while yet they live, should consort with men before the day of open marriage. Nay, stranger, do thou quickly hearken to my words, that with all speed thou mayest win from my father an escort and a return to thy land. Thou wilt find a goodly grove of Athene hard by the road, a grove of poplar trees. In it a spring wells up, and round about is a meadow. There is my father's park and fruitful vineyard, as far from the city as a man's voice carries when he shouts. Sit thou down there, and wait for a time, until we come to the city and

reach the house of my father. But when thou thinkest that we have reached the house, then do thou go to the city of the Phaeacians and ask for the house of my father, great-hearted Alcinous. Easily may it be known, and a child could guide thee, a mere babe; for the houses of the Phaeacians are no wise built of such sort as is the palace of the lord Alcinous. But when the house and the court enclose thee, pass quickly through the great hall, till thou comest to my mother, who sits at the hearth in the light of the fire, spinning the purple yarn, a wonder to behold, leaning against a pillar, and her handmaids sit behind her. There, too, leaning against the selfsame pillar, is set the throne of my father, whereon he sits and quaffs his wine, like unto an immortal. Him pass thou by, and cast thy hands about my mother's knees, that thou mayest quickly see with rejoicing the day of thy return, though thou art come from never so far. If in her sight thou dost win favour, then there is hope that thou wilt see thy friends, and return to thy well-built house and unto thy native land."

So saying, she smote the mules with the shining whip, and they quickly left the streams of the river. Well did they trot, well did they ply their ambling feet,[1] and she drove with care that the maidens and Odysseus might follow on foot, and with judgment did she ply the lash. Then the sun set, and they came to the glorious grove, sacred to Athene. There Odysseus sat him down, and straightway prayed to the daughter of great Zeus: "Hear me, child of aegis-bearing Zeus, unwearied one. Hearken now to my prayer, since aforetime thou didst not hearken when

[1] The word πλίσσοντο is doubtless connected with πλέκω, but the rendering should not be made too specific.

I was smitten, what time the glorious Earth-shaker smote me. Grant that I may come to the Phaeacians as one to be welcomed and to be pitied."

So he spoke in prayer, and Pallas Athene heard him; but she did not yet appear to him face to face, for she feared her father's brother; but he furiously raged against godlike Odysseus, until at length he reached his own land.

BOOK VII

So he prayed there, the much-enduring goodly Odysseus, while the two strong mules bore the maiden to the city. But when she had come to the glorious palace of her father, she halted the mules at the outer gate, and her brothers thronged about her, men like the immortals, and loosed the mules from the waggon, and bore the raiment within; and she herself went to her chamber. There a fire was kindled for her by her waiting-woman, Eurymedusa, an aged dame from Apeirê. Long ago the curved ships had brought her from Apeirê, and men had chosen her from the spoil as a gift of honour for Alcinous, for that he was king over all the Phaeacians, and the people hearkened to him as to a god. She it was who had reared the white-armed Nausicaa in the palace, and she it was who kindled the fire for her, and made ready her supper in the chamber.

Then Odysseus roused himself to go to the city, and Athene, with kindly purpose, cast about him a thick mist, that no one of the great-hearted Phaeacians, meeting him, should speak mockingly to him, and ask him who he was. But when he was about to enter the lovely city, then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, met him in the guise of a young maiden carrying a pitcher, and she stood before him; and goodly Odysseus questioned her, saying:

"My child, couldst thou not guide me to the house of him they call Alcinous, who is lord among the people here? For I am come hither a stranger sore-tried from afar, from a distant country; wherefore I know no one of the people who possess this city and land."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Then verily, Sir stranger, I will shew thee the palace as thou dost bid me, for it lies hard by the house of my own noble father. Only go thou quietly, and I will lead the way. But turn not thine eyes upon any man nor question any, for the men here endure not stranger-folk, nor do they give kindly welcome to him who comes from another land. They, indeed, trusting in the speed of their swift ships, cross over the great gulf of the sea, for this the Earth-shaker has granted them; and their ships are swift as a bird on the wing or as a thought."

So speaking, Pallas Athene led the way quickly, and he followed in the footsteps of the goddess. And as he went through the city in the midst of them, the Phaeacians, famed for their ships, took no heed of him, for fair-tressed Athene, the dread goddess, would not suffer it, but shed about him a wondrous mist, for her heart was kind toward him. And Odysseus marvelled at the harbours and the stately ships, at the meeting-places where the heroes themselves gathered, and the walls, long and high and crowned with palisades, a wonder to behold. But when they had come to the glorious palace of the king, the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, was the first to speak, saying:

"Here, Sir stranger, is the house which thou

didst bid me shew to thee, and thou wilt find the kings, fostered of Zeus, feasting at the banquet. Go thou within, and let thy heart fear nothing; for a bold man is better in all things, though he be a stranger from another land. The queen shalt thou approach first in the palace; Arete is the name by which she is called, and she is sprung from the same line as is the king Alcinous. Nausithous at the first was born from the earth-shaker Poseidon and Periboea, the comeliest of women, youngest daughter of great-hearted Eurymedon, who once was king over the insolent Giants. But he brought destruction on his froward people, and was himself destroyed. But with Periboea lay Poseidon and begat a son, great-hearted Nausithous, who ruled over the Phaeacians; and Nausithous begat Rhexenor and Alcinous. Rhexenor, when as yet he had no son, Apollo of the silver bow smote in his hall, a bridegroom though he was, and he left only one daughter, Arete. Her Alcinous made his wife, and honoured her as no other woman on earth is honoured, of all those who in these days direct their households in subjection to their husbands; so heartily is she honoured, and has ever been, by her children and by Alcinous himself and by the people, who look upon her as upon a goddess, and greet her as she goes through the city. For she of herself is no wise lacking in good understanding, and for the women[1] to whom she has good will she makes an end of strife even among their husbands. If in her sight thou dost win favour, then there is hope that thou wilt see thy friends, and return to thy high-roofed house and unto thy native land."

[1] Or, reading οἷσι, "settles the quarrels of those to whom she has good will, even though they be men."

So saying, flashing-eyed Athene departed over the unresting sea, and left lovely Scheria. She came to Marathon and broad-wayed Athens, and entered the well-built house of Erectheus;[1] but Odysseus went to the glorious palace of Alcinous. There he stood, and his heart pondered much before he reached the threshold of bronze; for there was a gleam as of sun or moon over the high-roofed house of great-hearted Alcinous. Of bronze were the walls that stretched this way and that from the threshold to the innermost chamber, and around was a cornice of cyanus.[2] Golden were the doors that shut in the well-built house, and doorposts of silver were set in a threshold of bronze. Of silver was the lintel above, and of gold the handle. On either side of the door there stood gold and silver dogs, which Hephaestus had fashioned with cunning skill to guard the palace of great-hearted Alcinous; immortal were they and ageless all their days.[3] Within, seats were fixed along the wall on either hand, from the threshold to the innermost chamber, and on them were thrown robes of soft fabric, cunningly woven, the handiwork of women. On these the leaders of the Phaeacians were wont to sit drinking and eating, for they had unfailing store. And golden youths stood on well-built pedestals, holding lighted torches in their hands to give light by night to the banqueters in the hall. And fifty slave-women he had in the house, of whom some grind the yellow grain on the millstone, and others weave webs, or, as they sit, twirl

[3] The dogs, though wrought of gold and silver, are thought of as alive. The Phaeacians dwell in fairyland.

the yarn, like unto the leaves[1] of a tall poplar tree; and from the closely-woven linen the soft olive oil drips down.[2] For as the Phaeacian men are skilled above all others in speeding a swift ship upon the sea, so are the women cunning workers at the loom, for Athene has given to them above all others skill in fair handiwork, and an understanding heart. But without the courtyard, hard by the door, is a great orchard of four acres,[3] and a hedge runs about it on either side. Therein grow trees, tall and luxuriant, pears and pomegranates and apple-trees with their bright fruit, and sweet figs, and luxuriant olives. Of these the fruit perishes not nor fails in winter or in summer, but lasts throughout the year; and ever does the west wind, as it blows, quicken to life some fruits, and ripen others; pear upon pear waxes ripe, apple upon apple, cluster upon cluster, and fig upon fig. There, too, is his fruitful vineyard planted, one part of which, a warm spot on level ground, is being dried in the sun, while other grapes men are gathering, and others, too, they are treading; but in front are unripe grapes that are shedding the blossom, and others that are turning purple. There again, by the last row of the vines, grow trim garden beds of every sort, blooming the year through, and therein are two springs, one of which sends its water throughout all the garden, while the other, over against it, flows beneath the threshold of the court toward the high house; from this the townsfolk drew their water. Such were the glorious gifts of the gods in the palace of Alcinous.

gloss to the linen. Others assume the meaning to be that the linen is so closely woven that oil will not soak through it.

[3] The word appears to mean a stretch of four days' (mornings') ploughing.

There the much-enduring goodly Odysseus stood and gazed. But when he had marvelled in his heart at all things, he passed quickly over the threshold into the house. There he found the leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians pouring libations from their cups to the keen-sighted Argeïphontes, to whom they were wont to pour the wine last of all, when they were minded to go to their rest. But the much-enduring goodly Odysseus went through the hall, wrapped in the thick mist which Athene had shed about him, till he came to Arete and to Alcinous the king. About the knees of Arete Odysseus cast his hands, and straightway the wondrous mist melted from him, and a hush fell upon all that were in the room at sight of the man, and they marvelled as they looked upon him. But Odysseus made his prayer:

"Arete, daughter of godlike Rhexenor, to thy husband and to thy knees am I come after many toils,—aye and to these banqueters, to whom may the gods grant happiness in life, and may each of them hand down to his children the wealth in his halls, and the dues of honour which the people have given him. But for me do ye speed my sending, that I may come to my native land, and that quickly; for long time have I been suffering woes far from my friends."

So saying he sat down on the hearth in the ashes by the fire, and they were all hushed in silence. But at length there spoke among them the old lord Echeneüs, who was an elder among the Phaeacians, well skilled in speech, and understanding all the wisdom of old. He with good intent addressed the assembly, and said: "Alcinous, lo, this is not the

better way, nor is it seemly, that a stranger should sit upon the ground on the hearth in the ashes; but these others hold back waiting for thy word. Come, make the stranger to arise, and set him upon a silver-studded chair, and bid the heralds mix wine, that we may pour libations also to Zeus, who hurls the thunderbolt; for he ever attends upon reverend suppliants. And let the housewife give supper to the stranger of the store that is in the house."

When the strong and mighty Alcinous heard this, he took by the hand Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded, and raised him from the hearth, and set him upon a bright chair from which he bade his son, the kindly[1] Laodamas, to rise; for he sat next to him, and was his best beloved. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin, for him to wash, and beside him drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before him bread, and therewith dainties in abundance, giving freely of her store. So the much-enduring goodly Odysseus drank and ate; and then the mighty Alcinous spoke to the herald, and said:

"Pontonous, mix the bowl, and serve wine to all in the hall, that we may pour libations also to Zeus, who hurls the thunderbolt; for he ever attends upon reverend suppliants."

He spoke, and Pontonous mixed the honey-hearted wine, and served out to all, pouring first drops for libation into the cups. But when they had poured libations, and had drunk to their heart's content, Alcinous addressed the assembly, and spoke among them:

[1] The word is commonly rendered "valiant."

"Hearken to me, leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians, that I may say what the heart in my breast bids me. Now that ye have finished your feast, go each of you to his house to rest. But in the morning we will call more of the elders together, and will entertain the stranger in our halls and offer goodly victims to the gods. After that we will take thought also of his sending, that without toil or pain yon stranger may under our sending, come to his native land speedily and with rejoicing, though he come from never so far. Nor shall he meanwhile suffer any evil or harm, until he sets foot upon his own land; but thereafter he shall suffer whatever Fate and the dread Spinners spun with their thread for him at his birth, when his mother bore him. But if he is one of the immortals come down from heaven, then is this some new thing which the gods are planning; for ever heretofore have they been wont to appear to us in manifest form, when we sacrifice to them glorious hecatombs, and they feast among us, sitting even where we sit. Aye, and if one of us as a lone wayfarer meets them, they use no concealment, for we are of near kin to them, as are the Cyclopes and the wild tribes of the Giants."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Alcinous, far from thee be that thought; for I am not like the immortals, who hold broad heaven, either in stature or in form, but like mortal men. Whomsoever ye know among men who bear greatest burden of woe, to them might I liken myself in my sorrows. Yea, and I could tell a yet longer tale of all the evils which I have endured by the will of the gods. But as for me, suffer me now to eat, despite my grief; for there is nothing more

shameless than a hateful belly, which bids a man perforce take thought thereof, be he never so sore distressed and laden with grief at heart, even as I, too, am laden with grief at heart, yet ever does my belly bid me eat and drink, and makes me forget all that I have suffered, and commands me to eat my fill. But do ye make haste at break of day, that ye may set me, hapless one, on the soil of my native land, even after my many woes. Yea, let life leave me, when I have seen once more my possessions, my slaves, and my great high-roofed house."

So he spoke, and they all praised his words, and bade send the stranger on his way, since he had spoken fittingly. Then when they had poured libations, and had drunk to their heart's content, they went each man to his home, to take their rest, and goodly Odysseus was left behind in the hall, and beside him sat Arete and godlike Alcinous; and the handmaids cleared away the dishes of the feast. Then white-armed Arete was the first to speak; for, as she saw it, she knew his fair raiment, the mantle and tunic, which she herself had wrought with her handmaids. And she spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Stranger, this question will I myself ask thee first. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Who gave thee this raiment? Didst thou not say that thou camest hither wandering over the sea?"

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Hard were it, O queen, to tell to the end the tale of my woes, since full many have the heavenly gods given me. But this will I tell thee, of which thou dost ask and enquire. There is an

isle, Ogygia, which lies far off in the sea. Therein dwells the fair-tressed daughter of Atlas, guileful Calypso, a dread goddess, and with her no one either of gods or mortals hath aught to do; but me in my wretchedness did fate bring to her hearth alone, for Zeus had smitten my swift ship with his bright thunderbolt, and had shattered it in the midst of the wine-dark sea. There all the rest of my trusty comrades perished, but I clasped in my arms the keel of my curved ship and was borne drifting for nine days, and on the tenth black night the gods brought me to the isle, Ogygia, where the fair-tressed Calypso dwells, a dread goddess. She took me to her home with kindly welcome, and gave me food, and said that she would make me immortal and ageless all my days; but she could never persuade the heart in my breast. There for seven years' space I remained continually, and ever with my tears would I wet the immortal raiment which Calypso gave me. But when the eighth year came in circling course, then she roused me and bade me go, either because of some message from Zeus, or because her own mind was turned. And she sent me on my way on a raft, stoutly bound, and gave me abundant store of bread and sweet wine, and clad me in immortal raiment, and sent forth a gentle wind and warm. So for seventeen days I sailed over the sea, and on the eighteenth appeared the shadowy mountains of your land; and my heart was glad, ill-starred that I was; for verily I was yet to have fellowship with great woe, which Poseidon, the earth-shaker, sent upon me. For he stirred up the winds against me and stayed my course, and wondrously roused the sea,

nor would the wave suffer me to be borne upon my raft, as I groaned ceaselessly. My raft indeed the storm shattered, but by swimming I clove my way through yon gulf of the sea, until the wind and the waves, as they bore me, brought me to your shores. There, had I sought to land, the waves would have hurled me upon the shore, and dashed me against the great crags and a cheerless place, but I gave way, and swam back until I came to a river, where seemed to me the best place, since it was smooth of rocks, and besides there was shelter from the wind. Forth then I staggered, and sank down, gasping for breath, and immortal night came on. Then I went forth from the heaven-fed river, and lay down to sleep in the bushes, gathering leaves about me; and a god shed over me infinite sleep. So there among the leaves I slept, my heart sore stricken, the whole night through, until the morning and until midday; and the sun turned to his setting[1] ere sweet sleep released me. Then I saw the handmaids of thy daughter on the shore at play, and amid them was she, fair as the goddesses. To her I made my prayer; and she in no wise failed in good understanding, to do as thou wouldst not deem that one of younger years would do on meeting thee; for younger folk are ever thoughtless. She gave bread in plenty and flaming wine, and bathed me in the river, and gave me this raiment. In this, for all my sorrows, have I told thee the truth."

Then in turn Alcinous answered him, and said: "Stranger, verily my daughter was not minded

[1] In thus rendering δείλετο I have attempted to meet the difficulty that most of the events recorded in Book VI. occur in the interval between the waking of Odysseus and the actual setting of the sun. Hence δύσετο is impossible.

aright in this, that she did not bring thee to our house with her maidens. Yet it was to her first that thou didst make thy prayer."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Prince, rebuke not for this, I pray thee, thy blameless daughter. She did indeed bid me follow with her maidens, but I would not for fear and shame, lest haply thy heart should darken with wrath as thou sawest it; for we are quick to anger, we tribes of men upon the earth."

And again Alcinous answered him, and said: "Stranger, not such is the heart in my breast, to be filled with wrath without a cause. Better is due measure in all things. I would, O father Zeus, and Athene and Apollo, that thou, so goodly a man, and like-minded with me, wouldst have my daughter to wife, and be called my son, and abide here; a house and possessions would I give thee, if thou shouldst choose to remain, but against thy will shall no one of the Phaeacians keep thee; let not that be the will of father Zeus. But as for thy sending, that thou mayest know it surely, I appoint a time thereto, even the morrow. Then shalt thou lie down, overcome by sleep, and they shall row thee over the calm sea until thou comest to thy country and thy house, or to whatsoever place thou wilt, aye though it be even far beyond Euboea, which those of our people who saw it, when they carried fair-haired Rhadamanthus to visit Tityus, the son of Gaea, say is the furthest of lands. Thither they went, and without toil accomplished their journey, and on the selfsame day came back home. So shalt thou, too, know for thyself how far my ships are the best, and my youths at tossing the brine with the oar-blade."

So said he, and the much-enduring goodly Odysseus was glad; and he spoke in prayer, and said: "Father Zeus, grant that Alcinous may bring to pass all that he has said. So shall his fame be unquenchable over the earth, the giver of grain, and I shall reach my native land."

Thus they spoke to one another, and white-armed Arete bade her maidens place a bedstead under cover of the portico, and to lay on it fair blankets of purple, and to spread thereover coverlets, and on these to put fleecy cloaks for clothing. So they went forth from the hall with torches in their hands. But when they had busily spread the stout-built bedstead, they came to Odysseus, and called to him, and said: "Rouse thee now, stranger, to go to thy rest; thy bed is made."

Thus they spoke, and welcome did it seem to him to lay him down to sleep. So there he slept, the much-enduring goodly Odysseus, on the corded bedstead under the echoing portico. But Alcinous lay down in the inmost chamber of the lofty house, and beside him lay the lady his wife, who had strewn the couch.

BOOK VIII

As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, the strong and mighty Alcinous rose from his couch, and up rose also Zeus-born Odysseus, the sacker of cities. And the strong and mighty Alcinous led the way to the place of assembly of the Phaeacians, which was builded for them hard by their ships. Thither they came and sat down on the polished stones close by one another; and Pallas Athene went throughout the city, in the likeness of the herald of wise Alcinous, devising a return for great-hearted Odysseus. To each man's side she came, and spoke and said:

"Hither now, leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians, come to the place of assembly, that you may learn of the stranger who has newly come to the palace of wise Alcinous after his wanderings over the sea, and in form is like unto the immortals."

So saying she roused the spirit and heart of each man, and speedily the place of assembly and the seats were filled with men that gathered. And many marvelled at the sight of the wise son of Laertes, for wondrous was the grace that Athene shed upon his head and shoulders; and she made him taller and sturdier to behold, that he might be welcomed by all the Phaeacians, and win awe and reverence, and might accomplish the many feats wherein the Phaeacians made trial of Odysseus. Now when they were

assembled and met together, Alcinous addressed their assembly and spoke among them:

"Hearken to me, leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians, that I may speak what the heart in my breast bids me. This stranger—I know not who he is—has come to my house in his wanderings, whether from men of the east or of the west. He urges that he be sent on his way, and prays for assurance, and let us on our part, as of old we were wont, speed on his sending; for verily no man soever who comes to my house, abides here long in sorrow for lack of sending. Nay come, let us draw a black ship down to the bright sea for her first voyage, and let men choose two and fifty youths from out the people, even those that have heretofore been the best. And when you have all duly lashed the oars to the thole-pins,[1] go ashore, and then go your way to my house, and prepare a feast with speed; and I will provide bountifully for all. To the youths this is my command, but do you others, the sceptred kings, come to my fair palace, that we may entertain yon stranger in the halls; and let no man say me nay. And summon hither the divine minstrel, Demodocus; for to him above all others has the god granted skill in song, to give delight in whatever way his spirit prompts him to sing."

So saying, he led the way, and the sceptred kings followed him, while a herald went for the divine minstrel. And chosen youths, two and fifty, went, as he bade, to the shore of the unresting sea. And when they had come down to the ship and to the sea, they drew the black ship down to the deep water, and placed the mast and sail in the black

[1] Or "rowing-benches," as commonly.

ship, and fitted the oars in the leathern thole-straps, all in due order, and spread the white sail. Well out in the roadstead they moored the ship, and then went their way to the great palace of the wise Alcinous. Filled were the porticoes and courts and rooms with the men that gathered, for many there were, both young and old. For them Alcinous slaughtered twelve sheep, and eight white-tusked boars, and two oxen of shambling gait. These they flayed and dressed, and made ready a goodly feast.

Then the herald drew near, leading the good minstrel, whom the Muse loved above all other men, and gave him both good and evil; of his sight she deprived him, but gave him the gift of sweet song. For him Pontonous, the herald, set a silver-studded chair in the midst of the banqueters, leaning it against a tall pillar, and he hung the clear-toned lyre from a peg close above his head, and showed him how to reach it with his hands. And beside him he placed a basket and a beautiful table, and a cup of wine, to drink when his heart should bid him. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, the Muse moved the minstrel to sing of the glorious deeds of warriors, from that lay the fame whereof had then reached broad heaven, even the quarrel of Odysseus and Achilles, son of Peleus, how once they strove with furious words at a rich feast of the gods, and Agamemnon, king of men, was glad at heart that the best of the Achaeans were quarrelling; for thus Phoebus Apollo, in giving his response, had told him that it should be, in sacred Pytho, when he passed over the threshold of stone to enquire of the oracle.

For then the beginning of woe was rolling upon Trojans and Danaans through the will of great Zeus.

This song the famous minstrel sang; but Odysseus grasped his great purple cloak with his stout hands, and drew it down over his head, and hid his comely face; for he had shame of the Phaeacians as he let fall tears from beneath his eyebrows. Yea, and as often as the divine minstrel ceased his singing, Odysseus would wipe away his tears and draw the cloak from off his head, and taking the two-handled cup would pour libations to the gods. But as often as he began again, and the nobles of the Phaeacians bade him sing, because they took pleasure in his lay, Odysseus would again cover his head and moan. Now from all the rest he concealed the tears that he shed, but Alcinous alone marked him and took heed, for he sat by him, and heard him groaning heavily. And straightway he spoke among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar:

"Hear me, ye leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians, already have we satisfied our hearts with the equal banquet and with the lyre, which is the companion of the rich feast. But now let us go forth, and make trial of all manner of games, that yon stranger may tell his friends, when he returns home, how far we excel other men in boxing and wrestling and leaping and in speed of foot."

So saying, he led the way, and they followed him. From the peg the herald hung the clear-toned lyre, and took Demodocus by the hand, and led him forth from the hall, guiding him by the self-same road by which the others, the nobles of the Phaeacians, had gone to gaze upon the games. They went their way to the place of assembly, and with them went a

great throng, past counting; and up rose many noble youths. There rose Acroneüs, and Ocyalus, and Elatreus, and Nauteus, and Prymneus, and Anchialus, and Eretmeus, and Ponteus, and Proreus, Thoon and Anabesineüs, and Amphialus, son of Polyneüs, son of Tecton; and up rose also Euryalus, the peer of man-destroying Ares, the son of Naubolus, who in comeliness and form was the best of all the Phaeacians after peerless Laodamas; and up rose the three sons of noble Alcinous, Laodamas, and Halius, and god-like Clytoneüs. These then first made trial in the foot-race: a course was marked out for them from the turning point,[1] and they all sped swiftly, raising the dust of the plain; but among them noble Clytoneüs was far the best at running, and by as far as is the range[2] of a team of mules in fallow land, by so far he shot to the front and reached the host, and the others were left behind. Then they made trial of toilsome wrestling, and here in turn Euryalus excelled all the princes. And in leaping Amphialus was best of all, and with the discus again far the best of all was Elatreus, and in boxing Laodamas, the good son of Alcinous. But when the hearts of all had taken pleasure in the contests, Laodamas, the son of Alcinous, spoke among them:

"Come, friends, let us ask yon stranger whether he knows and has learned any contests. In build, surely, he is no mean man, in thighs and calves, and in his two arms above, his stout neck, and his great might. In no wise does he lack aught of the strength of youth, but he has been broken by many

[1] starting-point," or "From the start their running was strained to the utmost."

[2] The word probably denotes the length of the furrow cut before a turn was made.

troubles. For to my mind there is naught worse than the sea to confound a man, be he never so strong."

And Euryalus in turn answered him, and said: "Laodamas, this word of thine is right fitly spoken. Go now thyself and challenge him, and make known thy word."

Now when the good son of Alcinous heard this he came and took his stand in the midst and spoke to Odysseus: "Come, Sir stranger, do thou, too, make trial of the contests, if thou knowest any; and it must be that thou knowest contests, for there is no greater glory for a man so long as he lives than that which he achieves by his own hands and his feet. Nay, come, make trial, and cast away care from thy heart. Thy journey shall no more be long delayed, nay, even now thy ship is launched and the crew is ready."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Laodamas, why do ye mock me with this challenge? Sorrow is in my mind far more than contests, seeing that in time past I have suffered much and toiled much, and now I sit in the midst of your assembly, longing for my return home, and making my prayer to the king and to all the people."

Then again Euryalus made answer and taunted him to his face: "Nay verily, stranger, for I do not liken thee to a man that is skilled in contests, such as abound among men, but to one who, faring to and fro with his benched ship, is a captain of sailors who are merchantmen, one who is mindful of his freight, and has charge of a home-borne cargo, and the gains of his greed. Thou dost not look like an athlete."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: "Stranger, thou hast not spoken well; thou art as one blind with folly. So true is it that the gods do not give gracious gifts to all alike, not form nor mind nor eloquence. For one man is inferior in comeliness, but the god sets a crown[1] of beauty upon his words, and men look upon him with delight, and he speaks on unfalteringly with sweet modesty, and is conspicuous among the gathered people, and as he goes through the city men gaze upon him as upon a god. Another again is in comeliness like the immortals, but no crown of grace is set about his words. So, in thy case, thy comeliness is preëminent, nor could a god himself mend it, but in mind thou art stunted. Thou hast stirred the spirit in my breast by speaking thus unmannerly. I am not unskilled in sports as thou pratest, nay, methinks I was among the first so long as I trusted in my youth and in my hands. But now I am bound by suffering and pains; for much have I endured in passing through wars of men and the grievous waves. But even so, though I have suffered much, I will make trial of the contests, for thy word has stung me to the heart, and thou hast provoked me with thy speech."

He spoke, and, leaping up with his cloak about him as it was, seized a discus larger than the rest and thick, no little heavier than those with which the Phaeacians were wont to contend one with another. This with a whirl he sent from his stout hand, and the stone hummed as it flew; and down they crouched to the earth, the Phaeacians of the

[1] στέφω does not of itself mean "crown," but the meaning here is fixed by vs. 175.

long oars, men famed for their ships, beneath the rush of the stone. Past the marks of all it flew, speeding lightly from his hand, and Athene, in the likeness of a man, set the mark, and she spoke and addressed him:

"Even a blind man, stranger, could distinguish this mark, groping for it with his hands, for it is in no wise confused with the throng of the others, but is far the first. Be thou of good cheer for this bout at least: no one of the Phaeacians will reach this, or cast beyond it."

So she spoke, and the much-enduring goodly Odysseus was glad, rejoicing that he saw a true friend in the lists. Then with a lighter heart he spoke among the Phaeacians:

"Reach this now, young men; and presently, methinks, I will send another after it, as far or even further. Of the rest, if any man's heart and spirit bid him, let him come hither and make trial—for ye have greatly angered me—be it in boxing or in wrestling, aye, or in running, I care not; let any one come of all the Phaeacians, save Laodamas alone. For he is my host, and who would quarrel with one that entertains him? Foolish is that man and worthless, who challenges to a contest the host who receives him in a strange land; he does but mar his own fortunes. But of all the rest I refuse none, and make light of none, but am fain to know them, and make trial of them man to man. For in all things I am no weakling, even in all the contests that are practised among men. Well do I know how to handle the polished bow, and ever would I be the first to shoot and smite my man in the throng of the foe, even though many comrades stood by me and

were shooting at the men. Only Philoctetes excelled me with the bow in the land of the Trojans, when we Achaeans shot. But of all others I declare that I am best by far, of all mortals that are now upon the earth and eat bread. Yet with men of former days I will not seek to vie, with Heracles or with Eurytus of Oechalia, who strove even with the immortals in archery. Wherefore great Eurytus died soon, nor did old age come upon him in his halls, for Apollo waxed wroth and slew him, because he had challenged him to a contest with the bow. And with the spear I throw farther than any other man can shoot with an arrow. In the foot race alone I fear that someone of the Phaeacians may outstrip me, for cruelly have I been broken amid the many waves, since there was in my ship no lasting store of provisions; therefore my limbs are loosened."

So he spoke and they were all hushed in silence; but Alcinous alone answered him and said:

"Stranger, since not ungraciously dost thou speak thus in our midst, but art minded to shew forth the prowess which waits upon thee, in anger that yonder man came up to thee in the lists and taunted thee in a way in which no mortal would make light of thy prowess, who knew in his heart how to speak fitly; come, now, hearken to my words, that thou mayest tell to another hero, when in thy halls thou art feasting with thy wife and children, and rememberest our skill, what feats Zeus has vouchsafed to us from our fathers' days even until now. For we are not faultless boxers or wrestlers, but in the foot race we run swiftly, and we are the best seamen; and ever to us is the banquet dear, and the lyre, and the dance, and changes of raiment, and warm baths, and the couch.

But come now, all ye that are the best dancers of the Phaeacians, make sport, that the stranger may tell his friends on reaching home how far we surpass others in seamanship and in fleetness of foot, and in the dance and in song. And let one go straightway and fetch for Demodocus the clear-toned lyre which lies somewhere in our halls."

So spoke Alcinous the godlike, and the herald rose to fetch the hollow lyre from the palace of the king. Then stood up masters of the lists, nine in all, men chosen from out the people, who in their gatherings were wont to order all things aright. They levelled a place for the dance, and marked out a fair wide ring, and the herald came near, bearing the clear-toned lyre for Demodocus. He then moved into the midst, and around him stood boys in the first bloom of youth, well skilled in the dance, and they smote the goodly dancing floor with their feet. And Odysseus gazed at the twinklings of their feet and marvelled in spirit.

But the minstrel struck the chords in prelude to his sweet lay and sang of the love of Ares and Aphrodite of the fair crown, how first they lay together in the house of Hephaestus secretly; and Ares gave her many gifts, and shamed the bed of the lord Hephaestus. But straightway one came to him with tidings, even Helius, who had marked them as they lay together in love. And when Hephaestus heard the grievous tale, he went his way to his smithy, pondering evil in the deep of his heart, and set on the anvil block the great anvil and forged bonds which might not be broken or loosed, that the lovers[1] might bide fast where they were. But when he had fashioned the snare in his wrath against Ares, he

[1] Or the subject of *μένοιεν* may be the bonds.

went to his chamber where lay his bed, and everywhere round about the bed-posts he spread the bonds, and many too were hung from above, from the roof-beams, fine as spiders' webs, so that no one even of the blessed gods could see them, so exceeding craftily were they fashioned. But when he had spread all his snare about the couch, he made as though he would go to Lemnos, that well-built citadel, which is in his eyes far the dearest of all lands. And no blind watch did Ares of the golden rein keep, when he saw Hephaestus, famed for his handicraft, departing, but he went his way to the house of famous Hephaestus, eager for the love of Cytherea of the fair crown. Now she had but newly come from the presence of her father, the mighty son of Cronos, and had sat her down. And Ares came into the house and clasped her hand and spoke and addressed her:

"Come, love, let us to bed and take our joy, couched together. For Hephaestus is no longer here in the land, but has now gone, I ween, to Lemnos, to visit the Sintians of savage speech."

So he spoke, and a welcome thing it seemed to her to lie with him. So they two went to the couch, and lay them down to sleep, and about them clung the cunning bonds of the wise Hephaestus, nor could they in any wise stir their limbs or raise them up. Then at length they learned that there was no more escaping. And near to them came the famous god of the two strong arms,[1] having turned back before he reached the land of Lemnos; for Helius had kept watch for him and had brought him word. So he went to his house with a heavy heart, and stood at

[1] Others render "lame in both limbs."

the gateway, and fierce anger seized him. And terribly he cried out and called to all the gods:

"Father Zeus, and ye other blessed gods that are forever, come hither that ye may see a laughable matter and a monstrous,[1] even how Aphrodite, daughter of Zeus, scorns me for that I am lame and loves destructive Ares because he is comely and strong of limb, whereas I was born misshapen. Yet for this is none other to blame but my two parents—would they had never begotten me! But ye shall see where these two have gone up into my bed and sleep together in love; and I am troubled at the sight. Yet, methinks, they will not wish to lie longer thus, no, not for a moment, how loving soever they are. Soon shall both lose their desire to sleep; but the snare and the bonds shall hold them until her father pays back to me all the gifts of wooing that I gave him for the sake of his shameless girl; for his daughter is fair but bridles not her passion."[2]

So he spoke and the gods gathered to the house of the brazen floor.[3] Poseidon came, the earth-enfolder, and the helper Hermes came, and the lord Apollo, the archer god.[4] Now the goddesses abode for shame each in her own house, but the gods, the givers of good things, stood in the gateway; and unquenchable laughter arose among the blessed gods as they saw the craft of wise Hephaestus. And thus would one speak, with a glance at his neighbour:

"Ill deeds thrive not. The slow catches the swift; even as now Hephaestus, slow though he is, has out-

[1] Lit. "hard," "unyielding."
[2] Others render simply, "lacking in discretion."
[3] Or, "with threshold of brass."
[4] Or, possibly, "the averter of ills." The word means literally, "he who works afar."

stripped Ares for all that he is the swiftest of the gods who hold Olympus. Lame though he is, he has caught him by craft, wherefore Ares owes the fine of the adulterer."

Thus they spoke to one another. But to Hermes the lord Apollo, son of Zeus, said:

"Hermes, son of Zeus, messenger, giver of good things, wouldst thou in sooth be willing, even though ensnared with strong bonds, to lie on a couch by the side of golden Aphrodite?"

Then the messenger, Argeïphontes, answered him: "Would that this might befall, lord Apollo, thou archer god—that thrice as many bonds inextricable might clasp me about and ye gods, aye, and all the goddesses too might be looking on, but that I might sleep by the side of golden Aphrodite."

So he spoke and laughter arose among the immortal gods. Yet Poseidon laughed not, but ever besought Hephaestus, the famous craftsman, to set Ares free; and he spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Loose him, and I promise, as thou biddest me, that he shall himself pay thee all that is right in the presence of the immortal gods."

Then the famous god of the two strong arms answered him: "Ask not this of me, Poseidon, thou earth-enfolder. A sorry thing to be sure of is the surety for a sorry knave. How could I put thee in bonds among the immortal gods, if Ares should avoid both the debt and the bonds and depart?"

Then again Poseidon, the earth-shaker, answered him: "Hephaestus, even if Ares shall avoid the debt and flee away, I will myself pay thee this."

Then the famous god of the two strong arms answered him: "It may not be that I should say thee nay, nor were it seemly."

So saying the mighty Hephaestus loosed the bonds and the two, when they were freed from that bond so strong, sprang up straightway. And Ares departed to Thrace, but she, the laughter-loving Aphrodite, went to Cyprus, to Paphos, where is her demesne and fragrant altar. There the Graces bathed her and anointed her with immortal oil, such as gleams[1] upon the gods that are forever. And they clothed her in lovely raiment, a wonder to behold.

This song the famous minstrel sang; and Odysseus was glad at heart as he listened, and so too were the Phaeacians of the long oars, men famed for their ships.

Then Alcinous bade Halius and Laodamas dance alone, for no one could vie with them. And when they had taken in their hands the beautiful ball of purple, which wise Polybus had made for them, the one would lean backward and toss it toward the shadowy clouds, and the other would leap up from the earth and skilfully catch it before his feet touched the ground again. But when they had tried their skill in throwing the ball straight up, the two fell to dancing on the bounteous earth, ever tossing the ball to and fro, and the other youths stood in the lists and beat time, and thereat a great din arose.

Then to Alcinous spoke goodly Odysseus: "Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men,[2] thou didst boast that thy dancers were the best, and lo, thy words are made good; amazement holds me as I look on them."

So he spoke, and the strong and mighty Alcinous was glad; and straightway he spoke among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar:

[1] Or, simply, "decks," "covers."
[2] Or, "above all the people."

"Hear me, leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians. This stranger verily seems to me a man of understanding. Come then, let us give him a gift of friendship, as is fitting; for twelve glorious kings bear sway in our land as rulers, and I myself am the thirteenth. Now do you, each of the twelve, bring a newly washed cloak and tunic, and a talent of precious gold, and let us straightway bring all together, that the stranger with our gifts in his hands may go to his supper glad at heart. And let Euryalus make amends to the stranger himself with words and with a gift, for the word that he spoke was in no wise seemly."

So he spoke, and they all praised his words and bade that so it should be, and sent forth every man a herald to fetch the gifts. And Euryalus in turn made answer, and said:

"Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, I will indeed make amends to the stranger, as thou biddest me. I will give him this sword, all of bronze, whereon is a hilt of silver, and a scabbard of new-sawn ivory is wrought about it; and it shall be to him a thing of great worth."

So saying, he put into his hands the silver-studded sword, and spoke, and addressed him with winged words: "Hail, Sir stranger; but if any word has been spoken that was harsh, may the storm-winds straightway snatch it and bear it away. And for thyself, may the gods grant thee to see thy wife, and to come to thy native land, for long time hast thou been suffering woes far from thy friends."

And Odysseus of many wiles answered him: "All hail to thee, too, friend; and may the gods grant

thee happiness, and mayest thou never hereafter miss this sword which thou hast given me, making amends with gentle speech."

He spoke, and about his shoulders hung the silver-studded sword. And the sun set, and the glorious gifts were brought him. These the lordly heralds bore to the palace of Alcinous, and the sons of peerless Alcinous took the beautiful gifts and set them before their honoured mother. And the strong and mighty Alcinous led the way, and they came in and sat down on the high seats. Then to Arete spoke the mighty Alcinous:

"Bring hither, wife, a goodly chest, the best thou hast, and thyself place in it a newly-washed cloak and tunic; and do ye heat for the stranger a cauldron on the fire, and warm water, that when he has bathed and has seen well bestowed all the gifts which the noble Phaeacians have brought hither, he may take pleasure in the feast, and in hearing the strains of the song. And I will give him this beautiful cup of mine, wrought of gold, that he may remember me all his days as he pours libations in his halls to Zeus and to the other gods."

So he spoke, and Arete bade her handmaids to set a great cauldron on the fire with all speed. And they set on the blazing fire the cauldron for filling the bath, and poured in water, and took billets of wood and kindled them beneath it. Then the fire played about the belly of the cauldron, and the water grew warm; but meanwhile Arete brought forth for the stranger a beautiful chest from the treasure chamber, and placed in it the goodly gifts, the raiment and the gold, which the Phaeacians

gave. And therein she herself placed a cloak and a fair tunic; and she spoke and addressed Odysseus with winged words:

"Look now thyself to the lid, and quickly cast a cord upon it, lest some one despoil thee of thy goods on the way, when later on[1] thou art lying in sweet sleep, as thou farest in the black ship."

Now when the much-enduring goodly Odysseus heard these words, he straightway fitted on the lid, and quickly cast a cord upon it—a cunning knot, which queenly Circe once had taught him. Then forthwith the housewife bade him go to the bath and bathe; and his heart was glad when he saw the warm bath, for he had not been wont to have such tendance from the time that he left the house of faired-haired Calypso, but until then he had tendance continually as a god.

Now when the handmaids had bathed him and anointed him with oil, and had cast about him a fair cloak and a tunic, he came forth from the bath, and went to join the men at their wine. And Nausicaa, gifted with beauty by the gods, stood by the door-post of the well-built hall, and she marvelled at Odysseus, as her eyes beheld him, and she spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Farewell, stranger, and hereafter even in thy own native land mayest thou remember me, for to me first thou owest the price of thy life."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her: "Nausicaa, daughter of great-hearted Alcinous, so may Zeus grant, the loud-thundering lord of Here, that I may reach my home and see the day of

[1] See Merry and Riddell *ad loc.*

my returning. Then will I even there pray to thee as to a god all my days, for thou, maiden, hast given me life."

He spoke, and sat down on a chair beside king Alcinous. And now they were serving out portions and mixing the wine. Then the herald came near, leading the good minstrel, Demodocus, held in honour by the people, and seated him in the midst of the banqueters, leaning his chair against a high pillar. Then to the herald said Odysseus of many wiles, cutting off a portion of the chine of a white-tusked boar, whereof yet more was left, and there was rich fat on either side:

"Herald, take and give this portion to Demodocus, that he may eat, and I will greet him, despite my grief. For among all men that are upon the earth minstrels win honour and reverence, for that the Muse has taught them the paths of song, and loves the tribe of minstrels."

So he spoke, and the herald bore the portion and placed it in the hands of the lord Demodocus, and he took it and was glad at heart. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then to Demodocus said Odysseus of many wiles:

"Demodocus, verily above all mortal men do I praise thee, whether it was the Muse, the daughter of Zeus, that taught thee, or Apollo; for well and truly dost thou sing of the fate of the Achaeans, all that they wrought and suffered, and all the toils they endured, as though haply thou hadst thyself been present, or hadst heard the tale from another. But come now, change thy theme, and

sing of the building of the horse of wood, which Epeius made with Athene's help, the horse which once Odysseus led up into the citadel as a thing of guile, when he had filled it with the men who sacked Ilios. If thou dost indeed tell me this tale aright, I will declare to all mankind that the god has of a ready heart granted thee the gift of divine song."

So he spoke, and the minstrel, moved by the god, began, and let his song be heard, taking up the tale where the Argives had embarked on their benched ships and were sailing away, after casting fire on their huts, while those others led by glorious Odysseus were now sitting in the place of assembly of the Trojans, hidden in the horse; for the Trojans had themselves dragged it to the citadel. So there it stood, while the people talked long as they sat about it, and could form no resolve. Nay, in three ways did counsel find favour in their minds: either to cleave the hollow timber with the pitiless bronze, or to drag it to the height and cast it down the rocks, or to let it stand as a great offering to propitiate the gods, even as in the end it was to be brought to pass; for it was their fate to perish when their city should enclose the great horse of wood, wherein were sitting all the best of the Argives, bearing to the Trojans death and fate. And he sang how the sons of the Achaeans poured forth from the horse and, leaving their hollow ambush, sacked the city. Of the others he sang how in divers ways they wasted the lofty city, but of Odysseus, how he went like Ares to the house of Deiphobus together with godlike Menelaus. There it was, he said, that Odysseus braved the most terrible fight and in the end conquered by the aid of great-hearted Athene.

This song the famous minstrel sang. But the heart of Odysseus was melted and tears wet his cheeks beneath his eyelids. And as a woman wails and flings herself about her dear husband, who has fallen in front of his city and his people, seeking to ward off from his city and his children the pitiless day; and as she beholds him dying and gasping for breath, she clings to him and shrieks aloud, while the foe behind her smite her back and shoulders with their spears, and lead her away to captivity to bear toil and woe, while with most pitiful grief her cheeks are wasted: even so did Odysseus let fall pitiful tears from beneath his brows. Now from all the rest he concealed the tears that he shed, but Alcinous alone marked him and took heed, for he sat by him and heard him groaning heavily. And straightway he spoke among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar:

"Hear me, leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians, and let Demodocus now check his clear-toned lyre, for in no wise to all alike does he give pleasure with this song. Ever since we began to sup and the divine minstrel was moved to sing, from that time yon stranger has never ceased from sorrowful lamentation; surely, methinks, grief has encompassed his heart. Nay, let the minstrel cease, that we may all make merry, hosts and guest alike, since it is better thus. Lo, for the sake of the honoured stranger all these things have been made ready, his sending and the gifts of friendship which we give him of our love. Dear as a brother is the stranger and the suppliant to a man whose wits have never so short a range. Therefore do not thou longer hide with crafty thought whatever I shall ask thee; to speak out plainly is

the better course. Tell me the name by which they were wont to call thee in thy home, even thy mother and thy father and other folk besides, thy townsmen and the dwellers round about. For there is no one of all mankind who is nameless, be he base man or noble, when once he has been born, but parents bestow names on all when they give them birth. And tell me thy country, thy people, and thy city, that our ships may convey thee thither, discerning the course by their wits. For the Phaeacians have no pilots, nor steering-oars such as other ships have, but their ships of themselves understand the thoughts and minds of men, and they know the cities and rich fields of all peoples, and most swiftly do they cross over the gulf of the sea, hidden in mist and cloud, nor ever have they fear of harm or ruin. Yet this story I once heard thus told by my father Nausithous, who was wont to say that Poseidon was wroth with us because we give safe convoy to all men. He said that some day, as a well-built ship of the Phaeacians was returning from a convoy over the misty deep, Poseidon would smite her and would fling a great mountain about our city.[1] So that old man spoke, and these things the god will haply bring to pass, or will leave unfulfilled, as may be his good pleasure. But come, now, tell me this and declare it truly: whither thou hast wandered and to what countries of men thou hast come; tell me of the people and of their well-built cities, both of those who are cruel and wild and unjust, and of those who love strangers and fear the gods in their thoughts. And tell me why thou dost weep and wail in spirit as thou hearest the doom of the Argive Danaans and of Ilios. This the gods

[1] That is, so as to cut them off from the sea.

wrought, and spun the skein of ruin for men, that there might be a song for those yet to be born. Did some kinsman of thine fall before Ilios, some good, true man, thy daughter's husband or thy wife's father, such as are nearest to one after one's own kin and blood? Or was it haply some comrade dear to thy heart, some good, true man? For no whit worse than a brother is a comrade who has an understanding heart."

BOOK IX

THEN Odysseus, of many wiles, answered him, and said: "Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, verily this is a good thing, to listen to a minstrel such as this man is, like unto the gods in voice. For myself I declare that there is no greater fulfilment of delight than when joy possesses a whole people, and banqueters in the halls listen to a minstrel as they sit in order due, and by them tables are laden with bread and meat, and the cup-bearer draws wine from the bowl and bears it round and pours it into the cups. This seems to my mind the fairest thing there is. But thy heart is turned to ask of my grievous woes, that I may weep and groan the more. What, then, shall I tell thee first, what last? for woes full many have the heavenly gods given me. First now will I tell my name, that ye, too, may know it, and that I hereafter, when I have escaped from the pitiless day of doom, may be your host, though I dwell in a home that is afar. I am Odysseus, son of Laertes, who am known among men for all manner of wiles,[1] and my fame reaches unto heaven. But I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain, Neriton, covered with waving forests, conspicuous from afar; and round it lie many isles hard by one another, Dulichium, and Same, and wooded Zacynthus.

[1] Or, "who am known among all men for my wiles."

Ithaca itself lies close in to the mainland[1] the furthest toward the gloom,[2] but the others lie apart toward the Dawn and the sun—a rugged isle, but a good nurse of young men; and for myself no other thing can I see sweeter than one's own land. Of a truth Calypso, the beautiful goddess, sought to keep me by her in her hollow caves, yearning that I should be her husband; and in like manner Circe would fain have held me back in her halls, the guileful lady of Aeaea, yearning that I should be her husband; but they could never persuade the heart within my breast. So true is it that naught is sweeter than a man's own land and his parents, even though it be in a rich house that he dwells afar in a foreign land away from his parents. But come, let me tell thee also of my woeful home-coming, which Zeus laid upon me as I came from Troy.

"From Ilios the wind bore me and brought me to the Cicones, to Ismarus. There I sacked the city and slew the men; and from the city we took their wives and great store of treasure, and divided them among us, that so far as lay in me no man might go defrauded of an equal share. Then verily I gave command that we should flee with swift foot, but the others in their great folly did not hearken. But there much wine was drunk, and many sheep they slew by the shore, and sleek kine of shambling gait. Meanwhile the Cicones went and called to other

actual facts. It accepts the view that Homer's Ithaca is to be identified, not with Thiaki, but with Leucas. As commonly rendered, the lines convict the poet of an utter ignorance of the geography of western Greece.

[2] That is, from the standpoint of a sailor making his way up the coast toward the dark and unknown region of the north and west.

Cicones who were their neighbours, at once more numerous and braver than they—men that dwelt inland and were skilled at fighting with their foes from chariots, and, if need were, on foot. So they came in the morning, as thick as leaves or flowers spring up in their season; and then it was that an evil fate from Zeus beset us luckless men, that we might suffer woes full many. They set their battle in array and fought by the swift ships, and each side hurled at the other with bronze-tipped spears. Now as long as it was morn and the sacred day was waxing, so long we held our ground and beat them off, though they were more than we. But when the sun turned to the time for the unyoking of oxen, then the Cicones prevailed and routed the Achaeans, and six of my well-greaved comrades perished from each ship; but the rest of us escaped death and fate.

"Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped from death, though we had lost our dear comrades; nor did I let my curved ships pass on till we had called thrice on each of those hapless comrades of ours who died on the plain, cut down by the Cicones. But against our ships Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, roused the North Wind with a wondrous tempest, and hid with clouds the land and the sea alike, and night rushed down from heaven. Then the ships were driven headlong, and their sails were torn to shreds by the violence of the wind. So we lowered the sails and stowed them aboard, in fear of death, and rowed the ships hurriedly toward the land. There for two nights and two days continuously we lay, eating our hearts for weariness and sorrow. But

when now fair-tressed Dawn brought to its birth the third day, we set up the masts and hoisted the white sails, and took our seats, and the wind and the helmsmen steered the ships. And now all unscathed should I have reached my native land, but the wave and the current and the North Wind beat me back as I was rounding Malea, and drove me from my course past Cythera.

"Thence for nine days' space I was borne by direful winds over the teeming deep; but on the tenth we set foot on the land of the Lotus-eaters, who eat a flowery food. There we went on shore and drew water, and straightway my comrades took their meal by the swift ships. But when we had tasted food and drink, I sent forth some of my comrades to go and learn who the men were, who here ate bread upon the earth; two men I chose, sending with them a third as a herald. So they went straightway and mingled with the Lotus-eaters, and the Lotus-eaters did not plan death for my comrades, but gave them of the lotus to taste. And whosoever of them ate of the honey-sweet fruit of the lotus, had no longer any wish to bring back word or to return, but there they were fain to abide among the Lotus-eaters, feeding on the lotus, and forgetful of their homeward way. These men, therefore, I brought back perforce to the ships, weeping, and dragged them beneath the benches and bound them fast in the hollow ships; and I bade the rest of my trusty comrades to embark with speed on the swift ships, lest perchance anyone should eat of the lotus and forget his homeward way. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars.

"Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, and we came to the land of the Cyclopes, an overweening and lawless folk, who, trusting in the immortal gods, plant nothing with their hands nor plough; but all these things spring up for them without sowing or ploughing, wheat, and barley, and vines, which bear the rich clusters of wine, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase. Neither assemblies for council have they, nor appointed laws, but they dwell on the peaks of lofty mountains in hollow caves, and each one is lawgiver to his children and his wives, and they reck nothing one of another.

"Now there is a level[1] isle that stretches aslant outside the harbour, neither close to the shore of the land of the Cyclopes, nor yet far off, a wooded isle. Therein live wild goats innumerable, for the tread of men scares them not away, nor are hunters wont to come thither, men who endure toils in the woodland as they course over the peaks of the mountains. Neither with flocks is it held, nor with ploughed lands, but unsown and untilled all the days it knows naught of men, but feeds the bleating goats. For the Cyclopes have at hand no ships with vermilion cheeks,[2] nor are there shipwrights in their land who might build them well-benched ships, which should perform all their wants, passing to the cities of other folk, as men often cross the sea in ships to visit one another—craftsmen, who would have made of this isle also a fair settlement. For the isle is nowise poor, but would bear

[1] The word is a doubtful one. Others render, "deep-soiled," and still others, "overgrown with brush," *i.e.* "waste."

[2] That is, with bows painted red.

all things in season. In it are meadows by the shores of the grey sea, well-watered meadows and soft, where vines would never fail, and in it level plough-land, whence they might reap from season to season harvests exceeding deep, so rich is the soil beneath; and in it, too, is a harbour giving safe anchorage, where there is no need of moorings, either to throw out anchor-stones or to make fast stern cables, but one may beach one's ship and wait until the sailors' minds bid them put out, and the breezes blow fair. Now at the head of the harbour a spring of bright water flows forth from beneath a cave, and round about it poplars grow. Thither we sailed in, and some god guided us through the murky night; for there was no light to see, but a mist lay deep about the ships and the moon showed no light from heaven, but was shut in by clouds. Then no man's eyes beheld that island, nor did we see the long waves rolling on the beach, until we ran our well-benched ships on shore. And when we had beached the ships we lowered all the sails and ourselves went forth on the shore of the sea, and there we fell asleep and waited for the bright Dawn.

"As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, we roamed throughout the isle marvelling at it; and the nymphs, the daughters of Zeus who bears the aegis, roused the mountain goats, that my comrades might have whereof to make their meal. Straightway we took from the ships our curved bows and long javelins, and arrayed in three bands we fell to smiting; and the god soon gave us game to satisfy our hearts. The ships that followed me were twelve, and to each nine goats fell by lot, but for me alone they chose out ten.

"So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. For not yet was the red wine spent from out our ships, but some was still left; for abundant store had we drawn in jars for each crew when we took the sacred citadel of the Cicones. And we looked across to the land of the Cyclopes, who dwelt close at hand, and marked the smoke, and the voice of men, and of the sheep, and of the goats. But when the sun set and darkness came on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I called my men together and spoke among them all:

"'Remain here now, all the rest of you, my trusty comrades, but I with my own ship and my own company will go and make trial of yonder men, to learn who they are, whether they are cruel, and wild, and unjust, or whether they love strangers and fear the gods in their thoughts.'

"So saying, I went on board the ship and bade my comrades themselves to embark, and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. But when we had reached the place, which lay close at hand, there on the land's edge hard by the sea we saw a high cave, roofed over with laurels, and there many flocks, sheep and goats alike, were wont to sleep. Round about it a high court was built with stones set deep in the earth, and with tall pines and high-crested oaks. There a monstrous man was wont to sleep, who shepherded his flocks alone and afar, and mingled not with others, but lived apart, with his

heart set on lawlessness. For he was fashioned a wondrous monster, and was not like a man that lives by bread, but like a wooded peak of lofty mountains, which stands out to view alone, apart from the rest.

"Then I bade the rest of my trusty comrades to remain there by the ship and to guard the ship, but I chose twelve of the best of my comrades and went my way. With me I had a goat-skin of the dark, sweet wine, which Maro, son of Euanthes, had given me, the priest of Apollo, the god who used to watch over Ismarus. And he had given it me because we had protected him with his child and wife out of reverence; for he dwelt in a wooded grove of Phoebus Apollo. And he gave me splendid gifts: of well-wrought gold he gave me seven talents, and he gave me a mixing-bowl all of silver; and besides these, wine, wherewith he filled twelve jars in all, wine sweet and unmixed, a drink divine. Not one of his slaves nor of the maids in his halls knew thereof, but himself and his dear wife, and one house-dame only. And as often as they drank that honey-sweet red wine he would fill one cup and pour it into twenty measures of water, and a smell would rise from the mixing-bowl marvellously sweet; then verily would one not choose to hold back. With this wine I filled and took with me a great skin, and also provision in a scrip; for my proud spirit had a foreboding that presently a man would come to me clothed in great might, a savage man that knew naught of justice or of law.[1]

"Speedily we came to the cave, nor did we find

[1] In the Greek both words are plural. The idea is therefore not abstract, but concrete, and suggests that "law" was to the speaker a body of traditional decrees, or dooms.

him within, but he was pasturing his fat flocks in the fields. So we entered the cave and gazed in wonder at all things there. The crates were laden with cheeses, and the pens were crowded with lambs and kids. Each kind was penned separately: by themselves the firstlings, by themselves the later lambs, and by themselves again the newly yeaned. And with whey were swimming all the well-wrought vessels, the milk-pails and the bowls into which he milked. Then my comrades spoke and besought me first of all to take of the cheeses and depart, and thereafter speedily to drive to the swift ship the kids and lambs from out the pens, and to sail over the salt water. But I did not listen to them—verily it would have been better far—to the end that I might see the man himself, and whether he would give me gifts of entertainment. Yet, as it fell, his appearing was not to prove a joy to my comrades.

"Then we kindled a fire and offered sacrifice, and ourselves, too, took of the cheeses and ate, and thus we sat in the cave and waited for him until he came back, herding his flocks. He bore a mighty weight of dry wood to serve him at supper time, and flung it down with a crash inside the cave, but we, seized with terror, shrank back into a recess of the cave. But he drove his fat flocks into the wide cavern—all those that he milked; but the males—the rams and the goats—he left without in the deep court.[1] Then he lifted on high and set in place the great door-stone, a mighty rock; two and twenty stout four-wheeled waggons could not lift it from the ground,

[1] This rendering takes ἔκτοθεν as an adverb, and βαθείης αὐλῆς as a local genitive (see Monro, *Homeric Grammar*, § 149). Otherwise we must change the text here and in 338.

such a towering mass of rock he set in the doorway Thereafter he sat down and milked the ewes and bleating goats all in turn, and beneath each dam he placed her young. Then presently he curdled half the white milk, and gathered it in wicker baskets and laid it away, and the other half he set in vessels that he might have it to take and drink, and that it might serve him for supper. But when he had busily performed his tasks, then he rekindled the fire, and caught sight of us, and asked:

"'Strangers, who are ye? Whence do ye sail over the watery ways? Is it on some business, or do ye wander at random over the sea, even as pirates, who wander, hazarding their lives and bringing evil to men of other lands?'

"So he spoke, and in our breasts our spirit was broken for terror of his deep voice and monstrous self; yet even so I made answer and spoke to him, saying:

"'We, thou must know, are from Troy, Achaeans, driven wandering by all manner of winds over the great gulf of the sea. Seeking our home, we have come by another way, by other paths; so, I ween, Zeus was pleased to devise. And we declare that we are the men of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, whose fame is now mightiest under heaven, so great a city did he sack, and slew many people; but we on our part, thus visiting thee, have come as suppliants to thy knees, in the hope that thou wilt give us entertainment, or in other wise make some present, as is the due of strangers. Nay, mightiest one, reverence the gods; we are thy suppliants; and Zeus is the avenger of suppliants and strangers—Zeus, the strangers' god—who ever attends upon reverend strangers.'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer with pitiless heart: 'A fool art thou, stranger, or art come from afar, seeing that thou biddest me either to fear or to shun the gods. For the Cyclopes reck not of Zeus, who bears the aegis, nor of the blessed gods, since verily we are better far than they. Nor would I, to shun the wrath of Zeus, spare either thee or thy comrades, unless my own heart should bid me. But tell me where thou didst moor thy well-wrought ship on thy coming. Was it haply at a remote part of the land, or close by? I fain would know.'

"So he spoke, tempting me, but he trapped me not because of my great cunning; and I made answer again in crafty words:

"'My ship Poseidon, the earth-shaker, dashed to pieces, casting her upon the rocks at the border of your land; for he brought her close to the headland, and the wind drove her in from the sea. But I, with these men here, escaped utter destruction.'

"So I spoke, but from his pitiless heart he made no answer, but sprang up and put forth his hands upon my comrades. Two of them at once he seized and dashed to the earth like puppies, and the brain flowed forth upon the ground and wetted the earth. Then he cut them limb from limb and made ready his supper, and ate them as a mountain-nurtured lion, leaving naught—ate the entrails, and the flesh, and the marrowy bones. And we with wailing held up our hands to Zeus, beholding his cruel deeds; and helplessness possessed our souls. But when the Cyclops had filled his huge maw by eating human flesh and thereafter drinking pure milk, he lay down within the cave, stretched out among the sheep. And I formed a plan in my great heart to steal near

him, and draw my sharp sword from beside my thigh and smite him in the breast, where the midriff holds the liver, feeling for the place with my hand. But a second thought checked me, for right there should we, too, have perished in utter ruin. For we should not have been able to thrust back with our hands from the high door the mighty stone which he had set there. So then, with wailing, we waited for the bright Dawn.

"As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, he rekindled the fire and milked his goodly flocks all in turn, and beneath each dam placed her young. Then, when he had busily performed his tasks, again he seized two men at once and made ready his meal. And when he had made his meal he drove his fat flocks forth from the cave, easily moving away the great door-stone; and then he put it in place again, as one might set the lid upon a quiver. Then with loud whistling the Cyclops turned his fat flocks toward the mountain, and I was left there, devising evil in the deep of my heart, if in any way I might take vengeance on him, and Athene grant me glory.

"Now this seemed to my mind the best plan. There lay beside a sheep-pen a great club of the Cyclops, a staff of green olive-wood, which he had cut to carry with him when dry; and as we looked at it we thought it as large as is the mast of a black ship of twenty oars, a merchantman, broad of beam, which crosses over the great gulf; so huge it was in length and in breadth to look upon. To this I came, and cut off therefrom about a fathom's length and handed it to my comrades, bidding them dress it down; and they made it smooth, and I, standing by, sharpened it at the point, and then straightway took

it and hardened it in the blazing fire. Then I laid it carefully away, hiding it beneath the dung, which lay in great heaps throughout the cave. And I bade my comrades cast lots among them, which of them should have the hardihood with me to lift the stake and grind it into his eye when sweet sleep should come upon him. And the lot fell upon those whom I myself would fain have chosen; four they were, and I was numbered with them as the fifth. At even then he came, herding his flocks of goodly fleece, and straightway drove into the wide cave his fat flocks one and all, and left not one without in the deep court, either from some foreboding or because a god so bade him. Then he lifted on high and set in place the great door-stone, and sitting down he milked the ewes and bleating goats all in turn, and beneath each dam he placed her young. But when he had busily performed his tasks, again he seized two men at once and made ready his supper. Then I drew near and spoke to the Cyclops, holding in my hands an ivy[1] bowl of the dark wine:

"'Cyclops, take and drink wine after thy meal of human flesh, that thou mayest know what manner of drink this is which our ship contained. It was to thee that I was bringing it as a drink offering, in the hope that, touched with pity, thou mightest send me on my way home; but thou ragest in a way that is past all bearing. Cruel man, how shall any one of all the multitudes of men ever come to thee again hereafter, seeing that thou hast wrought lawlessness?'

"So I spoke, and he took the cup and drained it, and was wondrously pleased as he drank the sweet draught, and asked me for it again a second time:

[1] That is, made of ivy wood.

"'Give it me again with a ready heart, and tell me thy name straightway, that I may give thee a stranger's gift whereat thou mayest be glad. For among the Cyclopes the earth, the giver of grain, bears the rich clusters of wine, and the rain of Zeus gives them increase; but this is a streamlet of ambrosia and nectar.'

"So he spoke, and again I handed him the flaming wine. Thrice I brought and gave it him, and thrice he drained it in his folly. But when the wine had stolen about the wits of the Cyclops, then I spoke to him with gentle words:

"'Cyclops, thou askest me of my glorious name, and I will tell it thee; and do thou give me a stranger's gift, even as thou didst promise. Noman is my name, Noman do they call me—my mother and my father, and all my comrades as well.'

"So I spoke, and he straightway answered me with pitiless heart: 'Noman will I eat last among his comrades, and the others before him; this shall be thy gift.'

"He spoke, and reeling fell upon his back, and lay there with his thick neck bent aslant, and sleep, that conquers all, laid hold on him. And from his gullet came forth wine and bits of human flesh, and he vomited in his drunken sleep. Then verily I thrust in the stake under the deep ashes until it should grow hot, and heartened all my comrades with cheering words, that I might see no man flinch through fear. But when presently that stake of olive-wood was about to catch fire, green though it was, and began to glow terribly, then verily I drew nigh, bringing the stake from the fire, and my comrades stood round me and a god breathed into us

great courage. They took the stake of olive-wood, sharp at the point, and thrust it into his eye, while I, throwing my weight upon it from above, whirled it round, as when a man bores a ship's timber with a drill, while those below keep it spinning with the thong, which they lay hold of by either end, and the drill runs around unceasingly. Even so we took the fiery-pointed stake and whirled it around in his eye, and the blood flowed around the heated thing. And his eyelids wholly and his brows round about did the flame singe as the eyeball burned, and its roots crackled in the fire. And as when a smith dips a great axe or an adze in cold water amid loud hissing to temper it—for therefrom comes the strength of iron—even so did his eye hiss round the stake of olive-wood. Terribly then did he cry aloud, and the rock rang around; and we, seized with terror, shrank back, while he wrenched from his eye the stake, all befouled with blood, and flung it from him, wildly waving his arms. Then he called aloud to the Cyclopes, who dwelt round about him in caves among the windy heights, and they heard his cry and came thronging from every side, and standing around the cave asked him what ailed him:

"'What so sore distress is thine, Polyphemus, that thou criest out thus through the immortal night, and makest us sleepless? Can it be that some mortal man is driving off thy flocks against thy will, or slaying thee thyself by guile or by might?'

"Then from out the cave the mighty Polyphemus answered them: 'My friends, it is Noman that is slaying me by guile and not by force.'

"And they made answer and addressed him with winged words: 'If, then, no man does violence to

thee in thy loneliness, sickness which comes from great Zeus thou mayest in no wise escape. Nay, do thou pray to our father, the lord Poseidon.'

"So they spoke and went their way; and my heart laughed within me that my name and cunning device had so beguiled. But the Cyclops, groaning and travailing in anguish, groped with his hands and took away the stone from the door, and himself sat in the doorway with arms outstretched in the hope of catching anyone who sought to go forth with the sheep—so witless, forsooth, he thought in his heart to find me. But I took counsel how all might be the very best, if I might haply find some way of escape from death for my comrades and for myself. And I wove all manner of wiles and counsel, as a man will in a matter of life and death; for great was the evil that was nigh us. And this seemed to my mind the best plan. Rams there were, well-fed and thick of fleece, fine beasts and large, with wool dark as the violet. These I silently bound together with twisted withes on which the Cyclops, that monster with his heart set on lawlessness, was wont to sleep. Three at a time I took. The one in the middle in each case bore a man, and the other two went, one on either side, saving my comrades. Thus every three sheep bore a man. But as for me—there was a ram, far the best of all the flock; him I grasped by the back, and curled beneath his shaggy belly, lay there face upwards with steadfast heart, clinging fast with my hands to his wondrous fleece. So then, with wailing, we waited for the bright dawn.

"As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, then the males of the flock hastened forth to pasture and the females bleated unmilked about the pens,

for their udders were bursting. And their master, distressed with grievous pains, felt along the backs of all the sheep as they stood up before him, but in his folly he marked not this, that my men were bound beneath the breasts of his fleecy sheep. Last of all the flock the ram went forth, burdened with the weight of his fleece and my cunning self. And mighty Polyphemus, as he felt along his back, spoke to him, saying:

"'Good ram, why pray is it that thou goest forth thus through the cave the last of the flock? Thou hast not heretofore been wont to lag behind the sheep, but wast ever far the first to feed on the tender bloom of the grass, moving with long strides, and ever the first didst reach the streams of the river, and the first didst long to return to the fold at evening. But now thou art last of all. Surely thou art sorrowing for the eye of thy master, which an evil man blinded along with his miserable fellows, when he had overpowered my wits with wine, even Noman, who, I tell thee, has not yet escaped destruction. If only thou couldst feel as I do, and couldst get thee power of speech to tell me where he skulks away from my wrath, then should his brains be dashed on the ground here and there throughout the cave, when I had smitten him, and my heart should be lightened of the woes which good-for-naught Noman has brought me.'

"So saying, he sent the ram forth from him. And when we had gone a little way from the cave and the court, I first loosed myself from under the ram and set my comrades free. Speedily then we drove off those long-shanked sheep, rich with fat, turning full often to look about until we came to the ship.

And welcome to our dear comrades was the sight of us who had escaped death, but for the others they wept and wailed; yet I would not suffer them to weep, but with a frown forbade each man. Rather I bade them to fling on board with speed the many sheep of goodly fleece, and sail over the salt water. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. But when I was as far away as a man's voice carries when he shouts, then I spoke to the Cyclops with mocking words:

"'Cyclops, that man, it seems, was no weakling, whose comrades thou wast minded to devour by brutal strength in thy hollow cave. Full surely were thy evil deeds to fall on thine own head, thou cruel wretch, who didst not shrink from eating thy guests in thine own house. Therefore has Zeus taken vengeance on thee, and the other gods.'

"So I spoke, and he waxed the more wroth at heart, and broke off the peak of a high mountain and hurled it at us, and cast it in front of the dark-prowed ship.[1] And the sea surged beneath the stone as it fell, and the backward flow, like a flood from the deep, bore the ship swiftly landwards and drove it upon the shore. But I seized a long pole in my hands and shoved the ship off and along the shore, and with a nod of my head I roused my comrades, and bade them fall to their oars that we might escape out of our evil plight. And they bent to their oars and rowed. But when, as we fared over the sea, we were twice as far distant, then was I fain to call

[1] The spurious verse 483 has been omitted in the translation as ruinous to the sense. It has made its way into the text from 540, where it is in place.

to the Cyclops, though round about me my comrades, one after another, sought to check me with gentle words:

"'Reckless one, why wilt thou provoke to wrath a savage man, who but now hurled his missile into the deep and drove our ship back to the land, and verily we thought that we had perished there? And had he heard one of us uttering a sound or speaking, he would have hurled a jagged rock and crushed our heads and the timbers of our ship, so mightily does he throw.'

"So they spoke, but they could not persuade my great-hearted spirit; and I answered him again with angry heart:

"'Cyclops, if any one of mortal men shall ask thee about the shameful blinding of thine eye, say that Odysseus, the sacker of cities, blinded it, even the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca.'

"So I spoke, and he groaned and said in answer: 'Lo now, verily a prophecy uttered long ago is come upon me. There lived here a soothsayer, a good man and tall, Telemus, son of Eurymus, who excelled all men in soothsaying, and grew old as a seer among the Cyclopes. He told me that all these things should be brought to pass in days to come, that by the hands of Odysseus I should lose my sight. But I ever looked for some tall and comely man to come hither, clothed in great might, but now one that is puny, a man of naught and a weakling, has blinded me of my eye when he had overpowered me with wine. Yet come hither, Odysseus, that I may set before thee gifts of entertainment, and may speed thy sending hence, that the glorious Earth-shaker may grant it thee. For I am his son, and he declares him-

self my father; and he himself will heal me, if it be his good pleasure, but none other either of the blessed gods or of mortal men.'

"So he spoke, and I answered him and said: 'Would that I were able to rob thee of soul and life, and to send thee to the house of Hades, as surely as not even the Earth-shaker shall heal thine eye.'

"So I spoke, and he then prayed to the lord Poseidon, stretching out both his hands to the starry heaven: 'Hear me, Poseidon, earth-enfolder, thou dark-haired god, if indeed I am thy son and thou declarest thyself my father; grant that Odysseus, the sacker of cities, may never reach his home, even the son of Laertes, whose home is in Ithaca; but if it is his fate to see his friends and to reach his well-built house and his native land, late may he come and in evil case, after losing all his comrades, in a ship that is another's; and may he find woes in his house.'

"So he spoke in prayer, and the dark-haired god heard him. But the Cyclops lifted on high again a far greater stone, and swung and hurled it, putting into the throw measureless strength. He cast it a little behind the dark-prowed ship, and barely missed the end of the steering-oar. And the sea surged beneath the stone as it fell, and the wave bore the ship onward and drove it to the shore.

"Now when we had come to the island, where our other well-benched ships lay all together, and round about them our comrades, ever expecting us, sat weeping, then, on coming thither, we beached our ship on the sands, and ourselves went forth upon the shore

of the sea. Then we took from out the hollow ship the flocks of the Cyclops, and divided them, that so far as in me lay no man might go defrauded of an equal share. But the ram my well-greaved comrades gave to me alone, when the flocks were divided, as a gift apart; and on the shore I sacrificed him to Zeus, son of Cronos, god of the dark clouds, who is lord of all, and burned the thigh-pieces. Howbeit he heeded not my sacrifice, but was planning how all my well-benched ships might perish and my trusty comrades.

"So, then, all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine; but when the sun set and darkness came on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I roused my comrades, and bade them themselves to embark and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars.

"Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped death, though we had lost our dear comrades.

BOOK X

"Then to the Aeolian isle we came, where dwelt Aeolus, son of Hippotas, dear to the immortal gods, in a floating island, and all around it is a wall of unbreakable bronze, and the cliff runs up sheer. Twelve children of his, too, there are in the halls, six daughters and six sturdy sons, and he gave his daughters to his sons to wife. These, then, feast continually by their dear father and good mother, and before them lies boundless good cheer. And the house, filled with the savour of feasting, resounds all about even in the outer court by day,[1] and by night again they sleep beside their chaste wives on blankets and on corded bedsteads. To their city, then, and fair palace did we come, and for a full month he made me welcome and questioned me about each thing, about Ilios, and the ships of the Argives, and the return of the Achaeans. And I told him all the tale in due order. But when I, on my part, asked him that I might depart and bade him send me on my way, he, too, denied me nothing, but furthered my sending. He gave me a wallet, made of the hide of an ox nine years old,[2] which he flayed, and therein he bound the paths of the blustering winds; for the son of Cronos had made him

cannot be said to be appropriate in x. 390. Possibly nine was felt merely as a round number, or the age of nine taken merely to denote full maturity.

keeper of the winds, both to still and to rouse whatever one he will. And in my hollow ship he bound it fast with a bright cord of silver, that not a breath might escape, were it never so slight. But for my furtherance he sent forth the breath of the West Wind to blow, that it might bear on their way both ships and men. Yet this he was not to bring to pass, for we were lost through our own folly.

"For nine days we sailed, night and day alike, and now on the tenth our native land came in sight, and lo, we were so near that we saw men tending the beacon fires.[1] Then upon me came sweet sleep in my weariness, for I had ever kept in hand the sheet of the ship, and had yielded it to none other of my comrades, that we might the sooner come to our native land. But my comrades meanwhile began to speak one to another, and said that I was bringing home for myself gold and silver as gifts from Aeolus, the great-hearted son of Hippotas. And thus would one speak, with a glance at his neighbour:

"'Out on it, how beloved and honoured this man is by all men, to whose city and land soever he comes! Much goodly treasure is he carrying with him from the land of Troy from out the spoil, while we, who have accomplished the same journey as he, are returning, bearing with us empty hands. And now Aeolus has given him these gifts, granting them freely of his love. Nay, come, let us quickly see what is here, what store of gold and silver is in the wallet.'

"So they spoke, and the evil counsel of my comrades prevailed. They loosed the wallet, and all the winds leapt forth, and swiftly the storm-wind seized them

[1] Or the allusion may be to the fires of the herdsmen.

and bore them weeping out to sea away from their native land; but as for me, I awoke, and pondered in my goodly heart whether I should fling myself from the ship and perish in the sea, or endure in silence and still remain among the living. However, I endured and abode, and covering my head lay down in the ship. But the ships were borne by an evil blast of wind back to the Aeolian isle; and my comrades groaned.

"There we went ashore and drew water, and straightway my comrades took their meal by the swift ships. But when we had tasted of food and drink, I took with me a herald and one companion and went to the glorious palace of Aeolus, and I found him feasting beside his wife and his children. So we entered the house and sat down by the doorposts on the threshold, and they were amazed at heart, and questioned us:

"'How hast thou come hither, Odysseus? What cruel god assailed thee? Surely we sent thee forth with kindly care, that thou mightest reach thy native land and thy home, and whatever place thou wouldest.'

"So said they, but I with a sorrowing heart spoke among them and said: 'Bane did my evil comrades work me, and therewith sleep accursed; but bring ye healing, my friends, for with you is the power.'

"So I spoke and addressed them with gentle words, but they were silent. Then their father answered and said:

"'Begone from our island with speed, thou vilest of all that live. In no wise may I help or send upon his way that man who is hated of the blessed gods. Begone, for thou comest hither as one hated of the immortals.'

"So saying, he sent me forth from the house, groaning heavily. Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart. And worn was the spirit of the men by the grievous rowing, because of our own folly, for no longer appeared any breeze to bear us on our way. So for six days we sailed, night and day alike, and on the seventh we came to the lofty citadel of Lamus, even to Telepylus of the Laestrygonians, where herdsman calls to herdsman as he drives in his flock, and the other answers as he drives his forth. There a man who never slept could have earned a double wage, one by herding cattle, and one by pasturing white sheep; for the outgoings of the night and of the day are close together.[1] When we had come thither into the goodly harbour, about which on both sides a sheer cliff runs continuously, and projecting headlands opposite to one another stretch out at the mouth, and the entrance is narrow, then all the rest steered their curved ships in, and the ships were moored within the hollow harbour close together; for therein no wave ever swelled, great or small, but all about was a bright calm. But I alone moored my black ship outside, there on the border of the land, making the cables fast to the rock. Then I climbed to a rugged height, a point of outlook, and there took my stand; from thence no works of oxen or of men appeared; smoke alone we saw springing up from the land. So then I sent forth some of my comrades to go and learn who the men were, who here ate bread upon

flock forth for the following day. Thus a man who could do without sleep could earn a double wage. The passage is plainly due to some vague knowledge of the land of the midnight sun.

the earth—two men I chose, and sent with them a third as a herald. Now when they had gone ashore, they went along a smooth road by which waggons were wont to bring wood down to the city from the high mountains. And before the city they met a maiden drawing water, the goodly [1] daughter of Laestrygonian Antiphates, who had come down to the fair-flowing spring Artacia, from whence they were wont to bear water to the town. So they came up to her and spoke to her, and asked her who was king of this folk, and who they were of whom he was lord. And she showed them forthwith the high-roofed house of her father. Now when they had entered the glorious house, they found there his wife, huge as the peak of a mountain, and they were aghast at her. At once she called from the place of assembly the glorious Antiphates, her husband, and he devised for them woeful destruction. Straightway he seized one of my comrades and made ready his meal, but the other two sprang up and came in flight to the ships. Then he raised a cry throughout the city, and as they heard it the mighty Laestrygonians came thronging from all sides, a host past counting, not like men but like the Giants. They hurled at us from the cliffs with rocks huge as a man could lift, and at once there rose throughout the ships a dreadful din, alike from men that were dying and from ships that were being crushed. And spearing them like fishes they bore them home, a loathly meal. Now while they were slaying those within the deep harbour, I mean-

it is used twice of Penelope, and more than once of other women, in which cases no such connotation is to be thought of, I have preferred to give a more general rendering.

while drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh, and cut therewith the cables of my dark-prowed ship; and quickly calling to my comrades bade them fall to their oars, that we might escape from out our evil plight. And they all tossed the sea with their oar-blades in fear of death, and joyfully seaward, away from the beetling cliffs, my ship sped on; but all those other ships were lost together there.

"Thence we sailed on, grieved at heart, glad to have escaped death, though we had lost our dear comrades; and we came to the isle of Aeaea, where dwelt fair-tressed Circe, a dread goddess of human speech, own sister to Aeetes of baneful mind; and both are sprung from Helius, who gives light to mortals, and from Perse, their mother, whom Oceanus begot. Here we put in to shore with our ship in silence, into a harbour where ships may lie, and some god guided us. Then we disembarked, and lay there for two days and two nights, eating our hearts for weariness and sorrow. But when fair-tressed Dawn brought to its birth the third day, then I took my spear and my sharp sword, and quickly went up from the ship to a place of wide prospect, in the hope that I might see the works of men, and hear their voice. So I climbed to a rugged height, a place of outlook, and there took my stand, and I saw smoke rising from the broad-wayed earth in the halls of Circe, through the thick brush and the wood. And I debated in mind and heart, whether I should go and make search, when I had seen the flaming smoke. And as I pondered, this seemed to me to be the better way, to go first

to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, and give my comrades their meal, and send them forth to make search. But when, as I went, I was near to the curved ship, then some god took pity on me in my loneliness, and sent a great, high-horned stag into my very path. He was coming down to the river from his pasture in the wood to drink, for the might of the sun oppressed him; and as he came out I struck him on the spine in the middle of the back, and the bronze spear passed right through him, and down he fell in the dust with a moan, and his spirit flew from him. Then I planted my foot upon him, and drew the bronze spear forth from the wound, and left it there to lie on the ground. But for myself, I plucked twigs and osiers, and weaving a rope as it were a fathom in length, well twisted from end to end, I bound together the feet of the monstrous beast, and went my way to the black ship, bearing him across my back and leaning on my spear, since in no wise could I hold him on my shoulder with one hand, for he was a very mighty beast. Down I flung him before the ship, and heartened my comrades with gentle words, coming up to each man in turn:

"'Friends, not yet shall we go down to the house of Hades, despite our sorrows, before the day of fate comes upon us. Nay, come, while there is yet food and drink in our swift ship, let us bethink us of food, that we pine not with hunger.'

"So I spoke, and they quickly hearkened to my words. From their faces they drew their cloaks,[1] and marvelled at the stag on the shore of the unresting sea, for he was a very mighty beast. But

[1] The Greek veiled his face under stress of despairing sorrow.

when they had satisfied their eyes with gazing, they washed their hands, and made ready a glorious feast. So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, then we lay down to rest on the shore of the sea. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, I called my men together, and spoke among them all:

"'Hearken to my words, comrades, for all your evil plight. My friends, we know not where the darkness is or where the dawn, neither where the sun, who gives light to mortals, goes beneath the earth, nor where he rises; but let us straightway take thought if any device be still left us. As for me I think not that there is. For I climbed to a rugged point of outlook, and beheld the island, about which is set as a crown the boundless deep. The isle itself lies low, and in the midst of it my eyes saw smoke through the thick brush and the wood.'

"So I spoke, and their spirit was broken within them, as they remembered the deeds of the Laestrygonian, Antiphates, and the violence of the great-hearted Cyclops, the man-eater. And they wailed aloud, and shed big tears. But no good came of their mourning.

"Then I told off in two bands all my well-greaved comrades, and appointed a leader for each band. Of the one I took command, and of the other godlike Eurylochus. Quickly then we shook lots in a brazen helmet, and out leapt the lot of great-hearted Eurylochus. So he set out, and with him went two-and-twenty comrades, all weeping; and they left us behind, lamenting. Within the forest glades they found the house of Circe, built

of polished stone in a place of wide outlook,[1] and round about it were mountain wolves and lions, whom Circe herself had bewitched; for she gave them evil drugs. Yet these beasts did not rush upon my men, but pranced about them fawningly, wagging their long tails. And as when hounds fawn around their master as he comes from a feast, for he ever brings them bits to soothe their temper, so about them fawned the stout-clawed wolves and lions; but they were seized with fear, as they saw the dread monsters. So they stood in the gateway of the fair-tressed goddess, and within they heard Circe singing with sweet voice, as she went to and fro before a great imperishable web, such as is the handiwork of goddesses, finely-woven and beautiful, and glorious. Then among them spoke Polites, a leader of men, dearest to me of my comrades, and trustiest:

"'Friends, within someone goes to and fro before a great web, singing sweetly, so that all the floor echoes; some goddess it is, or some woman. Come, let us quickly call to her.'

"So he spoke, and they cried aloud, and called to her. And she straightway came forth and opened the bright doors, and bade them in; and all went with her in their folly. Only Eurylochus remained behind, for he suspected that there was a snare. She brought them in and made them sit on chairs and seats, and made for them a potion of cheese and barley meal and yellow honey with Pramnian wine; but in the food she mixed baneful drugs, that they might utterly forget their native land. Now

[1] situated in an open glade or clearing. The isle itself was low (line 196).

when she had given them the potion, and they had drunk it off, then she presently smote them with her wand, and penned them in the sties. And they had the heads, and voice, and bristles, and shape of swine, but their minds remained unchanged even as before. So they were penned there weeping, and before them Circe flung mast and acorns, and the fruit of the cornel tree, to eat, such things as wallowing swine are wont to feed upon.

"But Eurylochus came back straightway to the swift, black ship, to bring tiding of his comrades and their shameful doom. Not a word could he utter, for all his desire, so stricken to the heart was he with great distress, and his eyes were filled with tears, and his spirit was set on lamentation. But when we questioned him in amazement, then he told the fate of the others, his comrades.

"'We went through the thickets, as thou badest, noble Odysseus. We found in the forest glades a fair palace, built of polished stones, in a place of wide outlook. There someone was going to and fro before a great web, and singing with clear voice, some goddess or some woman, and they cried aloud, and called to her. And she came forth straightway, and opened the bright doors, and bade them in; and they all went with her in their folly. But I remained behind, for I suspected that there was a snare. Then they all vanished together, nor did one of them appear again, though I sat long and watched.'

"So he spoke, and I cast my silver-studded sword about my shoulders, a great sword of bronze, and slung my bow about me, and bade him lead me

back by the self-same road. But he clasped me with both hands, and besought me by my knees, and with wailing he spoke to me winged words:

"'Lead me not thither against my will, O thou fostered of Zeus, but leave me here. For I know that thou wilt neither come back thyself, nor bring anyone of thy comrades. Nay, with these that are here let us flee with all speed, for still we may haply escape the evil day.'

"So he spoke, but I answered him, and said: 'Eurylochus, do thou stay here in this place, eating and drinking by the hollow, black ship; but I will go, for strong necessity is laid upon me.'

"So saying, I went up from the ship and the sea. But when, as I went through the sacred glades, I was about to come to the great house of the sorceress, Circe, then Hermes, of the golden wand, met me as I went toward the house, in the likeness of a young man with the first down upon his lip, in whom the charm of youth is fairest. He clasped my hand, and spoke, and addressed me:

"'Whither now again, hapless man, dost thou go alone through the hills, knowing naught of the country? Lo, thy comrades yonder in the house of Circe are penned like swine in close-barred sties. And art thou come to release them? Nay, I tell thee, thou shalt not thyself return, but shalt remain there with the others. But come, I will free thee from harm, and save thee. Here, take this potent herb, and go to the house of Circe, and it shall ward off from thy head the evil day. And I will tell thee all the baneful wiles of Circe. She will mix thee a potion, and cast drugs into the food; but

even so she shall not be able to bewitch thee, for the potent herb that I shall give thee will not suffer it. And I will tell thee all. When Circe shall smite thee with her long wand, then do thou draw thy sharp sword from beside thy thigh, and rush upon Circe, as though thou wouldst slay her. And she will be seized with fear, and will bid thee lie with her. Then do not thou thereafter refuse the couch of the goddess, that she may set free thy comrades, and give entertainment to thee. But bid her swear a great oath by the blessed gods, that she will not plot against thee any fresh mischief to thy hurt, lest when she has thee stripped she may render thee a weakling and unmanned.'

"So saying, Argeïphontes gave me the herb, drawing it from the ground, and showed me its nature. At the root it was black, but its flower was like milk. Moly the gods call it, and it is hard for mortal men to dig; but with the gods all things are possible. Hermes then departed to high Olympus through the wooded isle, and I went my way to the house of Circe, and many things did my heart darkly ponder as I went. So I stood at the gates of the fair-tressed goddess. There I stood and called, and the goddess heard my voice. Straightway then she came forth, and opened the bright doors, and bade me in; and I went with her, my heart sore troubled. She brought me in and made me sit on a silver-studded chair, a beautiful chair, richly wrought, and beneath was a foot-stool for the feet. And she prepared me a potion in a golden cup, that I might drink, and put therein a drug, with evil purpose in her heart.

But when she had given it me, and I had drunk it off, yet was not bewitched, she smote me with her wand, and spoke, and addressed me: 'Begone now to the sty, and lie with the rest of thy comrades.'

"So she spoke, but I, drawing my sharp sword from beside my thigh, rushed upon Circe, as though I would slay her. But she, with a loud cry, ran beneath, and clasped my knees, and with wailing she spoke to me winged words:

"'Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city, and where thy parents? Amazement holds me that thou hast drunk this charm and wast in no wise bewitched. For no man else soever hath withstood this charm, when once he has drunk it, and it has passed the barrier of his teeth. Nay, but the mind in thy breast is one not to be beguiled. Surely thou art Odysseus, the man of ready device, who Argeïphontes of the golden wand ever said to me would come hither on his way home from Troy with his swift, black ship. Nay, come, put up thy sword in its sheath, and let us two then go up into my bed, that couched together in love we may put trust in each other.'

"So she spoke, but I answered her, and said: 'Circe, how canst thou bid me be gentle to thee, who hast turned my comrades into swine in thy halls, and now keepest me here, and with guileful purpose biddest me go to thy chamber, and go up into thy bed, that when thou hast me stripped thou mayest render me a weakling and unmanned? Nay, verily, it is not I that shall be fain to go up into thy bed, unless thou, goddess, wilt consent to swear a mighty oath that thou wilt not plot against me any fresh mischief to my hurt.'

"So I spoke, and she straightway swore the oath to do me no harm, as I bade her. But when she had sworn, and made an end of the oath, then I went up to the beautiful bed of Circe.

"But her handmaids meanwhile were busied in the halls, four maidens who are her serving-women in the house. Children are they of the springs and groves, and of the sacred rivers that flow forth to the sea, and of them one threw upon chairs fair rugs of purple above, and spread beneath them a linen cloth; another drew up before the chairs tables of silver, and set upon them golden baskets; and the third mixed sweet, honey-hearted wine in a bowl of silver, and served out golden cups; and the fourth brought water, and kindled a great fire beneath a large cauldron, and the water grew warm. But when the water boiled in the bright bronze, she set me in a bath, and bathed me with water from out the great cauldron, mixing it to my liking, and pouring it over my head and shoulders, till she took from my limbs soul-consuming weariness. But when she had bathed me, and anointed me richly with oil, and had cast about me a fair cloak and a tunic, she brought me into the hall, and made me sit upon a silver-studded chair—a beautiful chair, richly wrought, and beneath was a foot-stool for the feet. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for me to wash, and beside me drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before me bread, and therewith meats in abundance, granting freely of her store. Then she bade me eat, but my heart inclined not thereto. Rather, I sat with other thoughts, and my spirit boded ill.

"Now when Circe noted that I sat thus, and did not put forth my hands to the food, but was burdened with sore grief, she came close to me, and spoke winged words:

"'Why, Odysseus, dost thou sit thus like one that is dumb, eating thy heart, and dost not touch food or drink? Dost thou haply forbode some other guile? Nay, thou needest in no wise fear, for already have I sworn a mighty oath to do thee no harm.'

"So she spoke, but I answered her, and said: 'Circe, what man that is right-minded could bring himself to taste of food or drink, ere yet he had won freedom for his comrades, and beheld them before his face? But if thou of a ready heart dost bid me eat and drink, set them free, that mine eyes may behold my trusty comrades.'

"So I spoke, and Circe went forth through the hall holding her wand in her hand, and opened the doors of the sty, and drove them out in the form of swine of nine years old. So they stood there before her, and she went through the midst of them, and anointed each man with another charm. Then from their limbs the bristles fell away which the baneful drug that queenly Circe gave them had before made to grow, and they became men again, younger than they were before, and far comelier and taller to look upon. They knew me, and clung to my hands, each man of them, and upon them all came a passionate sobbing, and the house about them rang wondrously, and the goddess herself was moved to pity.

"Then the beautiful goddess drew near me, and said: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus

of many devices, go now to thy swift ship and to the shore of the sea. First of all do ye draw the ship up on the land, and store your goods and all the tackling in caves. Then come back thyself, and bring thy trusty comrades.'

"So she spoke, and my proud heart consented. I went my way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, and there I found my trusty comrades by the swift ship, wailing piteously, shedding big tears. And as when calves in a farmstead sport about the droves of cows returning to the yard, when they have had their fill of grazing—all together they frisk before them, and the pens no longer hold them, but with constant lowing they run about their mothers—so those men, when their eyes beheld me, thronged about me weeping, and it seemed to their hearts as though they had got to their native land, and the very city of rugged Ithaca, where they were bred and born. And with wailing they spoke to me winged words:

"'At thy return, O thou fostered of Zeus, we are as glad as though we had returned to Ithaca, our native land. But come, tell the fate of the others, our comrades.'

"So they spoke, and I answered them with gentle words: 'First of all let us draw the ship up on the land, and store our goods and all the tackling in caves. Then haste you, one and all, to go with me that you may see your comrades in the sacred halls of Circe, drinking and eating, for they have unfailing store.'

"So I spoke, and they quickly hearkened to my words. Eurylochus alone sought to hold back all my comrades, and he spoke, and addressed them with winged words:

"'Ah, wretched men, whither are we going? Why are you so enamoured of these woes, as to go down to the house of Circe, who will change us all to swine, or wolves, or lions, that so we may guard her great house perforce? Even so did the Cyclops, when our comrades went to his fold, and with them went this reckless Odysseus. For it was through this man's folly that they too perished.'

"So he spoke, and I pondered in heart, whether to draw my long sword from beside my stout thigh, and therewith strike off his head, and bring it to the ground, near kinsman of mine by marriage though he was; but my comrades one after another sought to check me with gentle words:

"'O thou sprung from Zeus, as for this man, we will leave him, if thou so biddest, to abide here by the ship, and to guard the ship, but as for us, do thou lead us to the sacred house of Circe.'

"So saying, they went up from the ship and the sea. Nor was Eurylochus left beside the hollow ship, but he went with us, for he feared my dread reproof.

"Meanwhile in her halls Circe bathed the rest of my comrades with kindly care, and anointed them richly with oil, and cast about them fleecy cloaks and tunics; and we found them all feasting bountifully in the halls. But when they saw and recognized one another, face to face, they wept and wailed, and the house rang around. Then the beautiful goddess drew near me, and said:

"'No longer now do ye rouse this plenteous lamenting. Of myself I know both all the woes you have suffered on the teeming deep, and all the wrong that cruel men have done you on the

land. Nay, come, eat food and drink wine, until you once more get spirit in your breasts such as when at the first you left your native land of rugged Ithaca; but now ye are withered and spiritless, ever thinking of your weary wanderings, nor are your hearts ever joyful, for verily ye have suffered much.'

"So she spoke, and our proud hearts consented. So there day after day for a full year we abode, feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when a year was gone and the seasons turned, as the months waned and the long days were brought in their course, then my trusty comrades called me forth, and said:

"'Strange man, bethink thee now at last of thy native land, if it is fated for thee to be saved, and to reach thy high-roofed house and thy native land.'

"So they spoke, and my proud heart consented. So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, they lay down to sleep throughout the shadowy halls, but I went up to the beautiful bed of Circe, and besought her by her knees; and the goddess heard my voice, and I spoke, and addressed her with winged words:

"'Circe, fulfil for me the promise which thou gavest to send me home; for my spirit is now eager to be gone, and the spirit of my comrades, who make my heart to pine, as they sit about me mourning, whensoever thou haply art not at hand.'

"So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, abide ye now no longer

in my house against your will; but you must first complete another journey, and come to the house of Hades and dread Persephone, to seek soothsaying of the spirit of Theban Teiresias, the blind seer, whose mind abides steadfast. To him even in death Persephone has granted reason, that he alone should have understanding; but the others flit about as shadows.'

"So she spoke, and my spirit was broken within me, and I wept as I sat on the bed, nor had my heart any longer desire to live and behold the light of the sun. But when I had had my fill of weeping and writhing, then I made answer, and addressed her, saying:

"'O Circe, who will guide us on this journey? To Hades no man ever yet went in a black ship.'

"So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess straightway made answer: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, let there be in thy mind no concern for a pilot to guide thy ship,[1] but set up thy mast, and spread the white sail, and sit thee down; and the breath of the North Wind will bear her onward. But when in thy ship thou hast now crossed the stream of Oceanus, where is a level shore and the groves of Persephone—tall poplars, and willows that shed their fruit—there do thou beach thy ship by the deep eddying Oceanus, but go thyself to the dank house of Hades. There into Acheron flow Periphlegethon and Cocytus, which is a branch of the water of the Styx; and there is a rock, and the meeting place of the two roaring rivers. Thither, prince, do thou draw nigh, as I bid thee, and dig a pit of a cubit's length this way and that, and around

[1] Or, "as thou tarriest by thy ship."

it pour a libation to all the dead, first with milk and honey, thereafter with sweet wine, and in the third place with water, and sprinkle thereon white barley meal And do thou earnestly entreat the powerless heads of the dead, vowing that when thou comest to Ithaca thou wilt sacrifice in thy halls a barren heifer, the best thou hast, and wilt fill the altar with rich gifts; and that to Teiresias alone thou wilt sacrifice separately a ram, wholly black, the goodliest of thy flock. But when with prayers thou hast made supplication to the glorious tribes of the dead, then sacrifice a ram and a black ewe, turning their heads toward Erebus but thyself turning backward, and setting thy face towards the streams of the river. Then many ghosts of men that are dead will come forth. But do thou thereafter call to thy comrades, and bid them flay and burn the sheep that lie there, slain by the pitiless bronze, and make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and to dread Persephone. And do thou thyself draw thy sharp sword from beside thy thigh, and sit there, not suffering the powerless heads of the dead to draw near to the blood, till thou hast enquired of Teiresias. Then the seer will presently come to thee, leader of men, and he will tell thee thy way and the measures of thy path, and of thy return, how thou mayest go over the teeming deep.'

"So she spoke, and straightway came golden-throned Dawn. Round about me then she cast a cloak and tunic as raiment, and the nymph clothed herself in a long white robe, finely-woven and beautiful, and about her waist she cast a fair girdle of gold, and upon her head she put a veil.

But I went through the halls, and roused my men with gentle words, coming up to each man in turn :

"'No longer now sleep ye, and drowse in sweet slumber, but let us go; lo! queenly Circe has told me all.'

"So I spoke, and their proud hearts consented. But not even from thence could I lead my men unscathed. There was one, Elpenor, the youngest of all, not over valiant in war nor sound of understanding, who had laid him down apart from his comrades in the sacred house of Circe, seeking the cool air, for he was heavy with wine. He heard the noise and the bustle of his comrades as they moved about, and suddenly sprang up, and forgot to go to the long ladder that he might come down again, but fell headlong from the roof, and his neck was broken away from the spine, and his spirit went down to the house of Hades.

"But as my men were going on their way I spoke among them, saying: 'Ye think, forsooth, that ye are going to your dear native land; but Circe has pointed out for us another journey, even to the house of Hades and dread Persephone, to consult the spirit of Theban Teiresias.'

"So I spoke, and their spirit was broken within them, and sitting down right where they were, they wept and tore their hair. But no good came of their lamenting.

"But when we were on our way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, sorrowing and shedding big tears, meanwhile Circe had gone forth and made fast beside the black ship a ram and a black ewe, for easily had she passed us by. Who with his eyes could behold a god against his will, whether going to or fro?

BOOK XI

"But when we had come down to the ship and to the sea, first of all we drew the ship down to the bright sea, and set the mast and sail in the black ship, and took the sheep and put them aboard, and ourselves embarked, sorrowing, and shedding big tears. And for our aid in the wake of our dark-prowed ship a fair wind that filled the sail, a goodly comrade, was sent by fair-tressed Circe, dread goddess of human speech. So when we had made fast all the tackling throughout the ship, we sat down, and the wind and the helmsman made straight her course. All the day long her sail was stretched as she sped over the sea; and the sun set and all the ways grew dark.

"She came to deep-flowing Oceanus, that bounds the Earth,[1] where is the land and city of the Cimmerians, wrapped in mist and cloud. Never does the bright sun look down on them with his rays either when he mounts the starry heaven or when he turns again to earth from heaven, but baneful night is spread over wretched mortals. Thither we came and beached our ship, and took out the sheep, and ourselves went beside the stream of Oceanus until we came to the place of which Circe had told us.

"Here Perimedes and Eurylochus held the victims, while I drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh,

[1] Or, possibly, "to Ocean's further marge."

and dug a pit of a cubit's length this way and that, and around it poured a libation to all the dead, first with milk and honey, thereafter with sweet wine, and in the third place with water, and I sprinkled thereon white barley meal. And I earnestly entreated the powerless heads of the dead, vowing that when I came to Ithaca I would sacrifice in my halls a barren heifer, the best I had, and pile the altar with goodly gifts, and to Teiresias alone would sacrifice separately a ram, wholly black, the goodliest of my flocks. But when with vows and prayers I had made supplication to the tribes of the dead, I took the sheep and cut their throats over the pit, and the dark blood ran forth. Then there gathered from out of Erebus the spirits of those that are dead, brides, and unwedded youths, and toil-worn old men, and tender maidens with hearts yet new to sorrow, and many, too, that had been wounded with bronze-tipped spears, men slain in fight, wearing their blood-stained armour. These came thronging in crowds about the pit from every side, with a wondrous cry; and pale fear seized me. Then I called to my comrades and bade them flay and burn the sheep that lay there slain with the pitiless bronze, and to make prayer to the gods, to mighty Hades and dread Persephone. And I myself drew my sharp sword from beside my thigh and sat there, and would not suffer the powerless heads of the dead to draw near to the blood until I had enquired of Teiresias.

"The first to come was the spirit of my comrade Elpenor. Not yet had he been buried beneath the broad-wayed earth, for we had left his corpse behind us in the hall of Circe, unwept and unburied, since another task was then urging us on. When I saw him

I wept, and my heart had compassion on him; and I spoke and addressed him with winged words:

"'Elpenor, how didst thou come beneath the murky darkness? Thou coming on foot hast outstripped me in my black ship.'

"So I spoke, and with a groan he answered me and said: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, an evil doom of some god was my undoing, and measureless wine. When I had lain down to sleep in the house of Circe I did not think to go to the long ladder that I might come down again, but fell headlong from the roof, and my neck was broken away from the spine and my spirit went down to the house of Hades. Now I beseech thee by those whom we left behind, who are not present with us, by thy wife and thy father who reared thee when a babe, and by Telemachus whom thou didst leave an only son in thy halls; for I know that as thou goest hence from the house of Hades thou wilt touch at the Aeaean isle with thy well-built ship. There, then, O prince, I bid thee remember me. Leave me not behind thee unwept and unburied as thou goest thence, and turn not away from me, lest haply I bring the wrath of the gods upon thee. Nay, burn me with my armour, all that is mine, and heap up a mound for me on the shore of the grey sea, in memory of an unhappy man, that men yet to be may learn of me. Fulfil this my prayer, and fix upon the mound my oar wherewith I rowed in life when I was among my comrades.'

"So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'All this, unhappy man, will I perform and do.'

"Thus we two sat and held sad converse one with

the other, I on one side holding my sword over the blood, while on the other side the phantom of my comrade spoke at large.

"Then there came up the spirit of my dead mother, Anticleia, the daughter of great-hearted Autolycus, whom I had left alive when I departed for sacred Ilios. At sight of her I wept, and my heart had compassion on her, but even so I would not suffer her to come near the blood, for all my great sorrow, until I had enquired of Teiresias.

"Then there came up the spirit of the Theban Teiresias, bearing his golden staff in his hand, and he knew me and spoke to me: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, what now, hapless man? Why hast thou left the light of the sun and come hither to behold the dead and a region where is no joy? Nay, give place from the pit and draw back thy sharp sword, that I may drink of the blood and tell thee sooth.'

"So he spoke, and I gave place and thrust my silver-studded sword into its sheath, and when he had drunk the dark blood, then the blameless seer spoke to me and said:

"'Thou askest of thy honey-sweet return, glorious Odysseus, but this shall a god make grievous unto thee; for I think not that thou shalt elude the Earth-shaker, seeing that he has laid up wrath in his heart against thee, angered that thou didst blind his dear son. Yet even so ye may reach home, though in evil plight, if thou wilt curb thine own spirit and that of thy comrades, as soon as thou shalt bring thy well-built ship to the island Thrinacia, escaping from the violet sea, and ye find grazing there the kine and goodly flocks of Helios, who

oversees and overhears all things. If thou leavest these unharmed and heedest thy homeward way, verily ye may yet reach Ithaca, though in evil plight. But if thou harmest them, then I foresee ruin for thy ship and thy comrades, and even if thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou come home and in evil case, after losing all thy comrades, in a ship that is another's, and thou shalt find woes in thy house—proud men that devour thy livelihood, wooing thy godlike wife, and offering wooers' gifts. Yet verily on their violent deeds shalt thou take vengeance when thou comest. But when thou hast slain the wooers in thy halls, whether by guile or openly with the sharp sword, then do thou go forth, taking a shapely oar, until thou comest to men that know naught of the sea and eat not of food mingled with salt, aye, and they know naught of ships with purple cheeks, or of shapely oars that are as wings unto ships. And I will tell thee a sign right manifest, which will not escape thee. When another wayfarer, on meeting thee, shall say that thou hast a winnowing-fan on thy stout shoulder, then do thou fix in the earth thy shapely oar and make goodly offerings to lord Poseidon—a ram, and a bull, and a boar that mates with sows—and depart for thy home and offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods who hold broad heaven, to each one in due order. And death shall come to thee thyself far from the sea,[1] a death so gentle, that shall lay thee low when thou art over-

gony, a "cyclic" poem, attributed to Eugammon of Cyrene, in which Odysseus was killed by Telegonus, his son by Circe, with a spear tipped with the bone of a sea-fish. This story has no foundation in the *Odyssey*, and those who adopt the rendering "from out the sea" assume that these lines are a late interpolation.

come with sleek[1] old age, and thy people shall dwell in prosperity around thee. In this have I told thee sooth.'

"So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Teiresias, of all this, I ween, the gods themselves have spun the thread. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. I see here the spirit of my dead mother; she sits in silence near the blood, and deigns not to look upon the face of her own son or to speak to him. Tell me, prince, how she may recognize that I am he?'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer, and said: 'Easy is the word that I shall say and put in thy mind. Whomsoever of those that are dead and gone thou shalt suffer to draw near the blood, he will tell thee sooth; but whomsoever thou refusest, he surely will go back again.'

"So saying the spirit of the prince, Teiresias, went back into the house of Hades, when he had declared his prophecies; but I remained there steadfastly until my mother came up and drank the dark blood. At once then she knew me, and with wailing she spoke to me winged words:

"'My child, how didst thou come beneath the murky darkness, being still alive? Hard is it for those that live to behold these realms, for between are great rivers and dread streams; Oceanus first, which one may in no wise cross on foot, but only if one have a well-built ship. Art thou but now come hither from Troy after long wanderings with thy ship and thy companions? and hast thou not yet reached Ithaca, nor seen thy wife in thy halls?'

[1] That is, "in the midst of wealth and comfort."

"So she spoke, and I made answer and said: 'My mother, necessity brought me down to the house of Hades, to seek soothsaying of the spirit of Theban Teiresias. For not yet have I come near to the shore of Achaea, nor have I as yet set foot on my own land, but have ever been wandering, laden with woe, from the day when first I went with goodly Agamemnon to Ilios, famed for its horses, to fight with the Trojans. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. What fate of grievous death overcame thee? Was it long disease, or did the archer, Artemis, assail thee with her gentle shafts, and slay thee? And tell me of my father and my son, whom I left behind me. Does the honour that was mine still abide with them, or does some other man now possess it, and do they say that I shall no more return? And tell me of my wedded wife, of her purpose and of her mind. Does she abide with her son, and keep all things safe? or has one already wedded her, whosoever is best of the Achaeans?'

"So I spoke, and my honoured mother straightway answered: 'Aye verily she abides with steadfast heart in thy halls, and ever sorrowfully for her do the nights and the days wane, as she weeps. But the fair honour that was thine no man yet possesses, but Telemachus holds thy demesne unharassed, and feasts at equal banquets, such as it is fitting that one who deals judgment should share, for all men invite him. But thy father abides there in the tilled land, and comes not to the city, nor has he, for bedding, bed and cloaks and bright coverlets, but through the winter he sleeps in the house, where the slaves sleep, in the ashes by the fire, and wears upon his body mean

raiment. But when summer comes and rich autumn, then all about the slope of his vineyard plot are strewn his lowly beds of fallen leaves. There he lies sorrowing, and nurses his great grief in his heart, in longing for thy return, and heavy old age has come upon him. Even so did I too perish and meet my fate. Neither did the keen-sighted archer goddess assail me in my halls with her gentle shafts, and slay me, nor did any disease come upon me, such as oftenest through grievous wasting takes the spirit from the limbs; nay, it was longing for thee, and for thy counsels, glorious Odysseus, and for thy tender-heartedness, that robbed me of honey-sweet life.'

"So she spoke, and I pondered in heart, and was fain to clasp the spirit of my dead mother. Thrice I sprang towards her, and my heart bade me clasp her, and thrice she flitted from my arms like a shadow or a dream, and pain grew ever sharper at my heart. And I spoke and addressed her with winged words:

"'My mother, why dost thou not stay for me, who am eager to clasp thee, that even in the house of Hades we two may cast our arms each about the other, and take our fill of chill lamenting. Is this but a phantom that august Persephone has sent me, that I may lament and groan the more?'

"So I spoke, and my honoured mother straightway answered: 'Ah me, my child, ill-fated above all men, in no wise does Persephone, the daughter of Zeus, deceive thee, but this is the appointed way with mortals when one dies. For the sinews no longer hold the flesh and the bones together, but

the strong might of blazing fire destroys these, as soon as the life leaves the white bones, and the spirit, like a dream, flits away, and hovers to and fro. But haste thee to the light with what speed thou mayest, and bear all these things in mind, that thou mayest hereafter tell them to thy wife.'

"Thus we two talked with one another; and the women came, for august Persephone sent them forth, even all those that had been the wives and the daughters of chieftains. These flocked in throngs about the dark blood, and I considered how I might question each; and this seemed to my mind the best counsel. I drew my long sword from beside my stout thigh, and would not suffer them to drink of the dark blood all at one time. So they drew near, one after the other, and each declared her birth, and I questioned them all.

"Then verily the first that I saw was high-born Tyro, who said that she was the daughter of noble Salmoneus, and declared herself to be the wife of Cretheus, son of Aeolus. She became enamoured of the river, divine Enipeus, who is far the fairest of rivers that send forth their streams upon the earth, and she was wont to resort to the fair waters of Enipeus. But the Enfolder and Shaker of the earth took his form, and lay with her at the mouths of the eddying river. And the dark wave stood about them like a mountain, vaulted-over, and hid the god and the mortal woman. And he loosed her maiden girdle, and shed sleep upon her. But when the god had ended his work of love, he clasped her hand, and spoke, and addressed her:

"'Be glad, woman, in our love, and as the year goes on its course thou shalt bear glorious children,

for not weak are the embraces of a god. These do thou tend and rear. But now go to thy house, and hold thy peace, and tell no man; but know that I am Poseidon, the shaker of the earth.'

"So saying, he plunged beneath the surging sea. But she conceived and bore Pelias and Neleus, who both became strong servants of great Zeus; and Pelias dwelt in spacious Iolcus, and was rich in flocks, and the other dwelt in sandy Pylos. But her other children she, the queenly among women, bore to Cretheus, even Aeson, and Pheres, and Amythaon, who fought from chariots.[1]

"And after her I saw Antiope, daughter of Asopus, who boasted that she had slept even in the arms of Zeus, and she bore two sons, Amphion and Zethus, who first established the seat of seven-gated Thebe, and fenced it in with walls, for they could not dwell in spacious Thebe unfenced, how mighty soever they were.

"And after her I saw Alcmene, wife of Amphitryon, who lay in the arms of great Zeus, and bore Heracles, staunch in fight, the lion-hearted. And Megara I saw, daughter of Creon, high of heart, whom the son of Amphitryon, ever stubborn in might, had to wife.

"And I saw the mother of Oedipodes, fair Epicaste, who wrought a monstrous deed in ignorance of mind, in that she wedded her own son, and he, when he had slain his own father, wedded her, and straightway the gods made these things known among men. Howbeit he abode as lord of the Cadmeans in lovely Thebe, suffering woes through the baneful counsels of the gods, but she

[1] Others render, "whose joy was in chariots." but it is not certain that χάρμη is connected with χαίρω.

went down to the house of Hades, the strong warder. She made fast a noose on high from a lofty beam, overpowered by her sorrow, but for him she left behind woes full many, even all that the Avengers of a mother bring to pass.

"And I saw beauteous Chloris, whom once Neleus wedded because of her beauty, when he had brought countless gifts of wooing. Youngest daughter was she of Amphion, son of Iasus, who once ruled mightily in Orchomenus of the Minyae. And she was queen of Pylos, and bore to her husband glorious children, Nestor, and Chromius, and lordly Periclymenus, and besides these she bore noble Pero, a wonder to men. Her all that dwelt about sought in marriage, but Neleus would give her to no man, save to him who should drive from Phylace the kine of mighty Iphicles, sleek and broad of brow; and hard they were to drive. These the blameless seer alone undertook to drive off; but a grievous fate of the gods ensnared him, even hard bonds and the herdsmen of the field. Howbeit when at length the months and the days were being brought to fulfilment, as the year rolled round, and the seasons came on, then verily mighty Iphicles released him, when he had told all the oracles; and the will of Zeus was fulfilled.

"And I saw Lede, the wife of Tyndareus, who bore to Tyndareus two sons, stout of heart, Castor the tamer of horses, and the boxer Polydeuces. These two the earth, the giver of life, covers, albeit alive, and even in the world below they have honour from Zeus. One day they live in turn, and one day they are dead; and they have won honour like unto that of the gods.

"And after her I saw Iphimedeia, wife of Aloeus, who declared that she had lain with Poseidon. She bore two sons, but short of life were they, godlike Otus, and far-famed Ephialtes—men whom the earth, the giver of grain, reared as the tallest, and far the comeliest, after the famous Orion. For at nine years they were nine cubits in breadth and in height nine fathoms. Yea, and they threatened to raise the din of furious war against the immortals in Olympus. They were fain to pile Ossa on Olympus, and Pelion, with its waving forests, on Ossa, that so heaven might be scaled. And this they would have accomplished, if they had reached the measure of manhood; but the son of Zeus, whom fair-haired Leto bore, slew them both before the down blossomed beneath their temples and covered their chins with a full growth of beard.

"And Phaedra and Procris I saw, and fair Ariadne, the daughter of Minos of baneful mind, whom once Theseus was fain to bear from Crete to the hill of sacred Athens; but he had no joy of her, for ere that Artemis slew her in sea-girt Dia because of the witness of Dionysus.

"And Maera and Clymene I saw, and hateful Eriphyle, who took precious gold as the price of the life of her own lord. But I cannot tell or name all the wives and daughters of heroes that I saw; ere that immortal night would wane. Nay, it is now time to sleep, either when I have gone to the swift ship and the crew, or here. My sending shall rest with the gods, and with you."

So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence, and were held spell-bound throughout the shadowy halls. Then among them white-armed Arete was the first to speak:

"Phaeacians, how seems this man to you for comeliness and stature, and for the balanced spirit within him? And moreover he is my guest, though each of you has a share in this honour. Wherefore be not in haste to send him away, nor stint your gifts to one in such need; for many are the treasures which lie stored in your halls by the favour of the gods."

Then among them spoke also the old lord Echeneus, who was an elder among the Phaeacians: "Friends, verily not wide of the mark or of our own thought are the words of our wise queen. Nay, do you give heed to them. Yet it is on Alcinous here that deed and word depend."

Then again Alcinous answered him and said: "This word of hers shall verily hold, as surely as I live and am lord over the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar. But let our guest, for all his great longing to return, nevertheless endure to remain until tomorrow, till I shall make all our gift complete His sending shall rest with the men, with all, but most of all with me; for mine is the control in the land."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, if you should bid me abide here even for a year, and should further my sending, and give glorious gifts, even that would I choose; and it would be better far to come with a fuller hand to my dear native land. Aye, and I should win more respect and love from all men who should see me when I had returned to Ithaca."

Then again Alcinous made answer and said: "Odysseus, in no wise as we look on thee do we

deem this of thee, that thou art a cheat and a dissembler, such as are many whom the dark earth breeds scattered far and wide, men that fashion lies out of what no man can even see. But upon thee is grace of words, and within thee is a heart of wisdom, and thy tale thou hast told with skill, as doth a minstrel, even the grievous woes of all the Argives and of thine own self. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether thou sawest any of thy godlike comrades, who went to Ilios together with thee, and there met their fate. The night is before us, long, aye, wondrous long, and it is not yet the time for sleep in the hall. Tell on, I pray thee, the tale of these wondrous deeds. Verily I could abide until bright dawn, so thou wouldest be willing to tell in the hall of these woes of thine."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, there is a time for many words and there is a time also for sleep. But if thou art fain still to listen, I would not begrudge to tell thee of other things more pitiful still than these, even the woes of my comrades, who perished afterward, who escaped from the dread battle-cry of the Trojans, but perished on their return through the will of an evil woman.

"When then holy Persephone had scattered this way and that the spirits of the women, there came up the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing; and round about him others were gathered, spirits of all those who were slain with him in the house of Aegisthus, and met their fate. He knew me straightway, when he had drunk the dark blood, and he wept aloud, and shed big tears, and stretched

forth his hands toward me eager to reach me. But no longer had he aught of strength or might remaining such as of old was in his supple limbs.

"When I saw him I wept, and my heart had compassion on him, and I spoke, and addressed him with winged words: 'Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, what fate of grievous death overcame thee? Did Poseidon smite thee on board thy ships, when he had roused a furious blast of cruel winds? Or did foemen work thee harm on the land, while thou wast cutting off their cattle and fair flocks of sheep, or wast fighting to win their city and their women?'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer and said: 'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, neither did Poseidon smite me on board my ships, when he had roused a furious blast of cruel winds, nor did foemen work me harm on the land, but Aegisthus wrought for me death and fate, and slew me with the aid of my accursed wife, when he had bidden me to his house and made me a feast, even as one slays an ox at the stall. So I died by a most pitiful death, and round about me the rest of my comrades were slain unceasingly like white-tusked swine, which are slaughtered in the house of a rich man of great might at a marriage feast, or a joint meal, or a rich drinking-bout. Ere now thou hast been present at the slaying of many men, killed in single combat or in the press of the fight, but in heart thou wouldst have felt most pity hadst thou seen that sight, how about the mixing bowl and the laden tables we lay in the hall, and the floor all swam with blood. But the most piteous cry that I heard was

that of the daughter of Priam, Cassandra, whom guileful Clytemnestra slew by my side.[1] And I sought to raise my hands and smite down the murderess, dying though I was, pierced through with the sword. But she, the shameless one, turned her back upon me, and even though I was going to the house of Hades deigned neither to draw down my eyelids with her fingers nor to close my mouth. So true is it that there is nothing more dread or more shameless than a woman who puts into her heart such deeds, even as she too devised a monstrous thing, contriving death for her wedded husband. Verily I thought that I should come home welcome to my children and to my slaves; but she, with her heart set on utter wickedness, has shed shame on herself and on women yet to be, even upon her that doeth uprightly.'

"So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Ah, verily has Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, visited wondrous hatred on the race of Atreus from the first because of the counsels of women. For Helen's sake many of us perished, and against thee Clytemnestra spread a snare whilst thou wast afar.'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer and said: 'Wherefore in thine own case be thou never gentle even to thy wife. Declare not to her all the thoughts of thy heart, but tell her somewhat, and let somewhat also be hidden. Yet not upon thee, Odysseus, shall death come from thy wife, for very prudent and of an understanding heart is the daughter of

Agar, *Homerica*, 189 f. Others take χεῖρας ἀείρων as indicating a gesture of supplication, and render βάλλον "let them fall to the ground." But this is highly unsatisfactory.

Icarius, wise Penelope. Verily we left her a bride newly wed, when we went to the war, and a boy was at her breast, a babe, who now, I ween, sits in the ranks of men, happy in that his dear father will behold him when he comes, and he will greet his father as is meet. But my wife did not let me sate my eyes even with sight of my own son. Nay, ere that she slew even me, her husband. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart: in secret and not openly do thou bring thy ship to the shore of thy dear native land; for no longer is there faith in women. But, come, tell me this, and declare it truly, whether haply ye hear of my son as yet alive in Orchomenus it may be, or in sandy Pylos, or yet with Menelaus in wide Sparta; for not yet has goodly Orestes perished on the earth.'

"So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Son of Atreus, wherefore dost thou question me of this? I know not at all whether he be alive or dead, and it is an ill thing to speak words vain as wind.'

"Thus we two stood and held sad converse with one another, sorrowing and shedding big tears; and there came up the spirit of Achilles, son of Peleus, and those of Patroclus and of peerless Antilochus and of Aias, who in comeliness and form was the goodliest of all the Danaans after the peerless son of Peleus. And the spirit of the swift-footed son of Aeacus recognized me, and weeping, spoke to me winged words:

"'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, rash man, what deed yet greater than this wilt thou devise in thy heart? How didst thou dare to come down to Hades, where dwell the unheeding dead, the phantoms of men outworn.'[1]

[1] Or, perhaps, "who have done with (life's) toils."

"'So he spoke, and I made answer and said: Achilles, son of Peleus, far the mightiest of the Achaeans, I came through need of Teiresias,[1] if haply he would tell me some plan whereby I might reach rugged Ithaca For not yet have I come near to the land of Achaea, nor have I as yet set foot on my own country, but am ever suffering woes; whereas than thou, Achilles, no man aforetime was more blessed nor shall ever be hereafter. For of old, when thou wast alive, we Argives honoured thee even as the gods, and now that thou art here, thou rulest mightily among the dead. Wherefore grieve not at all that thou art dead, Achilles.'

"So I spoke, and he straightway made answer and said: 'Nay, séek not to speak soothingly to me of death, glorious Odysseus. I should choose, so I might live on earth,[2] to serve as the hireling of another, of some portionless man whose livelihood was but small, rather than to be lord over all the dead that have perished. But come, tell me tidings of my son, that lordly youth, whether or not he followed to the war to be a leader. And tell me of noble Peleus, if thou hast heard aught, whether he still has honour among the host of the Myrmidons, or whether men do him dishonour throughout Hellas and Phthia, because old age binds him hand and foot. For I am not there to bear him aid beneath the rays of the sun in such strength as once was mine in wide Troy, when I slew the best of the host in defence of the Argives. If but in such strength I could come, were it but for an hour, to my father's house, I would give many a one of those who do him violence and keep him from his honour, cause to rue my strength and my invincible hands.'

[2] Some take ἀπάρουρος as "attached to the soil," "a serf."

"So he spoke, and I made answer and said: 'Verily of noble Peleus have I heard naught, but as touching thy dear son, Neoptolemus, I will tell thee all the truth, as thou biddest me. I it was, myself, who brought him from Scyros in my shapely, hollow ship to join the host of the well-greaved Achaeans. And verily, as often as we took counsel around the city of Troy, he was ever the first to speak, and made no miss of words; godlike Nestor and I alone surpassed him. But as often as we fought with the bronze on the Trojan plain, he would never remain behind in the throng or press of men, but would ever run forth far to the front, yielding to none in his might; and many men he slew in dread combat. All of them I could not tell or name, all the host that he slew in defence of the Argives; but what a warrior was that son of Telephus whom he slew with the sword, the prince Eurypylus! Aye, and many of his comrades, the Ceteians, were slain about him, because of gifts a woman craved.[1] He verily was the comeliest man I saw, next to goodly Memnon. And again, when we, the best of the Argives, were about to go down into the horse which Epeus made, and the command of all was laid upon me, both to open and to close the door of our stout-built ambush, then the other leaders and counsellors of the Danaans would wipe away tears from their eyes, and each man's limbs shook beneath him, but never did my eyes see his fair face grow pale at all, nor see him wiping tears from his cheeks; but he earnestly besought me to let him go forth from the horse, and kept handling his sword-hilt and his spear heavy with bronze, and

[1] The reference is to the golden vine, given by Priam to Astyoche, wife of Telephus, which gift led her to send her son Eurypylus to the aid of the Trojans.

was eager to work harm to the Trojans. But after we had sacked the lofty city of Priam, he went on board his ship with his share of the spoil and a goodly prize—all unscathed he was, neither smitten with the sharp spear nor wounded in close fight, as often befalls in war; for Ares rages confusedly.'

"So I spoke, and the spirit of the son of Aeacus departed with long strides over the field of asphodel, joyful in that I said that his son was preeminent.

"And other spirits of those dead and gone stood sorrowing, and each asked of those dear to him. Alone of them all the spirit of Aias, son of Telamon, stood apart, still full of wrath for the victory that I had won over him in the contest by the ships for the arms of Achilles, whose honoured mother had set them for a prize; and the judges were the sons of the Trojans and Pallas Athene. I would that I had never won in the contest for such a prize, over so noble a head did the earth close because of those arms, even over Aias, who in comeliness and in deeds of war was above all the other Danaans, next to the peerless son of Peleus. To him I spoke with soothing words:

"'Aias, son of peerless Telamon, wast thou then not even in death to forget thy wrath against me because of those accursed arms? Surely the gods set them to be a bane to the Argives: such a tower of strength was lost to them in thee; and for thee in death we Achaeans sorrow unceasingly, even as for the life of Achilles, son of Peleus. Yet no other is to blame but Zeus, who bore terrible hatred against the host of Danaan spearmen, and brought

on thee thy doom. Nay, come hither, prince, that thou mayest hear my word and my speech; and subdue thy wrath and thy proud spirit.'

"So I spoke, but he answered me not a word, but went his way to Erebus to join the other spirits of those dead and gone. Then would he nevertheless have spoken to me for all his wrath, or I to him, but the heart in my breast was fain to see the spirits of those others that are dead.

"There then I saw Minos, the glorious son of Zeus, golden sceptre in hand, giving judgment to the dead from his seat, while they sat and stood about the king through the wide-gated house of Hades, and asked of him judgment.

"And after him I marked huge Orion driving together over the field of asphodel wild beasts which himself had slain on the lonely hills, and in his hands he held a club all of bronze, ever unbroken.

"And I saw Tityos, son of glorious Gaea, lying on the ground. Over nine roods[1] he stretched, and two vultures sat, one on either side, and tore his liver, plunging their beaks into his bowels, nor could he beat them off with his hands. For he had offered violence to Leto, the glorious wife of Zeus, as she went toward Pytho through Panopeus with its lovely lawns.

"Aye, and I saw Tantalus in violent torment, standing in a pool, and the water came nigh unto his chin. He seemed as one athirst, but could not take and drink; for as often as that old man stooped down, eager to drink, so often would the water be swallowed up and vanish away, and at

[1] Renderings of πέλεθρα can only be tentative.

his feet the black earth would appear, for some god made all dry. And trees, high and leafy, let stream their fruits above his head, pears, and pomegranates, and apple trees with their bright fruit, and sweet figs, and luxuriant olives. But as often as that old man would reach out toward these, to clutch them with his hands, the wind would toss them to the shadowy clouds.

"Aye, and I saw Sisyphus in violent torment, seeking to raise a monstrous stone with both his hands. Verily he would brace himself with hands and feet, and thrust the stone toward the crest of a hill, but as often as he was about to heave it over the top, the weight would turn it back, and then down again to the plain would come rolling the ruthless stone. But he would strain again and thrust it back, and the sweat flowed down from his limbs, and dust rose up from his head.

"And after him I marked the mighty Heracles—his phantom; for he himself among the immortal gods takes his joy in the feast, and has to wife Hebe, of the fair ankles, daughter of great Zeus and of Here, of the golden sandals. About him rose a clamour from the dead, as of birds flying everywhere in terror; and he like dark night, with his bow bare and with arrow on the string, glared about him terribly, like one in act to shoot. Awful was the belt about his breast, a baldric of gold, whereon wondrous things were fashioned, bears and wild boars, and lions with flashing eyes, and conflicts, and battles, and murders, and slayings of men. May he never have designed,[1] or hereafter

[1] Again, as in the similar passage, iv. 684, I follow Agar (*Homerica*, p. 199).

design such another, even he who stored up in his craft the device of that belt. He in turn knew me when his eyes beheld me, and weeping spoke to me winged words:

"'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, ah, wretched man, dost thou, too, drag out an evil lot such as I once bore beneath the rays of the sun? I was the son of Zeus, son of Cronos, but I had woe beyond measure; for to a man far worse than I was I made subject, and he laid on me hard labours. Yea, he once sent me hither to fetch the hound of Hades, for he could devise for me no other task mightier than this. The hound I carried off and led forth from the house of Hades; and Hermes was my guide, and flashing-eyed Athene.'

"So saying, he went his way again into the house of Hades, but I abode there steadfastly, in the hope that some other haply might still come forth of the warrior heroes who died in the days of old. And I should have seen yet others of the men of former time, whom I was fain to behold, even Theseus and Peirithous, glorious children of the gods, but ere that the myriad tribes of the dead came thronging up with a wondrous cry, and pale fear seized me, lest august Persephone might send forth upon me from out the house of Hades the head of the Gorgon, that awful monster.

"Straightway then I went to the ship and bade my comrades themselves to embark, and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board quickly and sat down upon the benches. And the ship was borne down the stream Oceanus by the swelling flood, first with our rowing, and afterwards the wind was fair.

BOOK XII

"Now after our ship had left the stream of the river Oceanus and had come to the wave of the broad sea, and the Aeaean isle, where is the dwelling of early Dawn and her dancing-lawns, and the risings of the sun, there on our coming we beached our ship on the sands, and ourselves went forth upon the shore of the sea, and there we fell asleep, and waited for the bright Dawn.

"As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, then I sent forth my comrades to the house of Circe to fetch the body of the dead Elpenor. Straightway then we cut billets of wood and gave him burial where the headland runs furthest out to sea, sorrowing and shedding big tears. But when the dead man was burned, and the armour of the dead, we heaped up a mound and dragged on to it a pillar, and on the top of the mound we planted his shapely oar.

"We then were busied with these several tasks, howbeit Circe was not unaware of our coming forth from the house of Hades, but speedily she arrayed herself and came, and her handmaids brought with her bread and meat in abundance and flaming red wine. And the beautiful goddess stood in our midst, and spoke among us, saying:

"'Rash men, who have gone down alive to the house of Hades to meet death twice, while other

men die but once. Nay, come, eat food and drink wine here this whole day through; but at the coming of Dawn ye shall set sail, and I will point out the way and declare to you each thing, in order that ye may not suffer pain and woes through wretched ill-contriving either by sea or on land.'

"So she spoke, and our proud hearts consented. So then all day long till set of sun we sat feasting on abundant flesh and sweet wine. But when the sun set and darkness came on, they lay down to rest beside the stern cables of the ship; but Circe took me by the hand, and leading me apart from my dear comrades, made me to sit, and herself lay down close at hand and asked me all the tale. And I told her all in due order. Then queenly Circe spoke to me and said:

"'All these things have thus found an end; but do thou hearken as I shall tell thee, and a god shall himself bring it to thy mind. To the Sirens first shalt thou come, who beguile all men whosoever comes to them. Whoso in ignorance draws near to them and hears the Sirens' voice, he nevermore returns, that his wife and little children may stand at his side rejoicing, but the Sirens beguile him with their clear-toned song, as they sit in a meadow, and about them is a great heap of bones of mouldering men, and round the bones the skin is shrivelling. But do thou row past them, and anoint the ears of thy comrades with sweet wax, which thou hast kneaded, lest any of the rest may hear. But if thou thyself hast a will to listen, let them bind thee in the swift ship hand and foot upright in the step of the mast, and let the ropes be made fast at the ends to the mast itself,

that with delight thou mayest listen to the voice of the two Sirens. And if thou shalt implore and bid thy comrades to loose thee, then let them bind thee with yet more bonds. But when thy comrades shall have rowed past these, thereafter I shall not fully say on which side thy course is to lie, but do thou thyself ponder it in mind, and I will tell thee of both ways. For on the one hand are beetling crags, and against them roars the great wave of dark-eyed Amphitrite; the Planctae[1] do the blessed gods call these. Thereby not even winged things may pass, no, not the timorous doves that bear ambrosia to father Zeus, but the smooth rock ever snatches away one even of these, and the father sends in another to make up the tale. And thereby has no ship of men ever yet escaped that has come thither, but the planks of ships and bodies of men are whirled confusedly by the waves of the sea and the blasts of baneful fire. One seafaring ship alone has passed thereby, that Argo famed of all, on her voyage from Aeetes, and even her the wave would speedily have dashed there against the great crags, had not Here sent her through, for that Jason was dear to her.

"'Now on the other path are two cliffs, one of which reaches with its sharp peak to the broad heaven, and a dark cloud surrounds it. This never melts away, nor does clear sky ever surround that peak in summer or in harvest time. No mortal man could scale it or set foot upon the top, not though he had twenty hands and feet; for the rock is smooth, as if it were polished. And in

[1] i.e. "the wandering," or, perhaps, "the clashing, rocks."

the midst of the cliff is a dim cave, turned to the West, toward Erebus, even where you shall steer your hollow ship, glorious Odysseus. Not even a man of might could shoot an arrow from the hollow ship so as to reach into that vaulted cave. Therein dwells Scylla, yelping terribly. Her voice is indeed but as the voice of a new-born whelp, but she herself is an evil monster, nor would anyone be glad at sight of her, no, not though it were a god that met her. Verily she has twelve feet, all misshapen,[1] and six necks, exceeding long, and on each one an awful head, and therein three rows of teeth, thick and close, and full of black death. Up to her middle she is hidden in the hollow cave, but she holds her head out beyond the dread chasm, and fishes there, eagerly searching around the rock for dolphins and sea-dogs and whatever greater beast she may haply catch, such creatures as deep-moaning Amphitrite rears in multitudes past counting. By her no sailors yet may boast that they have fled unscathed in their ship, for with each head she carries off a man, snatching him from the dark-prowed ship.

"'But the other cliff, thou wilt note, Odysseus, is lower—they are close to each other; thou couldst even shoot an arrow across—and on it is a great fig tree with rich foliage, but beneath this divine Charybdis sucks down the black water. Thrice a day she belches it forth, and thrice she sucks it down terribly. Mayest thou not be there when she sucks it down, for no one could save thee from ruin, no, not the Earth-shaker. Nay, draw

[1] The word is a doubtful one. Others render, "dangling down."

very close to Scylla's cliff, and drive thy ship past quickly; for it is better far to mourn six comrades in thy ship than all together.'

"So she spoke, but I made answer and said: 'Come, I pray thee, goddess, tell me this thing truly, if in any wise I might escape from fell Charybdis, and ward off that other, when she works harm to my comrades.'

"So I spoke, and the beautiful goddess answered and said: 'Rash man, lo, now again thy heart is set on the deeds of war and on toil. Wilt thou not yield even to the immortal gods? She is not mortal, but an immortal bane, dread, and dire, and fierce, and not to be fought with; there is no defence; to flee from her is bravest. For if thou tarriest to arm thyself by the cliff, I fear lest she may again dart forth and attack thee with as many heads and seize as many men as before. Nay, row past with all thy might, and call upon Crataiis, the mother of Scylla, who bore her for a bane to mortals. Then will she keep her from darting forth again.

"'And thou wilt come to the isle Thrinacia There in great numbers feed the kine of Helios and his goodly flocks, seven herds of kine and as many fair flocks of sheep, and fifty in each. These bear no young, nor do they ever die, and goddesses are their shepherds, fair-tressed nymphs, Phaethusa and Lampetie, whom beautiful Neaera bore to Helios Hyperion. These their honoured mother, when she had borne and reared them, sent to the isle Thrinacia to dwell afar, and keep the flocks of their father and his sleek kine. If thou leavest these unharmed and heedest thy homeward way, verily ye may yet reach Ithaca, though in evil

plight. But if thou harmest them, then I foretell ruin for thy ship and for thy comrades, and even if thou shalt thyself escape, late shalt thou come home and in evil case, after losing all thy comrades.'

"So she spoke, and presently came golden-throned Dawn. Then the beautiful goddess departed up the island, but I went to the ship and roused my comrades themselves to embark and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board straightway and sat down upon the benches, and sitting well in order smote the grey sea with their oars. And for our aid in the wake of our dark-prowed ship a fair wind that filled the sail, a goodly comrade, was sent by fair-tressed Circe, dread goddess of human speech. So when we had straightway made fast all the tackling throughout the ship we sat down, but the wind and the helmsman guided the ship.

"Then verily I spoke among my comrades, grieved at heart: 'Friends, since it is not right that one or two alone should know the oracles that Circe, the beautiful goddess, told me, therefore will I tell them, in order that knowing them we may either die or, shunning death and fate, escape. First she bade us avoid the voice of the wondrous Sirens, and their flowery meadow. Me alone she bade to listen to their voice; but do ye bind me with grievous bonds, that I may abide fast where I am, upright in the step of the mast, and let the ropes be made fast at the ends to the mast itself; and if I implore and bid you to loose me, then do ye tie me fast with yet more bonds.'

"Thus I rehearsed all these things and told them to my comrades. Meanwhile the well-built ship speedily came to the isle of the two Sirens, for a fair and gentle wind bore her on. Then presently the wind ceased and there was a windless calm, and a god lulled the waves to sleep. But my comrades rose up and furled the sail and stowed it in the hollow ship, and thereafter sat at the oars and made the water white with their polished oars of fir. But I with my sharp sword cut into small bits a great round cake of wax, and kneaded it with my strong hands, and soon the wax grew warm, forced by the strong pressure and the rays of the lord Helios Hyperion.[1] Then I anointed with this the ears of all my comrades in turn; and they bound me in the ship hand and foot, upright in the step of the mast, and made the ropes fast at the ends to the mast itself; and themselves sitting down smote the grey sea with their oars. But when we were as far distant as a man can make himself heard when he shouts, driving swiftly on our way, the Sirens failed not to note the swift ship as it drew near, and they raised their clear-toned song:

"'Come hither, as thou farest, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achaeans; stay thy ship that thou mayest listen to the voice of us two. For never yet has any man rowed past this isle in his black ship until he has heard the sweet voice from our lips. Nay, he has joy of it, and goes his way a wiser man. For we know all the toils that in wide Troy the

[1] This rendering takes Ὑπεριονίδης to be an equivalent of Ὑπερίων. If it be regarded as a patronymic, this passage is out of harmony with others.

Argives and Trojans endured through the will of the gods, and we know all things that come to pass upon the fruitful earth.'

"So they spoke, sending forth their beautiful voice, and my heart was fain to listen, and I bade my comrades loose me, nodding to them with my brows; but they fell to their oars and rowed on. And presently Perimedes and Eurylochus arose and bound me with yet more bonds and drew them tighter. But when they had rowed past the Sirens, and we could no more hear their voice or their song, then straightway my trusty comrades took away the wax with which I had anointed their ears and loosed me from my bonds.

"But when we had left the island, I presently saw smoke and a great billow, and heard a booming. Then from the hands of my men in their terror the oars flew, and splashed one and all in the swirl, and the ship stood still where it was, when they no longer plied with their hands the tapering oars. But I went through the ship and cheered my men with gentle words, coming up to each man in turn:

"'Friends, hitherto we have been in no wise ignorant of sorrow; surely this evil that besets us now is no greater than when the Cyclops penned us in his hollow cave by brutal strength; yet even thence we made our escape through my valour and counsel and wit; these dangers, too methinks we shall some day remember. But now come, as I bid, let us all obey. Do you keep your seats on the benches and smite with your oars the deep surf of the sea, in the hope that Zeus may grant us to escape and avoid this death. And to thee, steersman, I give this command, and do thou lay it to

heart, since thou wieldest the steering oar of the hollow ship. From this smoke and surf keep the ship well away and hug the cliff, lest, ere thou know it, the ship swerve off to the other side and thou cast us into destruction.'

"So I spoke, and they quickly hearkened to my words. But of Scylla I went not on to speak, a cureless bane, lest haply my comrades, seized with fear, should cease from rowing and huddle together in the hold. Then verily I forgot the hard command of Circe, whereas she bade me in no wise to arm myself; but when I had put on my glorious armour and grasped in my hand two long spears, I went to the fore-deck of the ship, whence I deemed that Scylla of the rock would first be seen, who was to bring ruin upon my comrades. But nowhere could I descry her, and my eyes grew weary as I gazed everywhere toward the misty rock.

"We then sailed on up the narrow strait with wailing. For on one side lay Scylla and on the other divine Charybdis terribly sucked down the salt water of the sea. Verily whenever she belched it forth, like a cauldron on a great fire she would seethe and bubble in utter turmoil, and high over head the spray would fall on the tops of both the cliffs. But as often as she sucked down the salt water of the sea, within she could all be seen in utter turmoil, and round about the rock roared terribly, while beneath the earth appeared black with sand; and pale fear seized my men. So we looked toward her and feared destruction; but meanwhile Scylla seized from out the hollow ship six of my comrades who were the best in strength and in might. Turning my eyes to

the swift ship and to the company of my men,[1] even then I noted above me their feet and hands as they were raised aloft. To me they cried aloud, calling upon me by name for that last time in anguish of heart. And as a fisher on a jutting rock, when he casts in his baits as a snare to the little fishes, with his long pole lets down into the sea the horn of an ox of the steading,[2] and then as he catches a fish flings it writhing ashore, even so were they drawn writhing up towards the cliffs. Then at her doors she devoured them shrieking and stretching out their hands toward me in their awful death-struggle. Most piteous did mine eyes behold that thing of all that I bore while I explored the paths of the sea.

"Now when we had escaped the rocks, and dread Charybdis and Scylla, presently then we came to the goodly island of the god, where were the fair kine, broad of brow, and the many goodly flocks of Helios Hyperion. Then while I was still out at sea in my black ship, I heard the lowing of the cattle that were being stalled and the bleating of the sheep, and upon my mind fell the words of the blind seer, Theban Teiresias, and of Aeaean Circe, who very straitly charged me to shun the island of Helios, who gives joy to mortals. Then verily I spoke among my comrades, grieved at heart:

"'Hear my words, comrades, for all your evil plight, that I may tell you the oracles of Teiresias and of Aeaean Circe, who very straitly charged me to shun the island of Helios, who gives joy to

a pole tipped with bone (it will be noticed that there is no mention of a line); (2) that a bit of hollow, tube-like bone was slipped over the line just above the hook to prevent its being bitten through; and (3) that the bone was really an artificial bait (see Haskins in *Journ. Philol.* xix. 238 ff.).

mortals; for there, she said, was our most terrible bane. Nay, row the black ship out past the island.'

"So I spoke, but their spirit was broken within them, and straightway Eurylochus answered me with hateful words:

"'Hardy art thou, Odysseus; thou hast strength beyond that of other men and thy limbs never grow weary. Verily thou art wholly wrought of iron, seeing that thou sufferest not thy comrades, worn out with toil and drowsiness, to set foot on shore, where on this sea-girt isle we might once more make ready a savoury supper; but thou biddest us even as we are to wander on through the swift night, driven away from the island over the misty deep. It is from the night that fierce winds are born, wreckers of ships. How could one escape utter destruction, if haply there should suddenly come a blast of the South Wind or the blustering West Wind, which oftenest wreck ships in despite of the sovereign gods? Nay, verily for this time let us yield to black night and make ready our supper, remaining by the swift ship, and in the morning we will go aboard, and put out into the broad sea.'

"So spoke Eurylochus, and the rest of my comrades gave assent. Then verily I knew that some god was assuredly devising ill, and I spoke and addressed him with winged words:

"'Eurylochus, verily ye constrain me, who stand alone. But come now, do ye all swear to me a mighty oath, to the end that, if we haply find a herd of kine or a great flock of sheep, no man may slay either cow or sheep in the blind folly of his mind; but be content to eat the food which immortal Circe gave.'

"So I spoke, and they straightway swore that they would not, even as I bade them. But when they had sworn and made an end of the oath, we moored our well-built ship in the hollow harbour near a spring of sweet water, and my comrades went forth from the ship and skilfully made ready their supper. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then they fell to weeping, as they remembered their dear comrades whom Scylla had snatched from out the hollow ship and devoured; and sweet sleep came upon them as they wept. But when it was the third watch of the night, and the stars had turned their course, Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, roused against us a fierce wind with a wondrous tempest, and hid with clouds the land and sea alike, and night rushed down from heaven. And as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, we dragged our ship, and made her fast in a hollow cave, where were the fair dancing-floors and seats of the nymphs. Then I called my men together and spoke among them:

"'Friends, in our swift ship is meat and drink; let us therefore keep our hands from those kine lest we come to harm, for these are the cows and goodly sheep of a dread god, even of Helios, who oversees all things and overhears all things.'

"So I spoke, and their proud hearts consented. Then for a full month the South Wind blew unceasingly, nor did any other wind arise except the East and the South.

"Now so long as my men had grain and red wine they kept their hands from the kine, for they were eager to save their lives.[1] But when all the stores

[1] Some prefer to render "though pining for livelihood"; but the meaning seems fixed by xxiv. 534 f.

had been consumed from out the ship, and now they must needs roam about in search of game, fishes, and fowl, and whatever might come to their hands —fishing with bent hooks, for hunger pinched their bellies—then I went apart up the island that I might pray to the gods in the hope that one of them might show me a way to go. And when, as I went through the island, I had got away from my comrades, I washed my hands in a place where there was shelter from the wind, and prayed to all the gods that hold Olympus; but they shed sweet sleep upon my eyelids. And meanwhile Eurylochus began to give evil counsel to my comrades:

"'Hear my words, comrades, for all your evil plight. All forms of death are hateful to wretched mortals, but to die of hunger, and so meet one's doom, is the most pitiful. Nay, come, let us drive off the best of the kine of Helios and offer sacrifice to the immortals who hold broad heaven. And if we ever reach Ithaca, our native land, we will straightway build a rich temple to Helios Hyperion and put therein many goodly offerings. And if haply he be wroth at all because of his straight-horned kine, and be minded to destroy our ship, and the other gods consent, rather would I lose my life once for all with a gulp at the wave, than pine slowly away in a desert isle.'

"So spoke Eurylochus, and the rest of my comrades gave assent. Straightway they drove off the best of the kine of Helios from near at hand, for not far from the dark-prowed ship were grazing the fair, sleek kine, broad of brow. Around these, then, they stood and made prayer to the gods, plucking the tender leaves from off a high-crested oak;[1] for

[1] The green leaves were to serve as a substitute for the barley grains ordinarily used in sacrifice.

they had no white barley on board the well-benched ship. Now when they had prayed and had cut the throats of the kine and flayed them, they cut out the thigh-pieces and covered them with a double layer of fat and laid raw flesh upon them. They had no wine to pour over the blazing sacrifice, but they made libations with water, and roasted all the entrails over the fire. Now when the thighs were wholly burned and they had tasted the inner parts, they cut up the rest and spitted it. Then it was that sweet sleep fled from my eyelids, and I went my way to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. But when, as I went, I drew near to the curved ship, then verily the hot savour of the fat was wafted about me, and I groaned and cried aloud to the immortal gods:

"'Father Zeus and ye other blessed gods that are for ever, verily it was for my ruin that ye lulled me in pitiless sleep, while my comrades remaining behind have contrived a monstrous deed.'

"Swiftly then to Helios Hyperion came Lampetie of the long robes, bearing tidings that we had slain his kine; and straightway he spoke among the immortals, wroth at heart:

"'Father Zeus and ye other blessed gods that are for ever, take vengeance now on the comrades of Odysseus, son of Laertes, who have insolently slain my kine, in which I ever took delight, when I went toward the starry heaven and when I turned back again to earth from heaven. If they do not pay me fit atonement for the kine I will go down to Hades and shine among the dead.'

"Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him and said: 'Helios, do thou verily shine on among the

immortals and among mortal men upon the earth, the giver of grain. As for these men I will soon smite their swift ship with my bright thunder-bolt, and shatter it to pieces in the midst of the wine-dark sea.'

"This I heard from fair-haired Calypso, and she said that she herself had heard it from the messenger Hermes.

"But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea I upbraided my men, coming up to each in turn, but we could find no remedy—the kine were already dead. For my men, then, the gods straightway shewed forth portents. The hides crawled, the flesh, both roast and raw, bellowed upon the spits, and there was a lowing as of kine.

"For six days, then, my trusty comrades feasted on the best of the kine of Helios which they had driven off. But when Zeus, the son of Cronos, brought upon us the seventh day, then the wind ceased to blow tempestuously, and we straightway went on board, and put out into the broad sea when we had set up the mast and hoisted the white sail.

"But when we had left that island and no other land appeared, but only sky and sea, then verily the son of Cronos set a black cloud above the hollow ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it. She ran on for no long time, for straightway came the shrieking West Wind, blowing with a furious tempest, and the blast of the wind snapped both the fore-stays of the mast, so that the mast fell backward and all its tackling was strewn in the bilge. On the stern of the ship the mast struck the head of the pilot and crushed all the bones of his skull together, and like

a diver he fell from the deck and his proud spirit left his bones. Therewith Zeus thundered and hurled his bolt upon the ship, and she quivered from stem to stern, smitten by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphurous smoke, and my comrades fell from out the ship. Like sea-crows they were borne on the waves about the black ship, and the god took from them their returning. But I kept pacing up and down the ship till the surge tore the sides from the keel, and the wave bore her on dismantled and snapped the mast off at the keel; but over the mast had been flung the back-stay fashioned of ox-hide; with this I lashed the two together, both keel and mast, and sitting on these was borne by the direful winds.

"Then verily the West Wind ceased to blow tempestuously, and swiftly the South Wind came, bringing sorrow to my heart, that I might traverse again the way to baneful Charybdis. All night long was I borne, and at the rising of the sun I came to the cliff of Scylla and to dread Charybdis. She verily sucked down the salt water of the sea, but I, springing up to the tall fig-tree, laid hold of it, and clung to it like a bat. Yet I could in no wise plant my feet firmly or climb upon the tree, for its roots spread far below and its branches hung out of reach above, long and great, and overshadowed Charybdis. There I clung steadfastly until she should vomit forth mast and keel again, and to my joy they came at length. At the hour when a man rises from the assembly for his supper, one that decides the many quarrels of young men that seek judgment, even at that hour those spars appeared from out Charybdis. And I let

go hands and feet from above and plunged down into the waters out beyond the long spars, and sitting on these I rowed onward with my hands. But as for Scylla, the father of gods and men did not suffer her again to catch sight of me, else should I never have escaped utter destruction.

"Thence for nine days was I borne, and on the tenth night the gods brought me to Ogygia, where the fair-tressed Calypso dwells, dread goddess of human speech, who gave me welcome and tendance. But why should I tell thee this tale? For it was but yesterday that I told it in thy hall to thyself and to thy noble wife. It is an irksome thing, meseems, to tell again a plain-told tale."

BOOK XIII

So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence, and were spellbound throughout the shadowy halls. And Alcinous again answered him, and said:

"Odysseus, since thou hast come to my high-roofed house with floor of brass, thou shalt not, methinks, be driven back, and return with baffled purpose, even though thou hast suffered much. And to each man of you that in my halls are ever wont to drink the flaming wine of the elders, and to listen to the minstrel, I speak, and give this charge. Raiment for the stranger lies already stored in the polished chest, with gold curiously wrought and all the other gifts which the counsellors of the Phaeacians brought hither. But, come now, let us give him a great tripod and a cauldron, each man of us, and we in turn will gather the cost from among the people, and repay ourselves. It were hard for one man to give freely, without requital."

So spake Alcinous, and his word was pleasing to them. They then went, each man to his house, to take their rest; but as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, they hastened to the ship and brought the bronze, that gives strength to men. And the strong and mighty Alcinous went himself

throughout the ship, and carefully stowed the gifts beneath the benches, that they might not hinder any of the crew at their rowing, when they busily plied the oars. Then they went to the house of Alcinous, and prepared a feast.

And for them the strong and mighty Alcinous sacrificed a bull to Zeus, son of Cronos, god of the dark clouds, who is lord of all. Then, when they had burned the thigh-pieces, they feasted a glorious feast, and made merry, and among them the divine minstrel Demodocus, held in honour by the people, sang to the lyre. But Odysseus would ever turn his head toward the blazing sun, eager to see it set, for verily he was eager to return home. And as a man longs for supper, for whom all day long a yoke of wine-dark oxen has drawn the jointed plough through fallow land, and gladly for him does the light of the sun sink, that he may busy him with his supper, and his knees grow weary as he goes; even so gladly for Odysseus did the light of the sun sink. Straightway then he spoke among the Phaeacians, lovers of the oar, and to Alcinous above all he declared his word, and said:

"Lord Alcinous, renowned above all men, pour libations now, and send ye me on my way in peace; and yourselves too—Farewell! For now all that my heart desired has been brought to pass: a convoy, and gifts of friendship. May the gods of heaven bless them to me, and on my return may I find in my home my peerless wife with those I love unscathed; and may you again, remaining here, make glad your wedded wives and children; and may the gods grant you prosperity of every sort, and may no evil come upon your people."

So he spoke, and they all praised his words, and bade send the stranger on his way, since he had spoken fittingly. Then the mighty Alcinous spoke to the herald, saying: "Pontonous, mix the bowl, and serve out wine to all in the hall, in order that, when we have made prayer to father Zeus, we may send forth the stranger to his own native land."

So he spoke, and Pontonous mixed the honey-hearted wine and served out to all, coming up to each in turn; and they poured libations to the blessed gods, who hold broad heaven, from where they sat. But goodly Odysseus arose, and placed in the hand of Arete the two-handled cup, and spoke, and addressed her with winged words:

"Fare thee well, O queen, throughout all the years, till old age and death come, which are the lot of mortals. As for me, I go my way, but do thou in this house have joy of thy children and thy people and Alcinous the king."

So the goodly Odysseus spake and passed over the threshold. And with him the mighty Alcinous sent forth a herald to lead him to the swift ship and the shore of the sea. And Arete sent with him slave women, one bearing a newly washed cloak and a tunic, and another again she bade follow to bear the strong chest, and yet another bore bread and red wine.

But when they had come down to the ship and to the sea, straightway the lordly youths that were his escort took these things, and stowed them in the hollow ship, even all the food and drink. Then for Odysseus they spread a rug and a linen sheet on the deck of the hollow ship at the stern, that he might sleep soundly; and he too went aboard,

and laid him down in silence. Then they sat down on the benches, each in order, and loosed the hawser from the pierced stone. And as soon as they leaned back, and tossed the brine with their oar-blades, sweet sleep fell upon his eyelids, an unawakening sleep, most sweet, and most like to death. And as on a plain four yoked stallions spring forward all together beneath the strokes of the lash, and leaping on high swiftly accomplish their way, even so the stern of that ship leapt on high, and in her wake the dark wave of the loud-sounding sea foamed mightily, and she sped safely and surely on her way; not even the circling hawk, the swiftest of winged things, could have kept pace with her. Thus she sped on swiftly and clove the waves of the sea, bearing a man the peer of the gods in counsel, one who in time past had suffered many griefs at heart in passing through wars of men and the grievous waves; but now he slept in peace, forgetful of all that he had suffered.

Now when that brightest of stars rose which ever comes to herald the light of early Dawn, even then the seafaring ship drew near to the island.

There is in the land of Ithaca a certain harbour of Phorcys, the old man of the sea, and at its mouth two projecting headlands sheer to seaward, but sloping down on the side toward the harbour. These keep back the great waves raised by heavy winds without, but within the benched ships lie unmoored when they have reached the point of anchorage. At the head of the harbour is a long-leafed olive tree, and near it a pleasant, shadowy cave sacred to the nymphs that are called Naiads. Therein are mixing

bowls and jars of stone, and there too the bees store honey. And in the cave are long looms of stone, at which the nymphs weave webs of purple dye, a wonder to behold; and therein are also ever-flowing springs. Two doors there are to the cave, one toward the North Wind, by which men go down, but that toward the South Wind is sacred, nor do men enter thereby; it is the way of the immortals.

Here they rowed in, knowing the place of old; and the ship ran full half her length on the shore in her swift course, at such pace was she driven by the arms of the rowers. Then they stepped forth from the benched ship upon the land, and first they lifted Odysseus out of the hollow ship, with the linen sheet and bright rug as they were, and laid him down on the sand, still overpowered by sleep. And they lifted out the goods which the lordly Phaeacians had given him, as he set out for home, through the favour of great-hearted Athene. These they set all together by the trunk of the olive tree, out of the path, lest haply some wayfarer, before Odysseus awoke, might come upon them and spoil them. Then they themselves returned home again. But the Shaker of the Earth did not forget the threats wherewith at the first he had threatened godlike Odysseus, and he thus enquired of the purpose of Zeus:

"Father Zeus, no longer shall I, even I, be held in honour among the immortal gods, seeing that mortals honour me not a whit—even the Phaeacians, who, thou knowest, are of my own lineage. For I but now declared that Odysseus should suffer many woes ere he reached his home, though I did not wholly rob him of his return when once thou hadst promised it and confirmed it with thy nod; yet in

his sleep these men have borne him in a swift ship over the sea and set him down in Ithaca, and have given him gifts past telling, stores of bronze and gold and woven raiment, more than Odysseus would ever have won for himself from Troy, if he had returned unscathed with his due share of the spoil."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him, and said: "Ah me, thou shaker of the earth, wide of sway, what a thing hast thou said! The gods do thee no dishonour; hard indeed would it be to assail with dishonour our eldest and best. But as for men, if any one, yielding to his might and strength, fails to do thee honour in aught, thou mayest ever take vengeance, even thereafter. Do as thou wilt, and as is thy good pleasure."

Then Poseidon, the earth-shaker, answered him: "Straightway should I have done as thou sayest, thou god of the dark clouds, but I ever dread and avoid thy wrath. But now I am minded to smite the fair ship of the Phaeacians, as she comes back from his convoy on the misty deep, that hereafter they may desist and cease from giving convoy to men, and to fling a great mountain about their city."

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered him and said: "Lazy one, hear what seems best in my sight. When all the people are looking forth from the city upon her as she speeds on her way, then do thou turn her to stone hard by the land—a stone in the shape of a swift ship, that all men may marvel; and do thou fling a great mountain about their city."

Now when Poseidon, the earth-shaker, heard this he went his way to Scheria, where the Phaeacians dwell, and there he waited. And she drew close to shore, the seafaring ship, speeding swiftly on her

way. Then near her came the Earth-shaker and turned her to stone, and rooted her fast beneath by a blow of the flat of his hand, and then he was gone.

But they spoke winged words to one another, the Phaeacians of the long oars, men famed for their ships. And thus would one speak, with a glance at his neighbour:

"Ah me, who has now bound our swift ship on the sea as she sped homeward? Lo, she was in plain sight."

So would one of them speak, but they knew not how these things were to be. Then Alcinous addressed their company and said:

"Lo now, verily the oracles of my father, uttered long ago, have come upon me. He was wont to say that Poseidon was wroth with us because we give safe convoy to all men. He said that some day, as a beautiful ship of the Phaeacians was returning from a convoy over the misty deep, Poseidon would smite her, and would fling a great mountain about our town. So that old man spoke, and lo, now all this is being brought to pass. But now come, as I bid let us all obey. Cease ye to give convoy to mortals, when anyone comes to our city, and let us sacrifice to Poseidon twelve choice bulls, if haply he may take pity, and not fling a lofty mountain about our town."

So he spoke, and they were seized with fear and made ready the bulls. Thus they were praying to the lord Poseidon, the leaders and counsellors of the land of the Phaeacians, as they stood about the altar, but Odysseus awoke out of his sleep in his native land. Yet he knew it not after his long absence, for about him the goddess had shed a mist, even

Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, that she might render him unknown, and tell him all things, so that his wife might not know him, nor his townsfolk, nor his friends, until the wooers had paid the full price of all their transgressions. Therefore all things seemed strange to their lord, the long paths, the bays offering safe anchorage, the sheer cliffs, and the luxuriant trees. So he sprang up and stood and looked upon his native land, and then he groaned and smote both of his thighs with the flat of his hands, and mournfully spoke, and said:

"Woe is me, to the land of what mortals am I now come? Are they cruel, and wild, and unjust? or do they love strangers and fear the gods in their thoughts? Whither shall I bear all this wealth, or whither shall I myself go wandering on? Would that I had remained there among the Phaeacians, and had then come to some other of the mighty kings, who would have entertained me and sent me on my homeward way. But now I know not where to bestow this wealth; yet here will I not leave it, lest haply it become the spoil of others to my cost. Out upon them; not wholly wise, it seems, nor just were the leaders and counsellors of the Phaeacians who have brought me to a strange land. Verily they said that they would bring me to clear-seen Ithaca, but they have not made good their word. May Zeus, the suppliant's god, requite them, who watches over all men, and punishes him that sins. But come, I will number the goods, and go over them, lest to my cost these men have carried off aught with them in the hollow ship."

So he spake, and set him to count the beautiful tripods, and the cauldrons, and the gold, and the

fair woven raiment, and of these he missed nothing. Then, mournfully longing for his native land, he paced by the shore of the loud-sounding sea, uttering many a moan. And Athene drew near him in the form of a young man, a herdsman of sheep, one most delicate, as are the sons of princes. In a double fold about her shoulders she wore a well-wrought cloak, and beneath her shining feet she had sandals, and in her hands a spear. Then Odysseus was glad at sight of her, and came to meet her, and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words:

"Friend, since thou art the first to whom I have come in this land, hail to thee, and mayst thou meet me with no evil mind. Nay, save this treasure, and save me; for to thee do I pray, as to a god, and am come to thy dear knees. And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well. What land, what people is this? What men dwell here? Is it some clear-seen island, or a shore of the deep-soiled mainland that lies resting on the sea?"

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "A fool art thou, stranger, or art come from far, if indeed thou askest of this land. Surely it is no wise so nameless, but full many know it, both all those who dwell toward the dawn and the sun, and all those that are behind toward the murky darkness. It is a rugged isle, not fit for driving horses, yet it is not utterly poor, though it be but narrow. Therein grows corn beyond measure, and the wine-grape as well, and the rain never fails it, nor the rich dew. It is a good land for pasturing goats and kine; there are trees of every sort, and in it also pools for watering that fail not the year through. Therefore, stranger, the name of Ithaca has reached even to the land of Troy, which, they say, is far from this land of Achaea."

So she spake, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus was glad, and rejoiced in his land, the land of his fathers, as he heard the word of Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis; and he spoke, and addressed her with winged words; yet he spoke not the truth, but checked the word ere it was uttered, ever revolving in his breast thoughts of great cunning:

"I heard of Ithaca, even in broad Crete, far over the sea; and now have I myself come hither with these my goods. And I left as much more with my children, when I fled the land, after I had slain the dear son of Idomeneus, Orsilochus, swift of foot, who in broad Crete surpassed in fleetness all men that live by toil. Now he would have robbed me of all that booty of Troy, for which I had borne grief of heart, passing through wars of men and the grievous waves, for that I would not shew favour to his father, and serve as his squire in the land of the Trojans, but commanded other men of my own. So I smote him with my bronze-tipped spear as he came home from the field, lying in wait for him with one of my men by the roadside. A dark night covered the heavens, and no man was ware of us, but unseen I took away his life. Now when I had slain him with the sharp bronze, I went straightway to a ship, and made prayer to the lordly Phoenicians, giving them booty to satisfy their hearts. I bade them take me aboard and land me at Pylos, or at goodly Elis, where the Epeans hold sway. Yet verily the force of the wind thrust them away from thence, sore against their will, nor did they purpose to play me false; but driven wandering from thence we came hither by night. With eager

haste we rowed on into the harbour, nor had we any thought of supper, sore as was our need of it, but even as we were we went forth from the ship and lay down, one and all. Then upon me came sweet sleep in my weariness, but they took my goods out of the hollow ship and set them where I myself lay on the sands. And they went on board, and departed for the well-peopled land of Sidon; but I was left here, my heart sore troubled."

So he spoke, and the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, smiled, and stroked him with her hand, and changed herself to the form of a woman, comely and tall, and skilled in glorious handiwork. And she spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Cunning must he be and knavish, who would go beyond thee in all manner of guile, aye, though it were a god that met thee. Bold man, crafty in counsel, insatiate in deceit, not even in thine own land, it seems, wast thou to cease from guile and deceitful tales, which thou lovest from the bottom of thine heart. But come, let us no longer talk of this, being both well versed in craft, since thou art far the best of all men in counsel and in speech, and I among all the gods am famed for wisdom and craft. Yet thou didst not know Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, even me, who ever stand by thy side, and guard thee in all toils. Aye, and I made thee beloved by all the Phaeacians. And now am I come hither to weave a plan with thee, and to hide all the treasure, which the lordly Phaeacians gave thee by my counsel and will, when thou didst set out for home; and to tell thee all the measure of woe it is thy fate to fulfil in thy well-built house. But do thou be strong, for bear it thou must, and

tell no man of them all nor any woman that thou hast come back from thy wanderings, but in silence endure thy many griefs, and submit to the violence of men."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Hard is it, goddess, for a mortal man to know thee when he meets thee, how wise soever he be, for thou takest what shape thou wilt. But this I know well, that of old thou wast kindly toward me, so long as we sons of the Achaeans were warring in the land of Troy. But after we had sacked the lofty city of Priam, and had gone away in our ships, and a god had scattered the Achaeans, never since then have I seen thee, daughter of Zeus, nor marked thee coming on board my ship, that thou mightest ward off sorrow from me. Nay, I ever wandered on, bearing in my breast a stricken heart, till the gods delivered me from evil, even until in the rich land of the Phaeacians thou didst cheer me with thy words, and thyself lead me to their city. But now I beseech thee by thy father—for I think not that I am come to clear-seen Ithaca; nay, it is some other land over which I roam, and thou, methinks, dost speak thus in mockery to beguile my mind—tell me whether in very truth I am come to my dear native land."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Ever such is the thought in thy breast, and therefore it is that I cannot leave thee in thy sorrow, for thou art soft of speech, keen of wit, and prudent. Eagerly would another man on his return from wanderings have hastened to behold in his halls his children and his wife; but thou art not

yet minded to know or learn of aught, till thou hast furthermore proved thy wife, who abides as of old in her halls, and ever sorrowfully for her the nights and days wane, as she weeps. But as for me, I never doubted of this, but in my heart knew it well, that thou wouldest come home after losing all thy comrades. Yet, thou must know, I was not minded to strive against Poseidon, my father's brother, who laid up wrath in his heart against thee, angered that thou didst blind his dear son. But come, I will shew thee the land of Ithaca, that thou mayest be sure. This is the harbour of Phorcys, the old man of the sea, and here at the head of the harbour is the long-leafed olive tree, and near it is the pleasant, shadowy cave, sacred to the nymphs that are called Naiads. This, thou must know, is the vaulted cave in which thou wast wont to offer to the nymphs many hecatombs that bring fulfilment; and yonder is Mount Neriton, clothed with its forests."

So spake the goddess, and scattered the mist, and the land appeared. Glad then was the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus, rejoicing in his own land, and he kissed the earth, the giver of grain. And straightway he prayed to the nymphs with up-stretched hands:

"Ye Naiad Nymphs, daughters of Zeus, never did I think to behold you again, but now I hail you with loving prayers. Aye, and gifts too will I give, as aforetime, if the daughter of Zeus, she that drives the spoil, shall graciously grant me to live, and shall bring to manhood my dear son."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered

him again: "Be of good cheer, and let not these things distress thy heart. But let us now forthwith set thy goods in the innermost recess of the wondrous cave, where they may abide for thee in safety, and let us ourselves take thought how all may be far the best."

So saying, the goddess entered the shadowy cave and searched out its hiding-places. And Odysseus brought all the treasure thither, the gold and the stubborn bronze and the finely-wrought raiment, which the Phaeacians gave him. These things he carefully laid away, and Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis, set a stone at the door. Then the two sat them down by the trunk of the sacred olive tree, and devised death for the insolent wooers. And the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, was the first to speak, saying:

"Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, take thought how thou mayest put forth thy hands on the shameless wooers, who now for three years have been lording it in thy halls, wooing thy godlike wife, and offering wooers' gifts. And she, as she mournfully looks for thy coming, offers hopes to all, and has promises for each man, sending them messages, but her mind is set on other things."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Lo now, of a surety I was like to have perished in my halls by the evil fate of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, hadst not thou, goddess, duly told me all. But come, weave some plan by which I may requite them; and stand thyself by my side, and endue me with dauntless courage, even as when we loosed the bright diadem of Troy. Wouldest thou but stand by my side, thou flashing-eyed one, as eager as thou

wast then, I would fight even against three hundred men, with thee, mighty goddess, if with a ready heart thou wouldest give me aid."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Yea verily, I will be with thee, and will not forget thee, when we are busied with this work; and methinks many a one of the wooers that devour thy substance shall bespatter the vast earth with his blood and brains. But come, I will make thee unknown to all mortals. I will shrivel the fair skin on thy supple limbs, and destroy the flaxen hair from off thy head, and clothe thee in a ragged garment, such that one would shudder to see a man clad therein. And I will dim thy two eyes that were before so beautiful, that thou mayest appear mean in the sight of all the wooers, and of thy wife, and of thy son, whom thou didst leave in thy halls. And for thyself, do thou go first of all to the swineherd who keeps thy swine, and withal has a kindly heart towards thee, and loves thy son and constant Penelope. Thou wilt find him abiding by the swine, and they are feeding by the rock of Corax and the spring Arethusa, eating acorns to their heart's content and drinking the black water, things which cause the rich flesh of swine to wax fat. There do thou stay, and sitting by his side question him of all things, while I go to Sparta, the land of fair women, to summon thence Telemachus, thy dear son, Odysseus, who went to spacious Lacedaemon to the house of Menelaus, to seek tidings of thee, if thou wast still anywhere alive."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her: "Why then, I pray thee, didst thou not tell him, thou whose mind knows all things? Nay, was it

haply that he too might suffer woes, wandering over the unresting sea, and that others might devour his substance?"

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Nay verily, not for him be thy heart overmuch troubled. It was I that guided him, that he might win good report by going thither, and he has no toil, but sits in peace in the palace of the son of Atreus, and good cheer past telling is before him. Truly young men in a black ship lie in wait for him, eager to slay him before he comes to his native land, but methinks this shall not be. Ere that shall the earth cover many a one of the wooers that devour thy substance."

So saying, Athene touched him with her wand. She withered the fair flesh on his supple limbs, and destroyed the flaxen hair from off his head, and about all his limbs she put the skin of an aged old man. And she dimmed his two eyes that were before so beautiful, and clothed him in other raiment, a vile ragged cloak and a tunic, tattered garments and foul, begrimed with filthy smoke. And about him she cast the great skin of a swift hind, stripped of the hair, and she gave him a staff, and a miserable wallet, full of holes, slung by a twisted cord.

So when the two had thus taken counsel together, they parted; and thereupon the goddess went to goodly Lacedaemon to fetch the son of Odysseus.

BOOK XIV

But Odysseus went forth from the harbour by the rough path up over the woodland and through the heights to the place where Athene had shewed him that he should find the goodly swineherd, who cared for his substance above all the slaves that goodly Odysseus had gotten.

He found him sitting in the fore-hall of his house, where his court was built high in a place of wide outlook, a great and goodly court with an open space around it. This the swineherd had himself built for the swine of his master, that was gone, without the knowledge of his mistress and the old man Laertes. With huge stones had he built it, and set on it a coping of thorn. Without he had driven stakes the whole length, this way and that, huge stakes, set close together, which he had made by splitting an oak to the black core;[1] and within the court he had made twelve sties close by one another, as beds for the swine, and in each one were penned fifty wallowing swine, females for breeding; but the boars slept without. These were far fewer in numbers, for on them the godlike wooers feasted, and lessened them, for the swineherd ever sent in the best of all the fatted hogs, which numbered three hundred and sixty. By these ever slept four dogs, savage as wild beasts, which the swineherd had

[1] Others render, "splitting off the black bark."

reared, a leader of men. But he himself was fitting boots about his feet, cutting an ox-hide of good colour, while the others had gone, three of them, one here one there, with the droves of swine; and the fourth he had sent to the city to drive perforce a boar to the insolent wooers, that they might slay it and satisfy their souls with meat.

Suddenly then the baying hounds caught sight of Odysseus, and rushed upon him with loud barking, but Odysseus sat down in his cunning, and the staff fell from his hand. Then even in his own farmstead would he have suffered cruel hurt, but the swineherd with swift steps followed after them, and hastened through the gateway, and the hide fell from his hand. He called aloud to the dogs, and drove them this way and that with a shower of stones, and spoke to his master, and said:

"Old man, verily the dogs were like to have torn thee to pieces all of a sudden, and on me thou wouldest have shed reproach. Aye, and the gods have given me other griefs and sorrows. It is for a godlike master that I mourn and grieve, as I abide here, and rear fat swine for other men to eat, while he haply in want of food wanders over the land and city of men of strange speech, if indeed he still lives and sees the light of the sun. But come with me, let us go to the hut, old man, that when thou hast satisfied thy heart with food and wine, thou too mayest tell whence thou art, and all the woes thou hast endured."

So saying, the goodly swineherd led him to the hut, and brought him in, and made him sit, strowing beneath thick brushwood, and thereon spreading the skin of a shaggy wild goat, large and hairy, on which

he was himself wont to sleep. And Odysseus was glad that he gave him such welcome, and spoke, and addressed him:

"Stranger, may Zeus and the other immortal gods grant thee what most thou desirest, since thou with a ready heart hast given me welcome."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Nay, stranger, it were not right for me, even though one meaner than thou were to come, to slight a stranger: for from Zeus are all strangers and beggars, and a gift, though small, is welcome from such as we; since this is the lot of slaves, ever in fear when over them as lords their masters hold sway—young masters such as ours. For verily the gods have stayed the return of him who would have loved me with all kindness, and would have given me possessions of my own, a house and a bit of land, and a wife, sought of many wooers, even such things as a kindly master gives to his thrall who has toiled much for him, and whose labour the god makes to prosper, even as this work of mine prospers, to which I give heed. Therefore would my master have richly rewarded me, if he had grown old here at home: but he perished—as I would all the kindred of Helen had perished in utter ruin, since she loosened the knees of many warriors. For he too went forth to win recompense for Agamemnon to Ilios, famed for its horses, that he might fight with the Trojans."

So saying, he quickly bound up his tunic with his belt, and went to the sties, where the tribes of swine were penned. Choosing two from thence, he brought them in and slew them both, and singed, and cut them up, and spitted them. Then, when he had roasted all, he brought and set it before Odysseus,

hot upon the spits, and sprinkled over it white barley meal. Then in a bowl of ivy wood he mixed honey-sweet wine, and himself sat down over against Odysseus, and bade him to his food, and said:

"Eat now, stranger, such food as slaves have to offer, meat of young pigs; the fatted hogs the wooers eat, who reck not in their hearts of the wrath of the gods, nor have any pity. Verily the blessed gods love not reckless deeds, but they honour justice and the righteous deeds of men. Even cruel foemen that set foot on the land of others, and Zeus gives them booty, and they fill their ships and depart for home—even on the hearts of these falls great fear of the wrath of the gods. But these men here, look you, know somewhat, and have heard some voice of a god regarding my master's pitiful death, seeing that they will not woo righteously, nor go back to their own, but at their ease they waste our substance in insolent wise, and there is no sparing. For every day and night that comes from Zeus they sacrifice not one victim nor two alone, and they draw forth wine, and waste it in insolent wise. Verily his substance was great past telling, so much has no lord either on the dark mainland or in Ithaca itself; nay, not twenty men together have wealth so great. Lo, I will tell thee the tale thereof; twelve herds of kine has he on the mainland; as many flocks of sheep; as many droves of swine; as many packed herds of goats do herdsmen, both foreigners and of his own people, pasture. And here too graze roving herds of goats on the borders of the island, eleven in all, and over them trusty men keep watch. And each man of these ever drives up day by day one of his flock for

the wooers, even that one of the fatted goats which seems to him the best. But as for me, I guard and keep these swine, and choose out with care and send them the best of the boars."

So he spoke, but Odysseus eagerly[1] ate flesh and drank wine, greedily, in silence, and was sowing the seeds of evil for the wooers. But when he had dined, and satisfied his soul with food, then the swineherd filled the bowl from which he was himself wont to drink, and gave it him brim full of wine, and he took it, and was glad at heart; and he spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Friend, who was it who bought thee with his wealth, a man so very rich and mighty, as thou tellest? Thou saidest that he died to win recompense for Agamemnon; tell me, if haply I may know him, being such an one. For Zeus, I ween, and the other immortal gods know whether I have seen him, and could bring tidings; for I have wandered far."

Then the swineherd, a leader of men, answered him: "Old man, no wanderer that came and brought tidings of him could persuade his wife and his dear son; nay, at random, when they have need of entertainment, do vagabonds lie, and are not minded to speak the truth. Whosoever in his wanderings comes to the land of Ithaca, goes to my mistress and tells a deceitful tale. And she, receiving him kindly, gives him entertainment, and questions him of all things, and the tears fall from her eyelids, while she weeps, as is the way of a woman, when her husband dies afar. And readily wouldest thou too, old man, fashion a story, if one would give thee a cloak and a

[1] *ἐνδυκέως* appears everywhere else to bear the meaning, "with kindness." The etymology is uncertain.

tunic for raiment. But as for him, ere now dogs and swift birds are like to have torn the flesh from his bones, and his spirit has left him; or in the sea fishes have eaten him, and his bones lie there on the shore, wrapped in deep sand. Thus has he perished yonder, and to his friends grief is appointed for days to come, to all, but most of all to me. For never again shall I find a master so kind, how far soever I go, not though I come again to the house of my father and mother, where at the first I was born, and they reared me themselves. Yet it is not for them that I henceforth mourn so much, eager though I am to behold them with my eyes and to be in my native land; nay, it is longing for Odysseus, who is gone, that seizes me. His name, stranger, absent though he is, I speak with awe, for greatly did he love me and care for me at heart; but I call him my lord beloved, for all he is not here."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Friend, since thou dost utterly make denial, and declarest that he will never come again, and thy heart is ever unbelieving, therefore will I tell thee, not at random but with an oath, that Odysseus shall return. And let me have a reward for bearing good tidings, as soon as he shall come, and reach his home; clothe me in a cloak and tunic, goodly raiment. But ere that, how sore soever my need, I will accept naught; for hateful in my eyes as the gates of Hades is that man, who, yielding to stress of poverty, tells a deceitful tale. Now be my witness Zeus, above all gods, and this hospitable board, and the hearth of noble Odysseus to which I am come, that verily all these things shall be brought to pass even as I tell thee. In

the course of this self-same year[1] Odysseus shall come hither, as the old moon wanes, and the new appears. He shall return, and take vengeance on all those who here dishonour his wife and his glorious son."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Old man, neither shall I, meseems, pay thee this reward for bearing good tidings, nor shall Odysseus ever come to his home. Nay, drink in peace, and let us turn our thoughts to other things, and do not thou recall this to my mind; for verily the heart in my breast is grieved whenever any one makes mention of my good master. But as for thy oath, we will let it be; yet I would that Odysseus might come, even as I desire, I, and Penelope, and the old man Laertes, and godlike Telemachus. But now it is for his son that I grieve unceasingly, even for Telemachus, whom Odysseus begot. When the gods had made him grow like a sapling, and I thought that he would be among men no whit worse than his dear father, glorious in form and comeliness, then some one of the immortals marred the wise spirit within him, or haply some man, and he went to sacred Pylos after tidings of his father. For him now the lordly wooers lie in wait on his homeward way, that the race of godlike Arceisius may perish out of Ithaca, and leave no name. But verily we will let him be; he may be taken, or he may escape, and the son of Cronos stretch forth his hand to guard him. But come, do thou, old man, tell me of thine own

[1] In rendering *λυκάβαντος* by "day," instead of by "year," and in the interpretation of the whole passage, I have followed Monro.

sorrows, and declare me this truly, that I may know full well. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city, and where thy parents? On what manner of ship didst thou come, and how did sailors bring thee to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, didst thou come hither on foot."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Then verily I will frankly tell thee all. Would that now we two might have food and sweet wine for the while, to feast on in quiet here in thy hut, and that others might go about their work; easily then might I tell on for a full year, and yet in no wise finish the tale of the woes of my spirit—even all the toils that I have endured by the will of the gods.

"From broad Crete I declare that I am come by lineage, the son of a wealthy man. And many other sons too were born and bred in his halls, true sons of a lawful wife; but the mother that bore me was bought, a concubine. Yet Castor, son of Hylax, of whom I declare that I am sprung, honoured me even as his true-born sons. He was at that time honoured as a god among the Cretans in the land for his good estate, and his wealth, and his glorious sons. But the fates of death bore him away to the house of Hades, and his proud sons divided among them his substance, and cast lots therefor. To me they gave a very small portion, and allotted a dwelling. But I took unto me a wife from a house that had wide possessions, winning her by my valour; for I was no weakling, nor a coward in fight. Now all that strength is gone; yet even so, in seeing the stubble, methinks thou mayest judge

what the grain was; for verily troubles in full measure encompass me. But then Ares and Athene gave me courage, and strength that breaks the ranks of men; and whenever I picked the best warriors for an ambush, sowing the seeds of evil for the foe, never did my proud spirit forbode death, but ever far the first did I leap forth, and slay with my spear whosoever of the foe gave way in flight before me.[1] Such a man was I in war, but labour in the field was never to my liking, nor the care of a household, which rears goodly children, but oared ships were ever dear to me, and wars, and polished spears, and arrows,—grievous things, whereat others are wont to shudder. But those things, I ween, were dear to me, which a god put in my heart; for different men take joy in different works. For before the sons of the Achaeans set foot on the land of Troy, I had nine times led warriors and swift-faring ships against foreign folk, and great spoil had ever fallen to my hands. Of this I would choose what pleased my mind, and much I afterwards obtained by lot. Thus my house straightway grew rich, and thereafter I became one feared and honoured among the Cretans.

"But when Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, devised that hateful journey which loosened the knees of many a warrior, then they bade me and glorious Idomeneus to lead the ships to Ilios, nor was there any way to refuse, for the voice of the people pressed hard upon us. There for nine years we sons of the Achaeans warred, and in the tenth we sacked the city of Priam, and set out for home in our ships, and a god scattered the Achaeans. But for me, wretched man that I was, Zeus, the counsellor,

[1] Or possibly, "whoever was less fleet of foot than I."

devised evil. For a month only I remained, taking joy in my children, my wedded wife, and my wealth; and then to Egypt did my spirit bid me voyage with my godlike comrades, when I had fitted out my ships with care. Nine ships I fitted out, and the host gathered speedily. Then for six days my trusty comrades feasted, and I gave them many victims, that they might sacrifice to the gods, and prepare a feast for themselves; and on the seventh we embarked and set sail from broad Crete, with the North Wind blowing fresh and fair, and ran on easily as if down stream. No harm came to any of my ships, but free from scathe and from disease we sat, and the wind and the helmsman guided the ships.

"On the fifth day we came to fair-flowing Aegyptus, and in the river Aegyptus I moored my curved ships. Then verily I bade my trusty comrades to remain there by the ships, and to guard the ships, and I sent out scouts to go to places of outlook. But my comrades, yielding to wantonness, and led on by their own might, straightway set about wasting the fair fields of the men of Egypt; and they carried off the women and little children, and slew the men; and the cry came quickly to the city. Then, hearing the shouting, the people came forth at break of day, and the whole plain was filled with footmen, and chariots and the flashing of bronze. But Zeus who hurls the thunderbolt cast an evil panic upon my comrades, and none had the courage to hold his ground and face the foe; for evil surrounded us on every side. So then they slew many of us with the sharp bronze, and others they led up to their city alive, to work for them perforce. But

in my heart Zeus himself put this thought—I would that I had rather died and met my fate there in Egypt, for still was sorrow to give me welcome Straightway I put off from my head my well-wrought helmet, and the shield from off my shoulders, and let the spear fall from my hand, and went toward the chariot horses of the king. I clasped, and kissed his knees, and he delivered me, and took pity on me, and, setting me in his chariot, took me weeping to his home. Verily full many rushed upon me with their ashen spears, eager to slay me, for they were exceeding angry. But he warded them off, and had regard for the wrath of Zeus, the stranger's god, who above all others hath indignation at evil deeds.

"There then I stayed seven years, and much wealth did I gather among the Egyptians, for all men gave me gifts. But when the eighth circling year was come, then there came a man of Phoenicia, well versed in guile, a greedy knave, who had already wrought much evil among men. He prevailed upon me by his cunning, and took me with him, until we reached Phoenicia, where lay his house and his possessions. There I remained with him for a full year. But when at length the months and the days were being brought to fulfilment, as the year rolled round and the seasons came on, he set me on a seafaring ship bound for Libya, having given lying counsel to the end that I should convey a cargo with him, but in truth that, when there, he might sell me and get a vast price. So I went with him on board the ship, suspecting his guile, yet perforce. And she ran before the North Wind, blowing fresh and fair, on a mid-sea course to the windward of Crete, and Zeus

devised destruction for the men. But when we had left Crete, and no other land appeared, but only sky and sea, then verily the son of Cronos set a black cloud above the hollow ship, and the sea grew dark beneath it. Therewith Zeus thundered, and hurled his bolt upon the ship, and she quivered from stem to stern, smitten by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphurous smoke, and all the crew fell from out the ship. Like sea-crows they were borne on the waves about the black ship, and the god took from them their returning. But as for me, Zeus himself when my heart was compassed with woe, put into my hands the tossing[1] mast of the dark-prowed ship, that I might again escape destruction. Around this I clung, and was borne by the direful winds. For nine days I was borne, but on the tenth black night the great rolling wave brought me to the land of the Thesprotians. There the king of the Thesprotians, lord Pheidon, took me in, and asked no ransom, for his dear son came upon me, overcome as I was with cold and weariness, and raised me by the hand, and led me until he came to his father's palace; and he clothed me in a cloak and tunic, as raiment.

"There I learned of Odysseus, for the king said that he had entertained him, and given him welcome on his way to his native land. And he showed me all the treasure that Odysseus had gathered, bronze, and gold, and iron, wrought with toil; verily unto the tenth generation would it feed his children after him, so great was the wealth that lay stored for him in the halls of the king. But Odysseus, he said, had

[1] Lit. "raging." Others render "huge," "of great length."

gone to Dodona, to hear the will of Zeus from the high-crested oak of the god, even how he might return to the rich land of Ithaca after so long an absence, whether openly or in secret. And moreover he swore in my own presence, as he poured libations in his house, that the ship was launched, and the men ready, who were to convey him to his dear native land. But me he sent forth first, for a ship of the Thesprotians chanced to be setting out for Dulichium, rich in wheat. Thither he bade them to convey me with kindly care, to king Acastus. But an evil counsel regarding me found favour in their hearts, that I might even yet be brought into utter misery. When the sea-faring ship had sailed far from the land, they presently sought to bring about for me the day of slavery. They stripped me of my garments, my cloak and tunic, and clothed me in other raiment, a vile ragged cloak and tunic, even the tattered garments which thou seest before thine eyes; and at evening they reached the tilled fields of clear-seen Ithaca. Then with a twisted rope they bound me fast in the benched ship, and themselves went ashore, and made haste to take their supper by the shore of the sea. But as for me, the gods themselves undid my bonds full easily, and, wrapping the tattered cloak about my head, I slid down the smooth lading-plank,[1] and brought my breast to the sea, and then struck out with both hands, and swam, and very soon was out of the water, and away from them. Then I went up to a place where there was a thicket of leafy wood, and lay there crouching. And they went hither and thither with loud

[1] So Monro. The word is a doubtful one. Others, following Eustathius, render "steering-oar."

cries; but as there seemed to be no profit in going further in their search, they went back again on board their hollow ship. And the gods themselves hid me easily, and led me, and brought me to the farmstead of a wise man; for still haply it is my lot to live."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Ah, wretched stranger, verily thou hast stirred my heart deeply in telling all the tale of thy sufferings and thy wanderings. But in this, methinks, thou hast not spoken aright, nor shalt thou persuade me with thy tale about Odysseus. Why shouldst thou, who art in such plight lie to no purpose? Nay, of myself I know well regarding the return of my master, that he was utterly hated of all the gods, in that they did not slay him among the Trojans, or in the arms of his friends, when he had wound up the skein of war. Then would the whole host of the Achaeans have made him a tomb, and for his son too he would have won great glory in days to come. But as it is the spirits of the storm have swept him away, and left no tidings. I, for my part, dwell aloof with the swine, nor do I go to the city, unless haply wise Penelope bids me thither, when tidings come to her from anywhere. Then men sit around him that comes, and question him closely, both those that grieve for their lord, that has long been gone, and those who rejoice, as they devour his substance without atonement. But I care not to ask or enquire, since the time when an Aetolian beguiled me with his story, one that had killed a man, and after wandering over the wide earth came to my house, and I gave him kindly welcome. He said that he had seen Odysseus among the Cretans at the house of

Idomeneus, mending his ships which storms had shattered. And he said that he would come either by summer or by harvest-time, bringing much treasure along with his godlike comrades. Thou too, old man of many sorrows, since a god has brought thee to me, seek not to win my favour by lies, nor in any wise to cajole me. It is not for this that I shall shew thee respect or kindness, but from fear of Zeus, the stranger's god, and from pity for thyself."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Verily thou hast in thy bosom a heart that is slow to believe, seeing that in such wise, even with an oath, I won thee not, neither persuade thee. But come now, let us make a covenant, and the gods who hold Olympus shall be witnesses for us both in time to come. If thy master returns to this house, clothe me in a cloak and tunic, as raiment, and send me on my way to Dulichium, where I desire to be. But if thy master does not come as I say, set the slaves upon me and fling me down from a great cliff, that another beggar may beware of deceiving."

And the goodly swineherd answered him, and said "Aye, stranger, so should I indeed win fair fame and prosperity among men both now and hereafter, if I, who brought thee to my hut and gave thee entertainment, should then slay thee, and take away thy dear life. With a ready heart thereafter should I pray to Zeus, son of Cronos. But it is now time for supper, and may my comrades soon be here, that we may make ready a savoury supper in the hut."

Thus they spoke to one another, and the swine and the swineherds drew near. The sows they shut up to sleep in their wonted sties, and a wondrous noise arose from them, as they were penned. Then the goodly swineherd called to his comrades saying:

"Bring forth the best of the boars, that I may slaughter him for the stranger who comes from afar, and we too shall have some profit therefrom, who have long borne toil and suffering for the sake of the white-tusked swine, while others devour our labour without atonement."

So saying, he split wood with the pitiless bronze, and the others brought in a fatted boar of five years old, and set him by the hearth. Nor did the swineherd forget the immortals, for he had an understanding heart, but as a first offering he cast into the fire bristles from the head of the white-tusked boar, and made prayer to all the gods that wise Odysseus might return to his own house. Then he raised himself up, and smote the boar with a billet of oak, which he had left when splitting the wood, and the boar's life left him. And the others cut the boar's throat, and singed him, and quickly cut him up, and the swineherd took as first offerings bits of raw flesh from all the limbs, and laid them in the rich fat. These he cast into the fire, when he had sprinkled them with barley meal, but the rest they cut up and spitted, and roasted it carefully, and drew it all off the spits, and cast it in a heap on platters. Then the swineherd stood up to carve, for well did his heart know what was fair, and he cut up the mess and divided it into seven portions. One with a prayer he set aside for the nymphs and for Hermes, son of Maia, and the rest he distributed to each. And Odysseus he honoured with the long chine of the white-tusked boar, and made glad the heart of his master; and Odysseus of many wiles spoke to him, and said:

"Eumaeus, mayest thou be as dear to father Zeus as thou art to me, since thou honourest me with a good portion, albeit I am in such plight."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Eat, unhappy stranger, and have joy of such fare as is here. It is the god that will give one thing and withhold another, even as seems good to his heart; for he can do all things."

He spoke, and sacrificed the firstling pieces to the gods that are for ever, and, when he had made libations of the flaming wine, he placed the cup in the hands of Odysseus, the sacker of cities, and took his seat by his own portion. And bread was served to them by Mesaulius, whom the swineherd had gotten by himself alone, while his master was gone, without the knowledge of his mistress or the old Laertes, buying him of the Taphians with his own goods. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, Mesaulius took away the food, and they were fain to go to their rest, sated with bread and meat.

Now the night came on, foul and without a moon, and Zeus rained the whole night through, and the West Wind, ever the rainy wind, blew strong. Then Odysseus spoke among them, making trial of the swineherd, to see whether he would strip off his own cloak and give it him, or bid some other of his comrades to do so, since he cared for him so greatly:

"Hear me now, Eumaeus and all the rest of you, his men, with a wish in my heart will I tell a tale; for the wine bids me, befooling wine, which sets one, even though he be right wise, to singing and laughing softly, and makes him stand up and dance, aye, and brings forth a word which were better unspoken. Still, since I have once spoken out, I will hide nothing. Would that I were young and my strength firm as

when we made ready our ambush, and led it beneath the walls of Troy. The leaders were Odysseus and Menelaus, son of Atreus, and with them I was third in command; for so had they ordered it themselves. Now when we had come to the city and the steep wall, round about the town in the thick brushwood among the reeds and swamp-land we lay, crouching beneath our arms, and night came on, foul, when the North Wind had fallen, and frosty, and snow came down on us from above, covering us like rime, bitter cold, and ice formed upon our shields. Now all the rest had cloaks and tunics, and slept in peace, with their shields covering their shoulders, but I, when I set out, had left my cloak behind with my comrades in my folly, for I did not think that even so I should be cold, and had come with my shield alone and my bright kilt.[1] But when it was the third watch of the night, and the stars had turned their course, then I spoke to Odysseus, who was near me, nudging him with my elbow; and he straightway gave ear:

"'Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, lo now, no longer shall I be among the living. Nay, the cold is killing me, for I have no cloak. Some god beguiled me to wear my tunic only, and now there is no more escape.'

"So I spoke, and he then devised this plan in his heart, such a man was he both to plan and to fight; and speaking in a low voice he said to me: 'Be silent now, lest another of the Achaeans hear thee.'

"With this he raised his head upon his elbow, and spoke, saying: 'Hear me, friends; a dream from the gods came to me in my sleep. Lo, we have come very far from the ships, and I would that there were

[1] Others regard the word ζῶμα as here equivalent to χιτών.

one to bear word to Agamemnon, son of Atreus, shepherd of the host, in the hope that he might bid more men to come from the ships.'

"So he spoke, and Thoas, son of Andraemon, sprang up quickly, and from him flung his purple cloak, and set out to run to the ships. Then in his garment I gladly lay, and golden-throned Dawn appeared. Would that I were young as then, and my strength as firm; then would one of the swineherds in the farmstead give me a cloak both from kindness and from respect for a brave warrior. But as it is they scorn me, since I have foul raiment about me."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Old man, the tale thou hast told is a good one, nor hast thou thus far spoken aught amiss or unprofitably. Wherefore thou shalt lack neither clothing nor aught else that a sore-tried suppliant should receive, when he meets one—for this night at least; but in the morning thou shalt shake about thee those rags of thine. For not many cloaks are here or changes of tunics to put on, but each man has one alone. But when the dear son of Odysseus comes, he will himself give thee a cloak and a tunic as raiment, and will send thee whithersoever thy heart and spirit bid thee go."

So saying, he sprang up and placed a bed for Odysseus near the fire, and cast upon it skins of sheep and goats. There Odysseus lay down, and the swineherd threw over him a great thick cloak, which he kept at hand for a change of clothing whenever a terrible storm should arise.

So there Odysseus slept, and beside him slept the young men. But the swineherd liked not a bed in that place, that he should lay him down away from

the boars; so he made ready to go outside. And Odysseus was glad that he took such care of his master's substance while he was afar. First Eumaeus flung his sharp sword over his strong shoulders, and then put about him a cloak, very thick, to keep off the wind; and he picked up the fleece of a large, well-fatted goat, took a sharp javelin to ward off dogs and men, and went forth to lie down to sleep where the white-tusked boars slept beneath a hollow rock, in a place sheltered from the North Wind.

BOOK XV

But Pallas Athene went to spacious Lacedaemon to remind the glorious son of great-hearted Odysseus of his return, and to hasten his coming. She found Telemachus and the noble son of Nestor lying in the fore-hall of the palace of glorious Menelaus. Now Nestor's son was overcome with soft sleep, but sweet sleep did not hold Telemachus, but all through the immortal night anxious thoughts for his father kept him wakeful. And flashing-eyed Athene stood near him, and said:

"Telemachus, thou dost not well to wander longer far from thy home, leaving behind thee thy wealth and men in thy house so insolent, lest they divide and devour all thy possessions, and thou shalt have gone on a fruitless journey. Nay, rouse with all speed Menelaus, good at the war-cry, to send thee on thy way, that thou mayest find thy noble mother still in her home. For now her father and her brothers bid her wed Eurymachus, for he surpasses all the wooers in his presents, and has increased his gifts of wooing. Beware lest she carry forth from thy halls some treasure against thy will. For thou knowest what sort of a spirit there is in a woman's breast; she is fain to increase the house of the man who weds her, but of her former children and of the lord of her youth she takes no thought, when once he

is dead, and asks no longer concerning them. Nay, go, and thyself put all thy possessions in the charge of whatsoever one of the handmaids seems to thee the best, until the gods shall show thee a noble bride. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. The best men of the wooers lie in wait for thee of set purpose in the strait between Ithaca and rugged Samos, eager to slay thee before thou comest to thy native land. But methinks this shall not be; ere that shall the earth cover many a one of the wooers that devour thy substance. But do thou keep thy well-built ship far from the islands, and sail by night as well as by day, and that one of the immortals, who keeps and guards thee, will send a fair breeze in thy wake. But when thou hast reached the nearest shore of Ithaca, send thy ship and all thy comrades on to the city, but thyself go first of all to the swineherd who keeps thy swine, and withal has a kindly heart toward thee. There do thou spend the night, and bid him to go to the city to bear word to wise Penelope that she has thee safe, and thou art come from Pylos."

So saying, she departed to high Olympus. But Telemachus woke the son of Nestor out of sweet sleep, rousing him with a touch of his heel, and spoke to him, saying:

"Awake, Peisistratus, son of Nestor; bring up thy fiery-hoofed[1] horses, and yoke them beneath the car, that we may speed on our way."

Then Peisistratus, son of Nestor, answered, and said: "Telemachus, in no wise may we drive through

[1] The word is obscure but is now generally connected with the root μα, "be eager." The old etymology (μόνος + ὄνυξ) is untenable, but the meaning "solid-hoofed" is still preferred by some.

the dark night, how eager soever for our journey; and soon it will be dawn. Wait then, until the warrior son of Atreus, Menelaus, famed for his spear, shall bring gifts and set them on the car, and shall send us on our way with kindly words of farewell. For a guest remembers all his days the host who shews him kindness."

So he spoke, and presently came golden-throned Dawn. Up to them then came Menelaus, good at the war-cry, rising from his couch from beside fair-tressed Helen. And when the prince, the dear son of Odysseus, saw him, he made haste to put about him his bright tunic, and to fling over his mighty shoulders a great cloak, and went forth. Then Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, came up to Menelaus, and addressed him, saying:

"Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, send me back now at length to my dear native land, for now my heart is eager to return home."

Then Menelaus, good at the war-cry, answered him: "Telemachus, I verily shall not hold thee here a long time, when thou art eager to return. Nay, I should blame another, who, as host, loves overmuch or hates overmuch; better is due measure in all things. 'Tis equal wrong if a man speed on a guest who is loath to go, and if he keep back one that is eager to be gone. One should make welcome the present guest, and send forth him that would go. But stay, till I bring fair gifts and put them on thy car, and thine own eyes behold them, and till I bid the women make ready a meal in the halls of the abundant store that is within. It is a double boon—honour and glory it brings, and profit withal—that the traveller should dine before he goes forth over the wide and

boundless earth. And if thou art fain to journey through Hellas and mid-Argos, be it so, to the end that I may myself go with thee, and I will yoke for thee horses, and lead thee to the cities of men. Nor will any one send us away empty-handed, but will give us some one thing at least to bear with us, a fair brazen tripod or cauldron, or a pair of mules, or a golden cup."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Menelaus, son of Atreus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, rather would I go at once to my home, for when I departed I left behind me no one to watch over my possessions. I would not that in seeking for my god-like father I myself should perish, or some goodly treasure be lost from my halls."

Now when Menelaus, good in battle, heard this, he straightway bade his wife and her handmaids make ready a meal in the halls of the abundant store that was within. Up to him then came Eteoneus, son of Boethoüs, just risen from his bed, for he dwelt not far from him. Him Menelaus, good at the war-cry, bade kindle a fire and roast of the flesh; and he heard, and obeyed. And Menelaus himself went down to his vaulted[1] treasure-chamber, not alone, for with him went Helen and Megapenthes. But when they came to the place where his treasures were stored, the son of Atreus took a two-handled cup, and bade his son Megapenthes bear a mixing bowl of silver. And Helen came up to the chests in which were her richly-broidered robes, that she herself had wrought. One of these Helen, the beautiful lady, lifted out and bore away, the one that was

[1] Possibly "fragrant."

fairest in its broideries, and the amplest. It shone like a star, and lay beneath all the rest. Then they went forth through the house until they came to Telemachus; and fair-haired Menelaus spoke to him, and said:

"Telemachus, may Zeus, the loud-thundering lord of Here, verily bring to pass for thee thy return, even as thy heart desires. And of all the gifts that lie stored as treasures in my house, I will give thee that one which is fairest and costliest. I will give thee a well-wrought mixing-bowl. It is all of silver, and with gold are the rims thereof gilded, the work of Hephaestus; and the warrior Phaedimus, king of the Sidonians, gave it me, when his house sheltered me as I came thither; and now I am minded to give it to thee."

So saying, the warrior, son of Atreus, placed the two-handled cup in his hands. And the strong Megapenthes brought the bright mixing-bowl of silver and set it before him, and fair-cheeked Helen came up with the robe in her hands, and spoke, and addressed him:

"Lo, I too give thee this gift, dear child, a remembrance of the hands of Helen, against the day of thy longed-for marriage, for thy bride to wear it. But until then let it lie in thy halls in the keeping of thy dear mother. And for thyself I wish that with joy thou mayest reach thy well-built house and thy native land."

So saying, she placed it in his hands, and he took it gladly. And the prince Peisistratus took the gifts, and laid them in the box of the chariot, and gazed at them all wondering in his heart. Then fair-haired Menelaus led them to the house, and the two sat down

on chairs and high seats. And a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash, and beside them drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before them bread, and therewith meats in abundance, granting freely of her store. And hard by the son of Boethoüs carved the meat, and divided the portions, and the son of glorious Menelaus poured the wine. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, then Telemachus and the glorious son of Nestor yoked the horses and mounted the inlaid car, and drove forth from the gateway and the echoing portico. After them went the son of Atreus, fair-haired Menelaus, bearing in his right hand honey-hearted wine in a cup of gold, that they might pour libations ere they set out. And he took his stand before the horses, and pledged the youths, and said:

"Fare ye well, young men, and bear greeting to Nestor, shepherd of the host, for verily he was kind as a father to me, while we sons of the Achaeans warred in the land of Troy."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Aye, verily, king, fostered of Zeus, to him will we tell all this on our coming, as thou dost bid. And I would that, when I return to Ithaca, I might as surely find Odysseus in his house, to tell him how I met with every kindness at thy hands, ere I departed and bring with me treasures many and goodly."

Even as he spoke a bird flew by on the right, an eagle, bearing in his talons a great, white goose, a

tame fowl from the yard, and men and women followed shouting. But the eagle drew near to them, and darted off to the right in front of the horses; and they were glad as they saw it, and the hearts in the breasts of all were cheered. And among them Peisistratus, son of Nestor, was first to speak:

"Consider, Menelaus, fostered of Zeus, leader of hosts, whether it was for us two that the god showed this sign, or for thyself."

So he spoke, and Menelaus, dear to Ares, pondered how he might with understanding interpret the sign aright. But long-robed Helen took the word from him, and said:

"Hear me, and I will prophesy as the immortals put it into my heart, and as I think it will be brought to pass. Even as this eagle came from the mountain, where are his kin, and where he was born, and snatched up the goose that was bred in the house, even so shall Odysseus return to his home after many toils and many wanderings, and shall take vengeance; or even now he is at home, and is sowing the seeds of evil for all the wooers."

Then again wise Telemachus answered her: "So may Zeus grant, the loud-thundering lord of Here; then will I even there ever pray to thee, as to a god."

He spoke, and touched the two horses with the lash, and they sped swiftly toward the plain, coursing eagerly through the city. So all day long they shook the yoke they bore about their necks. And the sun set, and all the ways grew dark. And they came to Pherae, to the house of Diocles, son of Ortilochus, whom Alpheus begot. There they spent the night, and before them he set the entertainment due to strangers.

As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, they yoked the horses, and mounted the inlaid car, and drove forth from the gateway and the echoing portico. Then Peisistratus touched the horses with the whip to start them, and nothing loath the pair sped onward, and soon thereafter they reached the steep citadel of Pylos. Then Telemachus spoke to the son of Nestor, saying:

"Son of Nestor, wilt thou now make me a promise, and fulfil it, as I bid? Friends from of old we call ourselves by reason of our fathers' friendship, and we are moreover of the same age, and this journey shall yet more stablish us in oneness of heart. Lead me not past my ship, O thou fostered of Zeus, but leave me there, lest that old man keep me in his house against my will, fain to show me kindness, whereas I must needs hasten home."

So he spoke, and the son of Nestor took counsel with his heart, how he might duly give the promise and fulfil it. And, as he pondered, this seemed to him the better course. He turned his horses to the swift ship and the shore of the sea, and took out, and set in the stern of the ship the beautiful gifts, the raiment and gold, which Menelaus gave him. And he urged on Telemachus, and addressed him with winged words:

"Make haste now to go on board, and bid all thy comrades to do likewise, before I reach home and bring the old man word. For well I know this in mind and heart, so masterful is his spirit he will not let thee go, but will himself come hither to bid thee to his house; and, I tell thee, he will not go back without thee; for very wroth will he be, despite of all."

So saying, he drove his horses with beautiful mane back to the city of the Pylians, and speedily reached the palace. And Telemachus called to his men, and gave command to them, saying:

"Set all the gear in order, men, in the black ship, and let us go on board ourselves, that we may speed on our way."

So he spoke, and they readily hearkened and obeyed; and at once they went on board, and sat down upon the benches.

He verily was busied thus, and was praying and offering sacrifice to Athene by the stern of the ship, when there drew nigh to him a man from a far land, one that was fleeing out of Argos because he had slain a man; and he was a seer. By lineage he was sprung from Melampus, who of old dwelt in Pylos, mother of flocks, a rich man and one that had a very wealthy house among the Pylians, but had afterward come to a land of strangers, fleeing from his country and from great-hearted Neleus, the lordliest of living men, who for a full year had kept much wealth from him by force.[1] Now Melampus meanwhile lay bound with bitter bonds in the halls of Phylacus, suffering grievous pains because of the daughter of Neleus, and the terrible blindness of heart which the goddess, the Erinys, who brings houses to ruin,[2] had laid upon him. Howbeit he escaped his fate, and drove off the deep-lowing kine from Phylace to Pylos, and avenged the cruel deed upon godlike Neleus, and brought the maiden

of Melampus. The latter, however, won his freedom through his skill as a diviner, and drove off the kine to Pylos. He then avenged himself on Neleus, and gave Pero to be the bride of Bias. See xi. 287–97.

[2] Others render "who smites heavily."

home to be his own brother's wife. For himself, he went to the land of other men, to horse-pasturing Argos, for there it was appointed him to dwell, bearing sway over many Argives. There he wedded a wife and built him a high-roofed house, and begot Antiphates and Mantius, two stalwart sons. Now Antiphates begot great-hearted Oïcles, and Oïcles Amphiaraus, the rouser of the host, whom Zeus, who bears the aegis, and Apollo heartily loved with all manner of love. Yet he did not reach the threshold of old age, but died in Thebe, because of a woman's gifts. To him were born sons, Alcmaeon and Amphilochus. And Mantius on his part begot Polypheides and Cleitus. Now Cleitus golden-throned Dawn snatched away by reason of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals; but of Polypheides, high of heart, Apollo made a seer, far the best of mortals, after that Amphiaraus was dead. He removed to Hyperesia, having waxed wroth with his father, and there he dwelt and prophesied to all men.

His son it was, Theoclymenus by name, who now came and stood by Telemachus; and he found him pouring libations and praying by his swift, black ship, and he spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Friend, since I find thee making burnt-offering in this place, I beseech thee by thine offerings and by the god, aye, and by thine own life and the lives of thy comrades who follow thee, tell me truly what I ask, and hide it not. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city, and where thy parents?"

And wise Telemachus answered him: "Then

verily, stranger, will I frankly tell thee all. Of Ithaca I am by birth, and my father is Odysseus, as sure as ever[1] such a one there was; but now he has perished by a pitiful fate. Therefore have I now taken my comrades and a black ship, and am come to seek tidings of my father, that has long been gone."

Then godlike Theoclymenus answered him: "Even so have I, too, fled from my country, for that I slew a man, one of mine own kin. And many brethren and kinsmen of his there are in horse-pasturing Argos, and mightily do they bear sway over the Achaeans. It is to shun death and black fate at their hands that I flee, for, I ween, it is my lot to be a wanderer among men. But do thou set me on thy ship, since in my flight I have made prayer to thee, lest they utterly slay me; for methinks they are in pursuit."

And wise Telemachus answered him: "Then will I in no wise thrust thee from my shapely ship, since thou art eager to come. Nay, follow with us, and in our home shalt thou find entertainment such as we have."

So saying, he took from him his spear of bronze, and laid it at length on the deck of the curved ship, and himself went aboard the seafaring ship. Then he sat down in the stern and made Theoclymenus sit down beside him; and his men loosed the stern-cables. And Telemachus called to his men and bade them lay hold of the tackling, and they quickly obeyed. The mast of fir they raised and set in the hollow socket, and made it fast with fore-stays, and hauled up the white sail with twisted thongs of ox-

[1] Others render "if ever"; but *ei* is not here conditional; see Monro.

hide. And flashing-eyed Athene sent them a favourable wind, blowing strongly through the sky, that, speeding swiftly, the ship might accomplish her way over the salt water of the sea. So they fared past Crouni and Chalcis, with its beautiful streams.

Now the sun set and all the ways grew dark. And the ship drew near to Pheae, sped by the wind of Zeus, and on past goodly Elis, where the Epeans hold sway. From thence again he steered for the sharp isles,[1] pondering whether he should escape death or be taken.

But the two, Odysseus and the goodly swineherd, were supping in the hut, and with them supped the other men. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, Odysseus spoke among them, making trial of the swineherd to see whether he would still entertain him with kindly care and bid him remain there at the farmstead, or send him forth to the city:

"Hearken now, Eumaeus, and all ye other men. In the morning I am minded to go forth to the city to beg, that I may not be the ruin of thee and of thy men. Now then, give me good counsel, and send with me a trusty guide to lead me thither; but through the city will I wander by myself perforce, in the hope that one haply will give me a cup of water and a loaf. Aye, and I would go to the house of godlike Odysseus and bear tidings to the wise Penelope, and join the company of the insolent wooers, if perchance they may give me a meal, since

the islands themselves; for this the use of "celerrimum" in Tacitus, *Annals*, iii. 1, is adduced as a parallel. Others follow Strabo in rendering θοῇσιν by "pointed," connecting the word with the verb θοάω (*cf.* ix. 327); this, however, is most uncertain. The line (except καλλιρέεθρον) is found in the Homeric Hymn to Apollo 425.

they have good cheer in abundance. Straightway might I do good service among them in all that they would. For I will tell thee, and do thou give heed and hearken. By the favour of Hermes, the messenger, who lends grace and glory to all men's work, in the business of serving no man beside can vie with me, in piling well a fire, in splitting dry faggots, in carving and roasting meat, and in pouring wine —in all things in which meaner men serve the noble."

Then deeply moved didst thou speak to him, swineherd Eumaeus: "Ah me, stranger, why has such a thought come into thy mind? Verily thou art fain utterly to perish there, if thou wouldest indeed enter the throng of the wooers, whose wantonness and violence reach the iron heaven. Not such as thou are their serving men; nay, they that serve them are young men, well clad in cloaks and tunics, and ever are their heads and bright faces sleek; and polished tables are laden with bread, and meat, and wine. Nay, abide here; there is none that is vexed by thy presence, not I, nor any other of the men that are with me. But when the dear son of Odysseus comes, he will himself clothe thee in a cloak and a tunic as raiment, and will send thee whithersoever thy heart and spirit bid thee go."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Would, Eumaeus, that thou mightest be as dear to father Zeus as thou art to me, for that thou hast made me cease from wandering and from grievous hardships. Than roaming naught else is more evil for mortals; yet for their cursed belly's sake men endure evil woes, when wandering and sorrow and

pain come upon them. But now, since thou keepest me here and biddest me await thy master, come, tell me of the mother of godlike Odysseus, and of the father, whom, when he went forth, he left behind him on the threshold of old age. Are they haply still living beneath the rays of the sun? or are they now dead and in the house of Hades?"

Then the swineherd, a leader of men, answered him: "Then verily, stranger, will I frankly tell thee. Laertes still lives, but ever prays to Zeus that his life may waste away from his limbs within his halls. For wondrously does he grieve for his son that is gone, and for the wise lady, his wedded wife, whose death troubled him most of all, and brought him to untimely old age. But she died of grief for her glorious son by a miserable death, as I would that no man may die who dwells here as my friend and does me kindness. So long as she lived, though it was in sorrow, it was ever a pleasure to me to ask and enquire after her, for she herself had brought me up with long-robed Ctimene, her noble daughter, whom she bore as her youngest child. With her was I brought up, and the mother honoured me little less than her own children. But when we both reached the longed-for prime of youth they sent her to Same to wed, and got themselves countless bridal gifts; but as for me, my lady clad me in a cloak and tunic, right goodly raiment, and gave me sandals for my feet and sent me forth to the field; but in her heart she loved me the more. But now I lack all this, though for my own part the blessed gods make to prosper the work to which I give heed. Therefrom have I eaten and drunk, and given to reverend strangers. But from my mistress I may hear naught

pleasant, whether word or deed, for a plague has fallen upon the house, even overweening men. Yet greatly do servants long to speak before their mistress, and learn of all, and to eat and drink, and thereafter to carry off somewhat also to the fields, such things as ever make the heart of a servant to grow warm."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Lo now, surely when thou wast but a child, swineherd Eumaeus, thou didst wander far from thy country and thy parents. But come now, tell me this, and declare it truly. Was a broad-wayed city of men sacked, wherein thy father and honoured mother dwelt? Or, when thou wast alone with thy sheep or cattle, did foemen take thee in their ships and bear thee for sale to the house of this thy master, who paid for thee a goodly price?"

Then the swineherd, a leader of men, answered him: "Stranger, since thou dost ask and question me of this, hearken now in silence, and take thy joy, and drink thy wine, as thou sittest here. These nights are wondrous long. There is time for sleep, and there is time to take joy in hearing tales; thou needest not lay thee down till it be time; there is weariness even in too much sleep. As for the rest, if any man's heart and spirit bid him, let him go forth and sleep, and at daybreak let him eat, and follow our master's swine. But we two will drink and feast in the hut, and will take delight each in the other's grievous woes, as we recall them to mind. For in after time a man finds joy even in woes, whosoever has suffered much, and wandered much. But this will I tell thee, of which thou dost ask and enquire.

"There is an isle called Syria, if haply thou hast heard thereof, above Ortygia, where are the turning-places of the sun. It is not so very thickly settled, but it is a good land, rich in herds, rich in flocks, full of wine, abounding in wheat. Famine never comes into the land, nor does any hateful sickness besides fall on wretched mortals; but when the tribes of men grow old throughout the city, Apollo, of the silver bow, comes with Artemis, and assails them with his gentle shafts, and slays them. In that isle are two cities, and all the land is divided between them, and over both ruled as king my father, Ctesius, son of Ormenus, a man like to the immortals.

"Thither came Phoenicians, men famed for their ships, greedy knaves, bringing countless trinkets in their black ship. Now there was in my father's house a Phoenician woman, comely and tall, and skilled in glorious handiwork. Her the wily Phoenicians beguiled. First, as she was washing clothes, one of them lay with her in love by the hollow ship; for this beguiles the minds of women, even though one be upright. Then he asked her who she was, and whence she came, and she straightway shewed him the high-roofed home of my father, and said:

"'Out of Sidon, rich in bronze, I declare that I come, and I am the daughter of Arybas, to whom wealth flowed in streams. But Taphian pirates seized me, as I was coming from the fields, and brought me hither, and sold me to the house of yonder man, and he paid for me a goodly price.'

"Then the man who had lain with her in secret answered her: 'Wouldest thou then return again with us to thy home, that thou mayest see the high-roofed

house of thy father and mother, and see them too? For of a truth they yet live, and are accounted rich.'

"Then the woman answered him, and said: 'This may well be, if you sailors will pledge yourselves by an oath, that you will bring me safely home.'

"So she spoke, and they all gave an oath thereto, as she bade them. But when they had sworn and made an end of the oath, the woman again spoke among them, and made answer:

"'Be silent now, and let no one of your company speak to me, if he meets me in the street or haply at the well, lest some one go to the palace and tell the old king, and he wax suspicious and bind me with grievous bonds, and devise death for you. Nay, keep my words in mind, and speed the barter of your wares. But, when your ship is laden with goods, let a message come quickly to me at the palace; for I will also bring whatever gold comes under my hand. Aye, and I would gladly give another thing for my passage. There is a child of my noble[1] master, whose nurse I am in the palace, such a cunning child, who ever runs abroad with me. Him would I bring on board, and he would fetch you a vast price, wherever you might take him for sale among men of strange speech.'

"So saying, she departed to the fair palace. And they remained there in our land a full year, and got by trade much substance in their hollow ship. But when their hollow ship was laden for their return, then they sent a messenger to bear tidings to the woman. There came a man, well versed in guile, to my father's house with a necklace of gold, and with amber beads was it strung between. This

[1] Or, on another interpretation of ἑῆος, simply "my."

the maidens in the hall and my honoured mother were handling, and were gazing on it, and were offering him their price; but he nodded to the woman in silence. Then verily when he had nodded to her, he went his way to the hollow ship, but she took me by the hand, and led me forth from the house. Now in the fore-hall of the palace she found the cups and tables of the banqueters, who waited upon my father. They had gone forth to the council and the people's place of debate, but she quickly hid three goblets in her bosom, and bore them away; and I followed in my heedlessness. Then the sun set, and all the ways grew dark. And we made haste and came to the goodly harbour, where was the swift ship of the Phoenicians. Then they embarked, putting both of us on board as well, and sailed over the watery ways, and Zeus sent them a favourable wind. For six days we sailed, night and day alike; but when Zeus, son of Cronos, brought upon us the seventh day, then Artemis, the archer, smote the woman, and she fell with a thud into the hold, as a sea bird plunges. Her they cast forth to be a prey to seals and fishes, but I was left, my heart sore stricken. Now the wind, as it bore them, and the wave, brought them to Ithaca, where Laertes bought me with his wealth. Thus it was that my eyes beheld this land."

To him then Zeus-born Odysseus made answer, and said: "Eumaeus, of a truth thou hast deeply stirred the heart in my breast in telling all this tale of the sorrow thou hast borne at heart. Yet verily in thy case Zeus has given good side by side with the evil, since after all thy toil thou hast come to the house of a kindly man, who gives thee food and

drink, and that with kindness, and thou livest well; while as for me, it is while wandering through the many cities of men that I am come hither."

Thus they spoke to one another, and then lay down to sleep, for no long time, but for a little; for soon came fair-throned Dawn. But the comrades of Telemachus, drawing near the shore, furled the sail, and took down the mast quickly, and rowed the ship to her anchorage with their oars. Then they cast out the mooring-stones and made fast the stern cables, and themselves went forth upon the shore of the sea, and made ready their meal and mixed the flaming wine. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, among them wise Telemachus was the first to speak, saying:

"Do you now row the black ship to the city, but I will visit the fields and the herdsmen, and at evening will come to the city when I have looked over my lands. And in the morning I will set before you, as wages for your journey, a good feast of flesh and sweet wine."

Then godlike Theoclymenus answered him: "Whither shall I go, dear child? To whose house shall I come of those who rule in rocky Ithaca? Or shall I go straight to thy mother's house and thine?"

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Were things otherwise, I should bid thee go even to our house, for there is in no wise lack of entertainment for strangers, but it would be worse for thyself, since I shall be away, and my mother will not see thee. For she does not often appear before the wooers in the house, but apart from them weaves at her loom in an upper chamber. But I will tell thee of another man to whom thou mayest go, Eurymachus, glorious

son of wise Polybus, whom now the men of Ithaca look upon as on a god. For he is by far the best man, and is most eager to marry my mother and to have the honour of Odysseus. Nevertheless Olympian Zeus, who dwells in the sky, knows this, whether or not before marriage he will fulfil for them the evil day."

Even as he spoke a bird flew forth upon the right, a hawk, the swift messenger of Apollo. In his talons he held a dove, and was plucking her and shedding the feathers down on the ground midway between the ship and Telemachus himself. Then Theoclymenus called him apart from his companions, and clasped his hand, and spoke, and addressed him:

"Telemachus, surely not without a god's warrant has this bird flown forth upon our right, for I knew, as I looked upon him, that he was a bird of omen. Than yours is no other house in the land of Ithaca more kingly; nay, ye are ever supreme."

Then wise Telemachus answered him again: "Ah, stranger, I would that this word of thine might be fulfilled. Then shouldest thou straightway know of kindness and many a gift from me, so that one that met thee would call thee blessed."

Therewith he spoke to Peiraeus, his trusty comrade: "Peiraeus, son of Clytius, it is thou that in other matters art wont to hearken to me above all my comrades, who went with me to Pylos; so now do thou, I pray thee, take this stranger and give him kindly welcome in thy house, and show him honour until I come."

Then Peiraeus, the famous spearman, answered him: "Telemachus, though thou shouldest stay here long, I will entertain him, and he shall have no lack of what is due to strangers."

So saying, he went on board the ship, and bade his comrades themselves to embark and to loose the stern cables. So they went on board straightway, and sat down upon the benches. But Telemachus bound beneath his feet his fair sandals, and took his mighty spear, tipped with sharp bronze, from the deck of the ship. Then the men loosed the stern cables, and thrusting off, sailed to the city, as Telemachus bade, the dear son of divine Odysseus. But his feet bore him swiftly on, as he strode forward, until he reached the farmstead where were his countless swine, among whom slept the worthy swineherd with a heart loyal to his masters.

BOOK XVI

MEANWHILE the two in the hut, Odysseus and the goodly swineherd, had kindled a fire, and were making ready their breakfast at dawn, and had sent forth the herdsmen with the droves of swine; but around Telemachus the baying hounds fawned, and barked not as he drew near. And goodly Odysseus noted the fawning of the hounds, and the sound of footsteps fell upon his ears; and straightway he spoke to Eumaeus winged words:

"Eumaeus, surely some comrade of thine will be coming, or at least some one thou knowest, for the hounds do not bark, but fawn about him, and I hear the sound of footsteps."

Not yet was the word fully uttered, when his own dear son stood in the doorway. In amazement up sprang the swineherd, and from his hands the vessels fell with which he was busied as he mixed the flaming wine. And he went to meet his lord, and kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes and his two hands, and a big tear fell from him. And as a loving father greets his own dear son, who comes in the tenth year from a distant land—his only son and well-beloved, for whose sake he has borne much sorrow—even so did the goodly swineherd then clasp in his arms godlike Telemachus, and kiss him all over as one escaped from death; and with wailing he addressed him with winged words:

"Thou art come, Telemachus, sweet light of my eyes. I thought I should never see thee more after thou hadst gone in thy ship to Pylos. But come, enter in, dear child, that I may delight my heart with looking at thee here in my house, who art newly come from other lands. For thou dost not often visit the farm and the herdsmen, but abidest in the town; so, I ween, has it seemed good to thy heart, to look upon the destructive throng of the wooers."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "So shall it be, father. It is for thy sake that I am come hither, to see thee with my eyes, and to hear thee tell whether my mother still abides in the halls, or whether by now some other man has wedded her, and the couch of Odysseus lies haply in want of bedding, covered with foul spider-webs."

Then the swineherd, a leader of men, answered him: "Aye, verily, she abides with steadfast heart in thy halls, and ever sorrowfully for her the nights and the days wane as she weeps."

So saying, he took from him the spear of bronze, and Telemachus went in and passed over the stone threshold. As he drew near, his father, Odysseus, rose from his seat and gave him place, but Telemachus on his part checked him, and said:

"Be seated, stranger, and we shall find a seat elsewhere in our farmstead. There is a man here who will set us one."

So he spoke, and Odysseus went back and sat down again, and for Telemachus the swineherd strewed green brushwood beneath and a fleece above it, and there the dear son of Odysseus sat down. Then the swineherd set before them platters of roast

meats, which they had left at their meal the day before, and quickly heaped up bread in baskets, and mixed in a bowl of ivy wood honey-sweet wine, and himself sat down over against divine Odysseus. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, Telemachus spoke to the goodly swineherd, and said:

"Father, from whence did this stranger come to thee? How did sailors bring him to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, did he come hither on foot."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Then verily, my child, I will tell thee all the truth. From broad Crete he declares that he has birth, and he says that he has wandered roaming through many cities of mortals; so has a god spun for him this lot. But now he has run away from a ship of the Thesprotians and come to my farmstead, and I shall put him in thy hands. Do what thou wilt. He declares himself thy suppliant."

Then again wise Telemachus answered him: "Eumaeus, verily this word which thou hast uttered stings me to the heart. For how am I to welcome this stranger in my house? I am myself but young, nor have I yet trust in my might to defend me against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. And as for my mother, the heart in her breast wavers this way and that, whether to abide here with me and keep the house, respecting the bed of her husband and the voice of the people, or to go now with him whosoever is best of the Achaeans that woo her in the halls, and offers the most gifts of

wooing. But verily, as regards this stranger, now that he has come to thy house, I will clothe him in a cloak and tunic, fair raiment, and will give him a two-edged sword, and sandals for his feet, and send him whithersoever his heart and spirit bid him go. Or, if thou wilt, do thou keep him here at the farmstead, and care for him, and raiment will I send hither and all his food to eat, that he be not the ruin of thee and of thy men. But thither will I not suffer him to go, to join the company of the wooers, for they are over-full of wanton insolence, lest they mock him, and dread grief come upon me. And to achieve aught is hard for one man among many, how mighty soever he be, for verily they are far stronger."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Friend, since surely it is right for me to make answer—verily ye rend my heart, as I hear your words, such wantonness you say the wooers devise in the halls in despite of thee, so goodly a man. Tell me, art thou willingly thus oppressed? Or do the people throughout the land hate thee, following the voice of a god? Or hast thou cause to blame thy brothers, in whose fighting a man trusts even if a great strife arise. Would that with my present temper I were as young as thou, either the son of blameless Odysseus, or Odysseus himself;[1] straightway then might some stranger cut my head from off my neck, if I did not prove myself the bane of them all when I had come to the halls of Odysseus, son of Laertes. But if they should overwhelm me by their numbers, alone as I was, far rather would I die, slain in

[1] Line 101 (ἔλθοι ἀλητεύων· ἔτι γὰρ καὶ ἐλπίδος αἶσα, "might come from his wanderings; for there is still room for hope") has been omitted in translating as ruinous to the sense.

my own halls, than behold continually these shameful deeds, strangers mishandled, and men dragging the handmaidens in shameful fashion through the fair halls, and wine drawn to waste, and men devouring my bread all heedlessly, without limit, with no end to the business."

And wise Telemachus answered him: "Then verily, stranger, I will frankly tell thee all. Neither do the people at large bear me any grudge or hatred, nor have I cause to blame brothers, in whose fighting a man trusts, even if a great strife arise. For in this wise has the son of Cronos made our house to run in but a single line. As his only son did Arceisius beget Laertes, as his only son again did his father beget Odysseus, and Odysseus begot me as his only son, and left me in his halls, and had no joy of me. Therefore it is that foes past counting are now in the house; for all the princes who hold sway over the islands—Dulichium, and Same, and wooded Zacynthus—and those who lord it over rocky Ithaca, all these woo my mother and lay waste my house. And she neither refuses the hateful marriage, nor is she able to make an end; but they with feasting consume my substance, and will ere long bring me, too, to ruin. Yet these things verily lie on the knees of the gods. But, father, do thou go with speed, and tell constant Penelope that she has me safe, and I am come from Pylos. But I will abide here, and do thou come back hither, when thou hast told thy tale to her alone; but of the rest of the Achaeans let no one learn it, for many there are who contrive evil against me."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make

answer, and say: "I see, I give heed; this thou biddest one with understanding. But come now, tell me this, and declare it truly; whether I shall go on the self-same way with tidings to Laertes also, wretched man, who for a time, though grieving sorely for Odysseus, was still wont to oversee the fields, and would eat and drink with the slaves in the house, as the heart in his breast bade him. But now, from the day when thou wentest in thy ship to Pylos, they say he has no more eaten and drunk as before, nor overseen the fields, but with groaning and wailing he sits and weeps, and the flesh wastes from off his bones."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "'Tis the sadder; but none the less we will let him be, despite our sorrow; for if in any wise all things might be had by mortals for the wishing, we should choose first of all the day of my father's return. No, do thou come back, when thou hast given thy message, and wander not over the fields in search of Laertes; but bid my mother with all speed send forth her handmaid, the housewife, secretly, for she might bear word to the old man."

With this he roused the swineherd, and he took his sandals in his hands and bound them beneath his feet and went forth to the city. Nor was Athene unaware that the swineherd Eumaeus was gone from the farmstead, but she drew near in the likeness of a woman, comely and tall, and skilled in glorious handiwork. And she stood over against the door of the hut, shewing herself to Odysseus, but Telemachus did not see her before him, or notice her; for in no wise do the gods appear in manifest presence to all. But Odysseus saw her, and the hounds, and they

barked not, but with whining slunk in fear to the further side of the farmstead. Then she made a sign with her brows, and goodly Odysseus perceived it, and went forth from the hall, past the great wall of the court, and stood before her, and Athene spoke to him, saying:

"Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, even now do thou reveal thy word to thy son, and hide it not, that when you two have planned death and fate for the wooers, you may go to the famous city. Nor will I myself be long away from you, for I am eager for the battle."

With this, Athene touched him with her golden wand. A well-washed cloak and a tunic she first of all cast about his breast, and she increased his stature and his youthful bloom. Once more he grew dark of colour, and his cheeks filled out, and dark grew the beard about his chin. Then, when she had wrought thus, she departed, but Odysseus went into the hut. And his dear son marvelled, and, seized with fear, turned his eyes aside, lest it should be a god. And he spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Of other sort thou seemest to me now, stranger, than awhile ago, and other are the garments thou hast on, and thy colour is no more the same. Verily thou art a god, one of those who hold broad heaven. Nay then, be gracious, that we may offer to thee acceptable sacrifices and golden gifts, finely wrought; but do thou spare us."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Be sure I am no god; why dost thou liken me to the immortals? Nay, I am thy father, for whose sake thou dost with groaning endure many griefs, and submittest to the violence of men."

So saying, he kissed his son, and from his cheeks let fall a tear to earth, but before he ever steadfastly held them back. Howbeit Telemachus—for he did not yet believe that it was his father—again answered, and spoke to him, saying:

"Thou verily art not my father Odysseus, but some god beguiles me, that I may weep and groan yet more. For nowise could a mortal man contrive this by his own wit, unless a god were himself to come to him, and easily by his will make him young or old. For verily but now thou wast an old man and meanly clad, whereas now thou art like the gods, who hold broad heaven."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Telemachus, it beseems thee not to wonder overmuch that thy father is in the house, or to be amazed. For thou mayest be sure no other Odysseus will ever come hither; but I here, I, even such as thou seest me, after sufferings and many wanderings, am come in the twentieth year to my native land. But this, thou must know, is the work of Athene, driver of the spoil, who makes me such as she will—for she has the power—now like a beggar, and now again like a young man, and one wearing fair raiment about his body. Easy it is for the gods, who hold broad heaven, both to glorify a mortal man and to abase him."

So saying, he sat down, and Telemachus, flinging his arms about his noble father, wept and shed tears, and in the hearts of both arose a longing for lamentation. And they wailed aloud more vehemently than birds, sea-eagles, or vultures with crooked talons, whose young the country-folk have taken from their nest before they were fledged; even so piteously did they let tears fall from beneath their brows. And

now would the light of the sun have gone down upon their weeping, had not Telemachus spoken to his father suddenly:

"In what manner of ship, dear father, have sailors now brought thee hither to Ithaca? Who did they declare themselves to be? For nowise, methinks, didst thou come hither on foot."

And the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Then verily, my child, I will tell thee all the truth. The Phaeacians brought me, men famed for their ships, who send other men too on their way, whosoever comes to them. And they brought me as I slept in a swift ship over the sea, and set me down in Ithaca, and gave me glorious gifts, stores of bronze and gold and woven raiment. These treasures, by the favour of the gods, are lying in caves. And now I am come hither at the bidding of Athene, that we may take counsel about the slaying of our foes. Come now, count me the wooers, and tell their tale, that I may know how many they are and what manner of men, and that I may ponder in my noble heart and decide whether we two shall be able to maintain our cause against them alone without others, or whether we shall also seek out others."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Father, of a truth I have ever heard of thy great fame, that thou wast a warrior in strength of hand and in wise counsel, but this thou sayest is too great; amazement holds me. It could not be that two men should fight against many men and mighty. For of the wooers there are not ten alone, or twice ten, but full many more. Here as we are shalt thou straightway learn their number. From Dulichium there are two and

fifty chosen youths, and six serving men attend them; from Same came four and twenty men; from Zacynthus there are twenty youths of the Achaeans; and from Ithaca itself twelve men, all of them the noblest, and with them is Medon, the herald, and the divine minstrel, and two squires skilled in carving meats. If we shall meet all these within the halls, bitter, I fear, and with bane will be thy coming to avenge violence. Nay, do thou consider, if thou canst bethink thee of any helper—one that would aid us two with a ready heart."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "Well, then, I will tell thee, and do thou give heed and hearken to my words, and consider whether for us two Athene, with father Zeus, will be enough, or whether I shall bethink me of some other helper."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Good, thou mayest be sure, are these two helpers whom thou dost mention, though high in the clouds do they abide, and they rule over all men alike and the immortal gods."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered: "Not long of a surety will those two hold aloof from the mighty fray, when between the wooers and us in my halls the might of Ares is put to the test. But for the present, do thou go at daybreak to thy house and join the company of the haughty wooers. As for me, the swineherd will lead me later on to the city in the likeness of a woeful and aged beggar. And if they shall put despite on me in the house, let the heart in thy breast endure while I am evil entreated, even if they drag me by the feet through the house to the door, or hurl at me and smite me;

still do thou endure to behold it. Thou shalt indeed bid them cease their folly, seeking to dissuade them with gentle words; yet in no wise will they hearken to thee, for verily their day of doom is at hand. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. When Athene, rich in counsel, shall put it in my mind, I will nod to thee with my head; and do thou thereupon, when thou notest it, take all the weapons of war that lie in thy halls, and lay them away one and all in the secret place of the lofty store-room. And as for the wooers, when they miss the arms and question thee, do thou beguile them with gentle words, saying:

"'Out of the smoke have I laid them,[1] since they are no longer like those which of old Odysseus left behind him when he went forth to Troy, but are all befouled so far as the breath of the fire has reached them. And furthermore this greater fear has the son of Cronos put in my heart, lest haply, when heated with wine, you may set a quarrel afoot among you and wound one another, and so bring shame on your feast and on your wooing. For of itself does the iron draw a man to it.'

"But for us two alone do thou leave behind two swords and two spears, and two ox-hide shields for us to grasp, that we may rush upon them and seize them; while as for the wooers, Pallas Athene and Zeus, the counsellor, will beguile them. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. If in truth thou art my son and of our blood, then let no one hear that Odysseus is at home;

[1] The Homeric house had no chimney, and the walls with the weapons hanging on them naturally became grimy with soot from the fire which burned in the centre of the hall.

neither let Laertes know it, nor the swineherd, nor any of the household, nor Penelope herself; but by ourselves thou and I will learn the temper of the women. Aye, and we will likewise make trial of many a one of the serving men, and see where any of them honours us two and fears us at heart, and who recks not of us and scorns thee, a man so goodly."

Then his glorious son answered him, and said: "Father, my spirit, methinks, thou shalt verily come to know hereafter, for no slackness of will possesses me. But I think not that this plan will be a gain to us both, and so I bid thee take thought. Long time shalt thou vainly go about, making trial of each man as thou visitest the farms, while in thy halls those others at their ease are wasting thy substance in insolent wise, and there is no sparing. Yet verily, as for the women, I do bid thee learn who among them dishonour thee, and who are guiltless. But of the men in the farmsteads I would not that we should make trial, but that we should deal therewith hereafter, if in very truth thou knowest some sign from Zeus, who bears the aegis."

Thus they spoke to one another, but meanwhile into Ithaca put the well-built ship that brought Telemachus and all his comrades from Pylos; and they, when they had come into the deep harbour, drew the black ship up on the shore, while proud squires bore forth their armour and straightway carried the beauteous gifts to the house of Clytius. But they sent a herald forth to the house of Odysseus to bear word to wise Penelope that Telemachus was at the farm, and had bidden the ship to sail on to the city, lest the noble queen might grow anxious and let

round tears fall. So the two met, the herald and the goodly swineherd, on the self-same errand, to bear tidings to the lady. And when they reached the palace of the godlike king, the herald spoke out in the midst of the handmaids, and said: "Even now, queen, thy son has come back from Pylos."

But the swineherd came close to Penelope and told her all that her dear son had bidden him say. And when he had fully told all that had been commanded him, he went his way to the swine and left the courtyard and the hall.

But the wooers were dismayed and downcast in spirit, and forth they went from the hall past the great wall of the court, and there before the gates they sat down. Then among them Eurymachus, son of Polybus, was the first to speak:

"My friends, verily a great deed has been insolently brought to pass by Telemachus, even this journey, and we deemed that he would never see it accomplished. But come, let us launch a black ship, the best we have, and let us get together seamen as rowers that they may straightway bear tidings to those others speedily to return home."

Not yet was the word fully uttered when Amphinomus, turning in his place, saw a ship in the deep harbour and men furling the sail, and with oars in their hands. Then, breaking into a merry laugh, he spoke among his comrades:

"Let us not be sending a message any more, for here they are at home. Either some god told them of this, or they themselves caught sight of the ship of Telemachus as she sailed by, but could not catch her."

So he spoke, and they rose up and went to the

shore of the sea. Swiftly the men drew up the black ship on the shore, and proud squires bore forth their armour. Themselves meanwhile went all together to the place of assembly, and none other would they suffer to sit with them, either of the young men or the old. Then among them spoke Antinous, son of Eupeithes:

"Lo, now, see how the gods have delivered this man from destruction. Day by day watchmen sat upon the windy heights, watch ever following watch, and at set of sun we never spent a night upon the shore, but sailing over the deep in our swift ship we waited for the bright Dawn, lying in wait for Telemachus, that we might take him and slay the man himself; howbeit meanwhile some god has brought him home. But, on our part, let us here devise for him a woeful death, even for Telemachus, and let him not escape from out our hands, for I deem that while he lives this work of ours will not prosper. For he is himself shrewd in counsel and in wisdom, and the people nowise show us favour any more. Nay, come, before he gathers the Achaeans to the place of assembly—for methinks he will in no wise be slow to act, but will be full of wrath, and rising up will declare among them all how that we contrived against him utter destruction, but did not catch him; and they will not praise us when they hear of our evil deeds. Beware, then, lest they work us some harm and drive us out from our country, and we come to the land of strangers. Nay, let us act first, and seize him in the field far from the city, or on the road; and his substance let us ourselves keep, and his wealth, dividing them fairly among us; though the house we would give to his mother to possess, and to

him who weds her. Howbeit if this plan does not please you, but you choose rather that he should live and keep all the wealth of his fathers, let us not continue to devour his store of pleasant things as we gather together here, but let each man from his own hall woo her with his gifts and seek to win her; and she then would wed him who offers most, and who comes as her fated lord."

So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence. Then Amphinomus addressed their assembly, and spoke among them. He was the glorious son of the prince Nisus, son of Aretias, and he led the wooers who came from Dulichium, rich in wheat and in grass, and above all the others he pleased Penelope with his words, for he had an understanding heart. He it was who with good intent addressed their assembly, and spoke among them:

"Friends, I surely would not choose to kill Telemachus; a dread thing is it to slay one of royal stock. Nay, let us first seek to learn the will of the gods. If the oracles of great Zeus approve, I will myself slay him, and bid all the others do so; but if the gods turn us from the act, I bid you desist."

Thus spoke Amphinomus, and his word was pleasing to them. So they arose straightway and went to the house of Odysseus, and entering in, sat down on the polished seats.

Then the wise Penelope took other counsel, to show herself to the wooers, overweening in their insolence. For she had learned of the threatened death of her son in her halls, for the herald Medon told her, who had heard their counsel. So she went her way toward the hall with her handmaids. But when the fair lady reached the wooers, she stood by the

doorpost of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and she rebuked Antinous, and spoke, and addressed him:

"Antinous, full of insolence, deviser of evil! and yet it is thou, men say, that dost excel among all of thy years in the land of Ithaca in counsel and in speech. But thou, it seems, art not such a man. Madman! why dost thou devise death and fate for Telemachus, and carest not for suppliants, for whom Zeus is witness. 'Tis an impious thing to plot evil one against another. Dost thou not know of the time when thy father came to this house a fugitive in terror of the people? For of a truth they were greatly wroth with him because he had joined Taphian pirates and harried the Thesprotians, who were in league with us. Him, then, they were minded to slay, and take from him his life by violence, and utterly to devour his great and pleasant livelihood; but Odysseus held them back, and stayed them despite their eagerness. His house it is that thou consumest now without atonement, and wooest his wife, and seekest to slay his son, and on me thou bringest great distress. Nay, forbear, I charge thee, and bid the rest forbear."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, be of good cheer, and let not these things distress thy heart. That man lives not, nor shall live, nor shall ever be born, who shall lay hands upon thy son Telemachus while I live and behold the light upon the earth. For thus will I speak out to thee, and verily it shall be brought to pass. Quickly shall that man's black blood flow forth about my spear; for of a truth me, too, did Odysseus the sacker of cities often set upon his

knees, and put roast meat in my hands, and hold to my lips red wine. Therefore Telemachus is far the dearest of all men to me, and I bid him have no fear of death, at least from the wooers; but from the gods can no man avoid it."

Thus he spoke to cheer her, but against that son he was himself plotting death. So she went up to her bright upper chamber and then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until flashing-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

But at evening the goodly swineherd came back to Odysseus and his son, and they were busily making ready their supper, and had slain a boar of a year old. Then Athene came close to Odysseus, son of Laertes, and smote him with her wand, and again made him an old man; and mean raiment she put about his body, lest the swineherd might look upon him and know him, and might go to bear tidings to constant Penelope, and not hold the secret fast in his heart.

Now Telemachus spoke first to the swineherd, and said: "Thou hast come, goodly Eumaeus. What news is there in the city? Have the proud wooers by this time come home from their ambush, or are they still watching for me where they were, to take me on my homeward way?"

To him, then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer and say: "I was not minded to go about the city, asking and enquiring of this; my heart bade me with all speed to come back hither when I had given my message. But there joined me a swift messenger from thy companions, a herald, who was the first to tell the news to thy mother. And this further thing I know, for I saw it with my eyes. I was now above the city, as I went on my way, where

the hill of Hermes is, when I saw a swift ship putting into our harbour, and there were many men in her, and she was laden with shields and double-pointed spears. And I thought it was they, but I have no knowledge."

So he spoke, and the strong and mighty Telemachus smiled and with his eyes he glanced at his father, but shunned the swineherd's eye.

And when they had ceased from their labour and had made ready the meal, they fell to feasting, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, they bethought them of rest, and took the gift of sleep.

BOOK XVII

As soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, bound beneath his feet his fair sandals and took his mighty spear, that fitted his grasp, hasting to the city; and he spoke to his swineherd, saying:

"Father, I verily am going to the city, that my mother may see me, for, methinks, she will not cease from woeful wailing and tearful lamentation until she sees my very self. But to thee I give this charge. Lead this wretched stranger to the city, that there he may beg his food, and whoso will shall give him a loaf and a cup of water. For my part, I can in no wise burden myself with all men, seeing that I have grief at heart. But if the stranger is sore angered at this, it will be the worse for him. I verily love to speak the truth."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Friend, be sure I am not myself fain to be left here. For a beggar it is better to beg his food in the town than in the fields, and whoso will shall give it me. For I am no more of an age to remain at the farmstead, so as to obey in all things the command of an overseer. Nay, go thy way; this man that thou biddest will lead me as soon as I have warmed myself at the fire, and the sun has grown hot. For miserably poor are these garments which I wear, and I fear lest the morning frost may overcome me; and ye say it is far to the city."

So he spoke, and Telemachus passed out through the farmstead with rapid strides, and was sowing the seeds of evil for the wooers. But when he came to the stately house he set his spear in place, leaning it against a tall pillar, and himself went in and crossed the threshold of stone.

Him the nurse Eurycleia was far the first to see, as she was spreading fleeces on the richly-wrought chairs. With a burst of tears she came straight toward him, and round about them gathered the other maids of Odysseus of the steadfast heart, and they kissed his head and shoulders in loving welcome.

Then forth from her chamber came wise Penelope, like unto Artemis or golden Aphrodite, and bursting into tears she flung her arms about her dear son, and kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes; and with wailing she spoke to him winged words:

"Thou art come, Telemachus, sweet light of my eyes; I thought I should never see thee more after thou hadst gone in thy ship to Pylos—secretly, and in my despite, to seek tidings of thy dear father. Come, then, tell me what sight thou hadst of him."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "My mother, stir not lamentation, I pray thee, nor rouse the heart in my breast, seeing that I am escaped from utter destruction. Nay, bathe thyself, and take clean raiment for thy body, and then, going to thy upper chamber with thy handmaids, vow to all the gods that thou wilt offer hecatombs that bring fulfilment, in the hope that Zeus may some day bring deeds of requital to pass. But I will go to the place of assembly that I may bid to our house a stranger who followed me from Pylos on my way hither. Him I sent forward with my godlike comrades, and I bade

Peiraeus take him home and give him kindly welcome, and show him honour until I should come."

So he spoke, but her word remained unwinged.[1] Then she bathed and took clean raiment for her body, and vowed to all the gods that she would offer hecatombs that bring fulfilment, in the hope that Zeus would some day bring deeds of requital to pass.

But Telemachus thereafter went forth through the hall with his spear in his hand, and with him went two swift hounds. And wondrous was the grace that Athene shed upon him, and all the people marvelled at him as he came. Round about him the proud wooers thronged, speaking him fair, but pondering evil in the deep of their hearts. Howbeit he avoided the great throng of these men, but where Mentor sat, and Antiphus, and Halitherses, who were friends of his father's house from of old, there he went and sat down, and they questioned him of each thing. Then Peiraeus, the famous spearman, drew near, leading the stranger through the city to the place of assembly; and Telemachus did not long turn away from his guest, but went up to him. Then Peiraeus was the first to speak, saying:

"Telemachus, quickly send women to my house, that I may send to thee the gifts which Menelaus gave thee."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Peiraeus, we know not how these things will be. If the proud wooers shall secretly slay me in my hall, and divide among them all the goods of my fathers, I would that thou shouldest keep and enjoy these things thyself rather than one of these. But if I shall sow

[1] That is, she made no reply.

for them the seeds of death and fate, then do thou bring all to my house gladly, as I shall be glad."

So saying, he led the sore-tried stranger to the house. Now when they had come to the stately house they laid their cloaks on the chairs and high seats, and went into the polished baths and bathed. And when the maids had bathed them and anointed them with oil, and had cast about them fleecy cloaks and tunics, they came forth from the baths and sat down upon the chairs. Then a handmaid brought water for the hands in a fair pitcher of gold, and poured it over a silver basin for them to wash, and beside them drew up a polished table. And the grave housewife brought and set before them bread, and therewith meats in abundance, granting freely of her store. And his mother sat over against Telemachus by the door-post of the hall, leaning against a chair and spinning fine threads of yarn. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them. But when they had put from them the desire of food and drink, the wise Penelope spoke first among them:

"Telemachus, I truly will go to my upper chamber and lay me on my bed, which has become for me a bed of wailing, ever wet with my tears, since the day when Odysseus set forth with the sons of Atreus for Ilios. But thou tookest no care, before the proud wooers come into this house, to tell me plainly of the return of thy father, if haply thou heardest aught."

And wise Telemachus answered her: "Then verily, mother, I will tell thee all the truth. We went to Pylos and to Nestor, the shepherd of the people, and he received me in his lofty house and

gave me kindly welcome, as a father might his own son who after a long time had newly come from afar: even so kindly he tended me with his glorious sons. Yet of Odysseus of the steadfast heart, whether living or dead, he said he had heard naught from any man on earth. But he sent me on my way with horses and jointed car to Menelaus, son of Atreus, the famous spearman. There I saw Argive Helen, for whose sake Argives and Trojans toiled much by the will of the gods. And straightway Menelaus, good at the war-cry, asked me in quest of what I had come to goodly Lacedaemon; and I told him all the truth. Then he made answer to me, and said:

"'Out upon them! for verily in the bed of a man of valiant heart were they fain to lie, who are themselves cravens. Even as when in the thicket-lair of a mighty lion a hind has laid to sleep her new-born suckling fawns, and roams over the mountain slopes and grassy vales seeking pasture, and then the lion comes to his lair and upon the two lets loose a cruel doom, so will Odysseus let loose a cruel doom upon these men. I would, O father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that in such strength, as when once in fair-stablished Lesbos he rose up and wrestled a match with Philomeleides and threw him mightily, and all the Achaeans rejoiced, even in such strength Odysseus might come among the wooers; then should they all find swift destruction and bitterness in their wooing. But in this matter of which thou dost ask and entreat me, verily I will not swerve aside to speak of other things, nor will I deceive thee; but of all that the unerring old man of the sea told me, not one thing

will I hide from thee or conceal. He said that he had seen Odysseus in an island in grievous distress, in the halls of the nymph Calypso, who keeps him there perforce. And he cannot come to his own native land, for he has at hand no ships with oars, and no comrades, to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea.'

"So spoke Menelaus, son of Atreus, the famous spearman. Now when I had made an end of all this I set out for home, and the immortals gave me a fair wind and brought me quickly to my dear native land."

So he spoke, and stirred the heart in her breast. Then among them spoke also the godlike Theoclymenus, saying:

"Honoured wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, he truly has no clear understanding; but do thou hearken to my words, for with certain knowledge will I prophesy to thee, and will hide naught. Be my witness Zeus above all gods, and this hospitable board and the hearth of noble Odysseus to which I am come, that verily Odysseus is even now in his native land, resting or moving, learning of these evil deeds, and he is sowing the seeds of evil for all the wooers. So plain a bird of omen did I mark as I sat on the benched ship, and I declared it to Telemachus."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Ah, stranger, I would that this word of thine might be fulfilled. Then shouldest thou straightway know of kindness and many a gift from me, so that one who met thee would call thee blessed."

Thus they spoke to one another. And the wooers meanwhile in front of the palace of Odysseus were making merry, throwing the discus and the javelin

in a levelled place, as their wont was, in insolence of heart. But when it was the hour for dinner, and the flocks came in from all sides from the fields, and the men led them who were wont to lead, then Medon, who of all the heralds was most to their liking and was ever present at their feasts, spoke to them, saying:

"Youths, now that you have all made glad your hearts with sport, come to the house that we may make ready a feast; for it is no bad thing to take one's dinner in season."

So he spoke, and they rose up and went, and hearkened to his word. And when they had come to the stately house they laid their cloaks on the chairs and high seats, and men fell to slaying great sheep and fat goats, aye, and fatted swine, and a heifer of the herd, and so made ready the meal. But Odysseus and the goodly swineherd were making haste to go from the field to the city; and the swineherd, a leader of men, spoke first, and said:

"Stranger, since thou art eager to go to the city to-day, as my master bade—though for myself I would rather have thee left here to keep the farmstead; but I reverence and fear him, lest hereafter he chide me, and hard are the rebukes of masters—come now, let us go. The day is far spent, and soon thou wilt find it colder toward evening."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "I see, I give heed; this thou biddest one with understanding. Come, let us go, and be thou my guide all the way. But give me a staff to lean upon, if thou hast one cut anywhere, for verily ye said that the way was treacherous."

He spoke, and flung about his shoulders his miserable wallet, full of holes, slung by a twisted cord, and Eumaeus gave him a staff to his liking. So they two set forth, and the dogs and the herdsmen stayed behind to guard the farmstead; but the swineherd led his master to the city in the likeness of a woeful and aged beggar, leaning on a staff; and miserable was the raiment that he wore about his body.

But when, as they went along the rugged path, they were near the city, and had come to a well-wrought, fair-flowing fountain, wherefrom the townsfolk drew water—this Ithacus had made, and Neritus, and Polyctor, and around was a grove of poplars, that grow by the waters, circling it on all sides, and down the cold water flowed from the rock above, and on the top was built an altar to the nymphs where all passers-by made offerings—there Melantheus, son of Dolius, met them as he was driving his she-goats, the best that were in all the herds, to make a feast for the wooers; and two herdsmen followed with him. As he saw them, he spoke and addressed them, and reviled them in terrible and unseemly words, and stirred the heart of Odysseus:

"Lo, now, in very truth the vile leads the vile. As ever, the god is bringing like and like together. Whither, pray, art thou leading this filthy wretch,[1] thou miserable swineherd, this nuisance of a beggar to mar our feasts? He is a man to stand and rub his shoulders on many doorposts, begging for scraps, not for swords or cauldrons.[2] If thou wouldest give me this fellow to keep my farmstead, to sweep out

[1] The meaning of the word is uncertain. It is often rendered "gluttonous."

[2] *i.e.* for such gifts as were ordinarily given to princely guests.

the pens and to carry young shoots to the kids, then by drinking whey he might get himself a sturdy thigh. But since he has learned only deeds of evil, he will not care to busy himself with work, but is minded rather to go skulking through the land, that by begging he may feed his insatiate belly. But I will speak out to thee, and this word shall verily be brought to pass. If he comes to the palace of divine Odysseus, many a footstool, hurled about his head by the hands of those that are men, shall be broken on his ribs[1] as he is pelted through the house."

So he spoke, and as he passed he kicked Odysseus on the hip in his folly, yet he did not drive him from the path, but he stood steadfast. And Odysseus pondered whether he should leap upon him and take his life with his staff, or seize him round about,[2] and lift him up, and dash his head upon the ground. Yet he endured, and stayed him from his purpose. And the swineherd looked the man in the face, and rebuked him, and lifted up his hands, and prayed aloud:

"Nymphs of the fountain, daughters of Zeus, if ever Odysseus burned upon your altars pieces of the thighs of lambs or kids, wrapped in rich fat, fulfil for me this prayer; grant that he, my master, may come back, and that some god may guide him. Then would he scatter all the proud airs which now thou puttest on in thy insolence, ever roaming about the city, while evil herdsmen destroy the flock."

Then Melanthius, the goatherd, answered him: "Lo now, how the cur talks, his mind full of mischief. Him will I some day take on a black, benched ship

[1] Or, reading πλευρά τ', "shall bang about his head and on his ribs."

[2] The only thing certain about this obscure word seems to be the preposition.

far from Ithaca, that he may bring me in much wealth. Would that Apollo, of the silver bow, might smite Telemachus to-day in the halls, or that he might be slain by the wooers, as surely as for Odysseus in a far land the day of return has been lost."

So saying, he left them there, as they walked slowly on, but himself strode forward and right swiftly came to the palace of the king. Straightway he entered in and sat down among the wooers over against Eurymachus, for he loved him best of all. Then by him those that served set a portion of meat, and the grave housewife brought and set before him bread, for him to eat. And Odysseus and the goodly swineherd halted as they drew nigh, and about them rang the sound of the hollow lyre, for Phemius was striking the chords to sing before the wooers. Then Odysseus clasped the swineherd by the hand, and said:

"Eumaeus, surely this is the beautiful house of Odysseus. Easily might it be known, though seen among many. There is building upon building, and the court is built with wall and coping, and the double gates are well-fenced; no man may scorn it. And I mark that in the house itself many men are feasting: for the savour of meat arises from it, and therewith resounds the voice of the lyre, which the gods have made the companion of the feast."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Easily hast thou marked it, for in all things thou art ready of wit. But come, let us take thought how these things shall be. Either do thou go first into the stately palace, and enter the company of the wooers, and I will remain behind here, or, if thou wilt, remain thou here and I will

go before thee. But do not thou linger long, lest some man see thee without and pelt thee or smite thee. Of this I bid thee take thought."

Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus answered him: "I see, I give heed: this thou biddest one with understanding. But go thou before, and I will remain behind here; for no whit unused am I to blows and peltings. Staunch is my heart, for much evil have I suffered amid the waves and in war; let this too be added to what has gone before. But a ravening belly may no man hide, an accursed plague that brings many evils upon men. Because of it are the benched ships also made ready, that bear evil to foemen over the unresting sea."

Thus they spoke to one another. And a hound that lay there raised his head and pricked up his ears, Argos, the hound of Odysseus, of the steadfast heart, whom of old he had himself bred, but had no joy of him, for ere that he went to sacred Ilios. In days past the young men were wont to take the hound to hunt the wild goats, and deer, and hares; but now he lay neglected, his master gone, in the deep dung of mules and cattle, which lay in heaps before the doors, till the slaves of Odysseus should take it away to dung his wide lands. There lay the hound Argos, full of vermin; yet even now, when he marked Odysseus standing near, he wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had no longer strength to move. Then Odysseus ooked aside and wiped away a tear, easily hiding from Eumaeus what he did; and straightway he questioned him, and said:

"Eumaeus, verily it is strange that this hound lies

here in the dung. He is fine of form, but I do not clearly know whether he has speed of foot to match this beauty or whether he is merely as table-dogs are, which their masters keep for show."

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer and say: "Aye, verily this is the hound of a man that has died in a far land. If he were but in form and in action such as he was when Odysseus left him and went to Troy, thou wouldest soon be amazed at seeing his speed and his strength. No creature that he started in the depths of the thick wood could escape him, and in tracking too he was keen of scent. But now he is in evil plight, and his master has perished far from his native land, and the heedless women give him no care. Slaves, when their masters lose their power, are no longer minded thereafter to do honest service: for Zeus, whose voice is borne afar, takes away half his worth from a man, when the day of slavery comes upon him."

So saying, he entered the stately house and went straight to the hall to join the company of the lordly wooers. But as for Argos, the fate of black death seized him straightway when he had seen Odysseus in the twentieth year.

Now as the swineherd came through the hall god-like Telemachus was far the first to see him, and quickly with a nod he called him to his side. And Eumaeus looked about him and took a stool that lay near, on which the carver was wont to sit when carving for the wooers the many joints of meat, as they feasted in the hall. This he took and placed at the table of Telemachus, over against him, and there

sat down himself. And a herald took a portion of meat and set it before him, and bread from out the basket.

Nigh after him Odysseus entered the palace in the likeness of a woeful and aged beggar, leaning on a staff, and miserable was the raiment that he wore about his body. He sat down upon the ashen threshold within the doorway, leaning against a post of cypress wood, which of old a carpenter had skilfully planed, and made straight to the line. Then Telemachus called the swineherd to him, and, taking a whole loaf from out the beautiful basket, and all the meat his hands could hold in their grasp, spoke to him, saying:

"Take, and give this mess to yon stranger, and bid him go about himself and beg of the wooers one and all. Shame is no good comrade for a man that is in need."

So he spoke, and the swineherd went, when he had heard this saying, and coming up to Odysseus spoke to him winged words:

"Stranger, Telemachus gives thee these, and bids thee go about and beg of the wooers one and all. Shame, he says, is no good thing in a beggar man."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said, "King Zeus, grant, I pray thee, that Telemachus may be blest among men, and may have all that his heart desires."

He spoke, and took the mess in both his hands and set it down there before his feet on his miserable wallet. Then he ate so long as the minstrel sang in the halls. But when he had dined and the divine minstrel was ceasing to sing, the wooers broke into uproar throughout the halls; but Athene drew close

to the side of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and roused him to go among the wooers and gather bits of bread, and learn which of them were righteous and which lawless. Yet even so she was not minded to save one of them from ruin. So he set out to beg of every man, beginning on the right, stretching out his hand on every side, as though he had been long a beggar. And they pitied him and gave, and marvelled at him, asking one another who he was and whence he came.

Then among them spoke Melanthius, the goatherd: "Hear me, wooers of the glorious queen, regarding this stranger, for verily I have seen him before. Truly it was the swineherd that led him hither, but of the man himself I know not surely from whence he declares his birth to be."

So he spoke, and Antinous rebuked the swineherd, saying: "Notorious swineherd, why, pray, didst thou bring this man to the city? Have we not vagabonds enough without him, nuisances of beggars to mar our feasts? Dost thou not think it enough that they gather here and devour the substance of thy master, that thou dost bid this fellow too?"

To him then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "Antinous, no fair words are these thou speakest, noble though thou art. Who, pray, of himself ever seeks out and bids a stranger from abroad, unless it be one of those that are masters of some public craft, a prophet, or a healer of ills, or a builder, aye, or a divine minstrel, who gives delight with his song? For these men are bidden all over the boundless earth. Yet a beggar would no man bid to be burden to himself. But thou art ever harsh above all the wooers to the

slaves of Odysseus, and most of all to me; yet I care not, so long as my lady, the constant Penelope, lives in the hall, and godlike Telemachus."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Be silent; do not, I bid thee, answer yonder man with many words, for Antinous is wont ever in evil wise to provoke to anger with harsh words, aye, and urges on the others too."

With this he spoke winged words to Antinous: "Antinous, truly thou carest well for me, as a father for his son, seeing that thou biddest me drive yonder stranger from the hall with a word of compulsion. May the god never bring such a thing to pass. Nay, take and give him somewhat: I begrudge it not, but rather myself bid thee give. In this matter regard not my mother, no, nor any of the slaves that are in the house of divine Odysseus. But verily far other is the thought in thy breast; for thou art far more fain thyself to eat than to give to another."

Then Antinous answered him, and said: "Telemachus, thou braggart, unrestrained in daring, what a thing hast thou said! If all the wooers would but hand him as much as I, for full three months' space this house would keep him at a distance."

So he spoke, and seized the footstool on which he was wont to rest his shining feet as he feasted, and shewed it from beneath the table, where it lay. But all the rest gave gifts, and filled the wallet with bread and bits of meat. And now Odysseus was like to have gone back again to the threshold, and to have made trial of the Achaeans without cost,[1] but he paused by Antinous, and spoke to him, saying:

[1] *i.e.* to have tested their generosity with impunity. Others render, less in accordance with Homeric usage, "was about to taste of the bounty of the Achaeans."

"Friend, give me some gift; thou seemest not in my eyes to be the basest of the Achaeans, but rather the noblest, for thou art like a king. Therefore it is meet that thou shouldest give even a better portion of bread than the rest; so would I make thy fame known all over the boundless earth. For I too once dwelt in a house of my own among men, a rich man in a wealthy house, and full often I gave gifts to a wanderer, whosoever he was and with whatsoever need he came. Slaves too I had past counting, and all other things in abundance whereby men live well and are reputed wealthy. But Zeus, son of Cronos, brought all to naught—so, I ween, was his good pleasure—who sent me forth with roaming pirates to go to Egypt, a far voyage, that I might meet my ruin; and in the river Aegyptus I moored my curved ships. Then verily I bade my trusty comrades to remain there by the ships and to guard the ships, and I sent out scouts to go to places of outlook. But my comrades, yielding to wantonness and led on by their own might, straightway set about wasting the fair fields of the men of Egypt; and they carried off the women and little children, and slew the men; and the cry came quickly to the city. Then, hearing the shouting, the people came forth at break of day, and the whole plain was filled with footmen and chariots and the flashing of bronze. And Zeus, who hurls the thunderbolt, cast an evil panic upon my comrades, and none had courage to take his stand and face the foe; for evil surrounded us on every side. So then they slew many of us with the sharp bronze, and others they led up to their city alive, to work for them perforce. But they gave me to a friend who met them to take to Cyprus, even to

Dmetor, son of Iasus, who ruled mightily over Cyprus; and from thence am I now come hither, sore distressed."

Then Antinous answered him, and said: "What god has brought this bane hither to trouble our feast? Just stand off yonder in the midst, away from my table, lest thou come presently to a bitter Egypt and a bitter Cyprus, seeing that thou art a bold and shameless beggar. Thou comest up to every man in turn, and they give recklessly; for there is no restraint or scruple in giving freely of another's goods, since each man has plenty beside him."

Then Odysseus of many wiles drew back, and said to him: "Lo, now, it seems that thou at least hast not wits to match thy beauty. Thou wouldest not out of thine own substance give even a grain of salt to thy suppliant, thou who now, when sitting at another's table, hadst not the heart to take of the bread and give me aught. Yet here lies plenty at thy hand."

So he spoke, and Antinous waxed the more wroth at heart, and with an angry glance from beneath his brows spoke to him winged words:

"Now verily, methinks, thou shalt no more go forth from the hall in seemly fashion, since thou dost even utter words of reviling."

So saying, he seized the footstool and flung it, and struck Odysseus on the base of the right shoulder, where it joins the back. But he stood firm as a rock, nor did the missile of Antinous make him reel; but he shook his head in silence, pondering evil in the deep of his heart. Then back to the threshold he went and sat down, and down he laid his well-filled wallet; and he spoke among the wooers:

"Hear me, wooers of the glorious queen, that I may say what the heart in my breast bids me. Verily there is no pain of heart nor any grief when a man is smitten while fighting for his own possessions, whether for his cattle or for his white sheep; but Antinous has smitten me for my wretched belly's sake, an accursed plague that brings many evils upon men. Ah, if for beggars there are gods and avengers, may the doom of death come upon Antinous before his marriage."

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, answered him: "Sit still, and eat, stranger, or go elsewhere; lest the young men drag thee by hand or foot through the house for words like these, and strip off all thy skin."

So he spoke, but they all were filled with exceeding indignation, and thus would one of the proud youths speak:

"Antinous, thou didst not well to strike the wretched wanderer. Doomed man that thou art, what if haply he be some god come down from heaven! Aye, and the gods in the guise of strangers from afar put on all manner of shapes, and visit the cities, beholding the violence and the righteousness of men."

So spoke the wooers, but Antinous paid no heed to their words. And Telemachus nursed in his heart great grief for the smiting, though he let no tear fall from his eyelids to the ground; but he shook his head in silence, pondering evil in the deep of his heart.

Howbeit when wise Penelope heard of the man's being smitten in the hall, she spoke among her handmaids, and said: "Even so may thine own self be smitten by the famed archer Apollo."

And again the housewife Eurynome said to her: "Would that fulfilment might be granted to our prayers. So should not one of these men come to the fair-throned Dawn."

And wise Penelope answered her: "Nurse, enemies are they all, for they devise evil. But Antinous more than all is like black fate. Some wretched stranger roams through the house, begging alms of the men, for want compels him, and all the others filled his wallet and gave him gifts, but Antinous flung a footstool and smote him at the base of the right shoulder."

So she spoke among her handmaids, sitting in her chamber, while goodly Odysseus was at meat. Then she called to her the goodly swineherd, and said:

"Go, goodly Eumaeus, and bid the stranger come hither, that I may give him greeting, and ask him if haply he has heard of Odysseus of the steadfast heart, or has seen him with his eyes. He seems like one that has wandered far."

To her, then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer, and say: "I would, O queen, that the Achaeans would keep silence, for he speaks such words as would charm thy very soul. Three nights I had him by me, and three days I kept him in my hut, for to me first he came when he fled by stealth from a ship, but he had not yet ended the tale of his sufferings. Even as when a man gazes upon a minstrel who sings to mortals songs of longing that the gods have taught him, and their desire to hear him has no end, whensoever he sings, even so he charmed me as he sat in my hall. He says that he is an ancestral friend of Odysseus, and that he dwells in Crete, where is the race of Minos. From thence has he now come on this journey hither, ever suffering woes as he

wanders on and on. And he insists that he has heard tidings of Odysseus, near at hand in the rich land of the Thesprotians and yet alive; and he is bringing many treasures to his home."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Go, call him hither, that he may himself tell me to my face. But as for these men, let them make sport as they sit in the doorway or here in the house, since their hearts are merry. For their own possessions lie untouched in their homes, bread and sweet wine, and on these do their servants feed. But themselves throng our house day after day, slaying our oxen, and sheep, and fat goats, and keep revel and drink the flaming wine recklessly, and havoc is made of all this wealth, for there is no man here such as Odysseus was to keep ruin from the house. But if Odysseus should come and return to his native land, straightway would he with his son take vengeance on these men for their violent deeds."

So she spoke, and Telemachus sneezed loudly, and all the room round about echoed wondrously. And Penelope laughed, and straightway spoke to Eumaeus winged words:

"Go, pray, call the stranger here before me. Dost thou not note that my son has sneezed at all my words. Therefore shall utter death fall upon the wooers one and all, nor shall one of them escape death and the fates. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. If I find that he speaks all things truly, I will clothe him in a cloak and tunic, fair raiment."

So she spoke, and the swineherd went when he had heard this saying; and coming up to Odysseus he spoke to him winged words:

"Sir stranger, wise Penelope calls for thee, the mother of Telemachus, and her heart bids her make enquiry about her husband, though she has suffered many woes. And if she finds that thou speakest all things truly, she will clothe thee in a cloak and tunic, which thou needest most of all. As for thy food, thou shalt beg it through the land, and feed thy belly, and whoso will shall give it thee."

Then the much-enduring goodly Odysseus answered him: "Eumaeus, soon will I tell all the truth to the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope. For well do I know of Odysseus, and in common have we borne affliction. But I have fear of this throng of harsh wooers, whose wantonness and violence reach the iron heaven. For even now, when, as I was going through the hall doing no evil, this man struck me and hurt me, neither Telemachus nor any other did aught to ward off the blow. Wherefore now bid Penelope to wait in the halls, eager though she be, till set of sun; and then let her ask me of her husband regarding the day of his return, giving me a seat nearer the fire, for lo, the raiment that I wear is mean, and this thou knowest of thyself, for to thee first did I make my prayer."

So he spoke, and the swineherd went when he had heard this saying. And as he passed over the threshold Penelope said to him:

"Thou dost not bring him, Eumaeus. What does the wanderer mean by this? Does he fear some one beyond measure, or does he idly feel ashamed in the house? 'Tis ill for a beggar to feel shame."

To her, then, swineherd Eumaeus, didst thou make answer and say: "He speaks rightly, even as any other man would deem, in seeking to shun

the insolence of overweening men. But he bids thee to wait till set of sun. And for thyself, too, it is far more seemly, O queen, to speak to the stranger alone, and to hear his words."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Not without wisdom is the stranger; he divines how it may be. There are no mortal men, methinks, who in wantonness devise such wicked folly as these."

So she spoke, and the goodly swineherd departed into the throng of the wooers when he had told her all. And straightway he spoke winged words to Telemachus, holding his head close to him that the others might not hear:

"Friend, I am going forth to guard the swine and all things there, thy livelihood and mine; but have thou charge of all things here. Thine own self do thou keep safe first of all, and let thy mind beware lest some ill befall thee, for many of the Achaeans are devising evil, whom may Zeus utterly destroy before harm fall on us."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "So shall it be, father; go thy way when thou hast supped. And in the morning do thou come and bring goodly victims. But all matters here shall be a care to me and to the immortals."

So he spoke, and the swineherd sat down again on the polished chair. But when he had satisfied his heart with meat and drink, he went his way to the swine, and left the courts and the hall full of banqueters. And they were making merry with dance and song, for evening had now come on.

BOOK XVIII

Now there came up a public beggar who was wont to beg through the town of Ithaca, and was known for his greedy belly, eating and drinking without end. No strength had he nor might, but in bulk was big indeed to look upon. Arnaeus was his name, for this name his honoured mother had given him at his birth; but Irus all the young men called him, because he used to run on errands[1] when anyone bade him. He came now, and was for driving Odysseus from his own house; and he began to revile him, and spoke winged words:

"Give way, old man, from the doorway, lest soon thou be even dragged out by the foot. Dost thou not see that all men are winking at me, and bidding me drag thee? Yet for myself, I am ashamed to do it. Nay, up with thee, lest our quarrel even come to blows."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: "Good fellow, I harm thee not in deed or word, nor do I begrudge that any man should give thee, though the portion he took up were a large one. This threshold will hold us both, and thou hast no need to be jealous for the goods of other folk. Thou seemest to me to be a vagrant, even as I am; and as for happy fortune, it is the gods that

[1] And is therefore compared to Iris, the messenger of Olympus.

are like to give us that.[1] But with thy fists do not provoke me overmuch, lest thou anger me, and, old man though I am, I befoul thy breast and lips with blood. So should I have the greater peace to-morrow, for I deem not that thou shalt return a second time to the hall of Odysseus, son of Laertes."

Then, waxing wroth, the vagrant Irus said to him: "Now see how glibly the filthy wretch talks, like an old kitchen-wife. But I will devise evil for him, smiting him left and right, and will scatter on the ground all the teeth from his jaws, as though he were a swine wasting the corn. Gird thyself now, that these men, too, may all know our fighting. But how couldst thou fight with a younger man?"

Thus on the polished threshold before the lofty doors they stirred one another's rage right heartily. And the strong and mighty Antinous heard the two, and, breaking into a merry laugh, he spoke among the wooers:

"Friends, never before has such a thing come to pass, that a god has brought sport like this to this house. Yon stranger and Irus are provoking one another to blows. Come, let us quickly set them on."

So he spoke, and they all sprang up laughing and gathered about the tattered beggars. And Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spoke among them, and said:

"Hear me, ye proud wooers, that I may say somewhat. Here at the fire are goats' paunches lying, which we set there for supper, when we had filled them with fat and blood. Now whichever of the two wins and proves himself the better man, let him

[1] The thought is: we are both vagrants; whether either of us ever attains to a happier station in life, rests with the gods, who arbitrarily allot *ὄλβος*; *cf.* vi. 188 f.

rise and choose for himself which one of these he will. And furthermore he shall always feast with us, nor will we suffer any other beggar to join our company and beg of us."

So spoke Antinous, and his word was pleasing to them. Then with crafty mind Odysseus of many wiles spoke among them:

"Friends, in no wise may an old man that is overcome with woe fight with a younger. Howbeit my belly, that worker of evil, urges me on, that I may be overcome by his blows. But come now, do you all swear to me a mighty oath, to the end that no man, doing a favour to Irus, may deal me a foul blow with heavy hand, and so by violence subdue me to this fellow."

So he spoke, and they all gave the oath not to smite him, even as he bade. But when they had sworn and made an end of the oath, among them spoke again the strong and mighty Telemachus:

"Stranger, if thy heart and thy proud spirit bid thee beat off this fellow, then fear not thou any man of all the Achaeans, for whoso strikes thee shall have to fight with more than thou. Thy host am I, and the princes assent hereto, Antinous and Eurymachus, men of prudence both."

So he spoke, and they all praised his words. But Odysseus girded his rags about his loins and showed his thighs, comely and great, and his broad shoulders came to view, and his chest and mighty arms. And Athene drew nigh and made greater the limbs of the shepherd of the people. Then all the wooers marvelled exceedingly, and thus would one speak with a glance at his neighbour:

"Right soon shall Irus, un-Irused, have a bane of his own bringing, such a thigh does yon old man show from beneath his rags."

So they spoke, and the mind of Irus was miserably shaken; yet even so the serving men girded him, and led him out perforce all filled with dread, and his flesh trembled on his limbs. Then Antinous rated him and spoke, and addressed him:

"Better were it now, thou braggart, that thou wert not living, nor hadst ever been born, if thou quailest and art so terribly afraid of this fellow—a man that is old and overcome by the woe that has come upon him. But I will speak out to thee, and this word shall verily be brought to pass. If this fellow conquers thee and proves the better man, I will fling thee into a black ship and send thee to the mainland to King Echetus, the maimer of all men, who will cut off thy nose and ears with the pitiless bronze, and will draw forth thy vitals and give them raw to dogs to rend."

So he spoke, and thereat yet greater trembling seized the other's limbs, and they led him into the ring and both men put up their hands. Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus was divided in mind whether he should strike him so that life should leave him even there as he fell, or whether he should deal him a light blow and stretch him on the earth. And, as he pondered, this seemed to him the better course, to deal him a light blow, that the Achaeans might not take note of him. Then verily, when they had put up their hands, Irus let drive at the right shoulder, but Odysseus smote him on the neck beneath the ear and crushed in the bones, and straightway the red blood ran forth from his mouth, and down he fell in

the dust with a moan, and he gnashed his teeth, kicking the ground with his feet. But the lordly wooers raised their hands, and were like to die with laughter. Then Odysseus seized him by the foot, and dragged him forth through the doorway until he came to the court and the gates of the portico. And he set him down and leaned him against the wall of the court, and thrust his staff into his hand and spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Sit there now, and scare off swine and dogs, and do not thou be lord of strangers and beggars, miserable that thou art, lest haply thou meet with some worse thing to profit withal."

He spoke, and flung about his shoulders his miserable wallet, full of holes, and slung by a twisted cord. Then back to the threshold he went and sat down; and the wooers went within, laughing merrily, and they greeted him, saying:

"May Zeus grant thee, stranger, and the other immortal gods what thou desirest most, and the dearest wish of thy heart, seeing that thou hast made this insatiate fellow to cease from begging in the land. For soon shall we take him to the mainland to King Echetus, the maimer of all men."

So they spoke, and goodly Odysseus was glad at the word of omen. And Antinous set before him the great paunch, filled with fat and blood, and Amphinomus took up two loaves from the basket and set them before him, and pledged him in a cup of gold, and said:

"Hail, Sir stranger; may happy fortune be thine in time to come, though now thou art the thrall of many sorrows."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Amphinomus, verily thou seemest to me to be a man of prudence; and such a man, too, was thy father, for I have heard of his fair fame, that Nisus of Dulichium was a brave man and a wealthy. From him, they say, thou art sprung, and thou seemest a man soft of speech. Wherefore I will tell thee, and do thou give heed and hearken. Nothing feebler does earth nurture than man, of all things that on earth are breathing and moving. For he thinks that he will never suffer evil in time to come, so long as the gods give him prosperity and his knees are quick; but when again the blessed gods decree him sorrow, this too he bears in sore despite with steadfast heart; for the spirit of men upon the earth is even such as the day which the father of gods and men brings upon them. For I, too, was once like to be prosperous among men, but many deeds of wantonness I wrought, yielding to my might and my strength, and trusting in my father and my brethren. Wherefore let no man soever be lawless at any time, but let him keep in silence whatever gifts the gods give. Aye, for I see the wooers devising wantonness, wasting the wealth and dishonouring the wife of a man who, I tell thee, will not long be away from his friends and his native land; nay, he is very near. But may some god lead thee forth hence to thy home, and mayest thou not meet him when he comes home to his dear native land. For not without bloodshed, methinks, will the wooers and he part one from the other when once he comes beneath his roof."

So he spoke, and pouring a libation, drank of the honey-sweet wine, and then gave back the cup into the hands of the marshaller of the people. But

Amphinomus went through the hall with a heavy heart, bowing his head; for his spirit boded bane. Yet even so he did not escape his fate, but him, too, did Athene set in bonds so that he might be slain outright at the hands of Telemachus and by his spear. So he sat down again on the chair from which he had risen.

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, put it in the heart of the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, to show herself to the wooers, that she might set their hearts a-flutter and win greater honour from her husband and her son than heretofore. Then she laughed a meaningless laugh and spoke, and addressed the nurse:

"Eurynome, my heart longs, though it has never longed before, to show myself to the wooers, hateful though they are. Also I would say a word to my son that will be for his profit, namely, that he should not consort ever with the overweening wooers, who speak him fair but have evil plans thereafter."

Then the housewife, Eurynome, spoke to her and said: "Aye, verily, child, all this hast thou spoken aright. Go, then, reveal thy word to thy son and hide it not; but first wash thy body and anoint thy face, and go not as thou art with both cheeks stained with tears. Go, for it is ill to grieve ever without ceasing. For now, behold, thy son is of such an age, and it has been thy dearest prayer to the immortals to see him a bearded man."

Then wise Penelope answered her again: "Eurynome, beguile me not thus in thy love to wash my body and anoint me with oil. All beauty of mine have the gods, that hold Olympus, destroyed since the day when my lord departed in the hollow ships.

But bid Autonoe and Hippodameia come to me, that they may stand by my side in the hall. Alone I will not go among men, for I am ashamed."

So she spoke, and the old woman went forth through the chamber to bear tidings to the women, and bid them come.

Then again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, took other counsel. On the daughter of Icarius she shed sweet sleep, and she leaned back and slept there on her couch, and all her joints were relaxed. And meanwhile the fair goddess was giving her immortal gifts, that the Achaeans might marvel at her. With balm[1] she first made fair her beautiful face, with balm ambrosial, such as that wherewith Cytherea, of the fair crown, anoints herself when she goes into the lovely dance of the Graces; and she made her taller, too, and statelier to behold, and made her whiter than new-sawn ivory. Now when she had done this the fair goddess departed, and the white-armed handmaids came forth from the chamber and drew near with sound of talking. Then sweet sleep released Penelope, and she rubbed her cheeks with her hands, and said:

"Ah, in my utter wretchedness soft slumber enfolded me. Would that pure Artemis would even now give so soft a death, that I might no more waste my life away with sorrow at heart, longing for the manifold excellence of my dear husband, for that he was pre-eminent among the Achaeans."

So saying, she went down from the bright upper chamber, not alone, for two handmaids attended her. Now when the fair lady reached the wooers she

[1] "κάλλεῖ ἀμβροσίῳ appears to be used in a concrete sense, for some kind of paint or ointment." (Monro.)

stood by the doorpost of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and a faithful handmaid stood on either side of her. Straightway then the knees of the wooers were loosened and their hearts enchanted with love, and they all prayed, each that he might lie by her side. But she spoke to Telemachus, her dear son:

"Telemachus, thy mind and thy thoughts are no longer steadfast as heretofore. When thou wast but a child thou wast wont to revolve in thy mind thoughts more cunning; but now that thou art grown and hast reached the bounds of manhood, and wouldest be called a rich man's son by one who looked only to thy stature and thy comeliness, being himself a stranger from afar, thy mind and thy thoughts are no longer right as before. What a thing is this that has been done in these halls, that thou hast suffered yon stranger to be so maltreated! How now, if the stranger, while sitting thus in our house, should come to some harm through grievous mishandling? On thee, then, would fall shame and disgrace among men."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "My mother, in this matter I take it not ill that thou art filled with anger. Yet of myself I know in my heart and understand each thing, the good and the evil, whereas heretofore I was but a child. But I am not able to plan all things wisely, for these men here thwart my will, keeping by me, one on this side and one on that, with evil purpose, and I have none to help me. Howbeit, I can tell thee, this battle between the stranger and Irus fell not out according to the mind of the wooers, but the stranger proved the better man. I would, O father Zeus, and Athene, and

Apollo, that even now the wooers were thus subdued in our halls, and were hanging their heads, some in the court and some within the hall, and that each man's limbs were loosened, even as Irus now sits yonder by the gate of the court, hanging his head like a drunken man, and cannot stand erect upon his feet, or go home to whatsoever place he is wont to go, because his limbs are loosened."

Thus they spoke to one another. But Eurymachus addressed Penelope, and said:

"Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, if all the Achaeans throughout Iasian Argos could see thee, even more wooers would be feasting in your halls from to-morrow on, for thou excellest all women in comeliness and stature, and in the wise heart within thee."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Eurymachus, all excellence of mine, both of beauty and of form, the immortals destroyed on the day when the Argives embarked for Ilios, and with them went my husband Odysseus. If he might but come and watch over this life of mine, greater would be my fame and fairer. But now I am in sorrow, so many woes has some god brought upon me. Verily, when he went forth and left his native land, he clasped my right hand by the wrist, and said:

"'Wife, I deem not that the well-greaved Achaeans will all return from Troy safe and unscathed, for the Trojans, men say, are men of war, hurlers of the spear, and drawers of the bow, and drivers of swift horses, such as most quickly decide the great strife of equal war. Therefore I know not whether the god will bring me back, or whether I shall be cut off there in the land of Troy: so have thou charge of

all things here. Be mindful of my father and my mother in the halls even as thou art now, or yet more, while I am far away. But when thou shalt see my son a bearded man, wed whom thou wilt, and leave thy house.'

"So he spoke, and now all this is being brought to pass. The night shall come when a hateful marriage shall fall to the lot of me accursed, whose happiness Zeus has taken away. But herein has bitter grief come upon my heart and soul, for such as yours was never the way of wooers heretofore. They who are fain to woo a lady of worth and the daughter of a rich man and vie with one another, these bring of themselves cattle and goodly flocks, a banquet for the friends of the bride, and give to her glorious gifts; but they do not devour the livelihood of another without atonement."

So she spoke, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus was glad, because she drew from them gifts, and beguiled their souls with gentle words, but her mind was set on other things.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spoke to her again, and said: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, as for gifts, if any man of the Achaeans is minded to bring them hither, do thou take them; for it is not well to refuse a gift. But for us, we will go neither to our lands nor elsewhither, until thou weddest him whosoever is best of the Achaeans."

So spoke Antinous, and his word was pleasing to them, and each man sent forth a herald to bring his gifts. For Antinous he brought a large and beautiful robe, richly broidered, and in it were golden brooches, twelve in all, fitted with curved clasps. And a chain did another straightway bring to

Eurymachus, one cunningly wrought of gold, strung with amber beads, bright as the sun. A pair of earrings his squires brought to Eurydamas, with three clustering[1] drops, and great grace shone therefrom. And out of the house of lord Peisander, son of Polyctor, his squire brought a necklace, a jewel exceeding fair. So of the Achaeans one brought one fair gift and one another. But she thereafter, the fair lady, went up to her upper chamber, and her handmaids bare for her the beautiful gifts.

But the wooers turned to dance and gladsome song, and made them merry, and waited for evening to come on. And as they made merry dark evening came upon them. Presently they set up three braziers in the hall to give them light, and round about them placed dry faggots, long since seasoned and hard, and newly split with the axe; and in the spaces between they set torches[2]; and in turn the handmaids of Odysseus, of the steadfast heart, kindled the flame. Then Zeus-born Odysseus, of many wiles, himself spoke among the maids, and said:

"Maidens of Odysseus, that has long been gone, go to the chambers where your honoured queen abides, and twist the yarn by her side, and make glad her heart, as you sit in the chamber, or card the wool with your hands; but I will give light to all these men. For if they wish to wait for fair-throned Dawn, they shall in no wise outdo me. I am one that can endure much."

So he spoke, and the maids broke into a laugh, and glanced at one another. And fair-cheeked Melantho rated him shamefully, Melantho, whom Dolius

[2] Or possibly "set among them (the faggots) burning pine-knots."

begot, but whom Penelope had reared and cherished as her own child, and gave her playthings to her heart's desire. Yet even so she had at heart no sorrow for Penelope, but she loved Eurymachus and was wont to lie with him. She then rated Odysseus with reviling words:

"Wretched stranger, thou art but a crack-brained fellow, unwilling to go to a smithy to sleep, or to a common lodge, but pratest here continually, unabashed in the company of many lords, and hast no fear at heart. Surely wine has mastered thy wits, or else thy mind is ever thus, that thou dost babble idly. Art thou beside thyself because thou hast beaten that vagrant Irus? Beware, lest presently another better than Irus shall rise up against thee to beat thee about the head with heavy hands, and befoul thee with streams of blood, and send thee forth from the house."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered her: "Presently shall I go yonder, thou shameless thing, and tell Telemachus, since thou speakest thus, that on the spot he may cut thee limb from limb."

So he spoke, and with his words scattered the women, who fled through the hall, and the limbs of each were loosened beneath her in terror, for they thought that he spoke truth. But Odysseus took his stand by the burning braziers to give light, and looked upon all the men. Yet other things was the heart within him pondering—things that were not to be unfulfilled.

But Athene would in no wise suffer the proud wooers to abstain from bitter outrage, that pain might sink yet deeper into the heart of Odysseus,

son of Laertes. So among them Eurymachus, son of Polybus, began to speak, jeering at Odysseus, and making mirth for his companions:

"Hear me, wooers of the glorious queen, that I may say what the heart in my breast bids me. Not without the will of the gods has this man come to the palace of Odysseus; in any case there is a glare of torches from him—from his head, for there is no hair on it, no, not a trace." [1]

Therewith he called to Odysseus, sacker of cities: "Stranger, wouldest thou have a mind to serve for hire, if I should take thee into service on an outlying farm—thy pay shall be assured thee—gathering stones for walls, and planting tall trees? There would I provide thee with food the year through, and clothe thee with raiment and give thee sandals for thy feet. But since thou hast learned only deeds of evil, thou wilt not care to busy thyself with work, but art minded rather to go skulking through the land, that thou mayest have wherewith to feed thy insatiate belly."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Eurymachus, I would that we two might have a match in working in the season of spring, when the long days come, at mowing the grass, I with a curved scythe in my hands and thou with another like it, and that the grass might be in plenty that so we might test our work, fasting till late evening. Or I would again that there were oxen to drive—the best there are, tawny and large, both well fed with grass, of like age and like power to bear the yoke, tireless in strength—and that there

mockery, and the "radiance" becomes but the gleam of the torches from the stranger's bald head.

were a field of four acres, and the soil should yield before the plough: then shouldest thou see me, whether or no I could cut a straight furrow to the end. Or I would again that this day the son of Cronos might bring war upon us from whence he would, and I had a shield and two spears and a helmet all of bronze, that fitted well my temples: then shouldest thou see me mingling amid the foremost fighters, and wouldest not prate, taunting me with this belly of mine. But right insolent art thou, and thy heart is cruel, and forsooth thou thinkest thyself to be some great man and mighty, because thou consortest with few men and weak. If but Odysseus might return, and come to his native land, soon would yonder doors, right wide though they are, prove all too narrow for thee in thy flight out through the doorway."

So he spoke, and Eurymachus waxed the more wroth at heart, and with an angry glance from beneath his brows spoke to him winged words:

"Wretch, presently will I work thee evil, that thou pratest thus, unabashed in the presence of many lords, and hast no fear at heart. Surely wine has mastered thy wits, or else thy mind is ever thus, that thou dost babble idly. Art thou beside thyself because thou hast beaten that vagrant Irus?"

So saying, he seized a footstool, but Odysseus sat down at the knees of Amphinomus of Dulichium, in fear of Eurymachus. And so Eurymachus struck a cup-bearer on the right hand, and the wine-jug fell to the ground with a clang, and the bearer groaned, and fell backwards in the dust. Then the wooers broke into uproar throughout the shadowy halls, and thus would one man speak with a glance at his neighbour:

"Would that yon stranger had perished elsewhere on his wanderings or ever he came hither; then should he never have brought among us all this tumult. But now we are brawling about beggars, nor shall there be any joy in our rich feast, since worse things prevail."

Then among them spoke the strong and mighty Telemachus: "Strange sirs, ye are mad, and no longer hide that ye have eaten and drunk; some god surely is moving you. Nay, now that you have well feasted, go to your homes and take your rest, when your spirits bid you. Yet do I drive no man forth."

So he spoke, and they all bit their lips, and marvelled at Telemachus, that he spoke boldly. But Amphinomus spoke, and addressed them—he was son of the noble prince Nisus, son of Aretias:

"Friends, no man in answer to what has been fairly spoken would wax wroth and make reply with wrangling words. Abuse not any more this stranger nor any one of the slaves that are in the house of divine Odysseus. Nay, come, let the bearer pour drops for libation in the cups, that we may pour libations, and go home to take our rest. As for this stranger, let us leave him in the halls of Odysseus to be cared for by Telemachus; for to his house has he come."

So said he, and the words that he spoke were pleasing to all. Then a bowl was mixed for them by the lord Mulius, a herald from Dulichium, who was squire to Amphinomus. And he served out to all, coming up to each in turn; and they made libations to the blessed gods, and drank the honey-sweet wine. Then when they had made libations and had drunk to their heart's content, they went their way, each man to his own house, to take their rest.

BOOK XIX

So goodly Odysseus was left behind in the hall, planning with Athene's aid the slaying of the wooers, and he straightway spoke winged words to Telemachus:

"Telemachus, the weapons of war thou must needs lay away within one and all, and when the wooers miss them and question thee, thou must beguile them with gentle words, saying: 'Out of the smoke have I laid them, since they are no longer like those which of old Odysseus left behind him, when he went forth to Troy, but are all befouled, so far as the breath of fire has reached them. And furthermore this greater fear has a god put in my heart, lest haply, when heated with wine, you may set a quarrel afoot among you, and wound one another, and so bring shame on your feast and on your wooing. For of itself does the iron draw a man to it.'"

So he spoke, and Telemachus hearkened to his dear father, and calling forth the nurse Eurycleia, said to her:

"Nurse, come now, I bid thee, shut up the women in their rooms, while I lay away in the store-room the weapons of my father, the goodly weapons which all uncared-for the smoke bedims in the hall since my father went forth, and I was still a child. But now I am minded to lay them away, where the breath of the fire will not come upon them."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered him: "Aye, child, I would thou mightest ever take thought to care for the house and guard all its wealth. But come, who then shall fetch a light and bear it for thee, since thou wouldest not suffer the maids, who might have given light, to go before thee?"

Then wise Telemachus answered her; "This stranger here; for I will suffer no man to be idle who touches my portion of meal,[1] even though he has come from afar."

So he spoke, but her word remained unwinged, and she locked the doors of the stately hall. Then the two sprang up, Odysseus and his glorious son, and set about bearing within the helmets and the bossy shields and the sharp-pointed spears; and before them Pallas Athene, bearing a golden lamp, made a most beauteous light. Then Telemachus suddenly spoke to his father, and said:

"Father, verily this is a great marvel that my eyes behold; certainly the walls of the house and the fair beams[2] and cross-beams of fir and the pillars that reach on high, glow in my eyes as with the light of blazing fire. Surely some god is within, one of those who hold broad heaven."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Hush, check thy thought, and ask no question; this, I tell thee, is the way of the gods that hold Olympus. But do thou go and take thy rest and I will remain behind here, that I may stir yet more the minds of the maids and of thy mother; and she with weeping shall ask me of each thing separately."

[2] μεσόδμαι is an obscure word which in ii. 424 (in the sing.) denotes the socket in which the mast of a ship is set. Aristarchus took it to mean here "the spaces between the columns"; others "the spaces between the beams (panels)."

So he spoke, and Telemachus went forth through the hall by the light of blazing torches to go to his chamber to lie down, where he had heretofore been wont to rest, when sweet sleep came upon him. There now too he lay down and waited for the bright Dawn. But goodly Odysseus was left behind in the hall, planning with Athene's aid the slaying of the wooers.

Then wise Penelope came forth from her chamber like unto Artemis or golden Aphrodite, and for her they set by the fire, where she was wont to sit, a chair inlaid with spirals of ivory and silver, which of old the craftsman Icmalius had made, and had set beneath it a foot-stool for the feet, that was part of the chair, and upon it a great fleece was wont to be laid. On this then wise Penelope sat down, and the white-armed maids came forth from the women's hall. These began to take away the abundant food, the tables, and the cups from which the lordly men had been drinking, and they cast the embers from the braziers on to the floor, and piled upon the braziers fresh logs in abundance, to give light and warmth.

But Melantho began again a second time to rate Odysseus, saying: "Stranger, wilt thou even now still be a plague to us through the night, roaming through the house, and wilt thou spy upon the women? Nay, get thee forth, thou wretch, and be content with thy supper, or straightway shalt thou even be smitten with a torch, and so go forth."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered her: "Good woman, why, pray, dost thou thus assail me with angry heart? Is it because I am foul and

wear mean raiment on my body, and beg through the land? Aye, for necessity compels me. Of such sort are beggars and vagabond folk. For I too once dwelt in a house of my own among men, a rich man in a wealthy house, and full often I gave gifts to a wanderer, whosoever he was and with whatsoever need he came. Slaves too I had past counting and all other things in abundance whereby men live well and are reputed wealthy. But Zeus, son of Cronos, brought all to naught; so, I ween, was his good pleasure. Wherefore, woman, beware lest thou too some day lose all the glory whereby thou now hast excellence among the handmaids; lest perchance thy mistress wax wroth and be angry with thee, or Odysseus come home; for there is yet room for hope. But if, even as it seems, he is dead, and is no more to return, yet now is his son by the favour of Apollo such as he was—even Telemachus. Him it escapes not if any of the women in the halls work wantonness; for he is no longer the child he was."

So he spoke, and wise Penelope heard him; and she rebuked the handmaid and spoke, and addressed her:

"Be sure, thou bold and shameless thing, that thy outrageous deed is in no wise hid from me, and with thine own head shalt thou wipe out its stain. Full well didst thou know, for thou hast heard it from my own lips, that I was minded to question the stranger in my halls concerning my husband; for I am sore distressed."

With this she spoke also to the housewife Eurynome, and said: "Eurynome, bring hither a chair and a fleece upon it, that the stranger may sit down and tell his tale, and listen to me; for I am fain to ask him of all things."

So she spoke, and Eurynome speedily brought a polished chair and set it in place, and on it cast a fleece. Then the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus sat down upon it, and the wise Penelope spoke first, and said:

"Stranger, this question will I myself ask thee first. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city, and where thy parents?"

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Lady, no one of mortals upon the boundless earth could find fault with thee, for thy fame goes up to the broad heaven, as does the fame of some blameless king, who with the fear of the gods in his heart, is lord over many mighty men, upholding justice; and the black earth bears wheat and barley, and the trees are laden with fruit, the flocks bring forth young unceasingly, and the sea yields fish, all from his good leading; and the people prosper under him. Wherefore question me now in thy house of all things else, but ask not concerning my race and my native land, lest thou fill my heart the more with pains, as I think thereon; for I am a man of many sorrows. Moreover it is not fitting that I should sit weeping and wailing in another's house, for it is ill to grieve ever without ceasing. I would not that one of thy maidens or thine own self be vexed with me, and say that I swim in tears because my mind is heavy with wine."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Stranger, all excellence of mine, both of beauty and of form, the immortals destroyed on the day when the Argives embarked for Ilios, and with them went my husband, Odysseus. If he might but come, and watch over this life of mine, greater would be my fame and fairer.

But now I am in sorrow, so many woes has some god brought upon me. For all the princes who hold sway over the islands—Dulichium and Same and wooded Zacynthus—and those who dwell around in clear-seen Ithaca itself, all these woo me against my will, and lay waste my house. Wherefore I pay no heed to strangers or to suppliants or in any wise to heralds, whose trade is a public one; but in longing for Odysseus I waste my heart away. So these men urge on my marriage, and I wind a skein of wiles. First some god breathed the thought in my heart to set up a great web in my halls and fall to weaving a robe—fine of thread was the web and very wide; and I straightway spoke among them:

"'Young men, my wooers, since goodly Odysseus is dead, be patient, though eager for my marriage, until I finish this robe—I would not that my spinning should come to naught—a shroud for the lord Laertes against the time when the fell fate of grievous death shall strike him down; lest any one of the Achaean women in the land should be wroth with me, if he were to lie without a shroud, who had won great possessions.'

"So I spoke, and their proud hearts consented. Then day by day I would weave at the great web, but by night would unravel it, when I had let place torches by me. Thus for three years I kept the Achaeans from knowing, and beguiled them; but when the fourth year came, as the seasons rolled on, as the months waned, and the many days were brought in their course, then verily by the help of my maidens, shameless creatures and reckless, they came upon me and caught me, and upbraided me loudly. So I finished the web against my will perforce. And now

I can neither escape the marriage nor devise any counsel more, and my parents are pressing me to marry, and my son frets, while these men devour his livelihood, as he takes note of it all; for by now he is a man, and fully able to care for a household to which Zeus grants honour. Yet even so tell me of thy stock from whence thou art; for thou art not sprung from an oak of ancient story, or from a stone."[1]

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Honoured wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, wilt thou never cease to ask me of my lineage? Well, I will tell thee; though verily thou wilt give me over to pains yet more than those by which I am now held in thrall; for so it ever is, when a man has been far from his country as long as I have now, wandering through the many cities of men in sore distress. Yet even so will I tell thee what thou dost ask and enquire. There is a land called Crete, in the midst of the wine-dark sea, a fair, rich land, begirt with water, and therein are many men, past counting, and ninety cities. They have not all the same speech, but their tongues are mixed. There dwell Achaeans, there great-hearted native Cretans, there Cydonians, and Dorians of waving plumes, and goodly Pelasgians. Among their cities is the great city Cnosus, where Minos reigned when nine years old,[2] he that held converse with great Zeus, and was father of my father, great-hearted Deucalion. Now Deucalion begat me and prince Idomeneus. Idomeneus had gone forth in his beaked ships to Ilios with the sons of Atreus; but

[2] Some render, less strictly, "for nine years" or "through periods of nine years"; others, taking ἐννέα as a round number, "when he was come to full maturity." See the note on x. 19.

my famous name is Aethon; I was the younger by birth, while he was the elder and the better man. There it was that I saw Odysseus and gave him gifts of entertainment; for the force of the wind had brought him too to Crete, as he was making for the land of Troy, and drove him out of his course past Malea. So he anchored his ships at Amnisus, where is the cave of Eilithyia, in a difficult harbour, and hardly did he escape the storm. Then straightway he went up to the city and asked for Idomeneus; for he declared that he was his friend, beloved and honoured. But it was now the tenth or the eleventh dawn since Idomeneus had gone in his beaked ships to Ilios. So I took him to the house, and gave him entertainment with kindly welcome of the rich store that was in the house, and to the rest of his comrades who followed with him I gathered and gave out of the public store barley meal and flaming wine and bulls for sacrifice, that their hearts might be satisfied. There for twelve days the goodly Achaeans tarried, for the strong North Wind penned them there, and would not suffer them to stand upon their feet on the land, for some angry god had roused it. But on the thirteenth day the wind fell and they put to sea."

He spoke, and made the many falsehoods of his tale seem like the truth,[1] and as she listened her tears flowed and her face melted as the snow melts on the lofty mountains, the snow which the East Wind thaws when the West Wind has strewn it, and as it melts the streams of the rivers flow full: so her fair cheeks melted as she wept and mourned for her husband, who even then was sitting by her side. And Odysseus in his heart had pity for his

[1] Many take ἴσκε to mean merely "said" or "uttered," not "made like." *cf.* xxii. 81.

weeping wife, but his eyes stood fixed between his lids as though they were horn or iron, and with guile he hid his tears. But she, when she had had her fill of tearful wailing, again answered him and spoke, saying:

"Now verily, stranger, am I minded to put thee to the test, whether or no thou didst in very truth entertain there in thy halls my husband with his godlike comrades, even as thou sayest. Tell me what manner of raiment he wore about his body, and what manner of man he was himself; and tell me of the comrades who followed him."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Lady, hard is it for one that has been so long afar to tell thee this, for it is now the twentieth year since he went thence and departed from my country. But I will tell thee as my mind pictures him. A fleecy cloak of purple did goodly Odysseus wear, a cloak of double fold, but the brooch upon it was fashioned of gold with double clasps, and on the front it was curiously wrought: a hound held in his fore paws a dappled fawn, and pinned it[1] in his jaws as it writhed. And at this all men marvelled, how, though they were of gold, the hound was pinning the fawn and strangling it, and the fawn was writhing with its feet and striving to flee. And I noted the tunic about his body, all shining as is the sheen upon the skin of a dried onion, so soft it was; and it glistened like the sun. Verily many women gazed at him in wonder. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. I know not whether

is that it means "gazed at." The scholiast gives three meanings, ἀπολαύων, βλέπων, and ὑλάων, attributed respectively to Aristarchus, Crates, and "others."

Odysseus was thus clothed at home, or whether one of his comrades gave him the raiment when he went on board the swift ship, or haply even some stranger, since to many men was Odysseus dear, for few of the Achaeans were his peers. I, too, gave him a sword of bronze, and a fair purple cloak of double fold, and a fringed tunic, and with all honour sent him forth on his benched ship. Furthermore, a herald attended him, a little older than he, and I will tell thee of him too, what manner of man he was. He was round-shouldered, dark of skin, and curly-haired, and his name was Eurybates; and Odysseus honoured him above his other comrades, because he was like-minded with himself."

So he spoke, and in her heart aroused yet more the desire of weeping, as she recognized the sure tokens that Odysseus told her. But she, when she had had her fill of tearful wailing, made answer and said to him:

"Now verily, stranger, though before thou wast pitied, shalt thou be dear and honoured in my halls, for it was I that gave him this raiment, since thou describest it thus, and folded it, and brought it forth from the store-room, and added thereto the shining brooch to be a thing of joy to him. But my husband I shall never welcome back, returning home to his dear native land. Wherefore it was with an evil fate that Odysseus went forth in the hollow ship to see evil Ilios, that should never be named."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Honoured wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, mar not now thy fair face any more, nor waste thy heart at all in weeping for thy husband. I count it indeed no blame in thee; for any woman weeps

when she has lost her wedded husband, to whom she has borne children in her love, though he were far other than Odysseus, who, they say, is like unto the gods. Yet do thou cease from weeping, and hearken to my words; for I will tell thee with sure truth, and will hide nothing, how but lately I heard of the return of Odysseus, that he is near at hand in the rich land of the Thesprotians, and yet alive, and he is bringing with him many rich treasures, as he begs through the land. But he lost his trusty comrades and his hollow ship on the wine-dark sea, as he journeyed from the isle Thrinacia; for Zeus and Helios waxed wroth against him because his comrades had slain the kine of Helios. So they all perished in the surging sea, but he on the keel of his ship was cast forth by the wave on the shore, on the land of the Phaeacians, who are near of kin to the gods. These heartily showed him all honour, as if he were a god, and gave him many gifts, and were fain themselves to send him home unscathed. Yea, and Odysseus would long since have been here, only it seemed to his mind more profitable to gather wealth by roaming over the wide earth; so truly does Odysseus beyond all mortal men know many gainful ways, nor could any mortal beside vie with him. Thus Pheidon, king of the Thesprotians, told me the tale. Moreover he swore in my own presence, as he poured libations in his halls, that the ship was launched and the men ready who were to convey him to his dear native land. But me he sent forth first, for a ship of the Thesprotians chanced to be setting out for Dulichium, rich in wheat. And he showed me all the treasure that Odysseus had gathered; verily unto the tenth generation would it feed his children

after him, so great was the wealth that lay stored for him in the halls of the king. But Odysseus, he said, had gone to Dodona to hear the will of Zeus from the high-crested oak of the god, even how he might return to his dear native land after so long an absence, whether openly or in secret.

"Thus, as I tell thee, he is safe, and will presently come; he is very near, and not long will he now be far from his friends and his native land. Yet will I give thee an oath. Be Zeus my witness first, highest and best of gods, and the hearth of noble Odysseus to which I am come, that verily all these things shall be brought to pass even as I tell thee. In the course of this very month shall Odysseus come hither, as the old moon wanes and the new appears."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Ah, stranger, I would that this word of thine might be fulfilled. Then shouldest thou straightway know of kindness and many a gift from me, so that one who met thee would call thee blessed. Yet in my heart I forebode it thus, even as it shall be. Neither shall Odysseus any more come home, nor shalt thou obtain a convoy hence, since there are not now in the house such masters as Odysseus was among men—as sure as ever such a man there was—to send reverend strangers on their way, and to welcome them. But still, my maidens, wash the stranger's feet and prepare his bed—bedstead and cloaks and bright coverlets—that in warmth and comfort he may come to the golden-throned Dawn. And right early in the morning bathe him and anoint him, that in our house at the side of Telemachus he may bethink him of food as he sits in the hall. And worse shall it be for any man among them who vexes this man's soul with

pain; naught thereafter shall he accomplish here, how fierce soever his wrath. For how shalt thou learn of me, stranger, whether I in any wise excel other women in wit and prudent counsel, if all unkempt and clad in poor raiment thou sittest at meat in my halls? Men are but short-lived. If one be himself hard, and have a hard heart, on him do all mortal men invoke woes for the time to come, while he still lives, and when he is dead all men mock at him. But if one be blameless and have a blameless heart, his fame do strangers bear far and wide among all men, and many call him a true man."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Honoured wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, verily cloaks and bright coverlets became hateful in my eyes on the day when first I left behind me the snowy mountains of Crete, as I fared on my long-oared ship. Nay, I will lie, as in time past I was wont to rest through sleepless nights; for many a night have I lain upon a foul bed and waited for the bright-throned Dawn. Aye, and baths for the feet give my heart no pleasure, nor shall any woman touch my foot of all those who are serving-women in thy hall, unless there is some old, true-hearted dame who has suffered in her heart as many woes as I; such an one I would not grudge to touch my feet."

Then wise Penelope answered him again: "Dear stranger, never yet has a man discreet as thou, of those who are strangers from afar, come to my house as a more welcome guest, so wise and prudent are all thy words. I have an old dame with a heart of

understanding in her breast, who lovingly nursed and cherished my hapless husband, and took him in her arms on the day when his mother bore him. She shall wash thy feet, weak with age though she be. Come now, wise Eurycleia, arise and wash the feet of one of like age with thy master. Even such as his are now haply the feet of Odysseus, and such his hands, for quickly do men grow old in evil fortune."

So she spoke, and the old woman hid her face in her hands and let fall hot tears, uttering words of lamentation:

"Ah, woe is me, child, because of thee, for that I can do naught. Surely Zeus hated thee above all men, though thou hadst a god-fearing heart. For never yet did any mortal burn to Zeus, who hurls the thunderbolt, so many fat thigh-pieces or so many choice hecatombs as thou gavest him, with prayers that thou mightest reach a sleek old age and rear thy glorious son. But lo, now, from thee alone has he wholly cut off the day of thy returning. Even thus, I ween, did women mock at him too,[1] in a strange and distant land, when he came to some man's glorious house, as these shameless creatures here all mock at thee. It is to shun insult now from them and their many taunts that thou dost not suffer them to wash thy feet, but me, who am nothing loath, has the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, bidden to wash thee. Therefore will I wash thy feet, both for Penelope's own sake and for thine, for the heart within me is stirred with sorrow. But come now, hearken to the word that I shall speak. Many sore-tried strangers have come hither, but I declare that never yet have I seen any man so like another as thou in form, and in voice, and in feet art like Odysseus."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Old dame, so say all men whose eyes have beheld us two, that we are very like each other, even as thou thyself dost note and say."

So he spoke, and the old dame took the shining cauldron with water wherefrom she was about to wash his feet, and poured in cold water in plenty, and then added thereto the warm. But Odysseus sat him down away from the hearth and straightway turned himself toward the darkness, for he at once had a foreboding at heart that, as she touched him, she might note a scar, and the truth be made manifest. So she drew near and began to wash her lord, and straightway knew the scar of the wound which long ago a boar had dealt him with his white tusk, when Odysseus had gone to Parnassus to visit Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus, his mother's noble father, who excelled all men in thievery and in oaths. It was a god himself that had given him this skill, even Hermes, for to him he was wont to burn acceptable sacrifices of the thighs of lambs and kids; so Hermes befriended him with a ready heart. Now Autolycus, on coming once to the rich land of Ithaca, had found his daughter's son a babe new-born, and when he was finishing his supper, Eurycleia laid the child upon his knees and spoke, and addressed him:

"Autolycus, find now thyself a name to give to thy child's own child; be sure he has long been prayed for."

Then Autolycus answered her, and said: "My daughter's husband and my daughter, give him whatsoever name I say. Lo, inasmuch as I am come hither as one that has been angered with many, both men and women, over the fruitful earth,

therefore let the name by which the child is named be Odysseus.[1] And for my part, when he is a man grown and comes to the great house of his mother's kin at Parnassus, where are my possessions, I will give him thereof and send him back rejoicing."

It was for this reason that Odysseus had come, that Autolycus might give him the glorious gifts. And Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus clasped his hands in welcome and greeted him with gentle words, and Amphithea, his mother's mother, took Odysseus in her arms and kissed his head and both his beautiful eyes. But Autolycus called to his glorious sons to make ready the meal, and they hearkened to his call. At once they led in a bull, five years old, which they flayed and dressed, and cut up all the limbs. Then they sliced these cunningly and pierced them with spits, and roasted them skilfully and distributed the portions. So, then, all day long till set of sun they feasted, nor did their hearts lack aught of the equal feast. But when the sun set and darkness came on they lay down to rest and took the gift of sleep.

But as soon as early Dawn appeared, the rosy-fingered, they went forth to the hunt, the hounds and the sons of Autolycus too, and with them went goodly Odysseus. Up the steep mountain Parnassus, clothed with forests, they climbed, and presently reached its windy hollows. The sun was now just striking on the fields, as he rose from softly-gliding, deep-flowing Oceanus, when the beaters came to a glade. Before them went the hounds, tracking the scent, and behind them the sons of Autolycus, and among these the goodly Odysseus followed, close

[1] Or "Child of Wrath"; see the note on i. 62.

upon the hounds, brandishing his long spear. Now thereby a great wild boar was lying in a thick lair, through which the strength of the wet winds could never blow nor the rays of the bright sun beat, nor could the rain pierce through it, so thick it was; and fallen leaves were there in plenty. Then about the boar there came the noise of the feet of men and dogs as they pressed on in the chase, and forth from his lair he came against them with bristling back and eyes flashing fire, and stood there at bay close before them. Then first of all Odysseus rushed on, holding his long spear on high in his stout hand, eager to smite him; but the boar was too quick for him and struck him above the knee, charging upon him sideways, and with his tusk tore a long gash in the flesh, but did not reach the bone of the man. But Odysseus with sure aim smote him on the right shoulder, and clear through went the point of the bright spear, and the boar fell in the dust with a cry, and his life flew from him. Then the dear sons of Autolycus busied themselves with the carcase, and the wound of noble, god-like Odysseus they bound up skilfully, and checked the black blood with a charm, and straightway returned to the house of their dear father. And when Autolycus and the sons of Autolycus had fully healed him, and had given him glorious gifts, they quickly sent him back with joy to his native land, to Ithaca. Then his father and his honoured mother rejoiced at his return, and asked him all the story, how he got his wound; and he told them all the truth, how, while he was hunting, a boar had struck him with his white tusk when he had gone to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus.

This scar the old dame, when she had taken the

limb in the flat of her hands, knew by the touch, and she let fall the foot. Into the basin the leg fell, and the brazen vessel rang. Over it tilted, and the water was spilled upon the ground. Then upon her soul came joy and grief in one moment, and both her eyes were filled with tears and the flow of her voice was checked. But she touched the chin of Odysseus, and said:

"Verily thou art Odysseus, dear child, and I knew thee not, till I had handled all the body of my lord."

She spoke, and with her eyes looked toward Penelope, fain to show her that her dear husband was at home. But Penelope could not meet her glance nor understand, for Athene had turned her thoughts aside. But Odysseus, feeling for the woman's throat, seized it with his right hand, and with the other drew her closer to him, and said:

"Mother, why wilt thou destroy me? Thou didst thyself nurse me at this thy breast, and now after many grievous toils I am come in the twentieth year to my native land. But since thou hast found me out, and a god has put this in thy heart, be silent lest any other in the halls learn hereof. For thus will I speak out to thee, and verily it shall be brought to pass: if a god shall subdue the lordly wooers unto me, I will not spare thee, my nurse though thou art, when I slay the other serving-women in my halls."

Then wise Eurycleia answered him: "My child, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth! Thou knowest how firm my spirit is and unyielding: I shall be as close as hard stone or iron. And another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to

heart. If a god shall subdue the lordly wooers unto thee, then will I name over to thee the women in thy halls, which ones dishonour thee, and which are guiltless."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Mother, why, pray, wilt thou speak of them? Thou needest not at all. Of myself will I mark them well, and come to know each one. Nay, keep the matter to thyself, and leave the issue to the gods."

So he spoke, and the old woman went forth through the hall to bring water for his feet, for all the first was spilled. And when she had washed him, and anointed him richly with oil, Odysseus again drew his chair nearer to the fire to warm himself, and hid the scar with his rags.

Then wise Penelope was the first to speak, saying: "Stranger, this little thing further will I ask thee myself, for it will soon be the hour for pleasant rest, for him at least on whom sweet sleep may come despite his care. But to me has a god given sorrow that is beyond all measure, for day by day I find my joy in mourning and lamenting, while looking to my household tasks and those of my women in the house, but when night comes and sleep lays hold of all, I lie upon my bed, and sharp cares, crowding close about my throbbing heart, disquiet me, as I mourn. Even as when the daughter of Pandareus, the nightingale of the greenwood,[1] sings sweetly, when spring is newly come, as she sits perched amid the thick leafage of the trees, and with many trilling notes pours forth her rich voice in wailing for her child, dear Itylus, whom she had one day slain with

[1] So the scholiast, ἡ ἐν χλωροῖς διατρίβουσα. Others understand the word of the colour of the bird itself.

the sword unwittingly, Itylus, the son of king Zethus; even so my heart sways to and fro in doubt, whether to abide with my son and keep all things safe, my possessions, my slaves, and my great, high-roofed house, respecting the bed of my husband and the voice of the people, or to go now with him whosoever is best of the Achaeans, who woos me in the halls and offers bride-gifts past counting. Furthermore my son, so long as he was a child and slack of wit, would not suffer me to marry and leave the house of my husband; but now that he is grown and has reached the bounds of manhood, lo, he even prays me to go back again from these halls, being vexed for his substance that the Achaeans devour to his cost. But come now, hear this dream of mine, and interpret it for me. Twenty geese I have in the house that come forth from the water[1] and eat wheat, and my heart warms with joy as I watch them. But forth from the mountain there came a great eagle with crooked beak and broke all their necks and killed them; and they lay strewn in a heap in the halls, while he was borne aloft to the bright sky. Now for my part I wept and wailed, in a dream though it was, and round me thronged the fair-tressed Achaean women, as I grieved piteously because the eagle had slain my geese. Then back he came and perched upon a projecting roof-beam, and with the voice of a mortal man checked my weeping, and said:

"'Be of good cheer, daughter of far-famed Icarius; this is no dream, but a true vision of good which shall verily find fulfilment. The geese are the wooers, and I, that before was the eagle, am now

[1] Others take ἐξ ὕδατος closely with πυρόν, "eat wheat out of the water-trough."

again come back as thy husband, who will let loose a cruel doom upon all the wooers.'

"So he spoke, and sweet sleep released me, and looking about I saw the geese in the halls, feeding on wheat beside the trough, where they had before been wont to feed."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her and said: "Lady, in no wise is it possible to wrest this dream aside and give it another meaning, since verily Odysseus himself has shewn thee how he will bring it to pass. For the wooers' destruction is plain to see, for one and all; not one of them shall escape death and the fates."

Then wise Penelope answered him again: "Stranger, dreams verily are baffling and unclear of meaning, and in no wise do they find fulfilment in all things for men. For two are the gates of shadowy dreams, and one is fashioned of horn and one of ivory. Those dreams that pass through the gate of sawn ivory deceive men, bringing words that find no fulfilment.[1] But those that come forth through the gate of polished horn bring true issues to pass, when any mortal sees them. But in my case it was not from thence, methinks, that my strange dream came. Ah, truly it would then have been welcome to me and to my son. But another thing will I tell thee, and do thou lay it to heart. Even now is coming on this morn of evil name which is to cut me off from the house of Odysseus; for now I shall appoint for a contest those axes which he was wont to set up in line in his halls, like props of a ship that is building,

[1] The play upon the words *κέρας*, "horn," and *κραίνω*, "fulfil," and upon *ἐλέφας*, "ivory," and *ἐλεφαίρομαι*, "deceive," cannot be preserved in English.

twelve in all, and he would stand afar off and shoot an arrow through them.[1] Now then I shall set this contest before the wooers: whosoever shall most easily string the bow in his hands, and shoot an arrow through all twelve axes, with him will I go and forsake this house of my wedded life, a house most fair and filled with livelihood, which, methinks, I shall ever remember even in my dreams."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Honoured wife of Odysseus, son of Laertes, no longer now do thou put off this contest in thy halls; for, I tell thee, Odysseus of many wiles will be here, ere these men, handling this polished bow, shall have strung it, and shot an arrow through the iron."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "If thou couldest but wish, stranger, to sit here in my halls and give me joy, sleep should never be shed over my eyelids. But it is in no wise possible that men should forever be sleepless, for the immortals have appointed a proper time for each thing upon the earth, the giver of grain. But I verily will go to my upper chamber and lay me on my bed, which has become for me a bed of wailings, ever bedewed with my tears, since the day when Odysseus went to see evil Ilios, that should never be named. There will I lay me down, but do thou lie down here in the hall, when thou hast strewn bedding on the floor; or let the maids set a bedstead for thee."

which the keel of a ship was laid in shipbuilding; further, that the metal heads of the axes were so shaped as to leave a hole of some sort (such axes have actually survived from Mycenaean days); and lastly, that an expert archer could shoot an arrow through all twelve holes, the axes being carefully placed in line, as through a sort of tube.

So saying, she went up to her bright upper chamber, not alone, for with her went her handmaids as well. And when she had gone up to her upper chamber with her handmaids, she then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until flashing-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

BOOK XX

But the goodly Odysseus lay down to sleep in the fore-hall of the house. On the ground he spread an undressed ox-hide and above it many fleeces of sheep, which the Achaeans were wont to slay, and Eurynome threw over him a cloak, when he had laid him down. There Odysseus, pondering in his heart evil for the wooers, lay sleepless. And the women came forth from the hall, those that had before been wont to lie with the wooers, making laughter and merriment among themselves. But the heart was stirred in his breast, and much he debated in mind and heart, whether he should rush after them and deal death to each, or suffer them to lie with the insolent wooers for the last and latest time; and his heart growled within him. And as a bitch stands over her tender whelps growling, when she sees a man she does not know, and is eager to fight, so his heart growled within him in his wrath at their evil deeds; but he smote his breast, and rebuked his heart, saying:

"Endure, my heart; a worse thing even than this didst thou once endure on that day when the Cyclops, unrestrained in daring, devoured my mighty comrades; but thou didst endure until craft got thee forth from the cave where thou thoughtest to die."

So he spoke, chiding the heart in his breast, and his heart remained bound[1] within him to endure

[1] So the scholiast, who renders by ἐν δεσμοῖς. Others connect πείσῃ with πείθομαι, and render "in obedience."

steadfastly; but he himself lay tossing this way and that. And as when a man before a great blazing fire turns swiftly this way and that a paunch full of fat and blood, and is very eager to have it roasted quickly, so Odysseus tossed from side to side, pondering how he might put forth his hands upon the shameless wooers, one man as he was against so many. Then Athene came down from heaven and drew near to him in the likeness of a woman, and she stood above his head, and spoke to him, and said:

"Why now again art thou wakeful, ill-fated above all men? Lo, this is thy house, and here within is thy wife and thy child, such a man, methinks, as any-one might pray to have for his son."

And Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Yea, goddess, all this hast thou spoken aright. But the heart in my breast is pondering somewhat upon this, how I may put forth my hands upon the shameless wooers, all alone as I am, while they remain always in a body in the house. And furthermore this other and harder thing I ponder in my mind: even if I were to slay them by the will of Zeus and of thyself, where then should I find escape from bane? Of this I bid thee take thought."

Then the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, answered him: "Obstinate one, many a man puts his trust even in a weaker friend than I am, one that is mortal, and knows not such wisdom as mine; but I am a god, that guard thee to the end in all thy toils. And I will tell thee openly; if fifty troops of mortal men should stand about us, eager to slay us in battle, even their cattle and goodly sheep shouldest thou drive off. Nay, let sleep now come over thee.

There is weariness also in keeping wakeful watch the whole night through; and even now shalt thou come forth from out thy perils."

So she spoke, and shed sleep upon his eyelids, but herself, the fair goddess, went back to Olympus.

Now while sleep seized him, loosening the cares of his heart, sleep that loosens the limbs of men, his true-hearted wife awoke, and wept, as she sat upon her soft bed. But when her heart had had its fill of weeping, to Artemis first of all the fair lady made her prayer:

"Artemis, mighty goddess, daughter of Zeus, would that now thou wouldest fix thy arrow in my breast and take away my life even in this hour; or that a storm-wind might catch me up and bear me hence over the murky ways, and cast me forth at the mouth of backward-flowing Oceanus, even as on a time storm-winds bore away the daughters of Pandareus. Their parents the gods had slain, and they were left orphans in the halls, and fair Aphrodite tended them with cheese, and sweet honey, and pleasant wine, and Here gave them beauty and wisdom above all women, and chaste Artemis gave them stature, and Athene taught them skill in famous handiwork. But while beautiful Aphrodite was going to high Olympus to ask for the maidens the accomplishment of gladsome marriage—going to Zeus who hurls the thunderbolt, for well he knows all things, both the happiness and the haplessness of mortal men—meanwhile the spirits of the storm snatched away the maidens and gave them to the hateful Erinyes to deal with.[1] Would that even so those who have dwellings on Olympus would blot me from sight, or that fair-tressed

[1] Others render "to be their servants."

Artemis would smite me, so that with Odysseus before my mind I might even pass beneath the hateful earth, and never gladden in any wise the heart of a baser man. Yet when a man weeps by day with a heart sore distressed, but at night sleep holds him, this brings with it an evil that may well be borne—for sleep makes one forget all things, the good and the evil, when once it envelops the eyelids—but upon me a god sends evil dreams as well. For this night again there lay by my side one like him, even such as he was when he went forth with the host, and my heart was glad, for I deemed it was no dream, but the truth at last."

So she spoke, and straightway came golden-throned Dawn. But as she wept goodly Odysseus heard her voice, and thereupon he mused, and it seemed to his heart that she knew him and was standing by his head. Then he gathered up the cloak and the fleeces on which he was lying and laid them on a chair in the hall, and carried the ox-hide out of doors and set it down; and he lifted up his hands and prayed to Zeus:

"Father Zeus, if of your good will ye gods have brought me over land and sea to my own country, when ye had afflicted me sore, let some one of those who are awaking utter a word of omen for me within, and without let a sign from Zeus be shown besides."

So he spoke in prayer, and Zeus the counsellor heard him. Straightway he thundered from gleaming Olympus, from on high from out the clouds; and goodly Odysseus was glad. And a woman, grinding at the mill, uttered a word of omen from within the house hard by, where the mills of the shepherd of

the people were set. At these mills twelve women in all were wont to ply their tasks, making meal of barley and of wheat, the marrow of men. Now the others were sleeping, for they had ground their wheat, but she alone had not yet ceased, for she was the weakest of all. She now stopped her mill and spoke a word, a sign for her master:

"Father Zeus, who art lord over gods and men, verily loud hast thou thundered from the starry sky, yet nowhere is there any cloud: surely this is a sign that thou art showing to some man. Fulfil now even for wretched me the word that I shall speak. May the wooers this day for the last and latest time hold their glad feast in the halls of Odysseus. They that have loosened my limbs with bitter labour, as I made them barley meal, may they now sup their last."

So she spoke, and goodly Odysseus was glad at the word of omen and at the thunder of Zeus, for he thought he had gotten vengeance on the guilty.

Now the other maidens in the fair palace of Odysseus had gathered together and were kindling on the hearth unwearied fire, and Telemachus rose from his bed, a godlike man, and put on his clothing. He slung his sharp sword about his shoulder, and beneath his shining feet he bound his fair sandals; and he took his mighty spear, tipped with sharp bronze, and went and stood upon the threshold, and spoke to Eurycleia:

"Dear nurse, have ye honoured the stranger in our house with bed and food, or does he lie all uncared for? For such is my mother's way, wise though she is: in wondrous fashion she honours one of mortal men, though he be the worse, while the better she sends unhonoured away."

Then wise Eurycleia answered him: "In this matter, child, thou shouldest not blame her, who is without blame. He sat here and drank wine as long as he would, but for food he said he had no more hunger, for she asked him. But when he bethought him of rest and sleep, she bade the maidens strew his bed. But he, as one wholly wretched and hapless, would not sleep on a bed and under blankets, but on an undressed ox-hide and fleeces of sheep he slept in the fore-hall, and we flung over him a cloak."

So she spoke, and Telemachus went forth through the hall with his spear in his hand, and with him went two swift hounds. And he went his way to the place of assembly to join the company of the well-greaved Achaeans, but Eurycleia, the goodly lady, daughter of Ops, son of Peisenor, called to her maidens, saying:

"Come, let some of you busily sweep the hall and sprinkle it, and throw on the shapely chairs coverlets of purple, and let others wipe all the tables with sponges and cleanse the mixing-bowls and the well-wrought double cups, and others still go to the spring for water and bring it quickly here. For the wooers will not long be absent from the hall, but will return right early; for it is a feast-day for all men."

So she spoke, and they readily hearkened and obeyed. Twenty of them went to the spring of dark water, and the others busied themselves there in the house in skilful fashion.

Then in came the serving-men of the Achaeans, who thereafter split logs of wood well and skilfully; and the women came back from the spring. After them came the swineherd, driving three boars which were the best in all his herd. These he let be to

feed in the fair courts, but himself spoke to Odysseus with gentle words:

"Stranger, do the Achaeans look on thee with any more regard, or do they dishonour thee in the halls as before?"

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Ah, Eumaeus, I would that the gods might take vengeance on the outrage wherewith these men in wantonness devise wicked folly in another's house, and have no place for shame."

Thus they spoke to one another. And near to them came Melanthius the goatherd, leading she-goats that were the best in all the herds, to make a feast for the wooers, and two herdsmen followed with him. The goats he tethered beneath the echoing portico, and himself spoke to Odysseus with taunting words:

"Stranger, wilt thou even now still be a plague to us here in the hall, asking alms of men, and wilt thou not begone? 'Tis plain, methinks, that we two shall not part company till we taste one another's fists, for thy begging is in no wise decent. Also it is not here alone that there are feasts of the Achaeans."

So he spoke, but Odysseus of many wiles made no answer, but he shook his head in silence, pondering evil in the deep of his heart.

Besides these a third man came, Philoetius, a leader of men, driving for the wooers a barren heifer and fat she-goats. These had been brought over from the mainland by ferrymen, who send other men, too, on their way, whosoever comes to them. The beasts he tethered carefully beneath the echoing portico, but himself came close to the swineherd and questioned him, saying:

"Who is this stranger, swineherd, who has newly come to our house? From what men does he declare himself to be sprung? Where are his kinsmen and his native fields? Hapless man! Yet truly in form he is like a royal prince; howbeit the gods bring to misery far-wandering men, whenever they spin for them the threads of trouble, even though they be kings."

Therewith he drew near to Odysseus, and stretching forth his right hand in greeting, spoke and addressed him with winged words:

"Hail, Sir stranger; may happy fortune be thine in time to come, though now thou art the thrall of many sorrows! Father Zeus, no other god is more baneful than thou; thou hast no pity on men when thou hast thyself given them birth, but bringest them into misery and wretched pains. The sweat broke out on me when I marked the man, and my eyes are full of tears as I think of Odysseus; for he, too, I ween, is clothed in such rags and is a wanderer among men, if indeed he still lives and beholds the light of the sun. But if he is already dead and in the house of Hades, then woe is me for blameless Odysseus, who set me over his cattle, when I was yet a boy, in the land of the Cephallenians And now these wax past counting; in no other wise could the breed of broad-browed cattle yield better increase[1] for a mortal man. But strangers bid me drive these now for themselves to eat, and they care nothing for the son in the house, nor do they tremble at the wrath of the gods, for they are eager now to divide among themselves the possessions of our lord that has long been gone. Now, as for myself, the

[1] The Greek word refers properly to ripening grain.

heart in my breast keeps revolving this matter: a very evil thing it is, while the son lives, to depart along with my cattle and go to a land of strangers, even to an alien folk; but this is worse still, to remain here and suffer woes in charge of cattle that are given over to others. Aye, verily, long ago would I have fled and come to some other of the proud kings, for now things are no more to be borne; but still I think of that hapless one, if perchance he might come back I know not whence, and make a scattering of the wooers in his house."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Neatherd, since thou seemest to be neither an evil man nor a witless, and I see for myself that thou hast gotten an understanding heart, therefore will I speak out and swear a great oath to confirm my words. Now be my witness Zeus above all gods, and this hospitable board, and the hearth of noble Odysseus to which I am come, that verily while thou art here Odysseus shall come home, and thou shalt see with thine eyes, if thou wilt, the slaying of the wooers, who lord it here."

Then the herdsman of the cattle answered him: "Ah, stranger, I would that the son of Cronos might fulfil this word of thine! Then shouldest thou know what manner of might is mine, and how my hands obey."

And even in like manner did Eumaeus pray to all the gods that wise Odysseus might come back to his own home.

Thus they spoke to one another, but the wooers meanwhile were plotting death and fate for Telemachus; howbeit there came to them a bird on their left, an eagle of lofty flight, clutching a timid dove. Then Amphinomus spoke in their assembly, and said:

"Friends, this plan of ours will not run to our liking, even the slaying of Telemachus; nay, let us bethink us of the feast."

So spoke Amphinomus, and his word was pleasing to them. Then, going into the house of godlike Odysseus, they laid their cloaks on the chairs and high seats, and men fell to slaying great sheep and fat goats, aye, and fatted swine, and the heifer of the herd. Then they roasted the entrails and served them out, and mixed wine in the bowls, and the swineherd handed out the cups. And Philoetius, a leader of men, handed them bread in a beautiful basket, and Melanthius poured them wine. So they put forth their hands to the good cheer lying ready before them.

But Telemachus, with crafty thought, made Odysseus sit within the well-built hall by the threshold of stone, and placed for him a mean stool and a little table. Beside him he set portions of the entrails and poured wine in a cup of gold, and said to him:

"Sit down here among the lords and drink thy wine, and the revilings and blows of all the wooers will I myself ward from thee; for this is no public resort, but the house of Odysseus, and it was for me that he won it. And for your part, ye wooers, refrain your minds from rebukes and blows, that no strife or quarrel may arise."

So he spoke, and they all bit their lips and marvelled at Telemachus for that he spoke boldly; and Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spoke among them, saying:

"Hard though it be, Achaeans, let us accept the word of Telemachus, though boldly he threatens

us in his speech. For Zeus, son of Cronos, did not suffer it, else would we ere now have silenced him in the halls, clear-voiced talker though he is."

So spoke Antinous, but Telemachus paid no heed to his words. Meanwhile the heralds were leading through the city the holy hecatomb of the gods, and the long-haired Achaeans gathered together beneath a shady grove of Apollo, the archer-god.

But when they had roasted the outer flesh and drawn it off the spits, they divided the portions and feasted a glorious feast. And by Odysseus those who served set a portion equal to that which they received themselves, for so Telemachus commanded, the dear son of divine Odysseus.

But the proud wooers Athene would in no wise suffer to abstain from bitter outrage, that pain might sink yet deeper into the heart of Odysseus, son of Laertes. There was among the wooers a man with his heart set on lawlessness—Ctesippus was his name, and in Same was his dwelling—who, trusting forsooth in his boundless wealth, wooed the wife of Odysseus, that had long been gone. He it was who now spoke among the haughty wooers:

"Hear me, ye proud wooers, that I may say somewhat. A portion has the stranger long had, an equal portion, as is meet; for it is not well nor just to rob of their due the guests of Telemachus, whosoever he be that comes to this house. Nay, come, I too will give him a stranger's-gift, that he in turn may give a present either to the bath-woman or to some other of the slaves who are in the house of godlike Odysseus."

So saying, he hurled with strong hand the hoof of

an ox, taking it up from the basket where it lay. But Odysseus avoided it with a quick turn of his head, and in his heart he smiled a right grim and bitter smile; and the ox's hoof struck the well-built wall. Then Telemachus rebuked Ctesippus, and said:

"Ctesippus, verily this thing fell out more to thy soul's profit. Thou didst not smite the stranger, for he himself avoided thy missile, else surely would I have struck thee through the middle with my sharp spear, and instead of a wedding feast thy father would have been busied with a funeral feast in this land. Wherefore let no man, I warn you, make a show of frowardness in my house; for now I mark and understand all things, the good and the evil, whereas heretofore I was but a child. But none the less we still endure to see these deeds, while sheep are slaughtered, and wine drunk, and bread consumed, for hard it is for one man to restrain many. Yet come, no longer work me harm of your evil wills. But if you are minded even now to slay me myself with the sword, even that would I choose, and it would be better far to die than continually to behold these shameful deeds, strangers mishandled and men dragging the handmaidens in shameful fashion through the fair hall."

So he spoke, and they were all hushed in silence, but at last there spoke among them Agelaus, son of Damastor:

"Friends, no man in answer to what has been fairly spoken would wax wroth and make reply with wrangling words. Abuse not any more the stranger nor any of the slaves that are in the house of divine Odysseus. But to Telemachus and his mother I would speak a gentle word, if perchance it may find

favour in the minds of both. So long as the hearts in your breasts had hope that wise Odysseus would return to his own house, so long there was no ground for blame that you waited, and restrained the wooers in your halls; for this was the better course, had Odysseus returned and come back to his house. But now this is plain, that he will return no more. Nay then, come, sit by thy mother and tell her this, namely that she must wed him whosoever is the best man, and who offers the most gifts; to the end that thou mayest enjoy in peace all the heritage of thy fathers, eating and drinking, and that she may keep the house of another."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Nay, by Zeus, Agelaus, and by the woes of my father, who somewhere far from Ithaca has perished or is wandering, in no wise do I delay my mother's marriage, but I bid her wed what man she will, and I offer besides gifts past counting. But I am ashamed to drive her forth from the hall against her will by a word of compulsion. May God never bring such a thing to pass."

So spoke Telemachus, but among the wooers Pallas Athene roused unquenchable laughter, and turned their wits awry. And now they laughed with alien lips, and all bedabbled with blood was the flesh they ate,[1] and their eyes were filled with tears and their spirits set on wailing. Then among them spoke godlike Theoclymenus:

"Ah, wretched men, what evil is this that you suffer? Shrouded in night are your heads and your faces and your knees beneath you; kindled is the

sagas and folk-poetry of various peoples as indicative of death and destruction.

sound of wailing, bathed in tears are your cheeks, and sprinkled with blood are the walls and the fair rafters. And full of ghosts is the porch and full the court, of ghosts that hasten down to Erebus beneath the darkness, and the sun has perished out of heaven and an evil mist hovers over all."

So he spoke, but they all laughed merrily at him. And among them Eurymachus, son of Polybus, was the first to speak:

"Mad is the stranger that has newly come from abroad. Quick, ye youths, convey him forth out of doors to go his way to the place of assembly, since here he finds it like night."

Then godlike Theoclymenus answered him: "Eurymachus, in no wise do I bid thee give me guides for my way. I have eyes and ears and my two feet, and a mind in my breast that is in no wise meanly fashioned. With these will I go forth out of doors, for I mark evil coming upon you which not one of the wooers may escape or avoid, of all you who in the house of godlike Odysseus insult men and devise wicked folly."

So saying, he went forth from the stately halls and came to Piraeus, who received him with a ready heart. But all the wooers, looking at one another, sought to provoke Telemachus by laughing at his guests. And thus would one of the proud youths speak:

"Telemachus, no man is more unlucky in his guests than thou, seeing that thou keepest such a filthy vagabond as this man here, always wanting bread and wine, and skilled neither in the works of peace nor those of war, but a mere burden of the earth. And this other fellow again stood up to

prophesy. Nay, if thou wouldst hearken to me it would be better far: let us fling these strangers on board a benched ship, and send them to the Sicilians, whence they would bring[1] thee in a fitting price."

So spake the wooers, but he paid no heed to their words. Nay, in silence he watched his father, ever waiting until he should put forth his hands upon the shameless wooers.

But the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, had set her beautiful chair over against them, and heard the words of each man in the hall. For they had made ready their meal in the midst of their laughing, a sweet meal, and one to satisfy the heart, for they had slain many beasts. But never could meal have been more graceless than a supper such as a goddess and a mighty man were soon to set before them. For unprovoked they were contriving deeds of shame.

[1] ἄλφοιν (*i.e.* ἄλφοιεν) is a conjecture of Bekker's; the plural verb is demanded by the sense. Others change τοὺς ξείνους in line 382 to τὸν ξεῖνον. It seems impossible to assume "the sale" as subject to ἄλφοι.

BOOK XXI

But the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, put it into the heart of the daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, to set before the wooers in the halls of Odysseus the bow and the gray iron, to be a contest and the beginning of death. She climbed the high stairway to her chamber, and took the bent key in her strong hand—a goodly key of bronze, and on it was a handle of ivory. And she went her way with her handmaidens to a store-room, far remote, where lay the treasures of her lord, bronze and gold and iron, wrought with toil. And there lay the back-bent bow and the quiver that held the arrows, and many arrows were in it, fraught with groanings—gifts which a friend of Odysseus had given him when he met him once in Lacedaemon, even Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like unto the immortals. They two had met one another in Messene in the house of wise Ortilochus. Odysseus verily had come to collect a debt which the whole people owed him, for the men of Messene had lifted from Ithaca in their benched ships three hundred sheep and the shepherds with them. It was on an embassy in quest of these that Odysseus had come a far journey, while he was but a youth; for his father and the other elders had sent him forth. And Iphitus, on his part, had come in search of twelve brood mares, which he had lost, with sturdy mules at the teat; but to him

thereafter did they bring death and doom, when he came to the stout-hearted son of Zeus, the man Heracles, who well knew[1] deeds of daring; for Heracles slew him, his guest though he was, in his own house, ruthlessly, and had regard neither for the wrath of the gods nor for the table which he had set before him, but slew the man thereafter, and himself kept the stout-hoofed mares in his halls. It was while asking for these that Iphitus met Odysseus, and gave him the bow, which of old great Eurytus had been wont to bear, and had left at his death to his son in his lofty house. And to Iphitus Odysseus gave a sharp sword and a mighty spear, as the beginning of loving friendship; yet they never knew one another at the table, for ere that might be the son of Zeus had slain Iphitus, son of Eurytus, a man like unto the immortals, who gave Odysseus the bow. This bow goodly Odysseus, when going forth to war, would never take with him on the black ships, but it lay in his halls at home as a memorial of a dear friend, and he carried it in his own land.

Now when the fair lady had come to the store-room, and had stepped upon the threshold of oak, which of old the carpenter had skilfully planed and made straight to the line—thereon had he also fitted door-posts, and set on them bright doors—straightway she quickly loosed the thong[2] from the handle and thrust in the key, and with sure aim shot

the door, and, when the door was closed from the outside, served as a means of drawing the bolt into its socket; the thong was then fastened to a hook. To open the door from without the thong was first unfastened, and then the bolt was forced back by the key, which presumably fitted the slits in the bolt with nicety; hence the phrase "with sure aim."

back the bolts. And as a bull bellows when grazing in a meadow, even so bellowed the fair doors, smitten by the key; and quickly they flew open before her. Then she stepped upon the high floor, where the chests stood in which fragrant raiment was stored, and stretched out her hand from thence and took from its peg the bow together with the bright case which surrounded it. And there she sat down and laid the case upon her knees and wept aloud, and took out the bow of her lord. But when she had had her fill of tearful wailing, she went her way to the hall, to the company of the lordly wooers, bearing in her hands the back-bent bow and the quiver that held the arrows, and many arrows were in it, fraught with groanings. And by her side her maidens bore a chest, wherein lay abundance of iron and bronze, the battle-gear of her lord. Now when the fair lady reached the wooers, she stood by the door-post of the well-built hall, holding before her face her shining veil; and a faithful handmaid stood on either side of her. Then straightway she spoke among the wooers, and said:

"Hear me, ye proud wooers, who have beset this house to eat and drink ever without end, since its master has long been gone, nor could you find any other plea to urge, save only as desiring to wed me and take me to wife. Nay, come now, ye wooers, since this is shewn to be your prize.[1] I will set before you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and whosoever shall most easily string the bow in his hands and shoot an arrow through all twelve axes, with him will I go, and forsake this house of my wedded life, a house most fair and filled with livelihood, which, methinks I shall ever remember even in my dreams."

[1] She means herself, not the bow; *cf.* 106.

So she spoke, and bade Eumaeus, the goodly swineherd, set for the wooers the bow and the grey iron. And, bursting into tears, Eumaeus took them and laid them down, and in another place the neatherd wept, when he saw the bow of his lord. Then Antinous rebuked them, and spoke, and addressed them:

"Foolish boors, who mind only the things of the day! Wretched pair, why now do you shed tears, and trouble the soul in the breast of the lady, whose heart even as it is lies low in pain, seeing that she has lost her dear husband? Nay, sit and feast in silence, or else go forth and weep, and leave the bow here behind as a decisive[1] contest for the wooers; for not easily, methinks, is this polished bow to be strung. For there is no man among all these here such as Odysseus was, and I myself saw him. For I remember him, though I was still but a child."

So he spoke, but the heart in his breast hoped that he would string the bow and shoot an arrow through the iron. Yet verily he was to be the first to taste of an arrow from the hands of noble Odysseus, whom then he, as he sat in the halls, was dishonouring, and urging on all his comrades.

Then among them spoke the strong and mighty Telemachus: "Lo now, of a truth Zeus, son of Cronos, has made me witless. My dear mother, for all that she is wise, declares that she will follow another lord, forsaking this house; yet I laugh, and am glad with a witless mind. Come then, ye wooers, since this is shewn to be your prize, a lady, the like of whom is not now in the Achaean land, neither in sacred Pylos, nor in Argos, nor in Mycene, nor yet in Ithaca itself, nor in the dark mainland. Nay, but of yourselves you know this—what need have I to praise my

[1] Others render "deadly" or "terrible"; but see Monro.

mother? Come then, put not the matter aside with excuses, nor any more turn away too long from the drawing of the bow, that we may see the issue. Yea, and I would myself make trial of yon bow. If I shall string it and shoot an arrow through the iron, it will not vex me that my honoured mother should leave this house and go along with another, seeing that I should be left here able now to wield the goodly battle-gear of my father."

With this he flung the scarlet cloak from off his back, and sprang up erect; and he laid his sharp sword from off his shoulders. First then he set up the axes, when he had dug a trench, one long trench for all, and made it straight to the line, and about them he stamped in the earth. And amazement seized all who saw him, that he set them out so orderly, though before he had never seen them. Then he went and stood upon the threshold, and began to try the bow. Thrice he made it quiver in his eagerness to draw it, and thrice he relaxed his effort, though in his heart he hoped to string the bow and shoot an arrow through the iron. And now at the last he would haply have strung it in his might, as for the fourth time he sought to draw up the string, but Odysseus nodded in dissent, and checked him in his eagerness. Then the strong and mighty Telemachus spoke among them again:

"Out on it, even in days to come shall I be a coward and a weakling, or else I am too young, and have not yet trust in my might to defend me against a man, when one waxes wroth without a cause. But, come now, you that are mightier than I, make trial of the bow, and let us end the contest."

So saying, he set the bow from him on the ground,

leaning it against the jointed, polished door, and hard by he leaned the swift arrow against the fair bow-tip, and then sat down again on the seat from which he had risen.

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, spoke among them: "Rise up in order, all you of our company, from left to right, beginning from the place where the cupbearer pours the wine."

So spoke Antinous, and his word was pleasing to them. Then first arose Leiodes, son of Oenops, who was their soothsayer, and ever sat by the fair mixing-bowl in the innermost part of the hall; deeds of wanton folly were hateful to him alone, and he was full of indignation at all the wooers. He it was who now first took the bow and swift arrow, and he went and stood upon the threshold, and began to try the bow; but he could not string it. Ere that might be his hands grew weary, as he sought to draw up the string, his unworn delicate hands; and he spoke among the wooers:

"Friends, it is not I that shall string it; let another take it. For many princes shall this bow rob of spirit and of life, since verily it is better far to die than to live on and fail of that for the sake of which we ever gather here, waiting expectantly day after day. Now many a man even hopes in his heart and desires to wed Penelope, the wife of Odysseus; but when he shall have made trial of the bow, and seen the outcome, thereafter let him woo some other of the fair-robed Achaean women with his gifts, and seek to win her; then should Penelope wed him who offers most, and who comes as her fated lord."

So he spoke, and set the bow from him, leaning it

against the jointed, polished door, and hard by he leaned the swift arrow against the fair bow-tip, and then sat down on the seat from which he had risen. But Antinous rebuked him, and spoke, and addressed him: "Leiodes, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth, a dread word and grievous! I am angered to hear it, if forsooth this bow is to rob princes of spirit and of life, because thou art not able to string it. For, I tell thee, thy honoured mother did not bear thee of such strength as to draw a bow and shoot arrows; but others of the lordly wooers will soon string it."

So he spoke, and called to Melanthius, the goatherd: "Come now, light a fire in the hall, Melanthius; and set by it a great seat with a fleece upon it, and bring forth a great cake of the fat that is within, that we youths may warm the bow, and anoint it with fat, and so make trial of it, and end the contest."

So he spoke, and Melanthius straightway rekindled the unwearied fire, and brought and placed by it a great seat with a fleece upon it, and he brought forth a great cake of the fat that was within. Therewith the youths warmed the bow, and made trial of it, but they could not string it, for they were far lacking in strength.

Now Antinous was still persisting and godlike Eurymachus, leaders of the wooers, who were far the best in valiance; but those other two had gone forth both together from the hall, the neatherd and the swineherd of divine Odysseus; and after them Odysseus himself went forth from the house. But when they were now outside the gates and the court, he spoke and addressed them with gentle words:

"Neatherd, and thou too swineherd, shall I tell you something or keep it to myself? Nay, my spirit bids me tell it. What manner of men would you be to defend Odysseus, if he should come from somewhere thus suddenly, and some god should bring him? Would you bear aid to the wooers or to Odysseus? Speak out as your heart and spirit bid you."

Then the herdsmen of the cattle answered him: "Father Zeus, oh that thou wouldest fulfil this wish! Grant that that man may come back, and that some god may guide him. Then shouldest thou know what manner of might is mine, and how my hands obey."

And even in like manner did Eumaeus pray to all the gods that wise Odysseus might come back to his own home.

But when he knew with certainty the mind of these, he made answer, and spoke to them again, saying:

"At home now in truth am I here before you, my very self. After many grievous toils I am come in the twentieth year to my native land. And I know that by you two alone of all my thralls is my coming desired, but of the rest have I heard not one praying that I might come back again to my home. But to you two will I tell the truth, even as it shall be. If a god shall subdue the lordly wooers unto me, I will bring you each a wife, and will give you possessions and a house built near my own, and thereafter you two shall be in my eyes friends and brothers of Telemachus. Nay, come, more than this, I will shew you also a manifest sign, that you may know me well and be assured in heart, even the scar of the wound which long ago a boar dealt me with his white tusk, when I went to Parnassus with the sons of Autolycus."

So saying, he drew aside the rags from the great scar. And when the two had seen it, and had marked each thing well, they flung their arms about wise Odysseus, and wept; and they kissed his head and shoulders in loving welcome. And even in like manner Odysseus kissed their heads and hands. And now the light of the sun would have gone down upon their weeping, had not Odysseus himself checked them, and said:

"Cease now from weeping and wailing, lest some one come forth from the hall and see us, and make it known within as well. But go within one after another, not all together, I first and you thereafter, and let this be made a sign. All the rest, as many as are lordly wooers, will not suffer the bow and the quiver to be given to me; but do thou, goodly Eumaeus, as thou bearest the bow through the halls, place it in my hands, and bid the women bar the close-fitting doors of their hall. And if any one of them hears groanings or the din of men within our walls, let them not rush out, but remain where they are in silence at their work. But to thee, goodly Philoetius, do I give charge to fasten with a bar the gate of the court, and swiftly to cast a cord upon it."

So saying, he entered the stately house, and went and sat down on the seat from which he had risen. And the two slaves of divine Odysseus went in as well.

Eurymachus was now handling the bow, warming it on this side and on that in the light of the fire; but not even so was he able to string it; and in his noble heart he groaned, and with a burst of anger he spoke and addressed them:

"Out on it! Verily I am grieved for myself and for you all. It is in no wise for the marriage that I mourn so greatly, grieved though I am; for there are many other Achaean women, some in sea-girt Ithaca itself, and some in other cities; but I mourn if in truth we fall so far short of godlike Odysseus in might, seeing that we cannot string his bow. This is a reproach for men that are yet to be to hear of."

Then Antinous, son of Eupeithes, answered him: "Eurymachus, this shall not be so, and thou of thyself too knowest it. For to-day throughout the land is the feast of the god[1]—a holy feast. Who then would bend a bow? Nay, quietly set it by; and as for the axes—what if we should let them all stand as they are? No man, methinks, will come to the hall of Odysseus, son of Laertes, and carry them off. Nay, come, let the bearer pour drops for libation into the cups, that we may pour libations, and lay aside the curved bow. And in the morning bid Melanthius, the goatherd, to bring she-goats, far the best in all the herds, that we may lay thigh-pieces on the altar of Apollo, the famed archer; and so make trial of the bow, and end the contest."

So spoke Antinous, and his word was pleasing to them. Then the heralds poured water over their hands, and youths filled the bowls brim full of drink, and served out to all, pouring first drops for libation into the cups. But when they had poured libations, and had drunk to their heart's content, then with crafty mind Odysseus of many wiles spoke among them:

"Hear me, wooers of the glorious queen, that I

[1] *i.e.* of Apollo, the archer-god; *cf.* l. 267.

may say what the heart in my breast bids me. To Eurymachus most of all do I make my prayer, and to godlike Antinous, since this word also of his was spoken aright, namely that for the present you cease to try the bow, and leave the issue with the gods; and in the morning the god will give the victory to whomsoever he will. But come, give me the polished bow, that in your midst I may prove my hands and strength, whether I have yet might such as was of old in my supple limbs, or whether by now my wanderings and lack of food have destroyed it."

So he spoke, and they all waxed exceeding wroth, fearing lest he might string the polished bow. And Antinous rebuked him, and spoke and addressed him:

"Ah, wretched stranger, thou hast no wit, no, not a trace. Art thou not content that thou feastest undisturbed in our proud company, and lackest naught of the banquet, but hearest our words and our speech, while no other that is a stranger and beggar hears our words? It is wine that wounds thee, honey-sweet wine, which works harm to others too, if one takes it in great gulps, and drinks beyond measure. It was wine that made foolish even the centaur, glorious Eurytion, in the hall of great-hearted Peirithous, when he went to the Lapithae; and when his heart had been made foolish with wine, in his madness he wrought evil in the house of Peirithous. Then grief seized the heroes, and they leapt up and dragged him forth through the gateway, when they had shorn off his ears and his nostrils with the pitiless bronze, and he, made foolish in heart, went his way, bearing with him the curse of his sin in the folly of his heart. From hence the feud arose

between the centaurs and mankind; but it was for himself first that he found evil, being heavy with wine. Even so do I declare great harm for thee, if thou shalt string the bow, for thou shalt meet with no kindness at the hands of anyone in our land, but we will send thee straightway in a black ship to king Echetus, the maimer of all men, from whose hands thou shalt in no wise escape alive. Nay, then, be still, and drink thy wine, and do not strive with men younger than thou."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Antinous, it is not well nor just to rob of their due the guests of Telemachus, whosoever he be that comes to this house. Dost thou think that, if yon stranger strings the great bow of Odysseus, trusting in his strength and his might, he will lead me to his home, and make me his wife? Nay, he himself, I ween, has not this hope in his breast; so let no one of you on this account sit at meat here in sorrow of heart; nay, that were indeed unseemly."

Then Eurymachus, son of Polybus, answered her: "Daughter of Icarius, wise Penelope, it is not that we think the man will lead thee to his home—that were indeed unseemly—but that we dread the talk of men and women, lest hereafter some base fellow among the Achaeans should say: 'Truly men weaker far are wooing the wife of a noble man, and cannot string his polished bow. But another, a beggar, that came on his wanderings, easily strung the bow, and shot through the iron.' Thus will men speak, but to us this would become a reproach."

Then wise Penelope answered him again: "Eurymachus, in no wise can there be good report in the land for men who dishonour and consume the house

of a prince. Why then do you make this matter[1] a reproach? This stranger is right tall and well-built, and declares himself to be born the son of a good father. Nay, come, give him the polished bow and let us see. For thus will I speak out to thee, and this word shall verily be brought to pass; if he shall string the bow, and Apollo grant him glory, I will clothe him with a cloak and tunic, fair raiment, and will give him a sharp javelin to ward off dogs and men, and a two-edged sword; and I will give him sandals to bind beneath his feet, and will send him whithersoever his heart and spirit bid him go."

Then wise Telemachus answered her: "My mother, as for the bow, no man of the Achaeans has a better right than I to give or to deny it to whomsoever I will—no, not all those who lord it in rocky Ithaca, or in the islands towards horse-pasturing Elis. No man among these shall thwart me against my will, even though I should wish to give this bow outright to the stranger to bear away with him. But do thou go to thy chamber, and busy thyself with thine own tasks, the loom and the distaff, and bid thy handmaids ply their tasks. The bow shall be for men, for all, but most of all for me; since mine is the authority in the house."

She then, seized with wonder, went back to her chamber, for she laid to heart the wise saying of her son. Up to her upper chamber she went with her handmaids, and then bewailed Odysseus, her dear husband, until flashing-eyed Athene cast sweet sleep upon her eyelids.

Now the goodly swineherd had taken the curved

[1] *i.e.* that the stranger should handle the bow.

bow and was bearing it, but the wooers all cried out in the halls. And thus would one of the proud youths speak:

"Whither, pray, art thou bearing the curved bow, miserable swineherd, thou man distraught? Soon by thy swine, alone and apart from men, shall the swift hounds devour thee—hounds thyself didst rear—if but Apollo be gracious to us, and the other immortal gods."

So they spoke, and he set down the bow, as he bore it, in that very place, seized with fear because many men were crying out aloud in the halls. But Telemachus on the other side called out threateningly:

"Father, bear on the bow—soon shalt thou rue giving heed to all—lest, younger though I am, I drive thee to the field, and pelt thee with stones; for in strength I am the better. I would that I were even so much better in strength and might than all the wooers that are in the house; then would I soon send many a one forth from our house to go his way in evil case; for they devise wickedness."

So he spoke, but all the wooers laughed merrily at him, and relaxed the bitterness of their anger against Telemachus. Howbeit the swineherd bore the bow through the hall, and came up to wise Odysseus, and put it in his hands. Then he called forth the nurse Eurycleia, and said to her:

"Telemachus bids thee, wise Eurycleia, to bar the close-fitting doors of the hall, and if any of the women hear within groanings or the din of men within our walls, let them not rush out, but remain where they are in silence at their work."

So he spoke, but her word remained unwinged; and she barred the doors of the stately halls.

But in silence Philoetius hastened forth from the house, and barred the gates of the well-fenced court. Now there lay beneath the portico the cable of a curved ship, made of byblus plant, wherewith he made fast the gates, and then himself went within. Thereafter he came and sat down on the seat from which he had risen, and gazed upon Odysseus; now he was already handling the bow, turning it round and round, and trying it this way and that, lest worms might have eaten the horns, while its lord was afar. And thus would one speak with a glance at his neighbour:

"Verily he has a shrewd eye, and is a cunning knave with a bow. It may be haply that he has himself such bows stored away at home, or else he is minded to make one, that he thus turns it this way and that in his hands, the rascally vagabond."

And again another of the proud youths would say: "Would that the fellow might find profit in just such measure as he shall prove able ever to string this bow."

So spoke the wooers, but Odysseus of many wiles, as soon as he had lifted the great bow and scanned it on every side—even as when a man well-skilled in the lyre and in song easily stretches the string about a new peg, making fast at either end the twisted sheep-gut—so without effort did Odysseus string the great bow. And he held it in his right hand, and tried the string, which sang sweetly beneath his touch, like to a swallow in tone. But upon the wooers came great grief, and the faces of them changed colour, and Zeus thundered loud, shewing forth his signs. Then glad at heart was the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus that the son of crooked-

counselling Cronos sent him an omen, and he took up a swift arrow, which lay by him on the table, bare, but the others were stored within the hollow quiver, even those of which the Achaeans were soon to taste. This he took, and laid upon the bridge of the bow, and drew the bow-string and the notched arrow even from the chair where he sat, and let fly the shaft with sure aim, and did not miss the end of the handle of one of the axes, but clean through and out at the end passed the arrow weighted with bronze. But he spoke to Telemachus, saying:

"Telemachus, the stranger that sits in thy halls brings no shame upon thee, nor in any wise did I miss the mark, or labour long in stringing the bow; still is my strength unbroken—not as the wooers scornfully taunt me. But now it is time that supper too be made ready for the Achaeans, while yet there is light, and thereafter must yet other sport be made with song and with the lyre; for these things are the accompaniments of a feast."

He spoke, and made a sign with his brows, and Telemachus, the dear son of divine Odysseus, girt about him his sharp sword, and took his spear in his grasp, and stood by the chair at his father's side, armed with gleaming bronze.

BOOK XXII

But Odysseus of many wiles stripped off his rags and sprang to the great threshold with the bow and the quiver full of arrows, and poured forth the swift arrows right there before his feet, and spoke among the wooers:

"Lo, now at last is this decisive contest ended; and now as for another mark, which till now no man has ever smitten, I will know [1] if haply I may strike it, and Apollo grant me glory."

He spoke, and aimed a bitter arrow at Antinous. Now he was on the point of raising to his lips a fair goblet, a two-eared cup of gold, and was even now handling it, that he might drink of the wine, and death was not in his thoughts. For who among men that sat at meat could think that one man among many, how strong soever he were, would bring upon himself evil death and black fate? But Odysseus took aim, and smote him with an arrow in the throat, and clean out through the tender neck passed the point; he sank to one side, and the cup fell from his hand as he was smitten, and straightway up through his nostrils there came a thick jet of the blood of man; and quickly he thrust the table from him with a kick of his foot, and spilled all the food on the floor, and the bread and roast flesh were befouled. Then into uproar broke the wooers through the halls, as they saw the man fallen, and from their high seats

[1] Or, taking εἴσομαι as fut. of ἔλμι, "I will make for another mark."

they sprang, driven in fear through the hall, gazing everywhere along the well-built walls; but nowhere was there a shield or mighty spear to seize. But they railed at Odysseus with angry words:

"Stranger, to thy cost dost thou shoot at men; never again shalt thou take part in other contests; now is thy utter destruction sure. Aye, for thou hast now slain a man who was far the best of the youths in Ithaca; therefore shall vultures devour thee here."

So spoke [1] each man, for verily they thought that he had not slain the man wilfully; and in their folly they knew not this, that over themselves one and all the cords of destruction had been made fast. Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered them:

"Ye dogs, ye thought that I should never more come home from the land of the Trojans, seeing that ye wasted my house, and lay with the maidservants by force, and while yet I lived covertly wooed my wife, having no fear of the gods, who hold broad heaven, nor of the indignation of men, that is to be hereafter. Now over you one and all have the cords of destruction been made fast."

So he spoke, and thereat [2] pale fear seized them all, and each man gazed about to see how he might escape utter destruction; Eurymachus alone answered him, and said:

"If thou art indeed Odysseus of Ithaca, come home again, this that thou sayest is just regarding all that the Achaeans have wrought—many deeds of

[1] Or, "so guessed"; see the note on xix. 203.

[2] Or the preposition may be local, "seized the limbs of all beneath them." The same ambiguity occurs in other passages.

wanton folly in thy halls and many in the field. But he now lies dead, who was to blame for all, even Antinous; for it was he who set on foot these deeds, not so much through desire or need of the marriage, but with another purpose, which the son of Cronos did not bring to pass for him, that in the land of settled Ithaca he might himself be king, and might lie in wait for thy son and slay him. But now he lies slain, as was his due, but do thou spare the people that are thine own; and we will hereafter go about the land and get thee recompense for all that has been drunk and eaten in thy halls, and will bring each man for himself in requital the worth of twenty oxen, and pay thee back in bronze and gold until thy heart be warmed; but till then no one could blame thee that thou art wroth."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: "Eurymachus, not even if you should give me in requital all that your fathers left you, even all that you now have, and should add other wealth thereto from whence ye might, not even so would I henceforth stay my hands from slaying until the wooers had paid the full price of all their transgression. Now it lies before you to fight in open fight, or to flee, if any man may avoid death and the fates; but many a one, methinks, shall not escape from utter destruction."

So he spoke, and their knees were loosened where they stood, and their hearts melted; and Eurymachus spoke among them again a second time:

"Friends, for you see that this man will not stay his invincible hands, but now that he has got the polished bow and the quiver, will shoot from the smooth threshold until he slays us all, come, let us take

thought of battle. Draw your swords, and hold the tables before you against the arrows that bring swift death, and let us all have at him in a body, in the hope that we may thrust him from the threshold and the doorway, and go throughout the city, and so the alarm be swiftly raised; then should this fellow soon have shot his last."

So saying, he drew his sharp sword of bronze, two-edged, and sprang upon Odysseus with a terrible cry, but at the same instant goodly Odysseus let fly an arrow, and struck him upon the breast beside the nipple, and fixed the swift shaft in his liver. And Eurymachus let the sword fall from his hand to the ground, and writhing over the table he bowed and fell, and spilt upon the floor the food and the two-handled cup. With his brow he beat the earth in agony of soul, and with both his feet he spurned and shook the chair, and a mist was shed over his eyes.

Then Amphinomus made at glorious Odysseus, rushing straight upon him, and had drawn his sharp sword, in hope that Odysseus might give way before him from the door. But Telemachus was too quick for him, and cast, and smote him from behind with his bronze-tipped spear between the shoulders, and drove it through his breast; and he fell with a thud, and struck the ground full with his forehead. But Telemachus sprang back, leaving the long spear where it was, fixed in Amphinomus, for he greatly feared lest, as he sought to draw forth the long spear, one of the Achaeans might rush upon him and stab him with his sword, or deal him a blow as he stooped over the corpse. So he started to run, and came quickly to his dear father, and standing by his side spoke to him winged words:

"Father, now will I bring thee a shield and two spears and a helmet all of bronze, well fitted to the temples, and when I come back I will arm myself, and will give armour likewise to the swineherd and yon neatherd; for it is better to be clothed in armour."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Run, and bring them, while yet I have arrows to defend me, lest they thrust me from the door, alone as I am."

So he spoke, and Telemachus hearkened to his dear father, and went his way to the store-chamber where the glorious arms were stored. Thence he took four shields and eight spears and four helmets of bronze, with thick plumes of horse-hair; and he bore them forth, and quickly came to his dear father. Then first of all he himself girded the bronze about his body, and even in like manner the two slaves put on them the beautiful armour, and took their stand on either side of Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded.

But he, so long as he had arrows to defend him, would ever aim, and smite the wooers one by one in his house, and they fell thick and fast. But when the arrows failed the prince, as he shot, he leaned the bow against the door-post of the well-built hall, and let it stand against the bright entrance wall. For himself, he put about his shoulders a four-fold shield, and set on his mighty head a well-wrought helmet with horse-hair plume, and terribly did the plume wave above him; and he took two mighty spears, tipped with bronze.

Now there was in the well-built wall a certain

postern door,[1] and along the topmost level of the threshold of the well-built hall was a way into a passage, and well-fitting folding doors closed it. This postern Odysseus bade the goodly swineherd watch, taking his stand close by, for there was but a single way to reach it. Then Agelaus spoke among the wooers, and declared his word to all:

"Friends, will not one mount up by the postern door, and tell the people, that so an alarm may be raised straightway? Then should this fellow soon have shot his last."

Then Melanthius, the goatherd, answered him: "It may not be, Agelaus, fostered of Zeus, for terribly near is the fair door of the court, and the mouth of the passage is hard. One man could bar the way for all, so he were valiant. But come, let me bring you from the store-room arms to don, for it is within, methinks, and nowhere else that Odysseus and his glorious son have laid the arms."

So saying, Melanthius, the goatherd, mounted up by the steps [2] of the hall to the store-rooms of Odysseus. Thence he took twelve shields, as many spears, and

which was level with the threshold in front, was elevated to the ground level in the rear. Hence the fact that the *ὀρσοθύρη*, opening upon a "way" outside, was itself above the floor of the hall, and had to be reached by steps. That the *οὐδός*, or foundation wall, was not itself level, but followed the slope of the ground, seems to me to offer no difficulty.

[2] See the preceding note. Others understand the *ῥῶγες* to have been openings in the wall (one of which was the *ὀρσοθύρη* itself) whereby one could climb up. But it is certain that the store-room was on the ground floor. The word *ῥῶγες* is, I take it, to be connected with *ῥήγνυμι*, and to call the steps "breaks" in an ascent is surely natural enough; see Monro.

as many helmets of bronze with thick plumes of horsehair, and went his way, and quickly brought and gave them to the wooers. Then the knees of Odysseus were loosened and his heart melted, when he saw them donning armour and brandishing long spears in their hands, and great did his task seem to him; but quickly he spoke to Telemachus winged words:

"Telemachus, verily some one of the women in the halls is rousing against us an evil battle, or haply it is Melanthius."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Father, it is I myself that am at fault in this, and no other is to blame, for I left the close-fitting door of the store-room open: their watcher was better than I. But go now, goodly Eumaeus, close the door of the store-room, and see whether it is one of the women who does this, or Melanthius, son of Dolius, as I suspect."

Thus they spoke to one another. But Melanthius, the goatherd, went again to the store-room to bring beautiful armour; howbeit the goodly swineherd marked him, and straightway said to Odysseus who was near:

"Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, yonder again is the pestilent fellow, whom we ourselves suspect, going to the store-room. But do thou tell me truly, shall I slay him, if I prove the better man, or shall I bring him hither to thee, that the fellow may pay for the many crimes that he has planned in thy house?"

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Verily I and Telemachus will keep the lordly wooers within the hall, how fierce soever they be,

but do you two bend behind him his feet and his arms above, and cast him into the store-room, and tie boards behind his back; then make fast to his body a twisted rope, and hoist him up the tall pillar, till you bring him near the roof-beams, that he may keep alive long, and suffer grievous torment."

So he spoke, and they readily hearkened and obeyed. Forth they went to the store-room, unseen of him who was within. He truly was seeking for armour in the innermost part of the store-room, and the two lay in wait, standing on either side of the door-posts. And when Melanthius, the goatherd, was about to pass over the threshold, bearing in one hand a goodly helm, and in the other a broad old shield, flecked with rust—the shield of lord Laertes, which he was wont to bear in his youth, but now it was laid by, and the seams of its straps were loosened—then the two sprang upon him and seized him. They dragged him in by the hair, and flung him down on the ground in sore terror, and bound his feet and hands with galling bonds, binding them firmly behind his back, as the son of Laertes bade them, the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus; and they made fast to his body a twisted rope, and hoisted him up the tall pillar, till they brought him near the roof-beams. Then didst thou mock him, swineherd Eumaeus, and say:

"Now verily, Melanthius, shalt thou watch the whole night through, lying on a soft bed, as befits thee, nor shalt thou fail to mark the early Dawn, golden-throned, as she comes forth from the streams of Oceanus, at the hour when thou art wont to drive thy she-goats for the wooers, to prepare a feast in the halls."

So he was left there, stretched in the direful bond, but the two put on their armour, and closed the bright door, and went to Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded. There they stood, breathing fury, those on the threshold but four, while those within the hall were many and brave. Then Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew near them, like unto Mentor in form and voice, and Odysseus saw her, and was glad; and he spoke, saying:

"Mentor, ward off ruin, and remember me, thy dear comrade, who often befriended thee. Thou art of like age with myself."

So he spoke, deeming that it was Athene, the rouser of hosts. But the wooers on the other side shouted aloud in the hall, and first Agelaus, son of Damastor, rebuked Athene, saying:

"Mentor, let not Odysseus beguile thee with his words to fight against the wooers and bear aid to himself. For in this wise, methinks, shall our will be brought to pass: when we have killed these men, father and son, thereafter shalt thou too be slain with them, such deeds art thou minded to do in these halls: with thine own head shalt thou pay the price. But when with the sword we have stripped you of your might, all the possessions that thou hast within doors and in the fields we will mingle with those of Odysseus, and will not suffer thy sons or thy daughters to dwell in thy halls, nor thy faithful wife to fare at large in the city of Ithaca."

So he spoke, and Athene waxed the more wroth at heart, and she rebuked Odysseus with angry words:

"Odysseus, no longer hast thou steadfast might nor any valour, such as was thine when for high-born Helen of the white arms thou didst for nine years

battle with the Trojans unceasingly, and many men thou slewest in dread conflict, and by thy counsel was the broad-wayed city of Priam taken. How is it that now, when thou hast come to thy house and thine own possessions, thou shrinkest with wailing from playing the man, and that against the wooers? Nay, friend, come hither and take thy stand by my side, and see my deeds, that thou mayest know what manner of man Mentor, son of Alcimus, is to repay kindness in the midst of the foe."

She spoke, but did not give him strength utterly to turn the course of the battle, but still made trial of the might and valour of Odysseus and his glorious son; and for herself, she flew up to the roof-beam of the smoky hall, and sat there in the guise of a swallow to look upon.

Now the wooers were urged on by Agelaus, son of Damastor, by Eurynomus, and Amphimedon and Demoptolemus and Peisander, son of Polyctor, and wise Polybus, for these were in valiance far the best of all the wooers who still lived and fought for their lives; but the rest the bow and the swiftly-falling arrows had by now laid low. But Agelaus spoke among them, and declared his word to all:

"Friends, now at length will this man stay his invincible hands. Lo, Mentor has gone from him, and has but uttered empty boasts, and they are left alone there at the outer doors. Therefore hurl not now upon them your long spears all at once, but come, do you six throw first in the hope that Zeus may grant that Odysseus be struck, and that we win glory. Of the rest there is no care, once he shall have fallen."

So he spoke, and they all hurled their spears, as

he bade, eagerly; but Athene made all vain. One man smote the door-post of the well-built hall, another the close-fitting door, another's ashen spear, heavy with bronze, struck upon the wall. But when they had avoided the spears of the wooers, first among them spoke the much-enduring goodly Odysseus:

"Friends, now I give the word that we too cast our spears into the throng of the wooers, who are minded to slay us in addition to their former wrongs."

So he spoke, and they all hurled their sharp spears with sure aim. Odysseus smote Demoptolemus, Telemachus Euryades, the swineherd Elatus, and the herdsmen of the cattle slew Peisander. So these all at the same moment bit the vast floor with their teeth, and the wooers drew back to the innermost part of the hall. But the others sprang forward and drew forth their spears from the dead bodies.

Then again the wooers hurled their sharp spears eagerly, but Athene made them vain, many as they were. One man smote the door-post of the well-built hall, another the close-fitting door, another's ashen spear, heavy with bronze, struck upon the wall. But Amphimedon smote Telemachus on the hand by the wrist, a grazing blow, and the bronze tore the surface of the skin. And Ctesippus with his long spear grazed the shoulder of Eumaeus above his shield, but the spear flew over and fell upon the ground. Then once more Odysseus, the wise and crafty-minded, and his company hurled their sharp spears into the throng of the wooers, and again Odysseus, the sacker of cities, smote Eurydamas, and Telemachus Amphimedon, the swineherd Polybus,

and thereafter the herdsman of the cattle smote Ctesippus in the breast, and boasted over him, saying:

"Son of Polytherses, thou lover of revilings, never more at all do thou speak big, yielding to folly, but leave the matter to the gods, since verily they are mightier far. This is thy gift of welcome to match the hoof which of late thou gavest to godlike Odysseus, when he went begging through the house."

So spoke the herdsman of the sleek cattle. But Odysseus wounded the son of Damastor in close fight with a thrust of his long spear, and Telemachus wounded Leiocritus, son of Evenor, with a spear-thrust full upon the groin, and drove the bronze clean through, and he fell headlong and struck the ground full with his forehead. Then Athene held up her aegis, the bane of mortals, on high from the roof, and the minds of the wooers were panic-stricken, and they fled through the halls like a herd of kine that the darting gad-fly falls upon and drives along in the season of spring, when the long days come. And even as vultures of crooked talons and curved beaks come forth from the mountains and dart upon smaller birds, which scour the plain, flying low beneath the clouds, and the vultures pounce upon them and slay them, and they have no defence or way of escape, and men rejoice at the chase; even so did those others set upon the wooers and smite them left and right through the hall. And therefrom rose hideous groaning as heads were smitten, and all the floor swam with blood.

But Leiodes rushed forward and clasped the knees of Odysseus, and made entreaty to him, and spoke winged words:

"By thy knees I beseech thee, Odysseus, and do thou respect me and have pity. For I declare to thee that never yet have I wronged one of the women in thy halls by wanton word or deed; nay, I sought to check the other wooers, when any would do such deeds. But they would not hearken to me to withhold their hands from evil, wherefore through their wanton folly they have met a cruel doom. Yet I, the soothsayer among them, that have done no wrong, shall be laid low even as they; so true is it that there is no gratitude in aftertime for good deeds done."

Then with an angry glance from beneath his brows Odysseus of many wiles answered him: "If verily thou dost declare thyself the soothsayer among these men, often, I ween, must thou have prayed in the halls that far from me the issue of a joyous return might be removed, and that it might be with thee that my dear wife should go and bear thee children; wherefore thou shalt not escape grievous death."

So saying, he seized in his strong hand a sword that lay near, which Agelaus had let fall to the ground when he was slain, and with this he smote him full upon the neck. And even while he was yet speaking his head was mingled with the dust.

Now the son of Terpes, the minstrel, was still seeking to escape black fate, even Phemius, who sang perforce among the wooers. He stood with the clear-toned lyre in his hands near the postern door, and he was divided in mind whether he should slip out from the hall and sit down by the well-built altar of great Zeus, the God of the court, whereon Laertes and Odysseus had burned many thighs of oxen, or whether he should rush forward and clasp

the knees of Odysseus in prayer. And as he pondered this seemed to him the better course, to clasp the knees of Odysseus, son of Laertes. So he laid the hollow lyre on the ground between the mixing-bowl and the silver-studded chair, and himself rushed forward and clasped Odysseus by the knees, and made entreaty to him, and spoke winged words:

"By thy knees I beseech thee, Odysseus, and do thou respect me and have pity; on thine own self shall sorrow come hereafter, if thou slayest the minstrel, even me, who sing to gods and men. Self-taught am I, and the god has planted in my heart all manner of lays, and worthy am I to sing to thee as to a god; wherefore be not eager to cut my throat. Aye, and Telemachus too will bear witness to this, thy dear son, how that through no will or desire of mine I was wont to resort to thy house to sing to the wooers at their feasts, but they, being far more and stronger, led me hither perforce."

So he spoke, and the strong and mighty Telemachus heard him, and quickly spoke to his father, who was near:

"Stay thy hand, and do not wound this guiltless man with the sword. Aye, and let us save also the herald, Medon, who ever cared for me in our house, when I was a child—unless perchance Philoetius has already slain him, or the swineherd, or he met thee as thou didst rage through the house."

So he spoke, and Medon, wise of heart, heard him, for he lay crouching beneath a chair, and had clothed himself in the skin of an ox, newly flayed, seeking to avoid black fate. Straightway he rose from beneath the chair and stripped off the ox-hide, and then rushed forward and clasped Telemachus by the knees, and made entreaty to him, and spoke winged words:

"Friend, here I am; stay thou thy hand and bid thy father stay his, lest in the greatness of his might he harm me with the sharp bronze in his wrath against the wooers, who wasted his possessions in the halls, and in their folly honoured thee not at all."

But Odysseus of many wiles smiled, and said to him: "Be of good cheer, for he has delivered thee and saved thee, that thou mayest know in thy heart and tell also to another, how far better is the doing of good deeds than of evil. But go forth from the halls and sit down outside in the court away from the slaughter, thou and the minstrel of many songs, till I shall have finished all that I must needs do in the house."

So he spoke, and the two went their way forth from the hall and sat down by the altar of great Zeus, gazing about on every side, ever expecting death. And Odysseus too gazed about all through his house to see if any man yet lived, and was hiding there, seeking to avoid black fate. But he found them one and all fallen in the blood and dust—all the host of them, like fishes that fishermen have drawn forth in the meshes of their net from the grey sea upon the curving beach, and they all lie heaped upon the sand, longing for the waves of the sea, and the bright sun takes away their life; even so now the wooers lay heaped upon each other. Then Odysseus of many wiles spoke to Telemachus:

"Telemachus, go call me the nurse Eurycleia, that I may tell her the word that is in my mind."

So he spoke, and Telemachus hearkened to his dear father, and shaking the door said to Eurycleia:

"Up and hither, aged wife, that hast charge of all our woman servants in the halls. Come, my father calls thee, that he may tell thee somewhat."

So he spoke, but her word remained unwinged; she opened the doors of the stately hall, and came forth, and Telemachus led the way before her. There she found Odysseus amid the bodies of the slain, all befouled with blood and filth, like a lion that comes from feeding on an ox of the farmstead, and all his breast and his cheeks on either side are stained with blood, and he is terrible to look upon; even so was Odysseus befouled, his feet and his hands above. But she, when she beheld the corpses and the great welter of blood, made ready to utter loud cries of joy, seeing what a deed had been wrought. But Odysseus stayed and checked her in her eagerness, and spoke and addressed her with winged words:

"In thine own heart rejoice, old dame, but refrain thyself and cry not out aloud: an unholy thing is it to boast over slain men. These men here has the fate of the gods destroyed and their own reckless deeds, for they honoured no one of men upon the earth, were he evil or good, whosoever came among them; wherefore by their wanton folly they brought on themselves a shameful death. But come, name thou over to me the women in the halls, which ones dishonour me and which are guiltless."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered him: "Then verily, my child, will I tell thee all the truth. Fifty women servants hast thou in the halls, women that we have taught to do their work, to card the wool and bear the lot of slaves. Of these twelve in all have set their feet in the way of shamelessness, and regard not me nor Penelope herself. And Telemachus is but newly grown to manhood, and his

mother would not suffer him to rule over the women servants. But come, let me go up to the bright upper chamber and bear word to thy wife, on whom some god has sent sleep."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Wake her not yet, but do thou bid come hither the women, who in time past have contrived shameful deeds."

So he spoke, and the old dame went forth through the hall to bear tidings to the women, and bid them come; but Odysseus called to him Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd, and spoke to them winged words:

"Begin now to bear forth the dead bodies and bid the women help you, and thereafter cleanse the beautiful chairs and the tables with water and porous sponges. But when you have set all the house in order, lead the women forth from the well-built hall to a place between the dome[1] and the goodly fence of the court, and there strike them down with your long swords, until you take away the life from them all, and they forget the love which they had at the bidding of the wooers, when they lay with them in secret."

So he spoke, and the women came all in a throng, wailing terribly and shedding big tears. First they bore forth the bodies of the slain and set them down beneath the portico of the well-fenced court, propping them one against the other; and Odysseus himself gave them orders and hastened on the work, and they bore the bodies forth perforce. Then they cleansed the beautiful high seats and the tables with

[1] It is impossible to determine precisely what the θόλος was, save that it must have been some dome-like structure within the αὐλή.

water and porous sponges. But Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd scraped with hoes the floor of the well-built house, and the women bore the scrapings forth and threw them out of doors. But when they had set in order all the hall, they led the women forth from the well-built hall to a place between the dome and the goodly fence of the court, and shut them up in a narrow space, whence it was in no wise possible to escape. Then wise Telemachus was the first to speak to the others, saying:

"Let it be by no clean death that I take the lives of these women, who on my own head have poured reproaches and on my mother, and were wont to lie with the wooers."

So he spoke, and tied the cable of a dark-prowed ship to a great pillar and flung it round the dome, stretching it on high that none might reach the ground with her feet. And as when long-winged thrushes or doves fall into a snare that is set in a thicket, as they seek to reach their resting-place, and hateful is the bed that gives them welcome, even so the women held their heads in a row, and round the necks of all nooses were laid, that they might die most piteously. And they writhed a little while with their feet, but not long.

Then forth they led Melanthius through the doorway and the court, and cut off his nostrils and his ears with the pitiless bronze, and drew out his vitals for the dogs to eat raw, and cut off his hands and his feet in their furious wrath.

Thereafter they washed their hands and feet, and went into the house to Odysseus, and the work was done. But Odysseus said to the dear nurse

Eurycleia: "Bring sulphur, old dame, to cleanse from pollution, and bring me fire, that I may purge the hall; and do thou bid Penelope come hither with her handmaidens, and order all the women in the house to come."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered him: "Yea, all this, my child, hast thou spoken aright. But come, let me bring thee a cloak and a tunic for raiment, and do not thou stand thus in the halls with thy broad shoulders wrapped in rags; that were a cause for blame."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered her: "First of all let a fire now be made me in the hall."

So he spoke, and the dear nurse Eurycleia did not disobey, but brought fire and sulphur; but Odysseus throughly purged the hall and the house and the court.

Then the old dame went back through the fair house of Odysseus to bear tidings to the women and bid them come; and they came forth from their hall with torches in their hands. They thronged about Odysseus and embraced him, and clasped and kissed his head and shoulders and his hands in loving welcome; and a sweet longing seized him to weep and wail, for in his heart he knew them all.

BOOK XXIII

THEN the old dame went up to the upper chamber, laughing aloud, to tell her mistress that her dear husband was in the house. Her knees moved nimbly, but her feet trotted along beneath her;[1] and she stood above her lady's head, and spoke to her, and said:

"Awake, Penelope, dear child, that with thine own eyes thou mayest see what thou desirest all thy days. Odysseus is here, and has come home, late though his coming has been, and has slain the proud wooers who vexed his house, and devoured his substance, and oppressed his son."

Then wise Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, the gods have made thee mad, they who can make foolish even one who is full wise, and set the simple-minded in the paths of understanding; it is they that have marred thy wits, though heretofore thou wast sound of mind. Why dost thou mock me, who have a heart full of sorrow, to tell me this wild tale, and dost rouse me out of slumber, the sweet slumber that bound me and enfolded my eyelids? For never yet have I slept so sound since the day when Odysseus went forth to see evil Ilios that should not be named. Nay come now, go down and back to the women's hall, for if any other of the women that are

[1] The meaning of *ὑπερικταίνομαι* has to be inferred from the context. The poet means apparently to mark at once the eager impulse of the old woman and the feebleness of age. I assume that the first element in the word is *ὑπό*, not *ὑπέρ*.

mine had come and told me this, and had roused me out of sleep, straightway would I have sent her back in sorry wise to return again to the hall, but to thee old age shall bring this profit."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered her: "I mock thee not, dear child, but in very truth Odysseus is here, and has come home, even as I tell thee. He is that stranger to whom all men did dishonour in the halls. But Telemachus long ago knew that he was here, yet in his prudence he hid the purpose of his father, till he should take vengeance on the violence of overweening men."

So she spoke, and Penelope was glad, and she leapt from her bed and flung her arms about the old woman and let the tears fall from her eyelids; and she spoke, and addressed her with winged words:

"Come now, dear nurse, I pray thee tell me truly, if verily he has come home, as thou sayest, how he put forth his hands upon the shameless wooers, all alone as he was, while they remained always in a body in the house."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered her: "I saw not, I asked not; only I heard the groaning of men that were being slain. As for us women, we sat terror-stricken in the innermost part of our well-built chambers, and the close-fitting doors shut us in, until the hour when thy son Telemachus called me from the hall, for his father had sent him forth to call me. Then I found Odysseus standing among the bodies of the slain, and they, stretched all around him on the hard floor, lay one upon the other; the sight would have warmed thy heart with cheer.[1]

[1] The spurious line 48, *αἵματι καὶ λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον ὥς τε λέοντα* (=xxii. 402), has been omitted in translating.

And now the bodies are all gathered together at the gates of the court, but he is purging the fair house with sulphur, and has kindled a great fire, and sent me forth to call thee. Nay, come with me, that the hearts of you two may enter into joy, for you have suffered many woes. But now at length has this thy long desire been fulfilled: he has come himself, alive to his own hearth, and he has found both thee and his son in the halls; while as for those, even the wooers, who wrought him evil, on them has he taken vengeance one and all in his house."

Then wise Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, boast not yet loudly over them with laughter. Thou knowest how welcome the sight of him in the halls would be to all, but above all to me and to his son, born of us two. But this is no true tale, as thou tellest it; nay, some one of the immortals has slain the lordly wooers in wrath at their grievous insolence and their evil deeds. For they honoured no one among men upon the earth, were he evil or good, whosoever came among them; therefore it is through their own wanton folly that they have suffered evil. But Odysseus far away has lost his return to the land of Achaea, and is lost himself."

Then the dear nurse Eurycleia answered her: "My child, what a word has escaped the barrier of thy teeth, in that thou saidst that thy husband, who even now is here, at his own hearth, would never more return! Thy heart is ever unbelieving. Nay come, I will tell thee a manifest sign besides, even the scar of the wound which long ago the boar dealt him with his white tusk. This I marked while I washed his feet, and was fain to tell it to thee as well, but he laid his hand upon my mouth, and in

the great wisdom of his heart would not suffer me to speak. So come with me; but I will set my very life at stake that, if I deceive thee, thou shouldest slay me by a most pitiful death."

Then wise Penelope answered her: "Dear nurse, it is hard for thee to comprehend the counsels of the gods that are forever, how wise soever thou art. Nevertheless let us go to my son, that I may see the wooers dead and him that slew them."

So saying, she went down from the upper chamber, and much her heart pondered whether she should stand aloof and question her dear husband, or whether she should go up to him, and clasp and kiss his head and hands. But when she had come in and had passed over the stone threshold, she sat down opposite Odysseus in the light of the fire beside the further wall; but he was sitting by a tall pillar, looking down, and waiting to see whether his noble wife would say aught to him, when her eyes beheld him. Howbeit she sat long in silence, and amazement came upon her soul; and now with her eyes she would look full upon his face, and now again she would fail to know him, for that he had upon him mean raiment. But Telemachus rebuked her, and spoke, and addressed her:

"My mother, cruel mother, that hast an unyielding heart, why dost thou thus hold aloof from my father, and dost not sit by his side and ask and question him? No other woman would harden her heart as thou dost, and stand aloof from her husband, who after many grievous toils had come back to her in the twentieth year to his native land: but thy heart is ever harder than stone."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "My child, the heart in my breast is lost in wonder, and I have no power to speak at all, nor to ask a question, nor to look him in the face. But if in very truth he is Odysseus, and has come home, we two shall surely know one another more certainly; for we have signs which we two alone know, signs hidden from others."

So she spoke, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus smiled, and straightway spoke to Telemachus winged words:

"Telemachus, suffer now thy mother to test me in the halls; presently shall she win more certain knowledge. But now because I am foul, and am clad about my body in mean clothing, she scorns me, and will not yet admit that I am he. But for us, let us take thought how all may be the very best. For whoso has slain but one man in a land, even though it be a man that leaves not many behind to avenge him, he goes into exile, and leaves his kindred and his native land; but we have slain those who were the very stay of the city, far the noblest of the youths of Ithaca. Of this I bid thee take thought."

Then wise Telemachus answered him: "Do thou thyself look to this, dear father; for thy counsel, they say, is the best among men, nor could any other of mortal men vie with thee. As for us, we will follow with thee eagerly, nor methinks shall we be wanting in valour, so far as we have strength."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "Then will I tell thee what seems to me to be the best way. First bathe yourselves, and put on your tunics, and bid the handmaids in the halls to take their raiment. But let the divine minstrel with his clear-toned lyre in hand be our leader in

the gladsome dance, that any man who hears the sound from without, whether a passer-by or one of those who dwell around, may say that it is a wedding feast; and so the rumour of the slaying of the wooers shall not be spread abroad throughout the city before we go forth to our well-wooded farm. There shall we afterwards devise whatever advantage the Olympian may vouchsafe us."

So he spoke, and they all readily hearkened and obeyed. First they bathed and put on their tunics, and the women arrayed themselves, and the divine minstrel took the hollow lyre and aroused in them the desire of sweet song and goodly dance. So the great hall resounded all about with the tread of dancing men and of fair-girdled women; and thus would one speak who heard the noise from without the house:

"Aye, verily some one has wedded the queen wooed of many. Cruel she was, nor had she the heart to keep the great house of her wedded husband to the end, even till he should come."

So they would say, but they knew not how these things were. Meanwhile the housewife Eurynome bathed the great-hearted Odysseus in his house, and anointed him with oil, and cast about him a fair cloak and a tunic; and over his head Athene shed abundant beauty, making him taller to look upon and mightier, and from his head she made locks to flow in curls like the hyacinth flower. And as when a man overlays silver with gold, a cunning workman whom Hephaestus and Pallas Athene have taught all manner of craft, and full of grace is the work he produces, even so the goddess shed grace on his head and shoulders, and forth from the bath he

came, in form like unto the immortals. Then he sat down again on the chair from which he had risen, opposite his wife; and he spoke to her and said:

"Strange lady! to thee beyond all women have the dwellers on Olympus given a heart that cannot be softened. No other woman would harden her heart as thou dost, and stand aloof from her husband who after many grievous toils had come to her in the twentieth year to his native land. Nay come, nurse, strew me a couch, that all alone I may lay me down, for verily the heart in her breast is of iron."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Strange sir, I am neither in any wise proud, nor do I scorn thee, nor yet am I too greatly amazed, but right well do I know what manner of man thou wast, when thou wentest forth from Ithaca on thy long-oared ship. Yet come, Eurycleia, strew for him the stout bedstead outside the well-built bridal chamber which he made himself. Thither do ye bring for him the stout bedstead, and cast upon it bedding, fleeces and cloaks and bright coverlets."

So she spoke, and made trial of her husband. But Odysseus, in a burst of anger, spoke to his true-hearted wife, and said: "Woman, truly this is a bitter word that thou hast spoken. Who has set my bed elsewhere? Hard would it be for one, though never so skilled, unless a god himself should come and easily by his will set it in another place. But of men there is no mortal that lives, be he never so young and strong, who could easily pry it from its place, for a great token is wrought in the fashioned bed, and it was I that built it and none other. A bush of long-leafed olive was growing within the court, strong and vigorous, and in girth it was

like a pillar. Round about this I built my chamber, till I had finished it, with close-set stones, and I roofed it over well, and added to it jointed doors, close-fitting. Thereafter I cut away the leafy branches of the long-leafed olive, and, trimming the trunk from the root, I smoothed it around with the adze well and cunningly, and made it straight to the line, thus fashioning the bed-post; and I bored it all with the augur. Beginning with this I hewed out my bed, till I had finished it, inlaying it with gold and silver and ivory, and I stretched on it a thong of ox-hide, bright with purple. Thus do I declare to thee this token; but I know not, woman, whether my bedstead is still fast in its place, or whether by now some man has cut from beneath the olive stump, and set the bedstead elsewhere."

So he spoke, and her knees were loosened where she sat, and her heart melted, as she knew the sure tokens which Odysseus told her. Then with a burst of tears she ran straight toward him, and flung her arms about the neck of Odysseus, and kissed his head, and spoke, saying:

"Be not vexed with me, Odysseus, for in all else thou wast ever the wisest of men. It is the gods that gave us sorrow, the gods who begrudged that we two should remain with each other and enjoy our youth, and come to the threshold of old age. But be not now wroth with me for this, nor full of indignation, because at the first, when I saw thee, I did not thus give thee welcome. For always the heart in my breast was full of dread, lest some man should come and beguile me with his words; for there are many that plan devices of evil. Nay, even Argive Helen, daughter of Zeus, would not have lain in love

with a man of another folk, had she known that the warlike sons of the Achaeans were to bring her home again to her dear native land. Yet verily in her case a god prompted her to work a shameful deed; nor until then did she lay up in her mind the thought of that folly, the grievous folly from which at the first sorrow came upon us too. But now, since thou hast told the clear tokens of our bed, which no mortal beside has ever seen save thee and me alone and one single handmaid, the daughter of Actor, whom my father gave me or ever I came hither, even her who kept the doors of our strong bridal chamber, lo, thou dost convince my heart, unbending as it is."

So she spoke, and in his heart aroused yet more the desire for lamentation; and he wept, holding in his arms his dear and true-hearted wife. And welcome as is the sight of land to men that swim, whose well-built ship Poseidon has smitten on the sea as it was driven on by the wind and the swollen wave, and but few have made their escape from the gray sea to the shore by swimming, and thickly are their bodies crusted with brine, and gladly have they set foot on the land and escaped from their evil case; even so welcome to her was her husband, as she gazed upon him, and from his neck she could in no wise let her white arms go. And now would the rosy-fingered Dawn have arisen upon their weeping, had not the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, taken other counsel. The long night she held back at the end of its course, and likewise stayed the golden-throned Dawn at the streams of Oceanus, and would not suffer her to yoke her swift-footed horses that bring light to men, Lampus and Phaethon, who are the colts that bear the Dawn.

Then to his wife said Odysseus of many wiles: "Wife, we have not yet come to the end of all our trials, but still hereafter there is to be measureless toil, long and hard, which I must fulfil to the end; for so did the spirit of Teiresias foretell to me on the day when I went down into the house of Hades to enquire concerning the return of my comrades and myself. But come, wife, let us to bed, that lulled now by sweet slumber we may take our joy of rest."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "Thy bed shall be ready for thee whensoever thy heart shall desire it, since the gods have indeed caused thee to come back to thy well-built house and thy native land. But since thou hast bethought thee of this, and a god has put it into thy heart, come, tell me of this trial, for in time to come, methinks, I shall learn of it, and to know it at once is no whit worse."

And Odysseus of many wiles answered her, and said: "Strange lady! why dost thou now so urgently bid me tell thee? Yet I will declare it, and will hide nothing. Verily thy heart shall have no joy of it, even as I myself have none; for Teiresias bade me go forth to full many cities of men, bearing a shapely oar in my hands, till I should come to men that know naught of the sea, and eat not of food mingled with salt; aye, and they know naught of ships with purple cheeks, or of shapely oars that serve as wings to ships. And he told me this sign, right manifest; nor will I hide it from thee. When another wayfarer, on meeting me, should say that I had a winnowing fan on my stout shoulder, then he bade me fix my oar in the earth, and make goodly offerings to lord Poseidon—a ram and a bull and a boar, that

mates with sows—and depart for my home, and offer sacred hecatombs to the immortal gods, who hold broad heaven, to each one in due order. And death shall come to me myself far from the sea, a death so gentle, that shall lay me low, when I am overcome with sleek old age, and my people shall dwell in prosperity around me. All this, he said, should I see fulfilled."

Then wise Penelope answered him: "If verily the gods are to bring about for thee a happier old age, there is hope then that thou wilt find an escape from evil."

Thus they spoke to one another; and meanwhile Eurynome and the nurse made ready the bed of soft coverlets by the light of blazing torches. But when they had busily spread the stout-built bedstead, the old nurse went back to her chamber to lie down, and Eurynome, the maiden of the bedchamber, led them on their way to the couch with a torch in her hands; and when she had led them to the bridal chamber, she went back. And they then gladly came to the place[1] of the couch that was theirs of old. But Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd stayed their feet from dancing, and stayed the women, and themselves lay down to sleep throughout the shadowy halls.

But when the two had had their fill of the joy of love, they took delight in tales, speaking each to the other. She, the fair lady, told of all that she had endured in the halls, looking upon the destructive throng of the wooers, who for her sake slew many beasts, cattle and goodly sheep; and

[1] Others render "rites," but this seems un-Homeric.

great store of wine was drawn from the jars. But Zeus-born Odysseus recounted all the woes that he had brought on men, and all the toil that in his sorrow he had himself endured, and she was glad to listen, nor did sweet sleep fall upon her eyelids, till he had told all the tale.

He began by telling how at the first he overcame the Cicones, and then came to the rich land of the Lotus-eaters, and all that the Cyclops wrought, and how he made him pay the price for his mighty comrades, whom the Cyclops had eaten, and had shown no pity. Then how he came to Aeolus, who received him with a ready heart, and sent him on his way; but it was not yet his fate to come to his dear native land, nay, the storm-wind caught him up again, and bore him over the teeming deep, groaning heavily. Next how he came to Telepylus of the Laestrygonians, who destroyed his ships and his well-greaved comrades one and all, and Odysseus alone escaped in his black ship. Then he told of all the wiles and craftiness of Circe, and how in his benched ship he had gone to the dank house of Hades to consult the spirit of Theban Teiresias, and had seen all his comrades and the mother who bore him and nursed him, when a child. And how he heard the voice of the Sirens, who sing unceasingly, and had come to the Wandering Rocks, and to dread Charybdis, and to Scylla, from whom never yet had men escaped unscathed. Then how his comrades slew the kine of Helios, and how Zeus, who thunders on high, smote his swift ship with a flaming thunderbolt, and his goodly comrades perished all together, while he alone escaped the evil fates. And how he came to the isle Ogygia and to the nymph Calypso,

who kept him there in her hollow caves, yearning that he should be her husband, and tended him, and said that she would make him immortal and ageless all his days; yet she could never persuade the heart in his breast. Then how he came after many toils to the Phaeacians, who heartily showed him all honour, as if he were a god, and sent him in a ship to his dear native land, after giving him stores of bronze and gold and raiment. This was the end of the tale he told, when sweet sleep, that loosens the limbs of men, leapt upon him, loosening the cares of his heart.

Then again the goddess, flashing-eyed Athene, took other counsel. When she judged that the heart of Odysseus had had its fill of dalliance with his wife and of sleep, straightway she roused from Oceanus golden-throned Dawn to bring light to men; and Odysseus rose from his soft couch, and gave charge to his wife, saying:

"Wife, by now have we had our fill of many trials, thou and I, thou here, mourning over my troublous journey home, while as for me, Zeus and the other gods bound me fast in sorrows far from my native land, all eager as I was to return. But now that we have both come to the couch of our desire, do thou care for the wealth that I have within the halls; as for the flocks which the insolent wooers have wasted, I shall myself get me many as booty, and others will the Achaeans give, until they fill all my folds; but I verily will go to my well-wooded farm to see my noble father, who for my sake is sore distressed, and on thee, wife, do I lay this charge, wise though thou art. Straightway at

the rising of the sun will report go abroad concerning the wooers whom I slew in the halls. Therefore go thou up to thy upper chamber with thy handmaids, and abide there. Look thou on no man, nor ask a question."

He spoke, and girt about his shoulders his beautiful armour, and roused Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd, and bade them all take weapons of war in their hands. They did not disobey, but clad themselves in bronze, and opened the doors, and went forth, and Odysseus led the way. By now there was light over the earth, but Athene hid them in night, and swiftly led them forth from the city.

BOOK XXIV

MEANWHILE Cyllenian Hermes called forth the spirits of the wooers. He held in his hands his wand, a fair wand of gold, wherewith he lulls to sleep the eyes of whom he will, while others again he wakens even out of slumber; with this he roused and led the spirits, and they followed gibbering. And as in the innermost recess of a wondrous cave bats flit about gibbering, when one has fallen from off the rock from the chain in which they cling to one another, so these went with him gibbering, and Hermes, the Helper, led them down the dank ways. Past the streams of Oceanus they went, past the rock Leucas, past the gates of the sun and the land of dreams, and quickly came to the mead of asphodel, where the spirits dwell, phantoms of men who have done with toils. Here they found the spirit of Achilles, son of Peleus, and those of Patroclus, of peerless Antilochus, and of Aias, who in comeliness and form was the goodliest of all the Danaans after the peerless son of Peleus.

So these were thronging about Achilles, and near to them drew the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, sorrowing; and round about him others were gathered, the spirits of all those who were slain with him in the house of Aegisthus, and met their fate. And the spirit of the son of Peleus was first to address him, saying:

"Son of Atreus, we deemed that thou above all other heroes wast all thy days dear to Zeus, who hurls the thunderbolt, because thou wast a lord over many mighty men in the land of the Trojans, where we Achaeans suffered woes. But verily on thee too was deadly doom to come all too early, the doom that not one avoids of those who are born. Ah, would that in the pride of that honour of which thou wast master thou hadst met death and fate in the land of the Trojans. Then would the whole host of the Achaeans have made thee a tomb, and for thy son too wouldst thou have won great glory in days to come; but now, as it seems, it has been decreed that thou shouldst be cut off by a most piteous death."

Then the spirit of the son of Atreus answered him: "Fortunate son of Peleus, godlike Achilles, that wast slain in the land of Troy far from Argos, and about thee others fell, the best of the sons of the Trojans and Achaeans, fighting for thy body; and thou in the whirl of dust didst lie mighty in thy mightiness, forgetful of thy horsemanship. We on our part strove the whole day long, nor should we ever have stayed from the fight, had not Zeus stayed us with a storm. But after we had borne thee to the ships from out the fight, we laid thee on a bier, and cleansed thy fair flesh with warm water and with ointment, and many hot tears did the Danaans shed around thee, and they shore their hair. And thy mother came forth from the sea with the immortal sea-nymphs, when she heard the tidings, and a wondrous cry arose over the deep, and thereat trembling laid hold of all the Achaeans. Then would they all have sprung up and rushed to

the hollow ships, had not a man, wise in the wisdom of old, stayed them, even Nestor, whose counsel had before appeared the best. He with good intent addressed their assembly, and said:

"'Hold, ye Argives; flee not, Achaean youths. 'Tis his mother who comes here forth from the sea with the immortal sea-nymphs to look upon the face of her dead son.'

"So he spoke, and the great-hearted Achaeans ceased from their flight. Then around thee stood the daughters of the old man of the sea wailing piteously, and they clothed thee about with immortal raiment. And the Muses, nine in all, replying to one another with sweet voices, led the dirge. There couldst thou not have seen an Argive but was in tears, so deeply did the clear-toned Muse move their hearts. Thus for seventeen days alike by night and day did we bewail thee, immortal gods and mortal men, and on the eighteenth we gave thee to the fire, and many well-fatted sheep we slew around thee and sleek kine. So thou wast burned in the raiment of the gods and in abundance of unguents and sweet honey; and many Achaean warriors moved in their armour about the pyre, when thou wast burning, both footmen and charioteers, and a great din arose. But when the flame of Hephaestus had made an end of thee, in the morning we gathered thy white bones, Achilles, and laid them in unmixed wine and unguents. Thy mother had given a two-handled, golden urn, and said that it was the gift of Dionysus, and the handiwork of famed Hephaestus. In this lie thy white bones, glorious Achilles, and mingled with them the bones of the dead Patroclus, son of Menoetius, but apart lie those

of Antilochus, whom thou didst honour above all the rest of thy comrades after the dead Patroclus. And over them we heaped up a great and goodly tomb, we the mighty host of Argive spearmen, on a projecting headland by the broad Hellespont, that it might be seen from far over the sea both by men that now are and that shall be born hereafter. But thy mother asked of the gods beautiful prizes, and set them in the midst of the lists for the chiefs of the Achaeans. Ere now hast thou been present at the funeral games of many men that were warriors, when at the death of a king the young men gird themselves and make ready the contests,[1] but hadst thou seen that sight thou wouldst most have marvelled at heart, such beautiful prizes did the goddess, silver-footed Thetis, set there in thy honour; for very dear wast thou to the gods. Thus not even in death didst thou lose thy name, but ever shalt thou have fair renown among all men, Achilles. But, as for me, what pleasure have I now in this, that I wound up the skein of war? For on my return Zeus devised for me a woeful doom at the hands of Aegisthus and my accursed wife."

Thus they spoke to one another, but the messenger, Argeïphontes, drew near, leading down the spirits of the wooers slain by Odysseus; and the two, seized with wonder, went straight toward them when they beheld them. And the spirit of Agamemnon, son of Atreus, recognized the dear son of Melaneus, glorious Amphimedon, who had been his host, dwelling in Ithaca. Then the spirit of the son of Atreus spoke first to him and said

[1] I have given to ἄεθλα the meaning proper to ἄεθλοι; *cf.* viii. 108. Otherwise we must render "make them ready to win the prizes," *i.e.* "contend for the prizes."

"Amphimedon, what has befallen you that ye have come down beneath the dark earth, all of you picked men and of like age? One would make no other choice, were one to pick the best men in a city. Did Poseidon smite you on board your ships, when he had roused cruel winds and long waves? Or did foemen work you harm on the land, while you were cutting off their cattle and fair flocks of sheep, or while they fought in defence of their city and their women? Tell me what I ask; for I declare that I am a friend of thy house. Dost thou not remember when I came thither to your house with godlike Menelaus to urge Odysseus to go with us to Ilios on the benched ships? A full month it took us to cross all the wide sea, for hardly could we win to our will Odysseus, the sacker of cities."

Then the spirit of Amphimedon answered him, and said: "Most glorious son of Atreus, king of men, Agamemnon, I remember all these things, O thou fostered of Zeus, even as thou dost tell them; and on my part I will frankly tell thee all the truth, how for us an evil end of death was wrought. We wooed the wife of Odysseus, that had long been gone, and she neither refused the hateful marriage, nor would she ever make an end, devising for us death and black fate. Nay, she contrived in her heart this guileful thing also: she set up in her halls a great web, and fell to weaving—fine of thread was the web and very wide; and straightway she spoke among us:

"'Young men, my wooers, since goodly Odysseus is dead, be patient, though eager for my marriage, until I finish this robe—I would not that my spinning should come to naught—a shroud for the lord Laertes against the time when the fell fate of

grievous death shall strike him down; lest any of the Achaean women in the land should be wroth at me, if he were to lie without a shroud, who had won great possessions.'

"So she spoke, and our proud hearts consented. Then day by day she would weave at the great web, but by night would unravel it, when she had let place torches by her. Thus for three years she by her craft kept the Achaeans from knowing, and beguiled them; but when the fourth year came, as the seasons rolled on, as the months waned and many days were brought in their course, even then one of her women who knew all, told us, and we caught her unravelling the splendid web. So she finished it against her will perforce.

"Now when she had shewn us the robe, after weaving the great web and washing it, and it shone like the sun or the moon, then it was that some cruel god brought Odysseus from somewhere to the border of the land, where the swineherd dwelt. Thither too came the dear son of divine Odysseus on his return from sandy Pylos in his black ship, and these two, when they had planned an evil death for the wooers, came to the famous city, Odysseus verily later, but Telemachus led the way before him. Now the swineherd brought his master, clad in mean raiment, in the likeness of a woeful and aged beggar, leaning on a staff, and miserable was the raiment that he wore about his body; and not one of us could know that it was he, when he appeared so suddenly, no, not even those that were older men, but we assailed him with evil words and with missiles. Howbeit he with steadfast

heart endured for a time to be pelted and taunted in his own halls; but when at last the will of Zeus, who bears the aegis, roused him, with the help of Telemachus he took all the beautiful arms and laid them away in the store-room and made fast the bolts. Then in his great cunning he bade his wife set before the wooers his bow and the grey iron to be a contest for us ill-fated men and the beginning of death. And no man of us was able to stretch the string of the mighty bow; nay, we fell far short of that strength. But when the great bow came to the hands of Odysseus, then we all cried out aloud not to give him the bow, how much soever he might speak; but Telemachus alone urged him on, and bade him take it. Then he took the bow in his hand, the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus, and with ease did he string it and send an arrow through the iron. Then he went and stood on the threshold, and poured out the swift arrows, glaring about him terribly, and smote king Antinous. And thereafter upon the others he with sure aim let fly his shafts, fraught with groanings, and the men fell thick and fast. Then was it known that some god was their helper; for straightway rushing on through the halls in their fury they slew men left and right, and therefrom rose hideous groaning, as heads were smitten, and all the floor swam with blood. Thus we perished, Agamemnon, and even now our bodies still lie uncared-for in the halls of Odysseus; for our friends in each man's home know naught as yet—our friends who might wash the black blood from our wounds and lay our bodies out with wailing; for that is the due of the dead."

Then the spirit of the son of Atreus answered him: "Happy son of Laertes, Odysseus of many devices, of a truth full of all excellence was the wife thou didst win, so good of understanding was peerless Penelope, daughter of Icarius, in that she was loyally mindful of Odysseus, her wedded husband. Therefore the fame of her virtue shall never perish, but the immortals shall make among men on earth a pleasant song in honour of constant Penelope. Not on this wise did the daughter of Tyndareus devise evil deeds and slay her wedded husband, and hateful shall the song regarding her be among men, and evil repute doth she bring upon all womankind, even upon her that doeth uprightly."

Thus the two spoke to one another, as they stood in the house of Hades beneath the depths of the earth.

But Odysseus and his men, when they had gone down from the city, quickly came to the fair and well-ordered farm of Laertes, which he had won for himself in days past, and much had he toiled therefor.[1] There was his house, and all about it ran the sheds in which ate, and sat, and slept the servants that were bondsmen, that did his pleasure; but within it was an old Sicilian woman, who tended the old man with kindly care there at the farm, far from the city. Then Odysseus spoke to the servants and to his son, saying:

"Do you now go within the well-built house, and straightway slay for dinner the best of the swine; but I will make trial of my father, and

[1] The reference may be to the labour of reclaiming the land, but we may also think of the property as having been given to Laertes as a γέρας; in which case the toil of war is meant.

see whether he will recognize me and know me by sight, or whether he will fail to know me, since I have been gone so long a time."

So saying, he gave to the slaves his battle-gear. They thereafter went quickly to the house; but Odysseus drew near to the fruitful vineyard in his quest. Now he did not find Dolius as he went down into the great orchard, nor any of his slaves or of his sons, but as it chanced they had gone to gather stones for the vineyard wall, and the old man was their leader. But he found his father alone in the well-ordered vineyard, digging about a plant; and he was clothed in a foul tunic, patched and wretched, and about his shins he had bound stitched greaves of ox-hide to guard against scratches, and he wore gloves upon his hands because of the thorns, and on his head a goatskin cap; and he nursed his sorrow. Now when the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus saw him, worn with old age and laden with great grief at heart, he stood still beneath a tall pear tree, and shed tears. Then he debated in mind and heart whether to kiss and embrace his father, and tell him all, how he had returned and come to his native land, or whether he should first question him, and prove him in each thing. And, as he pondered, this seemed to him the better course, to prove him first with mocking words. So with this in mind the goodly Odysseus went straight toward him. He verily was holding his head down, digging about a plant, and his glorious son came up to him, and addressed him, saying:

"Old man, no lack of skill hast thou to tend a garden; nay, thy care is good, and there is naught whatsoever, either plant or fig tree, or vine, nay, or olive, or pear, or garden-plot in all the field that

lacks care. But another thing will I tell thee, and do thou not lay up wrath thereat in thy heart: thou thyself enjoyest no good care, but thou bearest woeful old age, and therewith art foul and unkempt, and clad in mean raiment. Surely it is not because of sloth on thy part that thy master cares not for thee, nor dost thou seem in any wise like a slave to look upon either in form or in stature; for thou art like a king, even like one who, when he has bathed and eaten, should sleep soft; for this is the way of old men. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. Whose slave art thou, and whose orchard dost thou tend? And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well, whether this is indeed Ithaca, to which we are now come, as a man yonder told me, who met me but now on my way hither. In no wise over sound of wit was he, for he deigned not to tell me of each thing, nor to listen to my word, when I questioned him about a friend of mine, whether haply he still lives, or is now dead and in the house of Hades. For I will tell thee, and do thou give heed and hearken. I once entertained in my dear native land a man that came to our house, and never did any man beside of strangers that dwell afar come to my house a more welcome guest. He declared that by lineage he came from Ithaca, and said that his own father was Laertes, son of Arceisius. So I took him to the house and gave him entertainment with kindly welcome of the rich store that was within, and I gave him gifts of friendship, such as are meet. Of well-wrought gold I gave him seven talents, and a mixing-bowl all of silver, embossed with flowers, and twelve cloaks of single fold, and as many coverlets, and as

many fair mantles, and as many tunics besides, and furthermore women, skilled in goodly handiwork, four comely women, whom he himself was minded to choose."

Then his father answered him, weeping: "Stranger, verily thou art come to the country of which thou dost ask, but wanton and reckless men now possess it. And all in vain didst thou bestow those gifts, the countless gifts thou gavest. For if thou hadst found him yet alive in the land of Ithaca, then would he have sent thee on thy way with ample requital of gifts and good entertainment; for that is the due of him who begins the kindness. But come, tell me this, and declare it truly. How many years have passed since thou didst entertain that guest, that hapless guest, my son—as sure as ever such a man there was—my ill-starred son, whom far from his friends and his native land haply the fishes have devoured in the deep, or on the shore he has become the spoil of beasts and birds? Nor did his mother deck him for burial and weep over him, nor his father, we who gave him birth, no, nor did his wife, wooed with many gifts,[1] constant Penelope, bewail her own husband upon the bier, as was meet, when she had closed his eyes in death; though that is the due of the dead. And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well. Who art thou among men, and from whence? Where is thy city, and where thy parents? Where is the swift ship moored that brought thee hither with thy godlike comrades? Or didst thou come as a passenger on another's ship, and did they depart when they had set thee on shore?"

[1] Possibly "richly-dowered." Others render simply "bountiful." πολύδωρος occurs only in this phrase.

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Then verily will I frankly tell thee all. I come from Alybas,[1] where I have a glorious house, and I am the son of Apheidas, son of lord Polypemon, and my own name is Eperitus. But a god drove me wandering from Sicania to come hither against my will and my ship lies yonder off the tilled land away from the city. But as for Odysseus, it is now the fifth year since he went thence, and departed from my country. Hapless man! Yet he had birds of good omen, when he set out, birds upon the right. So I was glad of them, as I sent him on his way, and he went gladly forth, and our hearts hoped that we should yet meet as host and guest and give one another glorious gifts."

So he spoke, and a dark cloud of grief enwrapped Laertes, and with both his hands he took the dark dust and strewed it over his grey head with ceaseless groaning. Then the heart of Odysseus was stirred, and up through his nostrils[2] shot a keen pang, as he beheld his dear father. And he sprang toward him, and clasped him in his arms, and kissed him, saying:

"Lo, father, I here before thee, my very self, am that man of whom thou dost ask; I am come in the twentieth year to my native land. But cease from

"strife," seems clearly to refer to the meaning of the name Odysseus, "man of wrath" (cf. xix. 407–9, and the note on i. 62).

[2] It is commonly assumed that the reference is to the physical feeling immediately preceding a burst of tears, but I am inclined rather to take the phrase as indicative of passion in a more general sense. The dilated nostrils of an angry horse or bull may have given rise to such usage: see the imagery frequent in the Old Testament, and *cf.* Theocritus i. 18 and Herodas vi. 37 f.

grief and tearful lamenting, for I will tell thee all, though great is the need of haste. The wooers have I slain in our halls, and have taken vengeance on their grievous insolence and their evil deeds."

Then Laertes answered him again, and said: "If it is indeed as Odysseus, my son, that thou art come hither, tell me now some clear sign, that I may be sure."

And Odysseus of many wiles answered him and said: "This scar first do thou mark with thine eyes, the scar of the wound which a boar dealt me with his white tusk on Parnassus, when I had gone thither. It was thou that didst send me forth, thou and my honoured mother, to Autolycus, my mother's father, that I might get the gifts which, when he came hither, he promised and agreed to give me. And come, I will tell thee also the trees in the well-ordered garden which once thou gavest me, and I, who was but a child, was following thee through the garden, and asking thee for this and that. It was through these very trees that we passed, and thou didst name them, and tell me of each one. Pear-trees thirteen thou gavest me, and ten apple-trees, and forty fig-trees. And rows of vines too didst thou promise to give me, even as I say, fifty of them, which ripened severally at different times—and upon them are clusters of all sorts—whensoever the seasons of Zeus weighed them down from above."[1]

So he spoke, and his father's knees were loosened where he stood, and his heart melted, as he knew the sure tokens which Odysseus told him. About his dear son he flung both his arms, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus caught him unto him

[1] *i.e.* made them heavy with fruitage.

fainting. But when he revived, and his spirit returned again into his breast, once more he made answer, and spoke, saying:

"Father Zeus, verily ye gods yet hold sway on high Olympus, if indeed the wooers have paid the price of their wanton insolence. But now I have wondrous dread at heart, lest straightway all the men of Ithaca come hither against us, and send messengers everywhere to the cities of the Cephallenians."

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Be of good cheer, and let not these things distress thy heart. But let us go to the house, which lies near the orchard, for thither I sent forward Telemachus and the neatherd and the swineherd, that with all speed they might prepare our meal."

So spoke the two, and went their way to the goodly house. And when they had come to the stately house, they found Telemachus, and the neatherd, and the swineherd carving flesh in abundance, and mixing the flaming wine.

Meanwhile the Sicilian handmaid bathed great-hearted Laertes in his house, and anointed him with oil, and about him cast a fair cloak. But Athene drew near, and made greater the limbs of the shepherd of the people, and made him taller than before and mightier to behold. Then he came forth from the bath, and his dear son marvelled at him, seeing him in presence like unto the immortal gods. And he spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Father, surely some one of the gods that are forever has made thee goodlier to behold in comeliness and in stature."

Then wise Laertes answered him: "I would, O

father Zeus, and Athene, and Apollo, that in such strength as when I took Nericus, the well-built citadel on the shore of the mainland, when I was lord of the Cephallenians, even in such strength I had stood by thy side yesterday in our house with my armour about my shoulders, and had beaten back the wooers. So should I have loosened the knees of many of them in the halls, and thy heart would have been made glad within thee."

So they spoke to one another. But when the others had ceased from their labour, and had made ready the meal, they sat down in order on the chairs and high seats. Then they were about to set hands to their food, when the old man Dolius drew near, and with him the old man's sons, wearied from their work in the fields, for their mother, the old Sicilian woman, had gone forth and called them, she who saw to their food, and tended the old man with kindly care, now that old age had laid hold of him. And they, when they saw Odysseus, and marked him in their minds, stood in the halls lost in wonder. But Odysseus addressed them with gentle words, and said:

"Old man, sit down to dinner, and do ye wholly forget your wonder, for long have we waited in the halls, though eager to set hands to the food, ever expecting your coming."

So he spoke, and Dolius ran straight toward him with both hands outstretched, and he clasped the hand of Odysseus and kissed it on the wrist, and spoke, and addressed him with winged words:

"Dear master, since thou hast come back to us, who sorely longed for thee, but had no more thought to see thee, and the gods themselves have brought

thee—hail to thee, and all welcome, and may the gods grant thee happiness. And tell me this also truly, that I may know full well. Does wise Penelope yet know surely that thou hast come back hither, or shall we send her a messenger?"

Then Odysseus of many wiles answered him, and said: "Old man, she knows already; why shouldst thou be busied with this?"

So he spoke, and the other sat down again on the polished chair. And even in like manner the sons of Dolius gathered around glorious Odysseus and greeted him in speech, and clasped his hands. Then they sat down in order beside Dolius, their father.

So they were busied with their meal in the halls; but meanwhile Rumour, the messenger, went swiftly thoughout all the city, telling of the terrible death and fate of the wooers. And the people heard it all at once, and gathered from every side with moanings and wailings before the palace of Odysseus. Forth from the halls they brought each his dead, and buried them; and those from other cities they sent each to his own home, placing them on swift ships for seamen to bear them, but they themselves went together to the place of assembly, sad at heart. Now when they were assembled and met together Eupeithes arose and spoke among them, for comfortless grief for his son lay heavy on his heart, even for Antinous, the first man whom goodly Odysseus had slain. Weeping for him he addressed their assembly and said:

"Friends, a monstrous deed has this man of a truth devised against the Achaeans. Some he led forth in his ships, many men and goodly, and he has lost his hollow ships and utterly lost his men; and

others again has he slain on his return, and these by far the best of the Cephallenians. Nay then, come, before the fellow goes swiftly to Pylos or to goodly Elis, where the Epeans hold sway, let us go forth; verily even in days to come shall we be disgraced forever. For a shame is this even for men that are yet to be to hear of, if we shall not take vengeance on the slayers of our sons and our brothers. To me surely life would then no more be sweet; rather would I die at once and be among the dead. Nay, let us forth, lest they be too quick for us, and cross over the sea."

So he spoke, weeping, and pity laid hold of all the Achaeans. Then near them came Medon and the divine minstrel from the halls of Odysseus, for sleep had released them; and they took their stand in the midst, and wonder seized every man. Then Medon, wise of heart, spoke among them:

"Hearken now to me, men of Ithaca, for verily not without the will of the immortal gods has Odysseus devised these deeds. Nay, I myself saw an immortal god, who stood close beside Odysseus, and seemed in all things like unto Mentor. Yet as an immortal god now in front of Odysseus would he appear, heartening him, and now again would rage through the hall, scaring the wooers; and they fell thick and fast."

So he spoke, and thereat pale fear seized them all. Then among them spoke the old lord Halitherses, son of Mastor, for he alone saw before and after: he with good intent addressed their assembly, and said:

"Hearken now to me, men of Ithaca, to the word that I shall say. Through your own cowardice, friends, have these deeds been brought to pass,

for you would not obey me, nor Mentor, shepherd of the people, to make your sons cease from their folly. They wrought a monstrous deed in their blind and wanton wickedness, wasting the wealth and dishonouring the wife of a prince, who, they said, would never more return. Now then be it thus; and do you hearken to me, as I bid. Let us not go forth, lest haply many a one shall find a bane which he has brought upon himself."

So he spoke, but they sprang up with loud cries, more than half of them, but the rest remained together in their seats; for his speech was not to their mind, but they hearkened to Eupeithes, and quickly thereafter they rushed for their arms. Then when they had clothed their bodies in gleaming bronze, they gathered together in front of the spacious city. And Eupeithes led them in his folly, for he thought to avenge the slaying of his son; yet he was himself never more to come back, but was there to meet his doom.

But Athene spoke to Zeus, son of Cronos, saying: "Father of us all, thou son of Cronos, high above all lords, tell to me that ask thee what purpose thy mind now hides within thee. Wilt thou yet further bring to pass evil war and the dread din of battle, or wilt thou establish friendship betwixt the twain?"

Then Zeus, the cloud-gatherer, answered her, and said: "My child, why dost thou ask and question me of this? Didst thou not thyself devise this plan, that verily Odysseus should take vengeance on these men at his coming? Do as thou wilt, but I will tell thee what is fitting. Now that goodly Odysseus has taken vengeance on the wooers, let them swear

a solemn oath, and let him be king all his days, and let us on our part bring about a forgetting of the slaying of their sons and brothers; and let them love one another as before, and let wealth and peace abound."

So saying, he roused Athene, who was already eager, and she went darting down from the heights of Olympus.

But when they had put from them the desire of honey-hearted food, the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus was the first to speak among his company, saying: "Let one go forth and see whether they be not now drawing near."

So he spoke, and a son of Dolius went forth, as he bade; he went and stood upon the threshold, and saw them all close at hand, and straightway he spoke to Odysseus winged words: "Here they are close at hand. Quick, let us arm."

So he spoke, and they rose up and arrayed themselves in armour: Odysseus and his men were four, and six the sons of Dolius, and among them Laertes and Dolius donned their armour, grey-headed though they were, warriors perforce. But when they had clothed their bodies in gleaming bronze, they opened the doors and went forth, and Odysseus led them.

Then Athene, daughter of Zeus, drew near them in the likeness of Mentor both in form and in voice, and the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus was glad at sight of her, and straightway spoke to Telemachus, his dear son:

"Telemachus, now shalt thou learn this—having thyself come to the place of battle, where the best warriors are put to the trial—to bring no disgrace

upon the house of thy fathers, for we have ever excelled in strength and in valour over all the earth."

And wise Telemachus answered him: "Thou shalt see me, if thou wilt, dear father, in my present temper, bringing no disgrace upon thy house, even as thou sayest."

So said he, and Laertes was glad, and spoke, saying: "What a day is this for me, kind gods! Verily right glad am I: my son and my son's son are vying with one another in valour."

Then flashing-eyed Athene came near him and said: "Son of Arceisius, far the dearest of all my friends, make a prayer to the flashing-eyed maiden and to father Zeus, and then straightway raise aloft thy long spear, and hurl it."

So spoke Pallas Athene, and breathed into him great might. Then he prayed to the daughter of great Zeus, and straightway raised aloft his long spear, and hurled it, and smote Eupeithes through the helmet with cheek-piece of bronze. This stayed not the spear, but the bronze passed through, and he fell with a thud, and his armour clanged about him. Then on the foremost fighters fell Odysseus and his glorious son, and thrust at them with swords and double-pointed spears. And now would they have slain them all, and cut them off from returning, had not Athene, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis, shouted aloud, and checked all the host, saying:

"Refrain, men of Ithaca, from grievous war, that with all speed you may part, and that without bloodshed."

So spoke Athene, and pale fear seized them. Then in their terror the arms flew from their hands and

fell one and all to the ground, as the goddess uttered her voice, and they turned toward the city, eager to save their lives. Terribly then shouted the much-enduring, goodly Odysseus, and gathering himself together he swooped upon them like an eagle of lofty flight, and at that moment the son of Cronos cast a flaming thunderbolt, and down it fell before the flashing-eyed daughter of the mighty sire. Then flashing-eyed Athene spoke to Odysseus saying:

"Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, stay thy hand, and make the strife of equal[1] war to cease, lest haply the son of Cronos be wroth with thee, even Zeus, whose voice is borne afar."

So spoke Athene, and he obeyed, and was glad at heart. Then for all time to come a solemn covenant betwixt the twain was made by Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus, who bears the aegis, in the likeness of Mentor both in form and in voice.

[1] Possibly "baneful"; see the note on iii. 236.

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

The subject of the Æneid is the settlement of Æneas in Italy. This noble Poem, on the composition of which Virgil was engaged eleven years, consists of twelve books, and comprehends a period of eight years. In the First Book, the hero is introduced, in the seventh year of his expedition, sailing from Sicily, and shipwrecked upon the coast of Africa, where he is kindly received by Dido, queen of Carthage. The description of the storm in this book is particularly admired.

Arms I sing,[1] and the hero, who first, exiled by fate, came from the coast of Troy to Italy, and the Lavinian[2] shore: much was he tossed both on sea and land, by the power of those above, on account of the unrelenting rage of cruel Juno: much too he suffered in war till he founded a city, and brought his gods into Latium: from whence the Latin progeny, the Alban fathers, and the walls of lofty Rome.

Declare to me, O Muse! the causes, in what[3] the deity being offended, by what the queen of heaven was provoked to drive a man of distinguished piety to struggle with so many calamities, to encounter so many hardships. Is there such resentment in heavenly minds?

An ancient city there was, Carthage[4] (inhabited by a colony of Tyrians), fronting Italy and the mouth of the Tiber, far remote; vast in riches, and extremely hardy in warlike exercises; which [city] Juno is said to have honored more

[1] Respecting the four verses usually prefixed to the Æneid, see Anthon. B

[2] Lavinium (Pratica), a city of Latium, built by Æneas, and called by that name in honor of Lavinia.

[3] *i. e.* "quo modo." It is a mistake to suppose that we should join "quo numine," since Juno has been already mentioned. B.

[4] Carthage, a powerful city of ancient Africa, on a peninsula, 12 miles north-east of Tunis, was built by a colony of Tyrians under Dido, about 100 years before the foundation of Rome. After having been long mistress at sea, and the rival of Rome, Carthage was totally destroyed by Scipio Africanus the younger, in the third Punic war, B. C. 146, an event to which the memorable words, "Delenda est Carthago," of the elder Cato, mainly contributed.

than any other place of her residence, Samos[5] being set aside. Here lay her arms; here was her chariot; here the goddess even then designs and fondly hopes to establish a seat of universal empire, would only the Fates permit. But she had heard of a race to be descended from Trojan blood, that was one day to overturn the Tyrian towers: that hence a people of extensive regal sway, and proud in war, would come to the destruction of Libya: so the destinies ordained. This the daughter of Saturn dreading, and mindful of the old war which she had the principal hand in carrying on before Troy,[6] in behalf of her beloved Argos;[7] nor as yet were the causes of her rage and keen resentment worn out of her mind; the judgment of Paris dwells deeply rooted in her soul, the affront offered to her neglected beauty, the detested [Trojan] race, and the honors conferred on ravished Ganymede:[8] she, by these things fired, having tossed on the whole ocean the Trojans, whom the Greeks and merciless Achilles had left, drove them far from Latium;[9] and thus, for many years, they, driven by fate, roamed round every sea: so vast a work it was to found the Roman state.

[5] Samos, an island in the Ægean Sea, near the coast of Ionia. It is extremely fertile, producing the most delicious fruits, and is famous as being the birth-place of Pythagoras. Samos was sacred to Juno, who had here a most magnificent temple.

[6] Troy, or Ilium, one of the most renowned cities of antiquity, the capital of Troas in Asia Minor, was built on a small eminence near Mount Ida, between the Simois and Scamander, a short distance above their confluence, and about four miles from the Ægean shore. Of all the wars that have been carried on among the ancients, that of Troy is the most famous, whether we regard the celebrity of the chiefs engaged in it, or the deeds in arms which it called forth. According to the generally received account, the Trojan war was undertaken by the Greeks to recover Helen, the wife of Menelaus, whom Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, had carried away. All Greece united to avenge the cause of Menelaus, and Troy, after a siege of ten years, was taken and burnt, B. C. 1184. No vestige now remains of ancient Troy; and even its site has become matter of uncertainty.

[7] Argos, the capital of Argolis, a district of Peloponnesus, of which Juno was the chief deity. During the Trojan war, Agamemnon was king of the united kingdom of Argos and Mycenæ.

[8] Ganymede, the son of Tros, king of Troy, feigned to have been taken up to heaven by Jupiter, and there became the cupbearer of the gods in the place of Juno's daughter Hebe.

[9] Latium (Campagna di Roma), a country of Italy, on the east of the Tiber. The Latins rose into importance when Romulus had founded the city of Rome in their country.

Scarcely had the Trojans, losing sight of Sicily,[10] with joy launched out into the deep, and were plowing the foaming billows with their brazen prows, when Juno, harboring everlasting rancor in her breast, thus with herself:[11] Shall I then, baffled, desist from my purpose, nor have it in my power to turn away the Trojan king from Italy? because I am restrained by fate! Was Pallas able to burn the Grecian ships, and bury themselves in the ocean, for the offense of one, and the frenzy of Ajax,[12] Oileus' son? She herself, hurling from the clouds Jove's rapid fire, both scattered their ships, and upturned the sea with the winds: him too she snatched away in a whirlwind, breathing flames from his transfixed breast, and dashed him against the pointed rock. But I, who move majestic,[13] the queen of heaven, both sister and wife of Jove, must maintain a series of wars with one single race for so many years. And who will henceforth adore Juno's divinity,[14] or humbly offer sacrifice on her altars?

The goddess by herself revolving such thoughts in her inflamed breast, repairs to Æolia,[15] the native land of storms, regions[16] pregnant with boisterous winds. Here, in a vast cave, king Æolus controls with imperial sway the reluctant winds and sounding tempests, and confines them with chains

[10] Sicily, the largest and most celebrated island in the Mediterranean Sea, to the south of Italy, and separated from it by the Straits of Messina. It is of a triangular form, and from its three promontories was anciently called Trinacria. Its name Sicily was derived from the Siculi, a people of Italy who settled in it.

[11] Cf. interpp. on Ter. Andr. i. 1, 55, "Egomet continuo mecum." B.

[12] Ajax, the son of Oileus, king of Locris, one of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan war. He was surnamed Locrian, to distinguish him from Ajax the son of Telamon.

[13] Such is the proper sense of "incedere." Cf. Æn. i. 493. Tibull. ii. 6, 34. Propert. ii. 1, 5. More particularly Seneca, Nat. Q. vii. 31, "non ambulamus, sed incedimus." Propert. ii. 2, 58, "incedit vel Jove digna soror." B.

[14] Some MSS. of Quintilian, ix. 2, p. 772, give "nomen." Cf. Drak. on Sil. i. 93. B.

[15] The Æolian Islands, situated between Italy and Sicily, which were seven in number. Here Æolus, the son of Hippotas, reigned, reputed king of the winds, because, from a course of observations, he had acquired some knowledge of the weather, and was capable of foretelling at times what wind would blow for some days together, as we learn from Diodorus and Pliny.

[16] For the change of number, "patriam .... loca," cf. Æn. vi. "Itur in antiquam *silvam, stabula alta* ferarum." B.

in prison. They roar indignant round their barriers, filling the mountain with loud murmurs. Æolus is seated on a lofty throne, wielding a scepter, and assuages their fury, and moderates their rage. For, unless he did so, they, in their rapid career, would bear away sea and earth, and the deep heaven, and sweep them through the air. But the almighty Sire, guarding against this, hath pent them in gloomy caves, and thrown over them the ponderous weight of mountains, and appointed them a king, who, by fixed laws, and at command, knows both to curb them, and when to relax their reins; whom Juno then in suppliant words thus addressed: Æolus (for the sire of gods and the king of men hath given thee power both to smooth the waves, and raise them with the wind), a race by me detested sails the Tuscan Sea, transporting Ilium and its conquered gods, into Italy. Strike force into thy winds, overset and sink[17] the ships; or drive them different ways, and strew the ocean with carcasses. I have twice seven lovely nymphs, the fairest of whom, Deïopeia, I will join to thee in firm wedlock, and assign to be thine own forever,[18] that with thee she may spend all her years for this service, and make thee father of a beautiful offspring.

To whom Æolus replies: 'Tis thy task, O queen, to consider what you would have done: on me it is incumbent to execute your commands. You conciliate to me whatever of power I have, my scepter, and Jove. You grant me to sit at the tables of the gods:[19] and you make me lord of storms and tempests.

Thus having said, whirling the point of his spear, he struck the hollow mountain's side: and the winds, as in a formed battalion, rush forth at every vent, and scour over the lands in a hurricane. They press upon the ocean, and at once, east, and south, and stormy south-west, plow up the whole deep from its lowest bottom, and roll vast billows to the shores. The cries of the seamen succeed, and the cracking of the cordage. In an instant clouds snatch the heavens and day from

[17] *i. e.* "obrue, ut submergantur." So in Greek, as Soph. Œd. T. 165, *ἠνύσατ' ἐκτοπίαν φλόγα, i. e. ὥστε εἶναι ἐκτοπίαν.* Eur. Ph. 446, *διαλλάξασαν ὁμογενεῖς φίλους.* B.

[18] This is the complete sense of "propriam," expressing the Homeric *ἣν αἰὲν ἐέλδεαι ἤματα πάντα* (Il. Ξ. cap. 269.) Cf. Westerhov. on Ter. Andr. iv. 3, 1. B.

[19] Festus, "maxima enim fuit honos, Divum epulis accumbere." B.

the eyes of the Trojans: sable night sits brooding on the sea, thunder roars from pole to pole, the sky glares with repeated flashes, and all nature threatens them with immediate death. Forthwith Æneas'[20] limbs are relaxed with cold shuddering fear. He groans, and, spreading out both his hands to heaven, thus expostulates: O thrice and four times happy they, who had the good fortune to die before their parent's eyes, under the high ramparts of Troy! O thou, the bravest of the Grecian race, great Tydeus'[21] son, why was I not destined to fall on the Trojan plains, and pour out this soul by thy right hand? where stern Hector[22] lies prostrate by the sword of Achilles; where mighty Sarpedon[23] [lies]; where Simois[24] rolls along so many shields, and helmets, and bodies of heroes snatched away beneath its waters.

While uttering such words a tempest, roaring from the north, strikes across the sail, and heaves the billows to the stars. The oars are shattered: then the prow turns away, and exposes the side to the waves. A steep mountain of waters follows in a heap. These hang on the towering surge; to those the wide-yawning deep discloses the earth between two waves: the whirling tide rages with [mingled] sand. Three other ships the south wind hurrying away, throws on hidden rocks; rocks in the midst of the ocean, which the Italians call Altars,[25] a vast ridge rising to the surface of the

[20] Æneas, a Trojan prince, son of Anchises and Venus, who, after the fall of Troy, came to Italy, where he married Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus, whom he succeeded in his kingdom.

[21] Tydeus' son, Diomedes, the son of Tydeus and Deiphyle, was king of Ætolia, and one of the most renowned of the Grecian chiefs in the Trojan war, where he performed many heroic deeds.

[22] Hector, the son of Priam and Hecuba, was the most valiant of all the Trojan chiefs. For a long time he gloriously sustained the destinies of Troy, till at last he fell by the hand of Achilles, who dragged the body, with insulting triumph, three times round the tomb of Patroclus and the walls of Troy.

[23] Sarpedon, a son of Jupiter by Europa, and brother to Minos, went to the Trojan war to assist Priam, and was slain by Patroclus. According to some authors, the Sarpedon who assisted Priam was king of Lycia, and son of Jupiter by Laodamia, the daughter of Bellerophon.

[24] Simois, a river of Troas, which rose in Mount Ida, and fell into the Scamander below Troy.

[25] Altars; these were the Ægates, three small islands opposite Carthage, near which the Roman fleet, under L. Catulus, obtained a decisive victory over that of the Carthaginians, which put an end to the

sea. Three from the deep the east wind drives on shoals and flats, a piteous spectacle! and dashing on the shelves, it incloses them with mounds of sand. Before the eyes of Æneas himself, a mighty billow, falling from the height, dashes against the stern of one which bore the Lycian crew, and faithful Orontes:[26] the pilot is tossed out and rolled headlong, prone [into the waves]; but her the driving surge thrice whirls around in the same place, and the rapid eddy swallows up in the deep. Then floating here and there on the vast abyss, are seen men, their arms and planks, and the Trojan wealth among the waves. Now the storm overpowered the stout vessel of Ilioneus,[27] now that of brave Achates, and that in which Abas sailed, and that in which old Alethes: all, at their loosened and disjointed sides, receive the hostile stream, and gape with chinks.

Meanwhile Neptune perceived that the sea was in great uproar and confusion, a storm sent forth, and the depths overturned from their lowest channels. He, in violent commotion, and looking forth from the deep, reared his serene countenance above the waves; sees Æneas's fleet scattered over the ocean, the Trojans oppressed with the waves and the ruin from above. Nor were Juno's wiles and hate unknown to her brother. He calls to him the east and west winds; then thus addresses them: And do you thus presume upon your birth? dare you, winds! without my sovereign leave, to embroil heaven and earth, and raise such mountains. Whom I——[28] But first it is right to assuage the tumultuous waves. A chastisement of another nature from me awaits your next offense. Fly apace, and bear this message to your king: That not to him the empire of the sea, and the awful trident, but to me by lot are given: his dominions are the mighty rocks,

first Punic war, B. C. 241. DAVIDSON. Heyne would condemn this line as spurious. It is, however, quoted by Quintil. viii. 2, p. 675. Cf. Wyttenb. on Plat. Phædon, § 135. B.

[26] Orontes commanded the Lycian fleet, which, after the fall of Troy, accompanied Æneas in his voyage to Italy.

[27] Ilioneus, son of Phorbas, was distinguished for his eloquence. Achates, a friend of Æneas, whose fidelity was so exemplary, that Fidus Achates became a proverb.

[28] This *ἀποσιώπησις*, or sudden break in speaking, is remarked by Donatus on Ter. Eun. i. 1, 20. Aquila Romanus, fig. rhet. p. 147, ed. Ruhnk. and Quintil. ix. 2, p. 781. B.

your proper mansions Eurus: in that palace let king Æolus proudly boast, and reign in the close prison of the winds.

So he speaks, and, more swiftly than his speech,[29] smooths the swelling seas, disperses the collected clouds, and brings back the day. With him Cymothoë,[30] and Triton with exerted might, heave the ships from the pointed rock. He himself raised them with his trident; lays open the vast sandbanks, and calms the sea; and in his light chariot glides along the surface of the waves. And as when a sedition has perchance[31] arisen among a mighty multitude, and the minds of the ignoble vulgar rage: now firebrands, now stones fly; fury supplies them with arms: if then, by chance, they espy a man revered in piety and worth, they are hushed, and stand with ears erect; he, by eloquence, rules their passions, and calms their breasts. Thus all the raging tumult of the ocean subsides, as soon as the sire, surveying the seas, and wafted through the open sky, guides his steeds, and flying, gives the reins to his easy chariot.

The weary Trojans direct their course toward the nearest shores, and make the coast of Libya. In a long recess, a station lies; an island forms it into a harbor by its jutting sides, against which every wave from the ocean is broken, and divides itself into receding curves. On either side vast cliffs, and two twin-like rocks, threaten the sky; under whose summit the waters all around are calm and still. Above is a sylvan scene with waving woods, and a dark grove with awful shade hangs over. Under the opposite front a cave is of pendant rocks,[32] within which are fresh springs, and seats of living stone,[33] the recess of nymphs. Here neither cables hold, nor anchors with crooked fluke moor the weather-beaten ships. To this retreat Æneas brings seven ships, collected from all his fleet; and the Trojans, longing much for land, disembarking, enjoy

[29] See Anthon. So *λόγου θᾶττον*, Heliodor. Eth. i. 15. iv. 10. B.

[30] Cymothoë, one of the Nereids. Triton, a powerful sea deity, son of Neptune and Amphitrite. Many of the sea-gods were called Tritons, but the name was generally applied to those only who were represented half men and half fishes.

[31] "Sæpe," like the Greek *πολλάκις*, is often used in this sense, as observed by Abresch. Dilue. Thucyd. p. 174, and Heindorf on Plat. Phædon. § 11. B.

[32] My interpretation is justified by Ennius, Scriver. p. 20, "per speluncas saxis structas asperis pendentibus." B.

[33] *αὐτότικτ' ἄντρα*, Æsch. Prom. 309. In English, "natural caves." B.

the wished-for shore, and stretch their brine-drenched limbs upon the beach. Then first Achates struck spark from a flint, received the fire in leaves, round it applied dry combustible matter, and instantly blew up a flame from the fuel. Then, spent with toil and hunger, they produce their grain, damaged by the sea-water, and the instruments of Ceres; and prepare to dry over the fire, and to grind with stones, their rescued corn. Meanwhile Æneas climbs a rock, and takes a prospect of the wide ocean all around, if, by any means, he can descry any [man like] Antheus tossed by the wind, and the Phrygian galleys or Capys,[34] or the arms of Caicus, on the lofty deck. He sees no ship in view, but three stags straying on the shore; these the whole herd follow, and are feeding through the valley in a long-extended train. Here he stopped short, and snatching his bow and swift arrows (weapons which the faithful Achates bore), first prostrates the leaders, bearing their heads high with branching horns; next the vulgar throng; and disperses the whole herd, driving them with darts through the leafy woods. Nor desists he, till conqueror he stretches seven huge deer on the ground, and equals their number with his ships. Hence he returns to the port, and shares them among all his companions. Then the hero divides the wine which the good Acestes[35] had stowed in casks on the Sicilian shore, and given them at parting, and with these words cheers their saddened hearts: O companions, who have sustained severer ills than these (for we are not strangers to former days of adversity), to these, too, God will grant a termination. You have approached[36] both Scylla's fury, and those deep roaring rocks; you are unacquainted with the dens of the Cyclops: resume then your courage, and dismiss your desponding fears; perhaps hereafter it may delight you to remember these sufferings. Through various mischances, through so many perilous adventures, we steer to Latium, where the Fates give us the prospect of peaceful settlements. There Troy's kingdom

[34] Capys. This brave Trojan was one of those who, against the advice of Thymœtes, wished to destroy the wooden horse, which proved the destruction of Troy.

[35] Acestes, a king of Sicily, who assisted Priam in the Trojan war, and who afterward kindly entertained Æneas when he landed upon the coast of Sicily.

[36] "Accedere,"="to encounter," is properly used of any thing dangerous. Cf. Burm. E.

is allowed once more to rise. Persevere, and reserve yourselves for prosperous days. So he says in words; and oppressed with heavy cares, wears the looks of hope, buries deep anguish in his breast.

They address themselves to the spoil and future feast; tear the skin from the ribs, and lay the flesh bare. Some cut into parts, and fix on spits the quivering limbs; others place the brazen caldrons on the shore, and prepare the fires. Then they repair their strength with food, and, stretched along the grass, regale themselves with old wine and fat venison. After hunger was taken away by banquets, and the viands removed, in long discourse they inquire after their lost companions, in suspense between hope and fear, whether to believe them yet alive, or that they have finished their destiny, and no longer hear when called. Above the rest, the pious Æneas, within himself, bemoans now the loss of the active Orontes, now of Amycus, and then the cruel fate of Lycus, with valiant Gyas, and valiant Cloanthus.

And now there was an end [of discourse]; when Jove, looking down from the lofty sky upon the sail-flown sea, and the lands lying at rest, with the shores and the nations dispersed abroad; thus stood on the pinnacle of heaven, and fixed his eyes on Libya's realms. To him, revolving such cares in his mind, Venus, in mournful mood, her bright eyes bedimmed with tears addresses herself: O thou, who with eternal sway rulest, and with thy thunder overawest, the affairs of both gods and men, what so high offense against thee could my Æneas or the Trojans be guilty of, that, after having suffered so many deaths, they must be shut out from all the world on account of Italy? Surely you promised, that in some future age, after circling years, the Romans should descend from them, powerful leaders spring from the blood of Teucer[37] restored, who should rule the sea, the nations with absolute sway. Father! why is thy purpose changed? I, indeed, was solacing myself with this promise under Troy's fall and sad ruin, with fates balancing contrary fates. Now the same fortune still pursues them, after they have been driven with such variety of woes. Great king, what end to their labors

[37] Teucer, a king of Phrygia, son of Scamander. Troy was called from him Teucria, and the Trojans Teucri.

wilt thou give?[38] Antenor, escaped from amidst the Greeks, could with safety penetrate the Illyrian gulf, and the inmost realms of Liburnia,[39] and overpass the springs of Timavus; whence, through nine mouths, with loud echoing from the mountain, it bursts away a sea impetuous, and sweeps the fields with a roaring deluge. Yet there he built the city of Padua,[40] established a Trojan settlement, gave the nation a name, and set up the arms of Troy. Now in calm peace composed he rests: we, thy own progeny, whom thou by thy nod ordainest the throne of heaven, (oh woe unutterable!) having lost our ships, are betrayed, driven hither and thither far from the Italian coast, to gratify the malice of one. Are these the honors of piety? is it thus thou replacest us on the throne?

The sire of gods and men, smiling upon her with that aspect wherewith he clears the tempestuous sky, gently kissed his daughter's lips; then thus replies; Cytherea,[41] cease from fear: immovable to thee remain the fates of thy people. Thou shalt see the city and promised walls of Lavinium, and shalt raise magnanimous Æneas aloft to the stars of heaven; nor is my purpose changed. In Italy he (for I will tell thee, since this care lies gnawing at thy heart, and tracing further back, I will reveal the secrets of fate) shall wage a mighty war, crush a stubborn nation, and establish laws and cities to his people, till the third summer shall see him reigning in Latium, and three winters pass after he has subdued the Rutulians.[42] But the boy Ascanius,[43] who has now the surname of Iülus (Ilus he was, while the empire of Ilium flourished), shall measure with his reign full thirty great circles of revolving months, transfer the seat of his empire from Lavinium, and strongly

[38] Eur. Alcest. 214, *ἰὼ Ζεῦ, τίς ἂν πᾶ πόρος κακῶν Γένοιτο, καὶ λύσις τύχας.* B.

[39] Liburnia (Croatia), a province of Illyria, at the head of the Adriatic.

[40] Padua, a city of Italy, celebrated as the birth-place of Livy.

[41] Cytherea, a surname of Venus, from Cythera (Cerigo), an island on the southern coast of Laconia in Peloponnesus, which was sacred to her.

[42] Rutulians, a people of Latium, anciently known, as well as the Latins, by the name of Aborigines. They supported Turnus their king in the war which he waged against Æneas.

[43] Ascanius, called also Iülus, was the son of Æneas by Creusa; he accompanied his father to Italy, succeeded him in the kingdom of Latinus, and built the city of Alba Longa.

fortify Alba Longa. Here again, for full three hundred years, the scepter shall be swayed by Hector's line, until Ilia,[44] a royal priestess, impregnated by Mars, shall bear two infants at a birth. Then Romulus, exulting in the tawny hide of the wolf his nurse, shall take upon him the rule of the nation, build a city sacred to Mars, and from his own name call the people Romans. To them I fix neither limits nor duration of empire; dominion have I given them without end. And even sullen Juno, who now, through jealous fear, creates endless disturbance to sea, and earth, and heaven, shall change her counsels for the better, and join with me in befriending the Romans, lords of the world, and the nation of the gown. Such is my pleasure. An age shall come, after a course of years, when the house of Assaracus shall bring under subjection Phthia[45] and renowned Mycenæ, and reign over vanquished Argos. A Trojan shall be born of illustrious race, Cæsar, who shall bound his empire by the ocean, his fame by the stars, Julius his name, from great Iülus derived. Him, loaded with the spoils of the East, you shall receive to heaven at length, having seen an end of all your cares: he too shall be invoked by vows and prayers. Then, wars having ceased, fierce nations shall soften into peace. Hoary Faith, Vesta, and Quirinus,[46] with his brother Remus, shall administer justice. The dreadful gates of war[47] shall be shut with close bolts of iron. Within impious Fury, sitting on horrid arms, and his hands bound behind him with a hundred brazen chains, in hideous rage shall gnash his bloody jaws.

He said, and from on high sent down Maia's son,[48] that the coasts of Libya and the new towers of Carthage might be open hospitably to receive the Trojans; lest Dido,[49] ignorant of heaven's decree, should shut them out from her ports. He, on the

[44] Ilia, or Rhea, priestess of Vesta, was a daughter of Numitor, king of Alba, and the mother of Romulus and Remus by Mars.

[45] Phthia, a city of Thessaly, celebrated as the birth-place of Achilles; it gave name to the surrounding district.

[46] Quirinus, a name given to Romulus, after he was deified.

[47] *i. e.* of Janus. War is here personified.

[48] Maia's son; Mercury, a celebrated god of antiquity, the son of Jupiter and Maia; he was the messenger of the gods, and of Jupiter in particular.

[49] Dido, called also Elisa, the daughter of Belus king of Tyre, and the wife of Sichæus, whom her brother Pygmalion murdered for his

steerage of his wings, flies through the expanded sky, and speedily alighted on the coasts of Libya. And now he puts his orders in execution; and, at the will of the god, the Carthagenians lay aside the fierceness of their hearts: the queen, especially, entertains thoughts of peace, and a benevolent disposition toward the Trojans.

But pious Æneas, by night revolving many things, resolved as soon as cheerful day arose, to set out, and to reconnoiter the unknown country, on what coasts he was driven by the wind; who are the inhabitants, whether men or wild beasts, (for he sees nothing but uncultivated grounds), and inform his friends of his discoveries. Within a winding grove, under a hollow rock, he secretly disposed his fleet, fenced round with trees and gloomy shades: himself marches forth, attended by Achates alone, brandishing in his hand two javelins of broad-pointed steel. To whom, in the midst of a wood, his mother presents herself, wearing the mien and attire of a virgin, and the arms of a Spartan maid; or resembling Thracian Harpalyce,[50] when she tires her steeds, and in her course outflies the swift Hebrus: for, huntress-like, she had hung from her shoulders a light bow, and suffered her hair to wanton in the wind; bare to the knee, with her flowing robes gathered in a knot. Then first, Pray, youths, she says, inform me if by chance ye have seen any of my sisters wandering this way, equipped with a quiver, and the skin of a spotted lynx, or with full cry urging the chase of a foaming boar. Thus Venus, and thus Venus' son replied: Of your sisters not one has been heard or seen by me. O virgin, by what name shall I address thee? for thou wearest not the looks of a mortal, nor sounds thy voice human. O thou a goddess surely! Are you the sister of Phœbus, or one of the race of the nymphs? O! be propitious, and whoever you are, ease our anxious minds, and inform us under what climate, on what region of the globe, we at length are thrown. We wander strangers both to the country and the inhabitants, driven upon this coast by furious winds and swelling seas. So shall many a victim fall a sacri-

riches. Dido was the founder of the city of Carthage, where she hospitably entertained Æneas, who had been shipwrecked upon the coast.

[50] Harpalyce, a daughter of Harpalycus, king of Thrace, a woman of the most undaunted courage.

fice at thine altars by our right hand. Then Venus: I, indeed, deem not myself worthy of such honor. It is the custom for the Tyrian virgins to wear a quiver, and bind the leg thus high with a purple buskin. You see the kingdom of Carthage, a Tyrian people, and Agenor's city.[51] But the country is that of Libya, a race invincible in war. The kingdom is ruled by Dido, who fled hither from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate; tedious is the relation of her wrongs, and intricate the circumstances; but I shall trace the principal heads.[52] Her husband was Sichæus, the richest of the Phœnicians in land, and passionately beloved by his unhappy spouse. Her father had given her to him in her virgin bloom, and joined her in wedlock with the first connubial rites: but her brother Pygmalion then possessed the throne of Tyre; atrociously wicked beyond all mortals. Between them hatred arose. He, impious, and blinded with the love of gold, having taken Sichæus by surprise, secretly assassinates him before the altar, regardless of his sister's great affection. Long he kept the deed concealed, and wicked, forging many liēs, amused the heart-sick, loving [queen] with vain hope. But the ghost of her unburied husband appeard to her in a dream, lifting up his visage amazingly pale and ghastly: he opened to her view the bloody altars, and his breast transfixed with the sword, and detected all the hidden villainy of the house; then exhorts her to hasten flight, and quit her native country; and, to aid her flight, reveals treasures ancient in the earth, an unknown mass of gold and silver. Dido, roused by this awful messenger, provided friends, and prepared to fly. They assemble, who either had mortal hatred or violent dread of the tyrant; what ships by chance are ready, they seize in haste, and load with gold. The wealth of the covetous Pygmalion is conveyed over sea. A woman is guide of the exploit. Thither they came, where now you will see the stately walls and rising towers of a new-built Carthage, and bought as much ground as they could cover with a bull's hide, called Byrsa,[53] in commemoration of the deed. But [say] now, who

[51] Agenor's city; Carthage is so called, as being built by Dido, who was a descendant of Agenor, king of Phœnicia.

[52] Literally, "the chief footsteps." B.

[53] Byrsa is also a citadel in the middle of Carthage, on which was the temple of Æsculapius.

are you? or from what coasts you came, or whither are you bending your way? To these her demands, the hero, with heavy sighs, and slowly raising his words from the bottom of his breast, [thus replies.] If I, O goddess! tracing from their first source, shall pursue, and you have leisure to hear, the annals of our woes, the evening star will first shut heaven's gates upon the expiring day.[54] Driven over a length of seas from ancient Troy (if the name of Troy hath by chance reached your ears), a tempest, by its wonted chance, threw us on this Libyan coast. I am Æneas the pious, renowned by fame above the skies, who carry with me in my fleet the gods I snatched away from the enemy. I seek my country, Italy; and my descendants sprang from Jove supreme. With twice ten ships I embarked on the Phrygian Sea, having followed the destinies vouchsafed me, my goddess-mother pointing out the way; seven, with much ado, are saved, torn and shattered by waves and wind. Myself, a stranger, poor and destitute, wander through the deserts of Africa, banished from Europe and from Asia. Venus, unable to bear his further complaints, thus interrupted in the midst of his grief: Whoever you may be, I trust you live[55] not unbefriended by the powers of heaven, who have arrived at a Tyrian city. But do you forthwith bend your course directly to the palace of the queen; for, that your friends are returned, and your ships saved, and by a turn of the north wind wafted into a secure harbor, I pronounce to thee with assurance, unless my parents, fond of a lying art, have in vain taught me divination. See these twelve swans exulting in a body, whom the bird of Jove,[56] having glided from the ethereal region, was chasing through the open air: now, in a long train, they seem either to choose their ground, or to hover over the place they have already chosen. As they, returning, sportive clap their rustling wings, wheel about the heavens in a troop, and raise their melodious notes; just so your ships and youthful crew, either are possessed of the harbor, or are entering the port

[54] See Anthon. Demosth. de Cor. § 91, *ἐπιλείψει με λέγοντα ἡ ἡμέρα τὰ τῶν προδοτῶν ὀνόματα.* B.

[55] Ruhnk. on Xen. Mem. iv. 3, 8, most appositely illustrates the phrase, "auras vitales carpere," from a passage of Ælian in Suidas, *καὶ ἀέρος σπᾶν, καὶ ἔχειν τροφὴν ζωῆς τὸ ἐξ αὐτοῦ πνεῦμα.*

[56] Bird of Jove, *i. e.*, the eagle.

with full sail. Proceed, then, and pursue your way where this path directs.

She said, and turning away, shone radiant with her rosy neck, and from her head ambrosial locks breathed divine fragrance: her robe hung flowing to the ground, and by her gait the goddess stood confessed. The hero, soon as he knew his mother, with these accents pursued her as she fled: Why so oft dost thou too cruelly mock thy son with vain shapes? why is it not granted me to join my hand to thine, and to hear and answer thee by turns in words sincere and undissembled? Thus he expostulates with her, and directs his course to the walls. But Venus screened them on their way with dim clouds, and the goddess spread around them a thick vail of mist, that none might see, or touch, or cause them interruption, or inquire into the reasons of their coming. She herself wings her way sublime to Paphos, and with joy revisits her seats; where, sacred to her honor, is a temple, and a hundred altars smoke with Sabean incense, and are fragrant with fresh garlands.

Meanwhile they urged their way where the path directs. And now they were ascending the hill that hangs over a great part of the town, and from above surveys its opposite towers, Æneas admires the mass of buildings, once cottages:[57] he admires the gates, the bustle, and the paved streets. The Tyrians warmly ply the work: some extend the walls, and raise a tower to push along unwieldy stones; some choose out the ground for a private building, and inclose it with a trench. Some choose [a place for] the courts of justice, for the magistrates' [halls] and the venerable senate.[58] Here some are digging ports; there others are laying the foundations for lofty theaters, and hewing huge columns from the rocks, the lofty decorations of future scenes. Such their toil as in summer's prime employs the bees amid the flowery fields under the sun, when they lead forth the full-grown swarms of their race, or when they press close the liquid honey, and distend the cells with sweet nectar;[59] or when they disburden those

[57] *i. e.* "movable huts." See Anthon.

[58] But it is perhaps better to regard "legunt" as joined with "jura," by a zeugma, in this sense; "they [institute] laws, and choose magistrates." B.

[59] So *μελίσσαν νέκταρι*, Eur. Bacch. 148.

that come home loaded, or in formed battalion, drive the inactive flock of drones from the hives. The work is hotly plied, and the fragrant honey smells strongly of thyme. O happy ye, whose walls now rise! Æneas says, and lifts his eyes to the turrets of the city. Shrouded in a cloud (a marvel to be told!) he passes amid the multitude, and mingles with the throng, nor is seen by any.[60] In the center of the city was a grove, most delightful in shade, where first the Carthaginians, driven by wind and wave, dug up the head of a sprightly courser, an omen which royal Juno showed: for by this [she signified], that the nation was to be renowned for war, brave and victorious through ages. Here Sidonian Dido built to Juno a stately temple, enriched with gifts, and the presence of the goddess; whose brazen threshold rose on steps, the beams were bound with brass, and the hinge creaked beneath brazen gates. In this grove the view of an unexpected scene first abated the fear [of the Trojans]: here Æneas first dared to hope for redress, and to conceive better hopes of his afflicted state. For while he surveys every object in the spacious temple, waiting the queen's arrival; while he is musing with wonder on the fortune of the city; and [compares] the skill of the artists and their elaborate works, he sees the Trojan battles [delineated] in order, and the war now known by fame over all the world; the sons of Atreus,[61] Priam,[62] and Achilles implacable to both. He stood still; and, with tears in his eyes, What place, Achates, what country on the globe, is not full of our disaster? See Priam! even here praiseworthy deeds[63] meet with due reward: here are tears for misfortunes, and the breasts are touched[64] with human woes. Dismiss your fears: this fame of ours will bring thee some relief. Thus he speaks, and feeds his mind with the empty representations, heaving many a sigh, and bathes his visage in floods of tears. For he beheld how, on one hand, the warrior Greeks were flying round the walls of Troy, while the Trojan youth closely pursued; on the other hand, the

[60] A Grecism for "ab ullo." Ovid, Trist. v. 10, 38, non intelligor ulli." B.

[61] Sons of Atreus, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

[62] Priam, the son of Laomedon, and the last king of Troy, was slain by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, the same night on which Troy was taken.

[63] For this sense of "laus," cf. Catull. lxi. 102. Cicer. in Verr. § 47. B.

[64] So *θανόντων οὐδὲν ἄλγος ἅπτεται.* Soph. Œd. C. 955. B.

Trojans [were flying], while plumed Achilles, in his chariot, pressed on their rear. Not far from that scene, weeping, he espies the tents of Rhesus,[65] with their snow-white vails; which, betrayed by the first sleep,[66] cruel Diomede plundered, drenched in much blood, and led away his fiery steeds to the [Grecian] camp, before they had tasted the pasture of Troy, or drank of Xanthus.[67] In another part, Troilus,[68] flying after the loss of his arms, ill-fated youth, and unequally matched with Achilles! is dragged by his horses, and from the empty chariot hangs supine, yet grasping the reins; his neck and hair trail along the ground, and the dusty plain is traced by the inverted spear. Meanwhile the Trojan matrons were marching to the temple of adverse Pallas, with their hair disheveled, and were bearing the robe, suppliantly mournful, and beating their bosoms with their hands. The goddess turned away, kept her eyes fixed on the ground. Thrice had Achilles dragged Hector round the walls of Troy, and was selling his breathless corpse for gold. Then, indeed, Æneas sent forth a deep groan from the bottom of his breast, when he saw the spoils, the chariot, and the very body of his friend, and Priam stretching forth his feeble hands. Himself, too, he recognized mingled with the Grecian leaders, and the Eastern bands, and the arms of swarthy Memnon.[69] Furious Penthesilea[70] leads on her troops of Amazons, with their crescent

[65] Rhesus, a warlike king of Thrace, who marched to the assistance of Priam. The oracle having foretold that Troy should never be taken if the horses of Rhesus drank the waters of Xanthus, and fed upon the grass of the Trojan plains; the Greeks, however, surprised him on the night of his arrival, slew him in his tent, and carried away his horses in triumph to their camp.

[66] "Primo somno, ut graviorem ostenderet somnum." SERVIUS. Sleep is poetically said to have betrayed him, because he was surprised while at rest. B.

[67] Xanthus (Mendere), a river of Troas, in Asia Minor, rising in Mount Ida, and falling into the sea at Sigæum. It is the same with the Scamander; according to Homer, it was called Xanthus by the gods, and Scamander by men.

[68] Troilus, a son of Priam and Hecuba, slain by Achilles.

[69] Memnon, a king of Ethiopia, son of Tithonus and Aurora. He came with a body of 10,000 men to assist his uncle Priam in the Trojan war, where he displayed great courage, and killed Antilochus, Nestor's son, but was himself afterward slain by Achilles in single combat.

[70] Penthesilea, a queen of the Amazons, daughter of Mars, who assisted Priam, and was slain by Achilles.

shields, and burns amid the thickest ranks. Below her exposed breast the heroine had girt a golden belt, and the virgin warrior dares even to encounter with men.

These wondrous scenes while the Trojan prince surveys, while he is lost in thought, and in one gaze stands unmoved; Queen Dido, of surpassing beauty, advanced to the temple, attended by a numerous retinue of youth. As on the banks of Eurotas, or on Mount Cynthus' top, Diana leads the circular dances, round whom a numerous train of mountain nymphs play in rings; she bears her quiver on her shoulder, and moving majestic, she towers above the other goddesses, while silent raptures thrill Latona's[71] bosom; such Dido was, and such, with cheerful grace, she passed amid her train, urging forward the labor and her future kingdom. Then at the gate of the goddess, in the middle of the temple's dome, she took her seat, surrounded with her guards, and raised aloft on a throne. [Here] she dispensed justice and laws to her subjects, and, in equal portions, distributed their tasks, or settled them by lot; when suddenly Æneas sees, advancing with a vast concourse, Antheus, Sergestus, brave Cloanthus, and other Trojans, whom a black storm had tossed up and down the sea, and driven to other far-distant shores. At once he was amazed, at once Achates was struck, and between joy and fear both ardently longed to join hands; but the uncertainty of the event perplexes their minds. They carry on their disguise, and, shrouded under the bending cloud, watch to learn the fortune of their friends; on what coast they left the fleet, and on what errand they came: for a select number had come from all the ships to sue for grace, and, with mingled voices, approached the temple

Having gained admission and liberty to speak in the presence, Ilioneus their chief, with mind composed, thus began: O queen, to whom Jove has granted to found this rising city, and to curb proud nations with just laws, we Trojans forlorn, tossed by winds over every sea, implore thee: keep from our ships the merciless flames; spare a pious race, and propitiously regard our distresses. We are not come either to ravage with the sword the Libyan abodes, or to seize and bear away the plunder to our ships. We have no such hostile intention, nor does such pride of heart become the vanquished. There is a place

[71] Latona, the mother of Apollo and Diana.

called by the Greeks Hesperia,[72] an ancient land, renowned for martial deeds and fruitful soil; the Œnotrians[73] possessed it once: now fame is that their descendants call the nation Italy, from their leader's name; hither our course was bent, when suddenly tempestuous Orion[74] rising from the main, drove us on hidden shallows, and with southern blasts fiercely sporting, tossed us hither and thither over waves, and over pathless rocks, overwhelmed by the briny deep: hither we few have floated[75] to your coasts. What a race of men is this? what country so barbarous to allow such manners? We are denied the hospitality of the shore. In arms they rise, and forbid our setting foot on the first verge of land. If you set at nought the human kind, and the arms of mortals, yet know the gods have a mindful regard to right and wrong. We had for our king Æneas, than whom no one was more just in piety, none more signalized in war and in martial achievements; whom, if the Fates preserve, if he breathe the vital air, and do not yet rest with the ruthless shades, neither shall we despair, nor you repent your having been the first in challenging to acts of kindness. We have likewise cities and arms in Sicily, and the illustrious Acestes is of Trojan extraction. Permit us to bring to shore our wind-beaten fleet, and from your woods to choose [trees for] planks, and to refit our oars; that, if it be granted to bend our course to Italy, upon the recovery of our prince and friends, we may joyfully set out thither, and make the Latian shore. But if our safety has perished, and thou, O father of the Trojans, the best of men! now liest buried in the Libyan sea, and no further hope of Iülus remains, we may at least repair to the straits of Sicily, and the settlement there prepared for us (whence we were driven hither), and visit king Acestes. So spoke Ilioneus; at the same time, the others Trojans murmured their consent.

[72] Hesperia, a name applied to Italy by the Greeks, and to Spain by the Romans.

[73] Œnotrians, the inhabitants of Œnotria, or that part of Italy which was afterward called Lucania. Œnotria is sometimes applied to Italy in general.

[74] Orion, one of the constellations, generally supposed to be accompanied at its rising (in March), with great storms and rains.

[75] "Adnavimus" is employed to show that they had a bare escape. So "vix enatavimus," Apul. Met. ii. p. 30; ἐξενηξάμεθα, Lucian, Ver. Hist. ii. and de Merc. Cond. B.

Then Dido, with downcast looks, thus in brief replies: Trojans, banish fear from your breasts, lay your cares aside. My hard fate, and the infancy of my kingdom, force me to take such measures and to secure my frontiers with guards around. Who is stranger to the Æneian race, the city of Troy, her heroes, and their valorous deeds, and to the devastations of so renowned a war? We Carthaginians do not possess hearts that are so obdurate and insensible, nor yokes the sun his steeds so far away from our Tyrian city. Whether Hesperia the greater, and the country where Saturn reigned, or ye choose [to visit] Eryx[76] coast and king Acestes, I will dismiss you safe with assistance, and support you with my wealth. Or will you settle with me in this realm? The city which I am building shall be yours:[77] draw your ships ashore; Trojan and Tyrian shall be treated by me with no distinction.[78] And would that your prince Æneas too were here, driven by the same wind! However, I will send trusty messengers along the coasts, with order to search Libya's utmost bounds, if he is thrown out to wander in some wood or city.

Animated by these words, brave Achates and father Æneas had long impatiently desired to break from the cloud. Achates first addressed Æneas: Goddess-born, what purpose now arises in your mind? You see all is safe; your fleet and friends restored. One alone is missing, whom we ourselves beheld sunk in the midst of the waves: every thing else agrees with your mother's prediction. He had scarcely spoken, when suddenly the circumambient cloud splits asunder, and dissolves into open air. Æneas stood forth, and in the clear light shone conspicuous, in countenance and form resembling a god: for Venus herself had breathed upon her son graceful locks, and the radiant bloom of youth, and breathed a sprightly luster on his eyes: such beauty as the hand superadds to ivory, or where silver or Parian marble is enchased with yellow gold.

Then suddenly addressing the queen, he, to the surprise of

[76] Eryx, a king of Sicily, son of Butes and Venus; also a town and mountain of Sicily, near Drepanum. On the summit of Mount Eryx (Giuliano) stood a famous temple of Venus, who is hence called Erycina.

[77] A common construction. Cf. Ter. Eun. iv. 3, 11. Plaut. Epid. iii. 4, 12. B.

[78] Cf. Æn. x. 108, "Tros Tyriusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo." B.

all,[79] thus begins: I, whom you seek, am present before you; Trojan Æneas, snatched from the Libyan waves. O thou, who alone hast commisserated Troy's unutterable calamities! who in thy town and palace dost associate us, a remnant saved from the Greeks, who have now been worn out by woes in every shape, both by sea and land, and are in want of all things! to repay thee due thanks, great queen, exceeds the power not only of us, but of all the Dardan race,[80] wherever dispersed over the world. The gods (if any powers divine regard the pious, if justice any where exists, and a mind conscious of its own virtue) shall yield thee a just recompense. What age was so happy as to produce thee? who were the parents of so illustrious an offspring? While rivers run into the sea, while shadows move round the convex mountains, while heaven feeds the stars; your honor, name, and praise [with me] shall ever live, to whatever climes I am called. This said, he embraces his friend Ilioneus with his right hand, and Serestus with his left: then the rest, the heroic Gyas, and heroic Cloanthus.

Sidonian Dido stood astonished, first at the presence of the hero, then at his signal sufferings and thus her speech addressed: What hard fate, O goddess-born, pursues thee through such mighty dangers! what power drives thee on this barbarous coast? Are you that Æneas, whom, by Phrygian Simois' stream, fair Venus bore to Trojan Anchises? and now, indeed, I call to mind that Teucer, expelled from his native country, came to Sidon in quest of a new kingdom, by the aid of Belus. My father Belus then reaped the soil of wealthy Cyprus,[81] and held it in subjection to his victorious arms. Ever since that time I have been acquainted with the fate of Troy, with your name, and the Grecian kings. The enemy himself extolled the Trojans with distinguished praise, and with pleasure traced his descent from the ancient Trojan race. Come then, youths, enter our walls. Me, too, through a series of labors tossed, a like fortune has at length doomed

[79] Mamertinus Pan. Jul. vi. § 3, "In medio Illyrici sinus improvisus apparuit." "Improvisus"="de improviso," "unexpectedly." B.

[80] Dardan race; the Trojans, as descended from Dardanus, the son of Jupiter and Electra, who fled to Asia Minor, where he built the city of Dardania, and became the founder of the kingdom of Troy.

[81] Cyprus, a large and fertile island in the eastern part of the Mediterranean Sea, sacred to Venus, who had here two celebrated temples.

to settle in this land. Not unacquainted with misfortune [in my own person], I have learned to succor the distressed.

This said, she forthwith leads Æneas into the royal apartments, and at the same time ordains due honors for the temples of the gods. Meanwhile, with no less care, she sends presents to his companions on the shore, twenty bulls, a hundred bristly backs of huge boars, a hundred fat lambs, with the ewes, as gifts and pleasure for the day.[62] But the inner rooms are splendidly furnished with regal pomp, and banquets are prepared in the middle of the hall. Couch draperies wrought with art, and of proud purple: massy silver plate on the table, and, embossed in gold, the brave exploits of her ancestors, a lengthened series of history traced down through so many heroes, from the first founder of the ancient race. Æneas (for paternal affection suffered not his mind to rest) with speed sends on Achates to the ships, to bear those tidings to Ascanius, and bring [the boy] himself to the city. All the care of the fond parent centers in Ascanius. Besides, he bids him bring presents, saved from the ruins of Troy, a mantle stiff with gold and figures, and a vail woven round with saffron-colored acanthus, the ornaments of Grecian Helen,[63] which she had brought with her from Mycenæ, when bound for Troy, and lawless nuptials; her mother Leda's wondrous gift; a scepter, too, which once Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, bore, a necklace strung with pearl, and a crown set with double rows of gems and gold. This message to dispatch, Achates directed his course to the ships.

But Venus revolves in her breast new plots, new designs; that Cupid[64] should come in place of sweet Ascanius, assuming his mean and features, and by the gifts kindle in the queen all the rage of love, and enwrap the flame in her very bones; for she dreads the equivocating race, and the double-tongued

[62] The readings vary between "die," "dii," and "dei" See Servius. I have, with Wagner, preferred "dii," which has the additional authority of Gellius, ix. 14. B.

[63] Helen, the wife of Menelaus, king of Sparta, was the most beautiful woman of her age. In the absence of her husband, Paris, son of king Priam, carried her away, which was the cause of the ten years' war against Troy, and the destruction of that celebrated city.

[64] Cupid, in the heathen mythology, was the god of love, and the son of Venus.

Tyrians. Fell Juno torments her, and with the night her care returns. To winged Love, therefore, she addresses these words: O son, my strength, my mighty power; my son, who alone defiest the Typhœan bolts of Jove supreme, to thee I fly, and suppliant implore thy deity. 'T is known to thee how round all shores thy brother Æneas is tossed from sea to sea, by the spite of partial Juno, and in my grief thou hast often grieved. Him Phœnician Dido entertains, and amuses with smooth speech; and I fear what may be the issue of Juno's acts of hospitality: she will not be idle in so critical a conjuncture; wherefore, I propose to prevent the queen by subtle means, and to beset her with the flames of love, that no power may influence her to change, but that with me she may be possessed by great fondness for Æneas. How this thou mayest effect, now hear my plan. The royal boy, my chief care, at his father's call, prepares to visit the Sidonian city, bearing presents saved from the sea and flames of Troy. Him having lulled to rest, I will lay down in some sacred retreat on Cythera's tops, or above Idalium,[85] lest he should discover the plot, or interfere with it. Do you artfully counterfeit his face but for one night, and, yourself a boy, assume a boy's familiar looks; that when Dido shall take thee to her bosom in the height of her joy, amid the royal feasts, and Bacchus' stream, when she shall give thee embraces and imprint sweet kisses, thou mayest breathe into her the secret flame, and by stealth convey the poison. Love obeys the dictates of his dear mother, and lays aside his wings, and joyful trips along in the gait of Iülus. Meanwhile Venus pours the dews of balmy sleep on Ascanius' limbs, and in her bosom fondled, conveys him to Idalia's lofty groves, where soft marjoram, perfuming the air with flowers and fragrant shade, clasps him round.

Now, in obedience to his instructions, Cupid went along, and bore the royal presents to the Tyrians, pleased with Achates for his guide. By the time he arrived, the queen had placed herself on a golden couch, under a rich canopy, and had taken her seat in the middle. Now father Æneas, and now the Trojan youth, join the assembly, and couch themselves on the strawn purple. The attendants supply water

[85] Idalium (Dalin), a town of Cyprus, at the foot of Mount Idalus, with a grove sacred to Venus, who was hence called Idalia.

for the hands, dispense the gifts of Ceres from baskets, and furnish them with the smooth-shorn towels. Within are fifty handmaids, whose task it was to prepare provisions in due order, and do honor[86] to the household gods. A hundred more, and as many servants of equal age, are employed to load the boards with dishes, and place the cups. In like manner the Tyrians, a numerous train, assembled in the joyful courts, invited to recline on the embroidered beds. They view with wonder the presents of Æneas: nor with less wonder do they view Iülus, the glowing aspect of the god, his well-dissembled words, the mantle and vail figured with leaves of the acanthus in saffron colors. Chiefly the unhappy queen, henceforth devoted to love's pestilential influence, can not satisfy her feelings, and is inflamed with every glance, and is equally moved by the boy and by his gifts. He on Æneas' neck having hung with embraces, and having fully gratified his fictitious father's ardent affections, makes for[87] the queen. She clings to him with her eyes, her whole soul, and sometimes fondles him in her lap, Dido not thinking what a powerful god is settling on her, hapless one. Meanwhile he, mindful of his Acidalian mother, begins insensibly to efface the memory of Sichæus, and with a living flame tries to prepossess her languid affections, and her heart, chilled by long disuse.

Soon as the first banquet ended, and the viands were removed, they place large mixers, and crown the wines. A bustling din arises through the hall, and they roll through the ample courts the bounding voice. Down from the gold-fretted ceilings[88] hang the flaming lamps, and torches overpower the darkness of the night. Here the queen called for a bowl, heavy with gems and gold, and with pure wine filled it to the brim, which Belus,[89] and all her ancestors from Belus, used; then, having enjoined silence through the palace [she thus began]: O Jove (for by thee, it is said, the laws of hospitality were given), grant this may be an auspicious day both

[86] "Adolere"="augere," *i. e.* "to increase the power of the gods who presided over the hearth, by due attention to culinary offices." See Anthon. Davidson's note is founded upon an old mistake. B.

[87] *i. e.* "insidiatur." SERVIUS. See Burm. on Petron. p. 490. B.

[88] So Sidon. Apoll. Ep. ix. 13, "laquearibus coruscis cameræ in superna lychnus." B.

[89] Belus, a king of Tyre, from whom Dido was descended.

to the Tyrians and my Trojan guests, and may this day be commemorated by our posterity. Bacchus, the giver of joy, and propitious Juno, be present here; and you, my Tyrians, with good will, solemnize this meeting. She said, and on the table poured an offering; and, after the libation, first gently touched [the cup] with her lips, then gave it to Bitias[90] with a challenge: he quickly drained the foaming bowl, and laved himself with the brimming gold. After him the other lords [drank]. Long-haired Iopas [next] tunes his golden lyre to what the mighty Atlas taught. He sings of the wandering moon, and the eclipses of the sun; whence the race of men and beasts, whence showers and fiery meteors arise: of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern wains; why winter suns make so much haste to set in the ocean, or what retarding cause detains the slow [summer] nights. The Tyrians redouble their applauses and the Trojans concur.

Meanwhile unhappy Dido, with varied converse, spun out the night, and drank long draughts of love, questioning much about Priam, much about Hector; now in what arms Aurora's son had come; now what were the excellences of Diomede's steeds; now how mighty was Achilles. Nay come, my guest, she says; and from the first origin relate to us the stratagems of the Greeks, the adventures of your friends, and your own wanderings; for now the seventh summer brings thee [to our coasts], through wandering mazes roaming o'er every land and sea.

BOOK II.

In the Second Book, Æneas, at the desire of Queen Dido, relates the fall of Troy, and his escape, through the general conflagration, to Mount Ida. A comparison with the poems of Petronius and Tryphodorus will repay the reader.

All became silent, and fixed their eyes upon him, eagerly attentive; then father Æneas thus from his lofty[1] couch began:

[90] Bitias and Iopas, African chiefs and suitors of Queen Dido.

[1] Anthon is wrong in supposing that "alto" has no positive meaning. It was customary to pile up the cushions and draperies of the couches, in order to form a favorable position for the speaker to be heard. Cf. Apul. Met. ii. p. 27, "Aggeratis in tumulum stragulis, et effultis in cubitum, suberectisque in torum—infit Telephon." B.

Unutterable woes, O queen, you urge me to renew: to tell how the Greeks overturned the power of Troy, and its deplorable realms: both what scenes of misery I myself beheld and those wherein I was a principal party. What Myrmidon,[2] or Dolopian, or who of hardened Ulysses'[3] band, can, in the very telling of such woes, refrain from tears? Besides, humid night is hastening down the sky, and the setting stars invite to sleep. But since you are so desirous of knowing our misfortunes, and briefly hearing the last effort of Troy, though my soul shudders at the remembrance, and hath shrunk back with grief, yet will I begin. The Grecian leaders, now disheartened by the war, and baffled by the Fates, after a revolution of so many years, [being assisted] by the divine skill of Pallas, build a horse the size of a mountain, and interweave its ribs with planks of fir. This they pretend to be an offering, in order to procure a safe return; which report spread. Hither having secretly conveyed a select band, chosen by lot, they shut them up into the dark sides, and fill its capacious caverns and womb with armed soldiers. In sight [of Troy] lies Tenedos,[4] an island well known by fame, and flourishing while Priam's kingdom stood: now only a bay, and a station unfaithful for ships. Having made this island, they conceal themselves in that desolate shore. We imagined they were gone, and that they had set sail for Mycenæ. In consequence of [this], all Troy is released from its long distress: the gates are thrown open; with joy we issue forth, and view the Grecian camp, the deserted plains, and the abandoned shore. Here were the Dolopian bands, there stern Achilles had pitched his tent; here were the ships drawn up, there they

[2] The Myrmidons and Dolopians inhabited Thessaly, and the borders of Epirus.

[3] Ulysses, the son of Laertes and Anticlea, king of the islands of Ithaca and Dulichium, and the husband of Penelope, was distinguished among the Grecian chiefs for superior prudence and cunning. After the fall of Troy, setting sail for his native country, he was exposed to incredible dangers and misfortunes, and at last reached home, without a single companion, after an absence of twenty years. The adventures of Ulysses, in his return to Ithaca from the Trojan war, are beautifully depicted by Homer, in the first twelve books of the Odyssey.

[4] Tenedos, a small but fertile island of the Ægean Sea, opposite Troy. Here the Greeks concealed themselves, to make the Trojans believe that they had abandoned the siege.

were wont to contend in array.[5] Some view with amazement that baleful offering of the virgin Minerva, and wonder at the stupendous bulk of the horse; and Thymœtes[6] first advised that it be dragged within the walls and lodged in the tower, whether with treacherous design, or that the destiny of Troy now would have it so. But Capys, and all whose[7] minds had wiser sentiments, strenuously urge either to throw into the sea the treacherous snare and suspected oblation of the Greeks; or by applying flames consume it to ashes; or to lay open and ransack the recesses of the hollow womb. The fickle populace is split into opposite inclinations. Upon this, Laocoon,[8] accompanied with a numerous troop, first before all, with ardor hastens down from the top of the citadel; and while yet a great way off, [cries out,] O wretched countrymen, what desperate infatuation is this? Do you believe the enemy gone? or think you any gift of the Greeks can be free from deceit? Is Ulysses thus known to you? Either the Greeks lie concealed within this wood, or it is an engine framed against our walls, to overlook our houses, and to come down upon our city; or some mischievous design lurks beneath it. Trojans, put no faith in this horse. Whatever it be, I dread the Greeks even when they bring gifts. Thus said, with valiant strength he hurled his massy spear against the sides and belly of the monster, where it swelled out with its jointed timbers; the weapon stood quivering, and the womb being shaken, the hollow caverns rang, and sent forth a groan. And had not the decrees of heaven [been adverse], if our minds had not been infatuated, he had prevailed on us to mutilate with the sword this dark recess of the Greeks; and thou, Troy, should still have stood,[9] and thou, lofty tower of Priam, now remained!

[5] "Acie." Some MSS. and Rufin. de Schem. lex. p. 33, have "acies." Cf. Oudendorp on Frontin. ii. 2. B.

[6] Thymœtes, a Trojan prince, whose wife and son were put to death by Priam; in revenge, he persuaded his countrymen to bring the wooden horse into the city.

[7] On the ellipse of the pronoun, cf. Oudend. on Lucan, x. 347. B.

[8] Laocoon, a son of Priam and Hecuba, and priest of Apollo, who, with his two sons, were destroyed by two enormous serpents, while he was sacrificing to Neptune. The punishment was believed to be inflicted upon him for his temerity in dissuading the Trojans to bring into the city the fatal wooden horse, and also for his impiety in hurling a javelin against its sides as it entered within the walls.

[9] But Wagner prefers "staret." B.

In the mean time, behold, Trojan shepherds, with loud acclamations, came dragging to the king a youth, whose hands were bound behind him; who, to them a mere stranger, had voluntarily thrown himself in the way, to promote this same design, and open Troy to the Greeks; a resolute soul, and prepared for either event, whether to execute his perfidious purpose, or submit to inevitable death. The Trojan youth pour tumultuously around from every quarter, from eagerness to see him, and they vie with one another in insulting the captive. Now learn the treachery of the Greeks, and from one crime take a specimen of the whole nation.[10] For as he stood among the gazing crowds perplexed, defenseless, and threw his eyes around the Trojan bands, Ah! says he, what land, what seas can now receive me? or to what further extremity can I, a forlorn wretch, be reduced, for whom there is no shelter any where among the Greeks? and to complete my misery, the Trojans too, incensed against me, sue for satisfaction with my blood. By which mournful accents our affections at once were moved toward him, and all our resentment suppressed: we exhort him to say from what race he sprung, to declare what message he brings, what confidence we may repose in him, now that he is our prisoner. Then he, having at length laid aside fear, thus proceeds: I indeed, O king, will confess to you the whole truth, says he, be the event what will; nor will I disown that I am of Grecian extraction: this I premise; nor shall it be in the power of cruel fortune, though she has made Sinon[11] miserable, to make him also false and disingenuous. If accidentally, in the course of report, the name of Palamedes,[12] the descendant of Belus, and

[10] Literally, "from one of their tricks learn what they all are." B.

[11] Sinon, a crafty Greek, who prevailed on the Trojans to admit into the city the wooden horse, which was filled with armed Greeks.

[12] Palamedes was the son of Nauplius, king of Eubœa, descended from Belus, king of Africa, by his grandmother Amymone, the daughter of Danaus. The story here referred to, is briefly thus: When Ulysses, to be exempt from going to the Trojan war, under pretense of madness, was plowing up the shore, and sowing it with salt, Palamedes laid down his son Telemachus in his way, and observing him to turn his plow aside, that he might not hurt the boy, by this stratagem discovered his madness to be counterfeit. For this Ulysses never could forgive him, and at last wrought his ruin, by accusing him of holding intelligence with the enemy: to support which charge he forged letters from Priam to Palamedes, which he pretended to have intercepted, and conveyed gold into his tent,

his illustrious renown, ever reached your ears (who, though innocent, the Greeks sent down to death, under a false accusation of treason, upon a villainous evidence, because he gave his opinion against the war; [but whom] now they mourn bereaved of the light); with him my poor father sent me in company to the war, from my earliest years, being his near relative. While he remained safe in the kingdom, and had weight in the counsels of the princes, I too bore some reputation and honor: [but] from the time that he, by the malice of the crafty Ulysses (they are well-known truths I speak), quitted the regions above, I distressed dragged out my life in obscurity and grief, and secretly repined at the fate of my innocent friend. Nor could I hold my peace, fool that I was, but vowed revenge, if fortune should any way give me the opportunity, if ever I should return victorious to my native Argos; and, by my words, I provoked bitter enmity. Hence arose the first symptom[13] of my misery; henceforth Ulysses was always terrifying me with new accusations; henceforth he began to spread ambiguous surmises among the vulgar, and, conscious [of his own guilt], sought the means of defense. Nor did he give over, till, by making Calchas[14] his tool—But why do I thus in vain unfold these disagreeables? or why do I lose time? If you place all the Greeks on the same footing, and your having heard that be enough [to undo me], this very instant strike the fatal blow: this the prince of Ithaca wishes, and the sons of Atreus would give large sums to purchase. Then, indeed, we grow impatient to know and to find out the causes, unacquainted with such consummate villainy and Grecian artifice. He proceeds with palpitation, and speaks in the falsehood of his heart. After quitting Troy, the Greeks sought often to surmount the difficulties of their return, and, tired out with the length of the war, to be gone. And I wish

alleging it was the bribe given him for his treason. Upon this presumption Palamedes was condemned by a council of war, and stoned to death. Vide Ovid. Met. xiii. 56. That Palamedes was thus taken off through a stratagem of Ulysses, was a fact probably well known to the Trojans, though they might be ignorant of the color for his being taken off. Sinon, therefore, to secure the attention and belief of his hearers, very artfully pretends that Palamedes was murdered, because he had dissuaded the Greeks from continuing the war against Troy.

[13] Literally, "plague-spot." B.

[14] Calchas, a famous soothsayer, who accompanied the Greeks to the Trojan war.

they had! Often did the rough tempest on the ocean bar their flight, and the south wind deterred them in their setting out. Especially when now this horse, framed of maple planks, was reared, storms roared through all the regions of the air. In perplexity we send Eurypylus[15] to consult the oracle of Apollo; and from the sacred shrine he brings back this dismal response: Ye appeased the winds, O ye Greeks, with the blood of a virgin slain,[16] when first you arrived on the Trojan coast; by blood must your return be purchased, and atonement made by the life of a Greek. Which intimation no sooner reached the ears of the multitude, than their minds were stunned, and freezing horror thrilled through their very bones; [anxious to know] whom the Fates destined, whom Apollo demanded. Upon this Ulysses drags forth Calchas the seer, with great bustle, into the midst of the crowd; importunes him to say what that will of the gods may be; and, by this time, many presaged[17] to me the cruel purpose of the dissembler, and quietly foresaw the event. He, for twice five days, is mute, and close shut up, refuses to give forth his declaration against any person, or doom him to death. At length, with much ado, teased by the importunate clamors of Ulysses, he breaks silence by concert, and destines me to the altar. All assented, and were content to have what each dreaded for himself, turned off to the ruin of one poor wretch. And now the rueful day approached; for me the sacred rites were prepared, and the salted cakes, and fillets [to bind] about my temples. From death, I own, I made my escape, and broke my bonds; and in a slimy fen all night I lurked obscure among the weeds, till they should set sail, if by chance they should

[15] Eurypylus, also a soothsayer in the Grecian camp before Troy.

[16] When the Grecian army was arrived at Aulis, ready to sail over the Hellespont to the siege of Troy, Diana, incensed against Agamemnon for killing one of her favorite deers, withheld the wind. Calchas, having consulted the oracles, reported that Iphigenia, Agamemnon's daughter, must fall a victim to appease Diana's wrath. Ulysses went and fetched the innocent fair, from the tender embraces of her mother, under color of her being to be married to Achilles. She was brought to the altar, and on the point of being sacrificed, when Calchas informed that Diana was satisfied with this act of submission, and consented to have a deer substituted in room of Iphigenia; but that she must be transported to Tauris, there to serve the goddess for life in quality of priestess.

[17] Canebant. Cf. Westerhov. on Ter Heut. ii. 3, 19, who remarks that it is an augurial word. B.

do so. Nor have I now any hope of being blessed with the sight of my ancient country, nor of my sweet children, and my much-beloved sire; whom they, perhaps, will sue to vengeance for my escape, and expiate this offense of mine by the death of those unhappy innocents. But I conjure you, by the powers above, by the gods who are conscious to truth, by whatever remains of inviolable faith are any where among mortals, compassionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate a soul suffering unworthy treatment.

At these tears we grant him his life, and pity him from our hearts. Priam himself first gives orders that the manacles and strait bonds be loosed from the man, then thus addresses him in the language of a friend: Whoever you are, now henceforth forget the Greeks you have lost; ours you shall be; and give me an ingenuous reply to these questions: To what purpose raised they this stupendous bulk of a horse? who was the contriver? or what do they intend? what was the religious motive? or what warlike engine is it? he said. The other, practiced in fraud and Grecian artifice, lifted up to heaven his hands, loosed from the bonds: To you, ye everlasting orbs of fire, he says, and your inviolable divinity; to you, ye altars, and horrid swords, which I escaped; and ye fillets of the gods, which I a victim wore; to you I appeal, that I am free to violate all the sacred obligations I was under to the Greeks; I am free to hold these men in abhorrence, and to bring forth to light all their dark designs; nor am I bound by any of the laws of my country. Only do thou, O Troy, abide by thy promises, and, being preserved, preserve thy faith; provided I disclose the truth, provided I make thee large amends.

The whole hope of the Greeks, and their confidence in the war begun, always depended upon the aid of Pallas: but when the sacrilegious Diomede, and Ulysses the contriver of wicked designs, in their attempt to carry off by force from her holy temple the fatal Palladium,[18] having slain the guards of her high tower, seized her sacred image, and with bloody hands dared to touch the virgin fillets of the goddess; from that day the hope of the Greeks began to ebb, and, losing footing, to

[18] Palladium, a celebrated statue of Pallas, said to have fallen from heaven upon Troy, and on the preservation of which depended the safety of that city.

decline: their powers were weakened, the mind of the goddess alienated: nor did Tritonia[19] show these indications [of her wrath] by dubious prodigies; for scarcely was the statue set up in the camp, when bright flames flashed from her staring eyeballs, and a briny sweat flowed over her limbs; and (wonderful to hear) she herself sprung thrice from the ground, armed as she was, with her shield and quivering spear. Forthwith Calchas declares, that we must attempt the seas in flight, and that Troy can never be razed by the Grecian sword, unless they repeat the omens at Argos, and carry back the goddess whom they had conveyed over the sea in their curved ships. And now, that they have sailed for their native Mycenæ with the wind, they are providing themselves with arms, and gods to accompany them; and, having measured back the sea, they will come upon you unexpected: so Calchas interprets the omens. This figure, being warned, they reared in lieu of the Palladium, in lieu of the violated goddess, in order to atone for their direful crime. But Calchas commanded to build this enormous mass, and raise it to the skies, that it might not be admitted into the gates, or dragged into the city, nor protect the people under their ancient religion. For [he declared that] if your hands should violate this offering sacred to Minerva, then signal ruin (which omen may the gods rather turn on himself!) awaited Priam's empire and the Trojans. But, if by your hands it mounted into the city, that Asia, without further provocation given, would advance with a formidable war to the very walls of Pelops, and our posterity be doomed to the same fate. By such treachery and artifice of perjured Sinon, the story was believed: and we, whom neither Diomede, nor Larissæan[20] Achilles, nor [a siege of] ten years, nor a thousand[21] ships, had subdued, were insnared by guile and constrained tears. Here another greater scene, and far more terrible, is presented to our wretched sight, and disturbs our unexpecting breasts. Laocoon, ordained Neptune's priest by lot, was sacrificing a stately bullock at the

[19] Tritonia, a surname of Minerva, from Tritonis, a lake and river of Africa, near which she had a temple.

[20] Larissæan, an epithet applied to Achilles, from Larissa, the capital city of Thessaly.

[21] See the commentators on Æsch. Ag. 45. Virgil speaks in round numbers, for the number of ships somewhat exceeded a thousand, but is variously stated. B.

altars set apart for that solemnity; when, lo! from Tenedos (I shudder at the relation) two serpents, with orbs immense, bear along on the sea, and with equal motion shoot forward to the shore; whose breasts erect amid the waves, and crests bedropped with blood, tower above the flood; their other parts sweep the sea behind, and wind their spacious backs in rolling spires. A loud noise is made by the briny ocean foaming: and now they reached the shores, and, suffused with fire and blood as to their glaring eyes, with quivering tongues licked their hissing mouths. Half-dead with the sight, we fly different ways. They, with resolute motion, advance toward Laocoon; and first both serpents, with close embraces, twine around the little bodies of his two sons, and with their fangs mangle their wretched limbs. Next they seize himself, as he is coming up with weapons to their relief, and bind him fast in their mighty folds; and now grasping him twice about the middle, twice winding their scaly backs around his neck, they overtop him by the head and lofty neck. He strains at once with his hands to tear asunder their knotted spires, while his fillets are stained with gore and black poison: at the same time he raises hideous shrieks to heaven; such bellowing as when a bull has fled wounded from the altar, and has eluded with his neck the missing ax. Meanwhile, the two serpents glide off to the high temple, and repair to the fane of stern Tritonia, and are sheltered under the feet of the goddess, and the orb of her buckler. Then, indeed, new terror diffuses itself through the quaking hearts of all; and they pronounce Laocoon to have deservedly suffered for his crime, in having violated the sacred wood with his pointed weapon, and hurled his profane spear against its sides. They urge with general voice to convey the statue to its proper seat, and implore the favor of the goddess. We make a breach in the walls, and lay open the bulwarks of the city. All keenly ply the work: and under the feet apply smooth-rolling wheels; stretch hempen ropes from the neck. The fatal machine passes over[22] our walls, pregnant with arms; boys and unmarried virgins accompany

[22] As it were "scales" the walls. Thus Ennius in Macr. Sat. vi. 2, "Nam maximo saltu superavit gravidus armatis equus." Cf. Stat. Silv. i. 1, 11 sqq. I need scarcely remark that the whole description has been copied by Tryphiodorus. B.

it with sacred hymns, and are glad to touch the rope with their hands. It advances, and with menacing aspect slides into the heart of the city. O country, O Ilium, the habitation of gods, and ye walls of Troy by war renowned! Four times it stopped in the very threshold of the gate, and four times the arms resounded in its womb: yet we, heedless, and blind with frantic zeal, urge on, and plant the baneful monster in the sacred citadel. Then, too, Cassandra,[23] by the inspiration of the god, opens her lips to our approaching doom, never believed by the Trojans. Unhappy we, to whom that day was to be the last, adorn the temples of the gods throughout the city with festive boughs. Meanwhile, the heavens change,[24] and night advances rapidly from the ocean, wrapping in her extended shade both earth and heaven, and the wiles of the Myrmidons. The Trojans, dispersed about the walls, were hushed: deep Sleep fast binds them weary in his embraces. And now the Grecian host, in their equipped vessels, set out from Tenedos, making toward the well-known shore, by the friendly silence of the quiet moonshine, as soon as the royal [galley] stern had exhibited the signal fire; and Sinon, preserved by the will of the adverse gods, in a stolen hour unlocks the wooden prison to the Greeks shut up in its womb: the horse, from his expanded caverns, pours them forth to the open air; and with joy issue from the hollow wood Thessandrus and Sthenelus the chiefs, and dire Ulysses, sliding down by a suspended rope, with Athamas and Thoas, Neoptolemus, the grandson of Peleus, and Machaon who led the way, with Menelaus, and Epeus the very contriver of the trick. They assault the city buried in sleep and wine. The sentinels are beaten down; and with opened gates they receive all their friends, and join the conscious bands. It was the time when the first sleep invades languid mortals, and steals upon them, by the gift of the gods, most sweet. In my sleep, lo! Hector, extremely sad, seemed to stand before my eyes, and to shed floods of tears; dragged, as formerly by the chariot, and black

[23] Cassandra, the daughter of Priam and Hecuba. According to the poets, she had the gift of prophecy, while none believed her predictions.

[24] This is according to the astronomy of the ancients, who supposed the heavens revolved round the earth, which remained stationary. On the time in which Troy was taken, cf. Petron. 89, p. 435. Tryph. 452 sqq. B.

with gory dust, and his swollen feet bored through with thongs. Ah me! in what piteous plight he was! how changed from that Hector who returned clad in the armor of Achilles, or darting Phrygian flames against the ships of Greece! wearing a grizzly beard, hair clotted with blood, and those many wounds which he had received under his native walls. I, methought, in tears addressed the hero first, and poured forth these mournful accents: O light[25] of Troy, O Trojans' firmest hope! what tedious causes have detained thee so long? Whence comest thou, my long-looked-for Hector? With what joy we behold thee after the many deaths of thy friends, after the various disasters of men and city! What unworthy cause has deformed the serenity of thy looks? or why do I behold these wounds? He [said] not a word; nor regards me, questioning of what nought availed; but heavily, from the bottom of his heart, drawing a groan! Ah! fly, thou goddess-born, he says, and snatch thyself from these flames: the enemy is in possession of the walls; Troy falls from its towering tops. To Priam, to my country, all duty has been done. Could those walls have been saved by the hand, by this same hand had they been saved. Troy commends to thee her sacred things, her gods: these take companions of thy fate; for these go in quest of a city, which, in process of time, you shall erect, larger of size, after a wandering voyage. He said, and with his own hands brings forth, from the inner temple, the fillets, the powerful Vesta, and the fire which always burned.

Meanwhile the city is filled with mingled scenes of woe; and though my father Anchises' house stood retired, and inclosed with trees, louder and louder the sounds rise on the ear, and the horrid din of arms assails. I start from sleep, and, by hasty steps, gain the highest battlement of the palace, and stand with erect ears: as when a flame is driven by the furious south winds on standing corn; or as a torrent impetuously bursting in a mountain-flood desolates the fields, desolates the rich crops of corn, and the labors of the ox, and drags woods headlong down: the unwary shepherd, struck with the sound

[25] A beautiful imitation of Ennius, as quoted by Macrob. Sat. vi. 2, "O lux Trojæ, germane Hector. Quid ita cum tuo lacerato corpore miser? Aut qui te sic respectantibus Tractavere nobis?" So Quintus Calaber i. 12, calls Hector ἦμαρ πόλεων. B.

from the top of a high rock, stands amazed. Then, indeed, the truth is confirmed, and the treachery of the Greeks disclosed. Now Deiphobus'[26] spacious house tumbles down, overpowered by the conflagration; now, next to him, Ucalegon'[27] blazes: the straits of Sigæum[28] shine far and wide with the flames. The shout of men and clangor of trumpets arise. My arms I snatch in mad haste: nor is there in arms enough of reason: but all my soul burns to collect a troop for the war, and rush into the citadel with my fellows: fury and rage hurry on my mind, and it occurs to me how glorious it is to die in arms. Lo! then Pantheus, escaped from the sword of the Greeks, Pantheus, the son of Othrys, priest of the citadel and of Apollo, is hurrying away[29] with him the holy utensils, the conquered gods, and his little grandchild, and makes for the shore in distraction. How is it, Pantheus, with the main affair? what fortress do we seize? I had scarcely spoken, when, with a groan, he thus replies: Our last day is come, and the inevitable doom of Troy: we are Trojans no more: adieu to Ilium, and the high renown of Teucer's race: fierce Jupiter hath transferred all to Argos: the Greeks bear rule in the burning city. The towering horse, planted in the midst of our streets, pours forth armed troops; and Sinon victorious with insolent triumph scatters the flames. Others are pressing at our wide-opened[30] gates, as many thousands as ever came from populous Mycenæ: others with arms have blocked up the lanes to oppose our passage; the edged sword, with glittering point, stands unsheathed, ready for dealing death: hardly the foremost wardens of the gates make an effort to fight, and resist in the blind encounter. By these words of Pantheus, and by the impulse of the gods, I hurry

[26] Deiphobus, a son of Priam and Hecuba, eminently distinguished himself in the Trojan war, and after the death of his brother Paris, married Helen.

[27] Ucalegon, a Trojan chief, praised for the soundness of his counsels, and his good intentions, though accused by some of betraying his country to the Greeks.

[28] Sigæum, a famous promontory of Troas, at the entrance of the Hellespont, where the Scamander fell into the sea. Here was the tomb of Achilles, and near it were fought many of the battles between the Greeks and the Trojans.

[29] But "trahere" is properly used of little children, who follow with difficulty. Curt. iii. 13, 12. B.

[30] *i. e.* "having both valves open." B.

away into flames and arms; whither the grim Fury, whither the din and shrieks that rend the skies, urge me on. Ripheus,[31] and Iphitus, mighty in arms, join me; Hypanis and Dymas coming up with us by the light of the moon, and closely adhere[32] to my side; and also young Corœbus,[33] Mygdon's son, who at that time had chanced to come to Troy, inflamed with a mad passion for Cassandra, and [in prospect, his] son-in-law, brought assistance to Priam and the Trojans. Ill-fated youth, who heeded not the admonitions of his raving spouse! Whom, close united, soon as I saw resolute to engage, to animate them the more I thus begin: "Youths, souls magnanimous in vain! if it is your determined purpose to follow me in this last attempt, you see what is the situation of our affairs. All the gods, by whom this empire stood, have deserted their shrines and altars abandoned [to the enemy]: you come to the relief of the city in flames: let us meet death, and rush[34] into the thickest of our armed foes. The only safety for the vanquished is to throw away all hopes of safety." Thus the courage of each youth is kindled into fury. Then, like ravenour wolves[35] in a gloomy fog, whom the fell rage of hunger hath driven forth, blind to danger, and whose whelps left behind long for their return with thirsting jaws; through arms, through enemies, we march up to imminent death, and advance through the middle of a city: sable Night hovers around us with her hollow shade. Who can describe in words the havoc, who the deaths of that night? or who can furnish tears equal to the disasters? Our ancient city, having borne sway for many years, falls to the ground: great numbers of sluggish carcasses are

[31] Ripheus was distinguished for his love of justice; having joined Æneas the night that Troy was burned, he was, after a brave resistance, slain by the Greeks. Dymas: this brave Trojan also joined Æneas; but, being dressed in Grecian armor, was, through mistake, killed by his countrymen.

[32] *i. e.* "implicare." Ninus i. s. v. "agglomerare." B.

[33] Corœbus, a Phrygian, son of Mygdon, the brother of Hecuba. He assisted Priam in the Trojan war, with the hopes of being rewarded with the hand of Cassandra, who advised him in vain to retire from the war. He was slain by Peneleus.

[34] On the supposition that the gods deserted a captured city, cf. Æsch. Sept. c. Th. 204, *ἀλλ' οὖν θεοὺς τοὺς τῆς αλούσης, πόλεος ἐκλείπειν λόγος.* See the notes, and Northmore on Tryphiod. 508. B.

[35] *ὕστερον πρότερον*, as Servius rightly remarks. So in Eur. Hec. 50, *τοῦτόν ποτ' ἔτεκον κἄφερον ζώνης ὕπο.* B.

strewn up and down, both in the streets, in the houses, and the sacred thresholds of the gods. Nor do the Trojans alone pay the penalty with their blood: the vanquished too, at times, resume courage in their hearts, and the victorious Grecians fall: every where is cruel sorrow, every where terror and death in thousand shapes.[36] Androgeos first comes up with us, accompanied by a numerous band of Greeks, unadvisedly imagining that we were confederate troops; and he introduces himself to us with this friendly address: Haste, men; what so tardy sloth detains you? Others tear and plunder the blazing towers of Troy: are you but just come from your lofty ships? He said, and instantly perceived (for we returned him no very trusty answer) that he had stumbled[37] into the midst of foes. He was confounded, and with his words recalled his step. As one who, in his walk, hath trodden upon a snake unseen in the rough thorns, and in fearful haste hath started back from him, while he is collecting all his rage, and swelling his azure crest; just so Androgeos, terrified at the sight [of us], began to withdraw. We rush in, and pour around with arms close joined, and knock them down here and there, strangers as they were to the place, and possessed with fear: fortune smiles upon our first enterprise. Upon this Corœbus, exulting with success and courage, cried out, My fellows, where fortune thus early points out our way to safety, and where she shows herself propitious, let us follow. Let us exchange shields, and fit to ourselves the badges of the Greeks: whether stratagem or valor, who questions in an enemy? they themselves will supply us with arms. This said, he puts on the crested helmet of Androgeos, and the rich ornament of his shield, and buckles to his side a Grecian sword. The same does Ripheus, the same does Dymas too, and all the youth well pleased: each arms himself with the recent spoils. We march on, mingling with the Greeks, but not with heaven on our side; and in many a skirmish we engage during the dark night: many of the Greeks we send down to Hades. Some fly to the ships, and hasten to the trusty shore; some, through dishonest fear, scale once more the bulky horse, and lurk

[36] Thucyd. i. 81, *πᾶσά τε ἰδέα κατέστη θανάτου*. Cf. Tryphiodor. 573, sqq. B.

[37] For the construction compare Muret. on Catull. iv. 2, "Ait fuisse navium celerrimus." Soph. Ant. 87. Trach. 5.

within the well-known womb. Alas! on nothing ought man to presume, while the gods are against him! Lo! Cassandra, Priam's virgin daughter, with her hair disheveled, was dragged along from the temple and shrine of Minerva, raising to heaven her glaring eyes in vain; her eyes—for cords bound her tender hands. Corœbus, in the madness of his soul, could not bear this spectacle, and, resolved to perish, threw himself into the midst of the band. We all follow, and rush upon them in close array. Upon this we are first overpowered with the darts of our friends from the high summit of the temple, and a most piteous slaughter ensues, through the appearance of our arms, and the disguise of our Grecian crests. Next the Greeks, through anguish and rage for the rescue of the virgin, fall upon us in troops from every quarter; Ajax, most fierce, both the sons of Atreus, and the whole band of the Dolopes: as, at times, in a burst hurricane, opposite winds encounter, the west and south, and Eurus, proud of his eastern steeds; the woods creak, foaming Nereus rages with his trident, and rouses the seas from the lowest bottom. They, too, whom, through the shades, in the dusky night, we by stratagem had routed, and driven all over the city, make their appearance; they are the first who discover our shields and counterfeit arms, and mark our voices in sound discordant with their own. In a moment we are overpowered by numbers; and first Corœbus sinks in death by the hand of Peneleus, at the altar of the warrior-goddess: Ripheus, too, falls, the most just among the Trojans, and of the strictest integrity; but to the gods it seemed otherwise.[38] Hypanis and Dymas die by the cruel darts of their own friends, nor did thy signal piety, nor the fillets of Apollo, save thee, Pantheus, in thy dying hour. Ye ashes of Troy, ye expiring flames of my country! witness, that in your fall I shunned neither darts nor any deadly chances[39] of the Greeks; and, had it been fated that I should fall, I deserved it by my hand. Thence we are forced away, Iphitus, Pelias, and myself (of whom Iphitus was now unwieldy through age, and Pelias disabled by a wound from Ulysses), forthwith to Priam's palace called by the outcries. Here, indeed, [we beheld] a dreadful fight, as

[38] *i. e.* "contra," as explained by Donatus on Ter. Andr. Prol. 4. There is an ellipse of, "such should have been his fate, but," etc. B.

[39] *i. e.* "pœnas," says Burm. on Propert. i. 13, 10. B.

though this had been the only seat of the war, as though none had been dying in all the city besides; with such ungoverned fury we see Mars raging and the Greeks rushing forward to the palace, and the gates besieged by an advancing testudo. Scaling ladders are fixed against the walls and by their steps they mount to the very door-posts, and protecting themselves by their left arms, oppose their bucklers to the darts, [while] with their right hands they grasp the battlements. On the other hand, the Trojans tear down the turrets and roofs of their houses; with these weapons, since they see the extremity, they seek to defend themselves now in their last death-struggle, and tumble down the gilded rafters, those stately ornaments of their ancestors: others with drawn swords beset the gates below; these they guard in a firm, compact body. Our ardor is restored to relieve the royal palace, support our friends with aid, and impart fresh strength to the vanquished. There was a passage, a secret entry, a free communication between the palaces of Priam, a neglected postern-gate, by which unfortunate Andromache,[40] while the kingdom stood, was often wont to resort to her parents-in-law without retinue, and to lead the boy Astyanax to his grand-sire. I mount up to the roof of the highest battlement, whence the distressed Trojans were hurling unavailing darts. With our swords assailing all around a turret, situated on a precipice, and shooting up its towering top to the stars (whence we were wont to survey all Troy, the fleet of Greece, and all the Grecian camp), where the topmost story made the joints more apt to give way,[41] we tear it from its deep foundation, and push it on [our foes]. Suddenly tumbling down, it brings thundering desolation with it, and falls with wide havoc on the Grecian troops. But others succeed: meanwhile, neither stones, nor any sort of missile weapons, cease to fly. Just before the vestibule, and at the outer gate, Pyrrhus exults, glittering in arms and gleamy brass; as when a snake [comes forth] to light, having fed on noxious herbs, whom, bloated [with poison], the frozen winter hid under the earth, now renewed, and sleek with youth, after casting his skin, with breast erect he rolls up his slippery back, reared to the sun, and brandishes a

[40] Andromache, the daughter of Ætion, king of Thebes, in Mysia, and the wife of Hector, by whom she had Astyanax.

[41] It must be remembered that this tower was of wood. See Anthon.

three-forked tongue in his mouth. At the same time bulky Periphas and Automedon, charioteer to Achilles, [now Pyrrhus'] armor-bearer; at the same all the youth from Scyros advance to the wall, and toss brands to the roof. Pyrrhus himself in the front, snatching up a battle-ax, beats through the stubborn gates, and labors to tear the brazen posts from the hinges; and now, having hewn away the bars, he dug through the firm boards, and made a large, wide-mouthed breach. The palace within is exposed to view, and the long galleries are discovered; the sacred recesses of Priam and the ancient kings are exposed to view; and they see armed men standing at the gate.

As for the inner palace, it is filled with mingled groans and doleful uproar, and the hollow rooms all throughout howl with female yells: their shrieks strike the golden stars. Then the trembling matrons roam through the spacious halls, and in embraces hug the door-posts, and cling to them with their lips.[42] Pyrrhus[43] presses on with all his father's violence: nor bolts, nor guards themselves, are able to sustain. The gate, by repeated battering blows, gives way, and the door-posts, torn from their hinges, tumble to the ground. The Greeks make their way by force, burst a passage, and, being admitted, butcher the first they meet, and fill the places all about with their troops. Not with such fury a river pours on the fields its heavy torrent, and sweeps away herds with their stalls over all the plains, when foaming it has burst away from its broken banks, and borne down opposing mounds with its whirling current. I myself have beheld Neoptolemus raving with bloody rage, and the two sons of Atreus at the gate: I have beheld Hecuba, and her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam at the altar, defiling with his blood the fires which himself had consecrated.[44] Those fifty bed-chambers, so great hopes of descendants, those doors, that proudly shone with barbaric gold and spoils, were leveled with the ground: where the flames relent, the Greeks take place.

Perhaps, too, you are curious to hear what was Priam's

[42] Cf. Soph. Phil. 535, *ἰωμεν, ὦ παῖ, προσκύσαντε τὴν ἔσω Αοικον εἰσοἰκησιν.* B.

[43] Pyrrhus, also called Neoptolemus, was the son of Achilles and Deidamia daughter of King Lycomedes. His cruelty exceeded even that of his father.

[44] Ennius in Cicer. T. Q. iii. in Scriver. Coll. p. 19, "Hæc omnia vidi inflammari: Priamo vi vitam evitari: Jovis aram sanguine turpari." B.

fate. As soon as he beheld the catastrophe of the taken city, and his palace-gates broken down, and the enemy planted in the middle of his private apartments, the aged monarch, with unavailing aim, buckles on his shoulders (trembling with years) arms long disused, girds himself with his useless sword, and rushes into the thickest of the foes, resolute on death. In the center of the palace,[45] and under the bare canopy of heaven, stood a large altar, and an aged laurel near it, overhanging the altar, and encircling the household gods with its shade. Here Hecuba and her daughters (like pigeons flying precipitantly from a blackening tempest) crowded together, and embracing the shrines of the gods, vainly sat round the altars. But as soon as she saw Priam clad in youthful arms, unhappy spouse, she cries, What dire purpose has prompted thee to brace on these arms? or whither art thou hurrying? The present conjuncture hath no need of such aid, nor such defense: though even my Hector himself were here [it would not avail]. Hither repair, now that all hope is lost; this altar will protect us all, or here you [and we] shall die together. Having thus said, she took the old man to her embraces, and placed him on the sacred seat. But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, who had escaped from the sword of Pyrrhus, through darts, through foes, flies along the long galleries, and wounded traverses the waste halls. Pyrrhus, all on fire, pursues him with the hostile weapon, is just grasping him with his hand, and presses on him with the spear. Soon as he at length got into the sight and presence of his parents, he dropped down, and poured out his life with a stream of blood. Upon this, Priam, though now held in the very midst of death, yet did not forbear, nor spared his tongue and passion: But[46] may the gods, he cries, if there be any justice in heaven to regard such events, give ample retribution and due reward for this wickedness, for these thy audacious crimes, to thee who hast made me to witness[47] the death of my own son, and defiled a father's eyes with the sight of

[45] The *impluvium* is meant, Priam's palace forming a square court. Cf. Athen. v. 3, Ὁμηρὸς δὲ τὴν αὐλὴν ἀεὶ τάττει ἐπὶ τῶν ὑπαιθρων τόπων, ἐνθα ἦν ὁ τοῦ Ἑρκείου Ζηνὸς βωμός. B.

[46] For this use of "at" in reproaches, cf. Ovid. Her. xii. 1, "At tibi Colchorum (memini) regina vacavi." Catull. iii. 13, "At vobis male sit, malæ tenebræ." B.

[47] "Cernere fecisti" is a Lucretian form of expression. Cf. Lucr. iii. 101; "faciat vivere," 302, vi. 261. B.

blood: yet he from whom you falsely claim your birth, even Achilles was not thus barbarous to Priam,[48] though his enemy, but paid some reverence to the laws of nations, and a suppliant's right, restored my Hector's lifeless corpse to be buried, and sent me back into my kingdom. Thus spoke the old man, and, without any force, threw a feeble dart: which was instantly repelled by the hoarse brass, and hung on the highest boss of the buckler without any execution. To whom Pyrrhus replies, These tidings then yourself shall bear, and go with the message to my father, the son of Peleus: forget not to inform him of my cruel deeds, and of his degenerate son Neoptolemus: now die. With these words he dragged him to the very altar, trembling and sliding in the streaming gore of his son: and with his left hand grasped his twisted hair, and with his right unsheathed his glittering sword, and plunged it into his side up to the hilt. Such was the end of Priams's fate: this was the final doom allotted to him, having before his eyes Troy consumed, and its towers laid in ruins; once the proud monarch over so many nations and countries of Asia: now his mighty trunk lies extended on the shore, the head torn from the shoulders, and a nameless corpse.[49] Then, and not till then, fierce horror assailed me round: I stood aghast; the image of my dear father arose to my mind, when I saw the king, of equal age, breathing out his soul by a cruel wound; Creüsa,[50] forsaken, came into mind, my rifled house, and the fate of the little Iülus. I look about and survey what troops were to stand by me. All had left me through despair, and flung their fainting bodies to the ground, or gave them to the flames. And thus now I remained all alone, when I espy Helen keeping watch in the temple of Vesta, and silently lurking in a secret corner: the bright flames give me light as I am roving on, and throwing my eyes around on every object. She, the common Fury of Troy and her country, dreading the Trojans, her deadly foes, upon account of their ruined country, and the vengeance of the Greeks, with

[48] "In hoste" is for "erga hostem." See Broukh. on Tibull. iii. 6, 19. B.

[49] See my note on Æsch. Choeph. 437. B.

[50] Creüsa, daughter of Priam, and the wife of Æneas, who was lost in the streets of Troy, when Æneas made his escape with his father Anchises and his son Ascanius.

the fierce resentment of her deserted lord, had hidden herself, and was sitting near the altars, an odious sight. Flames were kindled in my soul: rage possessed me to avenge my falling country, and take the vengeance her guilt deserved. Shall she then with impunity behold Sparta and her country Mycenæ, and go off a queen, after she has gained her triumph? shall she see her marriage-bed, her home, her fathers, her sons, accompanied with a retinue of Trojan dames and Phrygian women her slaves? shall Priam have fallen by the sword, shall Troy have burned with the flame, shall the Trojan shore so often be drenched in blood? It must not be so: for though there be no memorable name in punishing a woman, nor any honor in such a victory, yet shall I be applauded for having extinguished a wicked wretch, and for inflicting on her the punishment she deserves: besides, it will be a pleasure to gratify my desire of burning revenge, and to give satisfaction to the ashes of my friends. Thus was I rapidly reflecting, and furiously agitated in my soul, when my benign mother presented herself to my view with such brightness as I had never seen before, and amid the night shone forth in pure light, displaying all the goddess, with such dignity, such stature, as she is wont to show to the immortals: she restrained me fast held by the right hand, and besides, let fall these words from her rosy lips: My son, what high provocation kindles thy ungoverned rage? why art thou raving? or whither art thy regards to me fled? Will you not first see in what situation you have left your father Anchises, encumbered with age? whether your spouse Creüsa be in life, and the boy Ascanius, around whom the Grecian troops from every quarter reel? and, do not my care oppose, the flames will have already carried off, or the cruel sword imbibed their blood. Not the features of Lacedæmonian Helen, odious in your eyes, nor Paris blamed; but the gods, the unrelenting gods, overthrow this powerful realm, and level the towering tops of Troy with the ground. Turn your eyes; for I will dissipate every cloud which now, intercepting the view, bedims your mortal sight, and spreads a humid vail of mist around you: fear not you the commands of a parent, nor refuse to obey her orders. Here, where you see scattered ruins, and stones torn from stones, and smoke in waves ascending with mingled dust, Neptune shakes the walls and foundations

loosened by his mighty trident, and overturns the whole city from its basis. Here Juno, extremely fierce, is posted in the front to guard the Scæan[51] gate, and girt with the sword, with furious summons calls from the ships her social band. Tritonian Pallas (see!) hath now planted herself on a lofty turret, refulgent in a cloud, and with her Gorgon[52] terrible. The Sire himself supplies the Greeks with courage and strength for victory: himself stirs up the gods against the arms of Troy. Speed thy flight, my son, and put a period to thy toils. In every danger I will stand by you, and safe set you down in your father's palace. She said, and hid herself in the thick shades of night. Direful forms appear, and the mighty powers of the gods, adverse to Troy. Then, indeed, all Ilium seemed to me at once to sink in the flames, and Troy, built by Neptune, to be overturned from its lowest foundation: even as when with emulous keenness the swains labor to fell an ash that long hath stood on a high mountain, hewing it about with iron and many an ax, ever and anon it threatens, and waving its locks,[53] nods with its shaken top, till gradually by wounds subdued, it hath groaned its last, and torn from the ridge of the mountain, draws along with it ruin. Down I come, and under the conduct of the god, clear my way amid flames and foes: the darts give place, and the flames retire. And now, when arrived at the gates of my paternal seat and ancient house, my father, whom I was desirous first to remove to the high mountains, and whom I first sought, obstinately refuses to prolong his life after the ruin of Troy, and to suffer exile. You, says he, who are full of youthful blood, and whose powers

51 Scæan gate, one of the gates of Troy, where the tomb of Laomedon was seen.

52 Gorgon, Medusa, whose head Perseus cut off and presented to Minerva, who placed it on her ægis, with which she turned into stone all such as fixed their eyes upon it. The Gorgons were the three daughters of Phorcys and Ceto; their hair, according to the ancients, was entwined with serpents. Medusa was the only one of them who was subject to mortality.

53 Comam—nutat. Virgil, considering a tree in analogy to the human body, calls the extended boughs its arms, brachia, Georg. ii. 296, 368, and here its leaves, comam, hair, or locks. So also Milton, Paradise Lost, x. 1065,

> ——————while the winds
> Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
> Of those fair spreading trees——————

remain firm in all their strength, do you attempt your flight. As for me, had the powers of heaven designed I should prolong my life, they had preserved to me this house: enough it is, and more than enough, that I have seen one catastrophe, and outlived the taking of this city. Thus, oh leave me thus with the last farewell to my body laid in its dying posture. With this hand will I find death myself. The enemy will pity me, and lust for my spoils. Trivial is the loss of sepulture. I have long since been lingering out a length of years, hated by the gods, and useless from the time when the father of gods, and sovereign of men, blasted me with the winds of his thunder, and struck me with lightning.

Such purpose declaring, he persisted, and remained unalterable. On the other hand, I, my wife Creüsa, Ascanius, and the whole family bursting forth into tears, [besought] my father not to involve all with himself, nor hasten our impending fate. He still refuses, and perseveres in his purpose, and in the same settled position. Once more I fly to my arms, and, in extremity of distress, long for death: for what expedient had I left, or what chance of hope? Could you hope, sire, that I could stir one foot while you were left behind? could such impiety drop from a parent's lips? If it is the will of the gods that nothing of this great city be preserved; if this be your settled purpose, and you will even involve yourself and yours in the wreck of Troy; the way lies open to that death of which you are so fond. Forthwith Pyrrhus, [reeking] from the effusion of Priam's blood, will be here, who kills the son before the father's eyes, and then the father at the altar. Was it for this, my benign mother, you saved me through darts, through flames, to see the enemy in the midst of these recesses, and to see Ascanius, my father, and Creüsa by his side, butchered in one another's blood? Arms, my men, bring arms; this day, which is our last, calls upon us, vanquished as we are. Give me back to the Greeks: let me visit once more the fight renewed: never shall we all die unrevenged this day.[51]

Thus I again gird on my sword: and I thrust my left hand into my buckler, bracing it fitly on, and rushed out of the palace. But lo! my wife clung to me in the threshold, grasp-

[51] Donatus quotes this line to illustrate the threatening use of "hodie," on Ter. Andr. i. 2, 25; ii. 4, 7, etc. So Plaut. Curc. v. 3, 11. B.

ing my feet, and held out to his father the little Iülus: If, [says she,] you go with a resolution to perish, snatch us with you to share all: but if, from experience you repose confidence in those arms you have assumed, let this house have your first protection: To whom are you abandoning the tender Iülus, your sire, and me once called your wife? Thus loudly expostulating, she filled the whole palace with her groans, when a sudden and wondrous prodigy arises: for amid the embraces and parting words of his mourning parents, lo! the fluttering tuft from the top of Iülus' head is seen to emit light, and with gentle touch the lambent flame glides harmless along his hair, and feeds around his temples. We, quaking, trembled for fear, brush the blazing locks, and quench the holy fire with fountain-water. But father Anchises[55] joyful raised his eyes to the stars, and stretched his hands to heaven with his voice; Almighty Jove, if thou art moved with any supplications, vouchsafe to regard us; we ask no more: and O sire, if by our piety we deserve it, grant us then thy aid, and ratify these omens. Scarcely had my aged sire thus said, when, with a sudden peal, it thundered on the left, and a star, that fell from the skies, drawing a fiery train, shot through the shade with a profusion of light. We could see it, gliding over the high tops of the palace, lose itself in the woods of Mount Ida, full in our view, and marking out the way: then all along its course an indented path shines, and all the place, a great way round, smokes with sulphureous steams. And now my father, overcome, raises himself to heaven, addresses the gods, and pays adoration to the holy star: Now, now is no delay: I am all submission, and where you lead the way I am with you. Ye gods of my fathers, save our family, save my grandson. From you this omen came, and Troy is at your disposal. Now, son, I resign myself indeed, nor refuse to accompany you in your expedition. He said, and now throughout the city the flames are more distinctly heard, and the conflagration rolls the torrents of fire nearer. Come then, dearest father, place yourself on my neck; with these shoulders will I support you, nor shall that burden oppress me. However things fall out, we both shall share either

[55] Anchises, the son of Capys, by Themis, daughter of Ilus. His son Æneas saved his life by carrying him on his shoulders through the flames, when Troy was on fire.

one common danger or one preservation: let the boy Iülus be my companion, and my wife may trace my steps at some distance. Ye servants, heedfully attend to what I say. In your way from the city is a rising ground, and an ancient temple of deserted Ceres;[56] and near it an aged cypress, preserved for many years by the religious veneration of our forefathers. To this one seat by several ways we will repair. Do you, father, take in thy hand the sacred symbols, and the gods of our country. For me, just come from war, from so fierce and recent bloodshed, to touch them would be profanation, till I have purified myself in the living stream. This said, I spread a garment and a tawny lion's hide over my broad shoulders and submissive neck; and stoop to the burthen: little Iülus is linked in my right hand, and trips after his father with unequal steps: my sponse comes up behind. We haste away through the gloomy paths: and I, whom lately no showers of darts could move, nor Greeks inclosing me in a hostile band, am now terrified with every breath of wind;[57] every sound alarms me anxious, and equally in dread for my companion and my burthen. By this time I approached the gates, and thought I had overpassed all the way, when suddenly a thick sound of feet seems to invade my ears just at hand; and my father, stretching his eyes through the gloom, calls aloud, Fly, fly, my son, they are upon you: I see the burnished shields and glittering brass. Here, in my consternation, some unfriendly deity or other confounded and bereaved me of my reason; for while in my journey I traced the by-paths, and forsake the known beaten tracks, alas! I know not whether my wife Creüsa was snatched from wretched me by cruel fate, or lost her way, or through fatigue stopped short; nor did these eyes ever see her more. Nor did I observe that she was lost, or reflect with myself, till we were come to the rising ground, and the sacred seat of ancient Ceres: here, at length, when all were convened, she alone was wanting, and gave disappointment to all our retinue, especially to her son and husband. Whom did I frantic not accuse, of gods or men? or of what more cruel scene was I a spectator in all the desolation of the city? To my friends I commended Ascanius,

[56] *i. e.* neglected during the war. See Anthon. B.

[57] Silius vi. 58. "Sonus omnis et aura Exterrent, pennaque levi commota volucris." B.

my father Anchises, with the gods of Troy, and lodge them secretly in a winding valley. I myself repair back to the city, and brace on my shining armor. I am resolved to renew every adventure, revisit all the quarters of Troy, and expose my life once more to all dangers. First of all, I return to the walls, and the dark entry of the gate by which I had set out, and backward unravel my steps with care amid the darkness, and run them over with my eye. Horror on all sides, and at the same time the very silence affrights my soul. Thence homeward I bent my way, lest by chance, by any chance, she had moved thither: the Greeks had now rushed in, and were masters of the whole house. In a moment the devouring conflagration is rolled up in sheets by the wind to the lofty roof; the flames mount above; the fiery whirlwind rages to the skies. I advance, and revisit Priam's royal seat, and the citadel. And now in the desolate cloisters, Juno's sanctuary, Phœnix and the execrable Ulysses, a chosen guard, were watching the booty: hither, from all quarters, the precious Trojan movables, saved from the conflagration of the temples, the tables of the gods, the massy golden goblets, and plundered vestments, are amassed: boys, and timorous matrons, stand all around in a long train. Now adventuring even to dart my voice through the shades, I filled the streets with outcry, and in anguish, with vain repetition, again and again, called on Creüsa. While I was in this search, and with incessant fury ranging through all quarters of the town, the mournful ghost and shade of my Creüsa's self appeared before my eyes, her figure larger than I had known it. I stood aghast! my hair rose on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. Then thus she bespeaks me, and relieves my cares with these words: My darling spouse, what pleasure have you thus to indulge in grief which is but madness? These events do not occur without the will of the gods. It is not allowed you to carry Creüsa hence to accompany you, nor is it permitted by the great ruler of heaven supreme. In long banishment you must roam, and plow the vast expanse of the ocean: to the land of Hesperia you shall come, where the Lydian[53] Tiber, with his gentle current, glides through a rich land of

[53] Lydian Tiber; the epithet is applied to the Tiber, because it passes along the borders of Etruria, whose inhabitants were once a Lydian colony.

heroes. There, prosperous state, a crown, and royal spouse, await you: dry up your tears for your beloved Creüsa. I, of Dardanus' noble line, and the daughter-in-law of divine Venus, shall not see the proud seats of the Myrmidons and Dolopes, nor go to serve the Grecian dames; but the great mother of the gods detains me upon these coasts. And now farewell, and preserve your affection to our common son.

With these words she left me in tears, ready to say many things, and vanished into thin air. There thrice I attempted to throw my arms around her neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped my hold, swift as the winged winds, and resembling most a fleeting dream. Thus having spent the night, I at length revisit my associates. And here, to my surprise, I found a great confluence of new companions: matrons, and men, and youths, drawn together to share our exile, a piteous throng! From all sides they convened, resolute [to follow me] with their souls and fortunes, and whatever country I was inclined to conduct them over the sea. By this time, the bright morning star was rising on the craggy tops of lofty Ida, and ushered in the day: the Greeks held the entrance of the gates blocked up; nor had we any prospect of relief. I gave way, and bearing up my father, made toward the mountain.

BOOK III.

In the Third Book, Æneas continues his narration, by a minute account of his voyage, the places he visited, and the perils he encountered, from the time of leaving the shores of Troas, until he landed at Drepanum, in Sicily, where he buried his father.—This Book which comprehends a period of about seven years, ends with the dreadful storm, with the description of which the First Book opened.

After it had seemed fit to the gods to overthrow the power of Asia, and Priam's race, undeserving [of such a fate], and stately Ilium fell, and while the whole of Troy, built by Neptune, smokes on the ground; we are determined, by revelations from the gods, to go in quest of distant retreats in exile, and unpeopled lands; we fit out a fleet just under the walls of Antandros[1] and the mountains of Phrygian Ida; and draw our forces together, uncertain whether the Fates point our way, where it shall be given us to settle. Scarcely had the first

[1] Antandros, a city of Troas, in the Gulf of Adramyttium.

summer begun, when my father Anchises gave command to hoist the sails, in accordance with the Fates. Then with tears I leave the shores and ports of my country, and the plains where Troy once stood: an exile I launch forth into the deep, with my associates, my son, my household gods, and the great gods [of my country].

At a distance lies a martial land, peopled throughout its wide-extended plains (the Thracians cultivate the soil), over which in former times fierce Lycurgus[2] reigned: an ancient hospitable retreat for Troy, and whose gods were leagued with ours, while fortune was with us. Hither I am carried, and erect my first walls along the winding shore, entering with Fates unkind; and from my own name I call the citizens Æneades. I was performing sacred rites to my mother Venus, and the gods, the patrons of my works begun; and to the exalted king of the immortals I was sacrificing a sleek bull on the shore. Near at hand there chanced to be a rising ground, on whose top were young cornel-trees, and a myrtle rough with thick spear-like branches. I came up to it, and attempting to tear from the earth the verdant wood, that I might cover the altars with the leafy boughs, I observe a dreadful prodigy, and wondrous to relate. For from that tree which first is torn from the soil, its rooted fibers being burst asunder, drops of black blood distill, and stain the ground with gore: cold terror shakes my limbs, and my chill blood is congealed with fear. I again essay to tear off a limber bough from another, and thoroughly explore the latent cause: and from the rind of that other the purple blood descends. Raising in my mind many an anxious thought, I with reverence besought the rural nymphs, and father Mars, who presides over the Thracian territories, kindly to prosper the vision[3] and avert evil from the omen. But when I attempted the boughs a third time with a more vigorous effort, and on my knees struggled against the opposing mold (shall I speak, or shall I forbear?) a piteous groan is heard from the bottom of the rising ground, and a voice sent forth reaches my ears: Æneas, why dost thou

[2] Lycurgus, a king of Thrace, son of Dryas, who, it is said, drove Bacchus out of his kingdom.

[3] For "visa," which is used in the same phrase by Silius, viii. 124. Ducan. i. 635. On the myrtle-tomb of Polydore, compare Auson. Epitaph. Her. xix.

tear an unhappy wretch? Spare me, now that I am in my grave; forbear to pollute with guilt thy pious hands: Troy brought me forth no stranger to you; nor is it from the trunk this blood distills. Ah, fly this barbarous land, fly the avaricious shore! For Polydore[4] am I: here an iron crop of darts hath overwhelmed me, transfixed, and over me shot up in pointed javelins. Then, indeed, depressed at heart with perplexing fear, I was stunned; my hair stood on end, and my voice clung to my jaws. This Polydore unhappy Priam had formerly sent in secrecy, with a great weight of gold, to be brought up by the king of Thrace, when he now began[5] to distrust the arms of Troy, and saw the city with close siege blocked up. He, as soon as the power of the Trojans were crushed, and their fortune gone, espousing Agamemnon's interest and victorious arms, breaks every sacred bond, assassinates Polydore, and by violence possesses his gold. Curse! thirst of gold, to what dost thou not drive the hearts of men! After fear left my bones, I report the portents of the gods to our chosen leaders, and chiefly to my father, and demand what their opinion is. All are unanimous to quit that accursed land, abandon the polluted society, and spread the sails to the winds. Therefore we renew funeral ceremonies to Polydore, and a large mound of earth is heaped up for the tomb: an altar is reared to his manes, mournfully decked with leaden-colored wreaths and gloomy cypress; and round it the Trojan matrons stand with hair disheveled, according to custom. We offer the sacrifices of the dead, bowls foaming with warm milk, and goblets of the sacred blood: we give the soul repose in the grave, and with loud voice address to him the last farewell.[6]

[4] Polydorus, the youngest son of Priam and Hecuba, was assassinated by Polymnestor, king of Thrace, who had been intrusted with the care of the young prince.

[5] Eur. Hec. ii. *ἵν', εἴ ποτ' Ἰλίου τείχη πεσοι.* I need scarcely refer the reader to the whole passage. B.

[6] I have illustrated this custom in my notes on Eurip. Alcest. 610. Ausonius Parent. 159, 10, "Voce ciere animas funeris instar habet. Gaudent compositi cineres sua nomina dici .... Nomine ter dicto, pæne sepultus erit" On the funeral offerings here described, see my notes on Æsch. Pers. p. 83, ed. Bohn. Statius, Theb. vi. 209, "Spumantesque mero pateræ verguntur, et atri Sanguinis, et rapti gratissima cymbia lactis." Alcæus Mess. in Brunck. Annal. i. p. 490, *καὶ τάφον ὑψώσαντο γάλακτι δὲ ποιμένες αἰγῶν Ἑβήναν, ξανθῷ μιξάμενοι μέλιτι.* B.

This done, when first we durst confide in the main, when the winds present peaceful seas, and the south wind in soft whispering gales invites us to the deep, my mates launch the ships and crowd the shore. We are wafted from the port, and the land and cities retreat.

Amid the sea there lies a charming spot of land, sacred to [Doris] (the mother of the Nereids), and Ægean Neptune; which once wandering about the coasts and shores, the pious god who wields the bow fast bound with high Gyaros[7] and Mycone, and fixed it so as to be habitable, and mock the winds. Hither I am led: this most peaceful island receives us to a safe port after our fatigue. At landing we pay veneration to the city of Apollo. King Anius,[8] both king of men and priest of Phœbus, his temples bound with fillets and sacred laurel, comes up, and presently recognizes his old friend Anchises. We join right hands in amity, and come under his roof. I venerated the temple of the god, a structure of ancient stone [and thus began]: Thymbræan Apollo, grant us, after all our toils, some fixed mansion; grant us walls of defense, offspring, and a permanent city: preserve those other towers of Troy, a remnant left by the Greeks and merciless Achilles. Whom are we to follow; or whither dost thou bid us go? where fix our residence? Father, grant us a prophetic sign, and glide into our minds. Scarcely had I thus said, when suddenly all seemed to tremble, both the temple itself, and laurel of the god; the whole mountain quaked around, and the sanctuary being exposed to view, the tripod moaned. In humble reverence we fall to the ground, and a voice reaches our ears: Ye hardy sons of Dardanus, the same land which first produced you from your father's stock, shall receive you in its fertile bosom after all your dangers; search out your ancient mother. There the family of Æneas shall rule over every coast, and his children's children, and they who from them shall spring.

Thus Phœbus. Emotions of great joy, with mingled tumult, arose; and all were seeking to know what city is designed; whither Phœbus calls us wandering, and wills us to

[7] Gyaros and Mycone, two of the islands called the Cyclades, in the Ægean Sea.

[8] Anius, the son of Apollo and Rhea, was king of Delos, and father of Andrus.

return. Then my father, revolving the historical records of ancient heroes, says, Ye leaders, give ear, and learn what you have to hope for. In the middle of the sea lies Crete, the island of mighty Jupiter, where is Mount Ida, and the nursery of our race. The Cretans inhabit a hundred mighty cities, most fertile realms: whence our mighty ancestor Teucrus, if I rightly remember the tradition, first arrived on the Rhœtean coasts,[9] and chose the seat of his kingdom. No Ilium then nor towers of Pergamus[10] were raised; in the deep vales they dwelt. Hence came mother Cybele, the patroness of the earth, and the brazen cymbals of the Corybantes,[11] and the Idæan grove; hence that faithful secrecy in her sacred rites: and harnessed lions were yoked in the chariot of her queen. Come, then, and, where the commands of the gods point out our way, let us follow; let us appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian realms. Now lie they at the distance of a long voyage: provided Jove be with us, the third day will land our fleet on the Cretan coast.

This said, he offered the proper sacrifices on the altars, a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, O fair Apollo: a black sheep to the Winter, and a white one to the propitious zephyrs. A report flies abroad, that leader Idomeneus[12] banished, hath quitted his paternal kingdom, and that the shore of Crete is deserted; that its mansions are free from the enemy, and palaces stand forsaken. We leave the port of Ortygia,[13] and scud along the sea: we cruise along Naxos (on whose mountains the Bacchanals revel), green Donysa,[14] Olearos, snowy Paros, and the Cyclades scattered up and down the main, and narrow seas thick-sown with clustered islands. With various

[9] Rhœtean coasts; Trojan coasts, from Rhœteum, a promontory of Troas, on the Hellespont, near which the body of Ajax was buried.

[10] Pergamus, the citadel of Troy, often used for Troy itself.

[11] Corybantes, the priests of Cybele.

[12] Idomeneus, king of Crete, the son of Deucalion. Having left Crete after his return from the Trojan war, he came to Italy, and founded the city of Salentum on the coast of Calabria.

[13] Ortygia, an ancient name of the island of Delos, where was a famous temple and oracle of Apollo. Naxos, a celebrated island of the Ægean Sea, the largest and most fertile of all the Cyclades.

[14] Donysa, one of the Cyclades famed for producing green marble, as Paros was for white marble. Olearos (Antiparos), one of the Cyclades, south-west of Paros. Cyclades, islands in the Ægean Sea, about fifty in number, encircling Delos.

emulation the seamen's shouts arise. The crew animate one another: For Crete and our ancestors let us speed our course. A wind springing up astern, accompanies us on our way, and we at length skim along to the ancient seats of the Curetes. Therefore, with eagerness, I raise the walls of the so-much-wished for city, and call it the city of Pergamus; and I exhort my colony, pleased with the name, to love their hearths, and erect turrets on their roofs. And now the ships were mostly drawn up on the dry beach: the youth were engaged in their nuptials and new settlements: I was beginning to dispense laws and appropriate houses; when suddenly, from the infection of the climate, a wasting and lamentable plague seized our limbs, the trees, and corn; and the year was pregnant with death. Men left their sweet lives, or dragged along their sickly bodies: at the same time the dog-star burned up the barren fields: the herbs were parched, and the unwholesome grain denied us sustenance. My father advises, that, measuring back the sea, we again apply to the oracle of Ortygia, and Apollo, and implore his grace, [to know] what end he will bring to our forlorn state; whence he will bid us attempt a redress of our calamities, whither turn our course.

It was night, and sleep reigned over all the animal world. The sacred images of the gods, and the tutelar deities of Phrygia, whom I had brought with me from Troy and the midst of the flames, were seen to stand before my eyes while slumbering,[15] conspicuous by a glare of light, where the full moon darted her beams through the inserted windows. Then they thus [seemed to] address me, and dispel my cares with these words: What Apollo would announce to you, were you wafted to Ortygia, he here reveals, and lo! unasked, he sends us to your dwelling. We, after Troy was consumed, followed thee and thy arms; under thy conduct we have crossed the swelling sea in ships; we, too, will exalt thy future race to heaven, and give imperial power to thy city. Do thou prepare walls mighty for mighty inhabitants, and shrink not from the long labors of thy voyage. You must change your place of residence: these are not the shores that Delian Apollo advises for you; nor was it in Crete he commanded you to

[15] I read "in somnis," not "insomnis." See Anthon. B.

settle. There is a place (the Greeks call it Hesperia by name), an ancient country, powerful in arms and fertility of soil: the Œnotrians peopled it once; now there is a report, that their descendants have called the nation Italy, from the founder's name. These are our proper settlements: hence Dardanus sprang, and father Iasius,[16] from which prince our race is derived. Haste, arise, and with joy report to thy aged sire these intimations of unquestionable credibility: search out Coritus[17] and the Ausonian lands; Jupiter forbids thee the Cretan territories.

Astonished by this vision and declaration of the gods (nor was that a sound sleep, but methought I clearly discerned their aspect before me, their fillet-bound locks, and their forms full in my view; then a cold sweat flowed over my whole body); I snatch my frame from the couch, and lift up my hand supine to heaven with my voice, and pour hallowed offerings on the fires. Having finished the sacrifice, with joy I certify Anchises, and disclose the fact in order. He recognized the double stock, and the double founders [of the Trojan race], and that he had been deceived by a modern mistake respecting ancient countries; then he thus bespeaks me: My son, practiced in woe by the fates of Troy, Cassandra alone predicted to me that such was to be our fortune. Now I recollect that she foretold this should be the destiny of our race, and that she often spoke of Hesperia, often of the realms of Italy. But who could believe that the Trojans were to come to the Hesperian shore? or whom then did the prophetic Cassandra influence? Let us resign ourselves to Phœbus, and, since we are better advised, let us follow. He said; and, exulting, we all obey his orders. This realm we likewise quit, and, leaving a few behind, unfurl our sails, and bound over the spacious sea in our hollow barks.

When the ships held possession of the deep, and no land is any longer in view, sky all around, and ocean all around; then an azure rain-cloud stood over my head, bringing on night and wintery storm; the waves grew rough in the gloom;[18] the winds

[16] Iasius, a son of Jupiter and Electra, and brother to Dardanus; he was one of the Atlantides, and reigned over part of Arcadia.

[17] Coritus (Cortona), a town and mountain of Etruria, so called from Coritus, a king of Etruria, father to Iasius.

[18] Compare Pacuvius, "Inhorrescit mare, tenebræ conduplicantur, noctisque et nubium occæcat nigror." B.

overturn the sea, and mighty surges rise: we are tossed to and fro on the face of the boiling deep: clouds enwrapped the day, and humid night snatched the heavens [from our view]; from the bursting clouds flashes of lightning redouble. We are driven from our course, and wander in unknown waves. Palinurus[19] himself owns he is unable to distinguish day and night by the sky, and that he has forgotten his course in the mid sea. Thus for three days, that could hardly be distinguished by reason of the dark clouds, as many starless nights, we wander up and down the ocean. At length, on the fourth day, land was first seen to rise, to disclose the mountains from afar, and roll up smoke: the sails are lowered, we ply hard the oars; instantly the seamen, with exerted vigor, toss up the foam, and sweep the azure deep.

The shores of the Strophades[20] first receive me rescued from the waves. The Strophades, so called by a Greek name, are islands situated in the great Ionian Sea; which direful Celæno[21] and the other Harpies inhabit, from what time Phineus' palace was closed against them, and they were frighted from his table, which they formerly haunted. No monster more fell than they, no plague and scourge of the gods more cruel, ever issued from the Stygian waves. They are fowls with virgin faces, most loathsome is their bodily discharge, hands hooked, and looks ever pale with famine. Hither conveyed, as soon as we entered the port, lo! we observe joyous herds of cattle roving up and down the plains, and flocks of goats along the meadows without a keeper. We rush upon them with our swords, and invoke the gods and Jove himself to share the booty. Then along the winding shore we raise the couches, and feast on the rich repast. But suddenly, with direful swoop, the Harpies are upon us from the mountains, shake their wings with loud din, prey upon our banquet, and defile every thing with their

19 Palinurus, a skillful pilot of the ship of Æneas. He fell overboard while asleep, and after being three days exposed to the tempests, he reached the shore near Velia, a town of Lucania, when he was murdered by the inhabitants. A promontory, on which a monument was raised to him, received the name of Palinurus.

20 Strophades (Stamphane), two small islands in the Ionian Sea, south of the island of Zacynthos (Zante).

21 Celæno, one of the Harpies: these were fabulous monsters, with wings, three in number, daughters of Neptune and Terra. They were sent by Juno to plunder the tables of Phineus, king of Thrace, whence they were driven to the Strophades, where Æneas found them.

touch: at the same time, together with a rank smell, hideous screams arise. Again we spread our tables in a long recess, under a shelving rock, inclosed around with trees and gloomy shade; and once more we plant fire on the altar. Again the noisy crowd, from a different quarter of the sky, and obscure retreats, flutter around the prey with hooked claws, taint our viands with their mouths. Then I enjoin my companions to take arms, and wage war with the horrid race. They do no otherwise than bidden, dispose their swords secretly among the grass, and conceal their shields out of sight.[22] Therefore, as soon as stooping down they raised their screaming voices along the bending shores, Misenus[23] with his hollow trumpet of brass gives the signal from a lofty place of observation: my friends set upon them, and engage in a new kind of fight, to employ the sword in destroying obscene sea-fowls. But they neither suffer any violence on their plumes, nor wounds in the body; and, mounting up in the air with rapid flight, leave behind them their half-eaten prey, and the ugly prints of their feet. Celæno alone alighted on a high rock, the prophetess of ill, and from her breast burst forth these words: War too, ye sons of Laomedon, is it your purpose to make war for our oxen which you have slain, for the havoc you have made upon our bullocks, and to banish the innocent Harpies from their hereditary kingdom? Lend them an ear, and in your minds fix these my words: what the almighty Sire revealed to Phœbus, Phœbus Apollo to me, I the chief of the furies disclose to you. To Italy you steer your course, and Italy you shall reach after repeated invocations to the winds, and you shall be permitted to enter the port: but you shall not surround the given city with walls, till dire famine and disaster, for shedding our blood, compel you first to gnaw around and eat up your tables[24] with your teeth.

[22] Cf. Silius ix. 99, "condit membra occultata." B.

[23] Misenus was a son of Æolus, and the trumpeter of Hector, after whose death he followed Æneas to Italy, and was drowned on the coast of Campania, because he had challenged one of the Tritons.

[24] The sense of this prediction is seen from its accomplishment in the Seventh Book, verse 116. This is not merely poetical invention, it was an historical tradition, related by Dionysius and Strabo, that Æneas had received a response from an oracle, foretelling that, before he came to his settlement in Italy, he should be reduced to the necessity of eating his trenchers. Varro says he got it from the oracle of Dodona. Virgil puts

She said, and on her wings upborne flew into the wood. As for my companions, their blood, chilled with sudden fear, stagnated: their minds sunk: and now they are no longer for arms, but urge me to solicit peace by vows and prayers, whether they be goddesses, or cursed and inauspicious birds. My father Anchises, with hands spread forth from the shore, invokes the great gods, and enjoins due honors to be paid them: Ye gods, ward off these threatenings; ye gods, avert so great a calamity; and propitious save your pious votaries. Then he orders to tear the ropes from the shore, loose and disengage the cables. The south winds stretch our sails: we fly over the foaming waves, where the wind and pilots urged our course. Now amid the waves appear woody Zacynthos,[25] Dulichium, Same, and Neritos, with its steep rocks. We shun the cliffs of Ithaca,[26] Laertes' realms, and curse the land that bred the cruel Ulysses. Soon after this the cloudy tops of Mount Leucate,[27] and [the temple of] Apollo, the dread of seamen, open to our view. Hither we steer our course oppressed with toil, and approach the little city. The anchor is thrown out from the prow: the ships are ranged on the shore. Thus at length possessed of wished-for land, we both perform a lustral sacrifice to Jupiter, and kindle the altars in order to perform our vows, and signalize the promontory of Actium[28] by celebrating the Trojan games. Our crew, having their naked limbs besmeared with slippery oil, exercise the wrestling matches of their country: it delights us to have escaped so many Grecian cities and pursued our voyage through the midst of our enemies.

Meanwhile the sun finishes the revolution of the great year, and frosty winter exasperates the waves with the north winds.

this prophecy in the mouth of the harpies, as being both suitable to their nature, and more apt to raise surprise when coming from them.

[25] Zacynthos, etc. These are islands in the Ionian Sea, on the western coast of Greece. Zacynthos is now called Zante. Dulichium was part of the kingdom of Ulysses. Same, now called Cephalonia, the inhabitants of which went with Ulysses to the Trojan war. Neritos, a mountain in the island of Ithaca, often applied to the whole island.

[26] Ithaca, an island in the Ionian Sea, where Ulysses reigned.

[27] Leucatè (Cape Ducato), a high promontory of Leucadia (St. Maura), an Island in the Ionian Sea, where was a famous temple of Apollo.

[28] Actium (Azio), a town, and (Cape Figalo) a promontory of Epirus, celebrated for the naval victory of Augustus over Antony and Cleopatra, B. C. 31.

On the front door-posts [of the temple] I set up a buckler of hollow brass, which mighty Abas wore, and notify the action by this verse: "These arms Æneas [won] from the victorious Greeks." Then I ordered [our crew] to leave the port, and take their seats on the benches. They with emulous ardor lash the sea, and sweep the waves. In an instant we lose sight of[29] the airy towers of the Phæacians, cruise along the coast of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian port, and ascend the lofty city of Buthrotus.[30] Here a report of facts scarce credible invades our ears, that Helenus,[31] Priam's son, was reigning over Grecian cities, possessed of the spouse and scepter of Pyrrhus, the grandchild of Æacus, and that Andromache had again fallen to a lord of her own country. I was amazed, and my bosom glowed with strange desire to greet the hero, and learn so signal revolutions of fortune. I set forward from the port, leaving the fleet and shore. Andromache, as it chanced, was then offering to [Hector's] ashes her anniversary[32] feast and mournful oblations before the city in a grove, near the stream of the fictitious Simois, and invoked the manes at Hector's tomb; an empty tomb which she had consecrated of green turf, and two altars, incentives to her grief. As soon as she saw me coming up, and to her amazement beheld the Trojan arms around me, terrified with a prodigy so great, she stiffened at the very sight; vital warmth forsook her limbs: she sinks down, and at length, after a long interval, with faltering accent speaks: Goddess-born, do you present yourself to me a real form, a real messenger? Do you live? or, if from you the benignant light has fled, where is Hector? She said, and shed a flood of tears, filling all the place with cries. To her, in this transport, I with difficulty make even a brief reply, and in great perturbation open my mouth in these few broken words: I am alive indeed, and spin out life through all extremes. Doubt not; for all you see is real. Ah! what accidents of life have overtaken you, since you were thrown

[29] So *κρύπτειν* is elegantly used in Greek. Plat. Protag. 70, *φεύγειν εἰς τὸ πέλαγος, ἀποκρύψαντα γῆν.* See Herndorf's note. B.

[30] Buthrotus (Butrinto), a seaport town of Epirus, opposite Corfu.

[31] Helenus, a celebrated soothsayer, the only one of Priam's sons who survived the ruin of his country; he was king of Chaonia when he received Æneas on his way to Italy.

[32] So Servius. In the same manner *κατὰ ἔτος ἕκαστον.* Thucyd. iii. 58. B.

down from [the possession of] your illustrious lord? or what fortune, some way suited to your merit, hath visited you once more? Is then Hector's Andromache bound in wedlock to Pyrrhus? Downward she cast her eyes, and thus in humble accents [spoke]: O happy, singularly happy, the fate of Priam's virgin-daughter, who, compelled to die at the enemy's tomb under the lofty walls of Troy, suffered not in having any lots cast for her, nor as a captive ever touched the bed of a victor lord! We, after the burning of our country, being transported over various seas, have in thraldom borne with a mother's throes the insolence of Achilles' heir, and a haughty, imperious youth; who afterward, attaching himself to Hermione,[33] the granddaughter of Leda, and a Lacedæmonian match, delivered me over a slave into the possession of a slave, Helenus. But Orestes,[34] inflamed by the violence of love to his betrothed snatched from him, and hurried on by the Furies of his crimes, surprises him in an unguarded hour, and assassinates him at his paternal altar. By the death of Neoptolemus, a part of his kingdom fell to Helenus; who denominated the plains Chaonian, and the whole country Chaonia, from the Trojan Chaon, and built on the mountains [another] Pergamus and this Trojan fort. But what winds, what fates, have guided your course? or what god hath landed you on our coasts without your knowledge? What is become of the boy Ascanius? Lives he still, and breathes the vital air? whom to your care, when Troy was——Has the boy now any concern for the loss of his mother? Is he incited, by both his father Æneas and his uncle Hector, to ancient valor and manly courage?

Thus bathed in tears she spoke, and heaved long unavailing sobs; when the hero Helenus, Priam's son, advances from the city with a numerous retinue, knows his friends, with joy conducts them to his palace, and sheds tears in abundance between each word. I set forward, and survey the little

[33] Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, was married to Pyrrhus (Neoptolemus), the son of Achilles; but having been previously promised to Orestes, Pyrrhus was assassinated, when she became the wife of Orestes.

[34] Orestes, the son of Agamemnon, and the faithful friend of Pylades. Having slain his mother Clytemnestra and her paramour Egisthus, because they had murdered his father, Orestes was tormented by the Furies, and exiled himself to Argos, the throne of which he afterward filled.

Troy, the castle of Pergamus resembling the great original, and a scanty rivulet bearing the name of Xanthus; and I embrace the threshold of a Scæan gate. The Trojans too, at the same time, enjoy the friendly city. The king entertained them in his spacious galleries. In the midst of the court they quaffed brimmers of wine, while the banquet was served in gold, and each stood with a goblet in his hand.

And now one day, and a second, passed on, when the gales invite our sails, and the canvas bellies by the swelling south wind. In these words I accost the prophet, [Helenus,] and question him thus: Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, who knowest the divine will of Phœbus, the tripods, the laurels of the Clarian[35] god; who knowest the stars, the ominous sounds of birds, and the prognostics of the swift wing,[36] come, declare (for [hitherto the omens of] religion have pronounced my whole voyage to be prosperous, and all the gods, by their divine will, have directed me to go in pursuit of Italy, and attempt a settlement in lands remote: the Harpy Celæno alone predicts a prodigy strange and horrible to relate, and denounces direful vengeance and foul famine) what are the principal dangers I am to shun? or by the pursuit of what means may I surmount toils so great? Upon this Helenus first solicits the peace of the gods by sacrificing bullocks in due form, then unbinds the fillets of his consecrated head, and himself leads me by the hand to thy temple, O Phœbus, anxious with great awe of the god; then the priest, from his lips divine, delivers these predictions: Goddess-born (for that you steer through the deep under some higher auspices, is unquestionably evident; so the sovereign of the gods dispenses his decree; thus he fixes the series of revolving events; such a scheme of things is coming to its accomplishment), that you may with greater safety cross the seas to which you are a

[35] Clarian god, a name of Apollo, from Claros, a city of Ionia, where he had a famous temple and oracle.

[36] Volucrum linguas, et præpetis omina pennæ. Some birds were subservient to divination by the sounds they uttered, and these were called "Oscines;" of which kind were the crows, ravens, etc. Hor. iii. Carm. Ode xxvii. 2,

Oscinem corvum prece suscitabo
Solis ad ortu.

Others, again, answered the same end by their manner of flying, and were called "Præpetes."

stranger, and settle in the Ausonian port, I will unfold to you a few particulars of many; for the Destinies[37] prevent you from knowing the rest, and Saturnian Juno forbids Helenus to reveal it. First of all, a long intricate voyage, with a length of lands, divides [you from] Italy, which you unwittingly deem already near, and whose ports you are preparing to enter, as if just at hand. You must both ply the bending oar in the Trinacrian wave, and visit with your fleet the plains of the Ausonian Sea, the infernal lakes, and the isle of Æean Circe, before you can build a city in a quiet, peaceful land. I will declare the signs to you: do you keep them treasured up in your mind. When, thoughtfully musing by the streams of the secret river, you shall find a large sow that has brought forth a litter of thirty young, reclining on the ground, under the holms that shade the banks, white [the dam], the offspring white around her dugs; that shall be the station of the city; there is the period fixed to thy labors. Nor be disturbed at the future event of eating your tables: the Fates will find out an expedient, and Apollo invoked will befriend you. But shun those coasts, and those nearest limits of the Italian shore, which are washed by the tide of our sea: all those cities are inhabited by the mischievous Greeks. Here the Narycian Locrians have raised their walls, and Cretan Idomeneus with his troops has possessed the plains of Salentum: here stands that little city Petilia, defended by the walls of Philoctetes[38] the Melibœan chief. [Remember] also (when your fleet, having crossed the seas, shall come to a station, and you shall pay your vows at the altar raised on the shore) to cover your head, muffling yourself in a purple vail, lest the face of an enemy, amid the sacred fires in honor of the gods, appear, and disturb the omens. This custom, in sacrifice, let your friends, this yourself observe; to this religious institution let your pious descendants adhere. But when, after setting out, the wind shall waft you to the Sicilian coast,

[37] The Destinies, or Fates, deities who presided over the birth and the life of mankind. They were three in number, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, daughters of Nox and Erebus, or, according to others, of Jupiter and Themis.

[38] Philoctetes, the son of Pœan, king of Melibœa in Thessaly. After his return from the Trojan war, he settled in Italy, where he built the town of Petilia (Strongoli) in Calabria.

and the straits of narrow Pelorus[39] shall open wider to the eye, veer to the land on the left, and to the sea on the left, by a long circuit; fly the right both sea and shore. These lands, they say, once with violence and vast desolation convulsed, (such revolutions a long course of time is able to produce), slipped asunder; when in continuity both lands were one, the sea rushed impetuously between, and by its waves tore the Italian side from that of Sicily; and with a narrow frith runs between the fields and cities separated by the shores. Scylla guards the right side, implacable Charybdis[40] the left, and thrice with the deepest eddies of its gulf swallows up the vast billows, headlong in, and again spouts them out by turns high into the air, and lashes the stars with the waves. But Scylla a cave confines within its dark recesses, reaching forth her jaws, and sucking in vessels upon the rocks. First she presents a human form, a lovely virgin down to the middle; her lower parts are those of a hideous sea-monster, with the tails of dolphins joined to the wombs of wolves. It is better with delay to coast round the extremities of Sicilian Pachynus,[41] and steer a long winding course, than once to behold the misshapen Scylla under her capacious den, and those rocks that roar with her sea-green dogs. Further, if Helenus has any skill, if any credit is due to him as a prophet, if Apollo stores his mind with truth, I will give you this one previous admonition, this one, O goddess-born, above all the rest, and I will inculcate it upon you again and again: Be sure you, in the first place, with supplications worship great Juno's divinity; to Juno cheerfully address your vows, and overcome the powerful queen with humble offerings: thus, at length, leaving Trinacria, you shall be dismissed victorious to the territories of Italy. When, wafted thither, you reach the city Cumæ, the hallowed lakes, and Avernus resounding through the woods, you will see the raving prophetess, who, beneath a deep rock, reveals the fates, and commits to the leaves of trees her characters and words. Whatever verses the virgin has inscribed on the leaves, she ranges in harmonious order, and leaves in the cave inclosed by themselves: uncovered they remain in their

[39] Pelorus (Cape Peloro), one of the three principal promontories of Sicily, separated from Italy by the straits of Messina.

[40] Charybdis, a dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Sicily, opposite Scylla, on the coast of Italy.

[41] Pachynus (Cape Passaro), the south-eastern promontory of Sicily.

position, nor recede from their order. But when, upon turning the hinge, a small breath of wind has blown upon them, and the door [by opening] hath discomposed the tender leaves, she never afterward cares to catch the verses as they are fluttering in the hollow cave, nor to recover their situation, or join them together. Men depart without a response, and detest the Sibyl's[42] grot. Let not the loss of some time there seem of such consequence to you (though your friends chide, and your voyage strongly invite your sails into the deep, and you may have an opportunity to fill the bellying canvas with a prosperous gale), as to hinder you from visiting the prophetess, and earnestly entreating her to deliver the oracles herself, and vouchsafe to open her lips in vocal accents. She will declare to you the Italian nations, and your future wars, and by what means you may shun or sustain each hardship; and, with reverence addressed, will give you a successful voyage. These are all the instructions I am at liberty to give you. Go then, and by your achievements raise mighty Troy to heaven. Which words when the prophet had thus with friendly voice pronounced, he next orders presents to be carried to the ships, heavy with gold and ivory; and within the sides of my vessel stows a large quantity of silver plate, and caldrons of Dodonean brass, a mail thick set with rings, and wrought in gold of triple tissue, together with the cone and waving crest of a shining helmet, arms which belonged to Neoptolemus: my father too has proper gifts conferred on him. He gives us horses besides, and gives us guides. He supplies us with rowers, and at the same time furnishes our crew with arms. Meanwhile Anchises gave orders to equip our fleet with sails, that we might not be late for the favoring gale. Whom the interpreter of Apollo accosts with much respect: Anchises, honored with the illustrious bed of Venus, thou care of the gods, twice snatched from the ruins of Troy, lo! there the coast of Ausonia lies before you; thither speed your way with full sail: and yet you must needs steer your course beyond. That part of Ausonia which Apollo opens lies remote. Go, says he, happy in the pious duty of your son: why do I further insist, and by my discourse retard the rising gales?

[42] The Sibyls were certain women supposed to be inspired, who flourished in different parts of the world. According to Varro, the number of the Sibyls was ten, of whom the most celebrated was that of Cumæ in Italy.

In like manner Adromache, grieved at our final departure, brings forth for Ascanius vestments wrought in figures of gold, and a Phrygian cloak; nor falls short of his dignity:[43] she loads him also with presents of her labors in the loom, and thus addresses him, Take these too, my child, which may be memorials to you of my handiwork, and testify the permanent affection of Andromache, the spouse of Hector: accept the last presents of thy friends. O image, which is all that I have now left of my Astyanax! just such eyes, such hands, such looks he showed; and now of equal age with you, would have been blooming into youth. I, with tears in my eyes, thus addressed them at parting: Live in felicity, ye whose fortune is now accomplished: we are summoned from fate to fate. To you tranquillity is secured; no expanse of sea have you to plow, or to pursue the ever-retreating lands of Ausonia. You behold the image of Xanthus, and the Troy which your own hands have built: Heaven grant it be with happier auspices, and be less obnoxious to the Greeks. If ever I shall enter the Tiber, and the lands that border on the Tiber, and view the walls allotted to my race, we will hereafter make of our kindred cities an allied people, [yours] in Epirus, [and mine] in Italy, who have both the same founder, Dardanus, and the same fortune; [we will, I say, make] of both one Troy, in good-will. Be this the future care of our posterity.

We pursue our voyage near the adjacent Ceraunian mountains; whence lies our way, and the shortest course by sea to Italy. Meanwhile the sun goes down, and the dusky mountains are wrapped up in shade. On the bosom of the wished-for earth we throw ourselves down by the waves, having distributed the oars by lot, and all along the dry beach we refresh our frames [with food]; sleep diffuses its dews over our weary limbs. Night, driven by the hours, had not yet reached her mid-way course, when Palinurus springs alert from his bed, examines every wind, and lends his ears to catch the breeze. He marks every star gliding in the silent sky, Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the two northern Bears, and throws his eyes round Orion armed with gold. After having

[43] *i. e.* "her presents are such as his merits deserve." Scaurus, as we learn from Servius, read "honore," which certainly seems more simple. B.

seen all appearances of settled weather in the serene sky, he gives the loud signal from the stern: we decamp, attempt our voyage, and expand the wings of our sails. And now the stars being chased away, blushing Aurora appeared, when far off we espy the hills obscure, and lowly Italy. Italy! Achates first called aloud; Italy the crew with joyous acclamations hail. Then father Anchises decked a capacious bowl with a garland, and filled it up with wine; and invoked the gods, standing on the lofty stern: Ye gods who rule sea, and land, and storms, grant us a prosperous voyage by the wind, and breath propitious. The wished-for gales begin to swell; and now the port opens nearer to our view, and on a height appears the temple of Minerva. Our crew furl the sails, and turn about their prows to the shore. Where the wave breaks from the east, the port bends into an arch; the jutting cliffs foam with the briny spray; [the port] itself lies hidden: two turret-like rocks stretch out their arms in a double wall, and the temple recedes from the shore. Here, on the grassy meadow, I saw, as our first omen, four snow-white steeds grazing the plain at large. And father Anchises [calls out], War, O hospitable land, thou betokenest;[44] for war steeds are harnessed; war these cattle threaten: but yet, the same quadrupeds having long been used to submit to the chariot, and in the yoke to bear the peaceful reins, there is hope, also, of peace, he says. Then we address our prayers to the sacred majesty of Pallas, with clashing arms arrayed, who first received us elated with joy; and before her altars we vailed our heads with a Phrygian vail; and according to the instructions of Helenus, on which he laid the greatest stress, in due form we offer up to Argive Juno the honors enjoined. Without delay, as soon as we had regularly fulfilled our vows, we turn about the extremities of our sail-yards, and quit the abodes and suspected territories of the sons of Greece. Next is seen the bay of Tarentum, sacred to Hercules, if report be true; and the Lacinian[45] goddess rears herself opposite: the towers of Caulon[46] [also appear], and Scylaceum infamous for ship-

[44] Cf. Æn. iv. 840, "tristia omnia portans." Petron. § 124, "incendia portat." See also Westerhov. on Ter. Andr. i. 1, 46. B.

[45] Lacinian goddess; that is, Juno Lacinia, who had a celebrated temple near Crotona, a city of Calabria in Italy.

[46] Caulon and Scylaceum (Squillace), both towns of Calabria, south of Crotona.

wrecks. Then, far from the waves, is seen Trinacrian Ætna; and from a distance we hear a loud growling of the ocean, the beaten rocks, and the murmurs of breakers on the coast: the deep[47] leaps up, and sands are mingled with the tide. And, [says] father Anchises, Doubtless this is the famed Charybdis; these shelves, these hideous rocks Helenus foretold. Rescue us, my friends, and with equal ardor rise on your oars. They do no otherwise than bidden; and first Palinurus whirled about the creaking prow to the left waters. The whole crew, with oars and sails, bore to the left. We mount up to heaven on the arched gulf, and down again we settle to the shades below, the wave having retired. Thrice the rocks bellowed amid their hollow caverns; thrice we saw the foam dashed up, and the stars drenched with its dewy moisture.

Meanwhile the wind when the sun forsook us spent with toil; and not knowing our course, we near the coasts of the Cyclops. The port itself is ample, and undisturbed by the access of the winds; but, near it, Ætna thunders with horrible ruins, and sometimes sends forth to the skies a black cloud, ascending in a pitchy whirlwind of smoke and glowing embers; throws up balls of flame, and kisses the stars: sometimes, belching, hurls forth rocks and the shattered bowels of the mountain, and with a rumbling noise wreaths aloft the molten rocks, and boils up from its lowest bottom It is said that the body of Enceladus,[48] half consumed with lightning, is pressed down by this pile, and that cumbrous Ætna, laid above him, spouts forth flames from its burst furnaces; and that, as often as he shifts his weary side, all Trinacria,[49] with a groan, inly trembles, and overshades the heavens with smoke. Lying that night under covert of the woods, we suffer from those hideous prodigies; nor see what cause produced the sound. For neither was there the light of the stars, nor was the sky enlightened by the starry firmament; but gloom was over the dusky sky, and a night of extreme darkness muffled up the moon in clouds.

And now the next day with the first dawn was rising, and

47 "Vada" must not be rendered "shallows." See Heyne. B.

48 Enceladus, the son of Titan and Terra, and the most powerful of all the giants, who conspired against Jupiter. According to the poets, he was struck with Jupiter's thunders, and overwhelmed under Mount Ætna.

49 Trinacria, an ancient name of the Island of Sicily, from its three promontories.

Aurora had dissipated the humid shades from the sky; when suddenly a strange figure of a man unknown to us, emaciated to the last degree, and in a lamentable plight, stalks from the woods, and, with the air of a suppliant, stretches forth his hands to the shore. We look back: he was in horrid filth, his beard overgrown,[50] his garment tagged with thorns; but, in all besides, he was a Greek, and had formerly been sent to Troy accompanying the arms of his country. As soon as he descried our Trojan dress and arms, struck with terror at the sight, he paused awhile, and stopped his progress: a moment after, rushed headlong to the shore with tears and prayers. I conjure you, [says he,] by the stars, by the powers above, by this celestial light of life, ye Trojans, snatch me hence; convey me to any climes whatever, I shall be satisfied. It is true, I am one who belonged to the Grecian fleet, and, I confess, I bore arms against the walls of Troy: for which, if the demerit of my crime be so heinous, scatter my limbs on the waves, and bury them in the vast ocean. If I die, I shall have the satisfaction of dying by the hands of men. He said, and clasping our knees, and wallowing [on the ground], clung to our knees. We urge him to tell who he is, of what family born; and next to declare what fortune pursues him. My father Anchises frankly gives the youth his right hand, and re-assures his mind by that kind pledge. At length, fear removed, he thus begins: I am a native of Ithaca; a companion of the unfortunate Ulysses, Achæmenides my name. I went to Troy, my father Adamastus being poor, but would that my state of life had remained as it was: Here, in the huge den of the Cyclop, my unmindful companions deserted me, while in consternation they fled from his cruel abodes. It is an abode of gore and bloody banquets, gloomy within, and vast; [the Cyclop] himself, of towering height, beats the stars on high, (ye gods, avert such a pest from the earth!) fiercely scowling in his aspect, and inaccessible to every mortal: he feeds on the entrails and purple blood of hapless wretches. I myself beheld, when, having grasped in his rapacious hand two of our number, as he lay stretched on his back in the middle of the cave, he dashed them against the stones, and the bespattered pavement floated with their blood: I beheld, when he ground

[50] Cf. Sisenna apud Non. ii. 471, "Complures menses barba immissa, et intonso capillo." B.

their members distilling black gore, and their throbbing limbs quivered under his teeth.[51] Not with impunity, it is true; such barbarity Ulysses suffered not [to pass unrevenged], nor was the prince of Ithaca forgetful of himself in that critical hour. For as soon as, glutted with his banquet, and buried in wine, he reposed his reclined neck to rest, and lay at his enormous length along the cave, disgorging blood in his sleep, and gobbets intermixed with gory wine; we, having implored the great gods, and distributed our several parts by lot, pour in upon him on all hands at once, and with our pointed javelins bore out the huge single eye which was sunk under his lowering front, like a Grecian buckler, or the orb of Phœbe; and at length we joyfully avenge the manes of our friends. But fly, ah wretches! fly, and tear the cables from the shore. For such and so vast Polyphemus[52] [is, who] pens in his hollow cave the fleecy flocks, and drains their dugs, a hundred other direful Cyclops commonly haunt these winding shores, and roam on the lofty mountains. The horns of the moon are now filling up with light for the third time, while in these woods, among the desert dens and holds of wild beasts, I linger out my life, and descry from the rock the vast Cyclops, and quake at the sound of their feet and voice. The berries and the stony cornels, which the branches supply, form my wretched sustenance, and the herbs feed me with their plucked-up roots. Casting my eyes around on every object, this fleet I espied first steering to the shore; to it I was resolved to give up myself, whatever it had been; it suffices me that I have escaped from that horrid crew. Do you rather destroy this life by any sort of death. Scarcely had he spoken this, when on the summit of the mountain we observe the shepherd Polyphemus himself, stalking with his enormous bulk among his flocks, and seeking the shore, his usual haunt; a horrible monster, misshapen, vast, of sight deprived. The trunk of a pine guides his hand, and makes firm his steps; his fleecy sheep accompany him; this is his sole delight, and the solace of his distresses: [*from his neck his whistle hangs.*[53]] After

[51] The reader may compare Hom. Od. I. 288; Eur. Cycl. 379 sqq.; Ovid Met. xiv. 205 sqq. B.

[52] Polyphemus, a son of Neptune, and king of the Cyclops. He is represented as a monster of great strength, with one eye in the middle of the forehead, which Ulysses put out as he was asleep.

[53] A spurious attempt to fill up the verse. B.

he touched the deep floods, and arrived at the sea, he therewith washes away the trickling gore from his quenched orb, gnashing his teeth with a groan: and now he stalks through the midst of the sea, while the waves have not yet wetted his gigantic sides. We, in consternation, hasten our flight far from that shore, having received our suppliant, who thus merited our favor; we silently cut the cable, and bending forward, sweep the sea with struggling oars. He perceived, and at the sound turned his steps. But when no opportunity is afforded him to reach us with his eager grasp, and he is unable in pursuing us to equal the Ionian waves, he raises a prodigious yell, wherewith the sea and every wave deeply trembled, and Italy, to its utmost bounds, was affrighted, and Ætna bellowed through its winding caverns. Meanwhile the race of the Cyclops, roused from the woods and lofty mountains, rush to the port, and crowd the shore. We perceive the Ætnean brothers, standing side by side in vain, with lowering eye, bearing their heads aloft to heaven; a horrid assembly: as when aërial oaks, or cone-bearing cypresses, Jove's lofty wood, or Diana's grove, together near their towering tops. Sharp fear impels our crew to tack about to any quarter whatever, and spread their sails to any favorable wind. On the other hand, the commands of Helenus warn them not to continue their course between Scylla and Charybdis, a path which borders on death on either hand: our resolution [therefore] is, to sail backward.

And lo! the north-wind sent from the narrow seat of Pelorus comes to our aid. I am wafted beyond the mouth of Pantagia,[54] formed of natural rock, the bay of Megara, and low-lying Tapsus. These Achæmenides, the associate of accursed Ulysses, pointed out to us, as backward he cruised along the scenes of his wanderings.

Before the Sicilian bay outstretched lies an island opposite to rough Plemmyrium;[55] the ancients called its name Ortygia.[56] It is said, that Alpheus, a river of Elis, hath hither

[54] Pantagia, a small but rapid river on the eastern coast of Sicily, between Catana and Syracuse. Tapsus, a peninsula in the bay of Megara, north of Syracuse.

[55] Plemmyrium, a promontory in the bay of Syracuse.

[56] Ortygia, a small island within the same bay, in which was the celebrated fountain Arethusa.

worked a secret channel under the sea; which, by thy mouth, O Arethusa, is now blended with the Sicilian waves. We venerate the great divinities of the place, as commanded; and thence I pass the too luxuriant soil of the overflowing Helorus.[57] Hence we skim along the high cliffs and prominent rocks of Pachynus; and at a distance appears Camarina, by fate forbidden to be ever removed; the Geloian plains and huge Gela, called by the name of the river. Next lofty Acragas[58] shows from far its stately walls, once the breeder of generous steeds. And thee, Selinus, fruitful in palms, I leave, by means of the given winds; and I trace my way through the shallows of Lilybeum,[59] dangerous through its hidden rocks. Hence the port and joyless coast of Drepanum receive me. Here, alas! after being tossed by so many storms at sea, I lose my sire Anchises, my solace in every care and suffering. Here thou, best of fathers, whom in vain, alas! I saved from so great dangers, forsakest me spent with toils. Neither prophetic Helenus, when he gave me many fearful warnings, nor dire Celæno, predicted to me this mournful stroke. This was my finishing disaster, this the termination of my long tedious voyage. Parting hence, a god directed me to your coasts.

Thus father Æneas, while all sat attentive, alone recounted the destiny allotted to him by the gods, and gave a history of his voyage. He ceased at length, and, having here finished his relation, rested.

[57] Helorus (Abisso), a river of Sicily, south of Syracuse, which overflowed its banks at certain seasons. Camarina, a lake, and Gela, a city on the southern coast of Sicily.

[58] Acragas, called also Agrigentum (Girgenti), a celebrated city of Sicily, built on a mountain of the same name. Selinus, a city in the south-west of Sicily, the vicinity of which abounded with palm-trees.

[59] Lilybeum (Cape Bœc), one of the three famous promontories of Sicily. Drepanum (Trapani), a town on the western coast of Sicily, near Mount Erix, where Anchises died.

BOOK IV.

In the Fourth Book, Queen Dido becomes deeply enamored of Æneas, to whom she proffers her hand and her crown; but, on finding him determined, in obedience to the command of the gods, to leave Carthage, rage and despair took possession of the unhappy queen. At last, the sudden departure of Æneas led to the fatal catastrophe of her death, by her own hand, on the funeral pile which she had erected.

But the queen, long since pierced with painful care, feeds the wound in her veins, and is consumed by unseen flames.[1] The many virtues of the hero, the many honors of his race, recur to her thoughts: his looks and words dwell fixed in her soul: nor does care allow calm rest to her limbs. Returning Aurora now illuminated the earth with the lamp of Phœbus, and had chased away the dewy shades from the sky, when she, half-frenzied, thus addresses her sympathizing sister: Sister Anna, what dreams terrify and distract my mind! What think you of[2] this wondrous guest who has come to our abodes? In mien how graceful he appears! in manly fortitude and warlike deeds how great! I am fully persuaded (nor is my belief groundless) that he is the offspring of the gods. Fear argues a degenerate mind. Ah! by what fatal disasters has he been tossed! what toils of war he sang, endured to the last![3] Had I not been fixed and steadfast in my resolution, never to join myself to any in the bonds of wedlock, since my first love by death mocked and disappointed me; had I not been thoroughly tired of the marriage-bed and nuptial torch, to this one frailty I might perhaps give way. Anna (for I will own it), since the decease of my unhappy spouse Sichæus, and since the household gods were stained with his blood shed by a brother, this [stranger] alone has warped my inclinations, and interested my wavering mind: I recognize the symptoms of my former flame. But sooner may earth from her lowest depths yawn for me, or the almighty Sire hurl me by his thunder to the shades, the pale shades of Erebus and deep night, than I violate thee, modesty, or break thy laws. He who first linked

[1] Cf. Aristenet. Ep. ii. 5, *ἐκβόσκεται γὰρ μέ τις ἀνερμήνευτος ὀδύνη.* B.

[2] Davidson has better expressed the force of this Greek construction than Anthon. Cf. Soph. Ant. 7; El. 328; Æsch. Ch. 8. B.

[3] Literally, "drained to the dregs." Cf. Æn. x. 57. B.

me to himself hath borne away my affection; may he possess it still, and retain it in his grave. This said, she filled her bosom with trickling tears. Anna replies: O dearer to your sister than the light, will you thus in mournful solitude waste your bloom of youth, nor know the dear delights of children, the rewards of love? Think you that ashes and the buried dead care for that?[4] What though no lovers moved you before, when your sorrows were green, either in Libya, or before in Tyre? what though Iarbas[5] was slighted, and other princes whom Afric, fertile in triumphs, maintains? Will you also resist a flame which you approve? Will you not reflect in whose country you now reside? Here the Getulian[6] cities, a race invincible in war, unrestrained Numidians, and inhospitable quicksands, inclose you round; there, a region by thirst turned into a desert, and the wide-raging Barcæans. Why should I mention the kindling wars from Tyre, and the menaces of your brother? It was surely, I think, under the auspices of the gods, and by the favor of Juno, that the Trojan ships steered their course to this our coast. O sister, how flourishing shall you see this city, how potent your kingdom rise from such a match! By what high exploits shall the Carthaginian glory be advanced, when the Trojan's arms join them! Do thou but supplicate the favor of the gods, and, having performed propitiating rites, indulge in hospitality, and devise one pretense after another for detaining [your guest], while winter's fury rages on the sea, and Orion charged with rain; while his ships are shattered, and the sky is inclement.

By this speech she fanned the fire of love kindled in Dido's breast, buoyed up her wavering mind with hope, and banished her scruples. First to the temples they repair, and by sacrifice the peace of heaven implore: to Ceres the lawgiver, to Phœbus, and to father Bacchus, they offer ewes of the age of two years, according to custom; above all to Juno, whose province is the nuptial tie. Dido herself, in all her beauty,

[4] Petron. § iii. "Id cineres, aut manes credis sepultos sentire?" B.

[5] Iarbas, a son of Jupiter and Garamantis, and king of Getulia, from whom Dido bought land to build Carthage. He was a lover of the queen at the time Æneas came to Carthage.

[6] Getulians, Numidians, etc., the inhabitants of countries in Northern Africa, now Algiers, Barbary, etc.

holding in her right hand the cup, pours it between the horns of a white heifer: or before the images of the gods in solemn pomp around the rich-loaded altars walks, renews one offering after another all the day long, and, gaping over the disclosed breasts of the victims, consults their panting entrails. Alas! how ignorant the minds of seers! what can prayers, what can temples, avail a raging lover? The gentle flame preys all the while upon her vitals, and the secret wound rankles in her breast. Unhappy Dido burns, and frantic roves over all the town; like a wounded deer, whom, off her guard, a shepherd pursuing with his darts has pierced at a distance among the Cretan woods, and unknowingly [in the wound] hath left the winged steel: she flying bounds over the Dictæan woods and glades: the fatal shaft sticks in her side. Now she conducts Æneas through the midst of her fortifications; shows him both the treasures brought from Tyre, and her new city: she begins to speak, and stops short in the middle of a word. When day declines, she longs to have the same banquets renewed; and, fond even to madness, begs again to hear the Trojan disasters, and again hangs on the speaker's lips. Now, when they had severally retired, while the fading moon in her alternate course withdraws her light, and the setting stars invite sleep, she mourns alone in the desert hall, presses the couch which he had left, and in fancy hears and sees the absent hero; or, captivated with the father's image, hugs Ascanius in her bosom, if possibly she may divert her unutterable love. The towers which were begun cease to rise; her youth practice not their warlike exercises, nor prepare ports and bulwarks for war; the works and the huge battlements on the walls, and the engines that mate the skies, are discontinued.

Whom when Jove's beloved wife perceived to be thus possessed with the blighting passion, and that even sense of honor could not resist its rage, Saturnia thus artfully addresses Venus: Distinguished praise, no doubt, and ample spoils, you and your boy carry off, high and signal renown, if one woman is overcome by the wiles of two deities. Nor am I quite ignorant, that you apprehend danger from our walls, and view the structures of lofty Carthage with a jealous eye. But where will all this end? or what do we now propose by such hot contention? Why do not we rather promote an eternal peace, and nuptial contract? You have your whole soul's desire, Dido

burns with love, and has sucked the fury into her very bones. Let us therefore rule this people in common, and under equal sway; let Dido be at liberty to bind herself in wedlock to a Trojan lord, and into thy hand deliver over the Tyrians by way of dowry.

To whom Venus (for she perceived that she spoke with an insincere mind, with a design to transfer the seat of empire from Italy to the Libyan coasts) thus in her turn began: Who can be so mad as to reject these terms, and rather choose to engage in war with you, would fortune but concur with the scheme which you mention? But I am driven to an uncertainty by the Fates, [not knowing] whether it be the will of Jupiter that the Tyrians and Trojans should dwell in one city, or if he will approve the union of the two nations, and the joining of alliance. You are his consort: to you it belongs by entreaty to work upon his mind. Lead you the way; I will follow. Then imperial Juno thus replied; That task be mine: meanwhile (mark my words) I will briefly show by what means our present design may be accomplished. Æneas and most unhappy Dido are preparing to hunt together in the forest, soon as to-morrow's sun shall have brought forth the early dawn, and enlightened the world with his beams. While the [bright-hued] plumage flutters,[7] and they inclose the thickets with toils, I will pour on them from above a blackening storm of rain with mingled hail, and with peals of thunder make heaven's whole frame to shake. Their retinue shall fly different ways, and be covered with a dark night [of clouds]. Dido and the Trojan prince shall repair to the same cave: there will I be present, and, if I have your firm consent, I will join them in the lasting bonds of wedlock, and consecrate her to be his forever. The god of marriage[8] shall be there. Venus, without any opposition, agreed to her proposal, and smiled at the fraud she discovered.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the ocean. Soon as the beams

[7] This is the proper meaning of "alæ." Cf. Ovid. Met. i. 106. In hunting, nets were drawn around a considerable space, within which the beasts were driven. In order to scare them thither, a number of bright-colored feathers were hung to strings at a little distance, called the "formido." It was chiefly employed in hunting deer. Cf. Ulit. on Gratius Cyneg. 77 and 85. B.

[8] Hymen, the god of marriage, was the son of Bacchus and Venus, or, according to others, of Apollo and one of the Muses.

of day shot forth, the chosen youth issue through the gates: the fine nets, the toils, the broad-pointed hunting spears, the Massylian[9] horsemen, and a pack of quick-scented hounds, pour forth together. Before the palace-gate the Carthaginian nobles await the queen lingering in her alcove: her steed, richly caparisoned with purple and gold, ready stands, and fiercely champs the foaming bit. At length she comes attended by a numerous retinue, attired in a Sidonian chlamys with embroidered border: she has a quiver of gold; her tresses are tied in a golden knot; a golden buckle binds up her purple robe. The Trojan youth, too, and sprightly Iülus, accompany the procession. Æneas himself, distinguished in beauty above all the rest, mingles with the retinue, and adds his train to hers: as when Apollo, leaving Lycia,[10] his winter seat, and the streams of Xanthus, revisits his mother's island Delos, and renews the dances: the Cretans, Dryopes,[11] and painted Agathyrsi,[12] mingle their acclamations around his altars: he himself moves majestic on Cynthus' top, and adjusting his waving hair, crowns it with a soft wreath, and infolds it in gold; his arrows rattle on his shoulders. With no less active grace Æneas moved; such comeliness shines forth in his matchless mien. Soon as they reached the high mountains, and pathless lairs, lo! from the summit of the craggy cliff the wild goats dislodged skip down the rocks: on the other side the stags scour along the open plains, and gather together in flight their dust-covered squadrons, and forsake the mountains. Now the boy Ascanius delights in his sprightly courser through the inclosed vales; and now these,

[9] The Massylians, a warlike people of Mauritania in Africa, near Mount Atlas: when they went on horseback, they never used saddles or bridles but only sticks.

[10] As Dido is before compared to Diana, Æn. i. 498, so Æneas here to Apollo, the brother of Diana. It was a common opinion, that the gods at certain times of the year changed their places of residence; and Servius says it was firmly believed that Apollo gave responses at Patara, a city of Lycia, during the six months of winter, and at Delos in the summer months. Hence Apollo is called Delius and Patarcus, Hor. Carm. iii. 4, 62.

——— qui Lyciæ tenet
Dumeta, natalemque silvam,
Delius et Patareus Apollo.

[11] Dryopes, a people of Greece, in the vicinity of Mount Œta and Parnassus.

[12] Agathyrsi, an effeminate nation of Scythia.

now those he outrides, and devoutly wishes that a foaming boar would cross his way amid the feeble flocks, or a tawny lion descend from the mountain.

Meanwhile the air begins to be disturbed with loud murmurings; a deluge of rain with mingled hail succeeds. And here and there the Tyrian train, the Trojan youth, and Venus' grandchild of Dardanian line, for fear sought different shelters through the fields. Whole rivers from the mountains come pouring down. Dido and the Trojan prince repair to the same cave. [Then] first the Earth, and Juno who presides over marriage, gave the signal: lightnings flashed, the sky was a witness to the alliance, and the nymphs were heard to shriek on the mountain tops. That day first proved the source of death, the source of woes: for [now] Dido is neither influenced by appearance or character, nor is she now studious to carry on clandestine love: she calls it marriage: she vails[13] her guilt under that name.

Forthwith Fame[14] through the populous city of Libya runs: Fame, than whom no pest is more swift, by exerting her agility grows more active, and acquires strength on her way: small at first through fear; soon she shoots up into the skies, and stalks along the ground, while she hides her head among the clouds. Parent Earth, enraged by the vengeance of the gods, produced her the youngest sister, it is said of Cœus, and Enceladus, swift to move with feet and persevering wings: a monster hideous, immense; who (wondrous to relate!) for as many plumes as are in her body, numbers so many wakeful eyes beneath, so many tongues, so many babbling mouths, pricks up so many listening ears. By night, through the mid region of the sky, and through the shades of earth, she flies buzzing, nor inclines her eyes to balmy rest. Watchful by day, she perches either on some high house-top, or on lofty turrets, and fills mighty cities with dismay; as obstinately bent on falsehood and iniquity as on reporting truth. She then, delighted, with various rumors filled the people's ear, and uttered facts and fictions indifferently; [namely,] that

[13] More literally, "she weaves over her fault with this title." D'Orville on Chariton, p. 82, compares Ovid Her. v. 131, "vim licet appelles, et culpam nomine veles." Aristoph. Plut. 159, *ὀνόματι περιπέτουσι τὴν μοχθήριαν.*

[14] Fame was worshiped by the ancients as a powerful goddess, and generally represented blowing a trumpet, etc.

Æneas, sprung from Trojan blood, had arrived, whom Dido, with all her charms, vouchsafed to wed; that now in reveling with each other they enjoyed the winter, throughout its length, unmindful of their kingdoms, and enslaved by a base passion.

With such news the foul goddess fills the mouths of the people. To king Iarbus straight she turns her course; inflames his soul by her rumors, and aggravates his rage. This Iarbus, the son of Ammon by the ravished nymph Garamantis, raised to Jove a hundred lofty temples within his extensive realms, a hundred altars; and there had he consecrated the wakeful fire, with a sacred watch to keep eternal guard, a piece of ground, fattened with victims' blood, and the gates adorned with wreaths of various flowers. He, maddened in soul, and inflamed by the bitter tidings, is said, before the altars, amid the very presence of the gods, to have [thus] importunately addressed Jupiter in suppliant form with uplifted hands: Almighty Jove, to whom the Maurusian race, that feast on painted couches, now honor thee with a libation of wine, seest thou these things? or do we vainly dread thee, when thou, O father! dartest thy thunder-bolts? and are those lightnings in the clouds that terrify our minds blind and fortuitous, and do they mingle mere idle sounds? A wandering woman, who hath built in our dominions a small city [on a spot] she purchased; to whom we assigned a tract of shore for tillage, and upon whom we imposed the laws of the country, hath rejected our proffered match, and hath taken Æneas into her kingdom for her lord: and now this other Paris,[15] with his unmanly[16] train, bound under the chin with a Lydian cap,[17] and with his locks bedewed [with odors], en-

[15] He calls Æneas Paris, both to denote him effeminate, and a ravisher, one who had carried off from him that princess whom he looked upon as his property, and thought he had a right to marry. In allusion to which rape, he says at the end of the sentence, rapto potitur.

[16] Is said in allusion to the manner of the Phrygians, who were great worshipers of the goddess Cybele, whose priests were eunuchs.

[17] Mæonian or Lydian miter, a sort of bonnet wore by the Lydian and Phrygian women, a part of dress which would have been quite infamous in a man, especially when it had the redimicula or fillets, wherewith it was tied under the chin, mentum subnexus:

> Vobis picta croco et fulgenti murice vestis;
> Desidiæ cordi; juvat indulgere choreis;
> Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ:
> O vere Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges! Æn. ix. 14.

joys the ravished prize: [this we have deserved forsooth,] because we bring offerings to thy temples, and cherish an idle glory.[18]

While in such terms he addressed his prayer, and grasped the altar, the almighty heard, and turned his eyes toward the royal towers [of Carthage], and the lovers regardless of their better fame. Then thus he bespeaks Mercury, and gives him these instructions: Fly quick, my son, call the zephyrs, and on thy pinions glide: and to the Trojan prince, who now loiters in Tyrian Carthage, nor regards the cities allotted him by the Fates, address yourself; and bear [this] my message swiftly through the skies. Not such a one did his fairest mother promise us, nor was it for this she saved him twice from the Grecian sword: but that he should be one who should rule Italy, big with [future] empire, and fierce in war, who should evince his descent from Teucer's noble blood, and bring the whole world under his sway. If he is not fired by the glory of such deeds, nor will himself attempt any laborious enterprise for his own renown, will he, the father, envy Ascanius Rome's imperial towers? What does he propose? or with what prospect lingers he so long among an unfriendly race, nor regards his Ausonian offspring, and Lavinian fields? Bid him set sail. No more: be this our message.

He said: Mercury prepared to obey his mighty father's will: and first to his feet he binds his golden sandals, which by their wings waft him aloft, whether over sea or land, swift as the rapid gales. Next he takes his wand; with this he calls from hell the pale ghosts, dispatches others down to sad Tartarus, gives sleep, or takes it away, and unseals the eyes from death.[19] Aided by this, he drives along the winds, and breasts the troubled clouds. And now in his flight he espies the top and lofty sides of hardy Atlas,[20] who with his summit

[18] *i. e.* of being thy descendants. B.

[19] This explanation is neatly supported in Anthon's note. B.

[20] Atlas, one of the Titans, son of Japetus and Clymene. He was king of Mauritania, and upon Perseus showing him the head of Medusa, was changed into the mountain which bears his name. Mount Atlas runs across the deserts of Africa, east and west, and is so high that the ancients imagined that the heavens rested on its top, and that Atlas supported the world on his shoulders.

supports the sky; Atlas, whose head, crowned with pines, is always encircled with black clouds, and lashed by wind and rain: large sheets of snow enwrap his shoulders; from his aged chin torrents headlong roll, and his grizzly beard is stiff with icicles. Here first Cyllenius,[21] poising himself on even wings, alighted; hence with the weight of his whole body he flings himself headlong to the floods; like the fowl, which [hovering] about the shores, about the fishy rocks, flies low near the surface of the seas: just so Maia's son, shooting down from his maternal grandsire betweeen heaven and earth, [skimmed along] the sandy shore of Libya, and cut the winds.[22] As soon as he touched the cottages [of Afric] with his winged feet, he views Æneas founding towers, and raising new structures; and at his side he wore a sword studded with yellow jasper, and a cloak hanging down from his shoulders, glowed with Tyrian purple: presents which wealthy Dido had given, and had interwoven the stuff with threads of gold. Forthwith he accosts him: Is it for you now to be laying the foundations of stately Carthage, and the fond slave of a wife, be raising a city [for her], regardless, alas! of your kingdom and nearest concerns? The sovereign of the gods, who governs heaven and earth by his nod, himself sends me down to you from bright Olympus. The same commanded me to bear these his instructions swiftly through the air. What dost thou propose, with what prospect dost thou waste thy peaceful hours in the territories of Libya? If no glory from such deeds move thee, and thou wilt attempt no laborious enterprise for thy own renown; have some regard [at least] to the rising Ascanius, and the hopes of thine heir Iülus, for whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman territories are destined. When Cyllenius had spoken thus, he left mortal vision in the very midst of the conference, and far beyond sight vanished into thin air.

Meanwhile Æneas, entranced by the vision, was struck dumb; his hair with horror stood erect, and his tongue cleaved to his jaws. He burns to be gone in flight, and leave the darling land, awed by the message and dread command of

[21] Cyllenius, a name of Mercury, from Cyllene, a mountain of Arcadia, where he was born.

[22] This whole passage is probably spurious. See Anthon. The zeugma in the last line is intolerable. B.

the gods. Ah! what can he do? in what terms can he now presume to solicit the consent of the[23] raving queen? With what words shall he introduce the subject? And now this way, now that, he swiftly turns his wavering mind, snatches various purposes by starts, and roams uncertain through all. Thus fluctuating, he fixed on this resolution as the best: he calls to him Mnestheus,[24] Sergestus, and the brave Cloanthus; [and bids them] with silent care equip the fleet, summon their social bands to the shore, prepare their arms, and artfully conceal the cause of this sudden change: [adding,] that he himself, in the mean time, while generous Dido was in ignorance, and had no apprehension that their so great loves could be dissolved, would try the avenues [to her heart], what may be the softest moments of address, what means might be most favorable to their design. With joyful speed they all obey the commands, and put his orders in execution.

But the queen (who can deceive a lover?) was beforehand in perceiving the fraud, and the first who conjectured their future motions, dreading even where all seemed to be safe: the same malignant fame conveyed the news to her frantic, that the fleet was being equipped, and preparing to set sail. She rages even to madness, and inflamed, she wildly roams through all the city; like a Bacchanal wrought up into enthusiastic fury in celebrating the sacred [mysteries of her god], when the triennial orgies stimulate her, at hearing the name of Bacchus, and the nocturnal howlings on Mount Citheron invite her. At length, in these words she first accosts Æneas: And didst thou hope, too, perfidious one, to be able to conceal from me so wicked a purpose, and to steal away in silence from my coasts? Can neither our love, nor thy once plighted faith, nor Dido resolved to die by a cruel death, detain thee? Nay, you prepare your fleet even in the wintery season, and haste to launch into the deep amid northern blasts! Cruel one! suppose you were not bound for a foreign land and settlements unknown, and old Troy was still remaining; should you set sail for Troy on this tem-

[23] Literally, "to get around." ANTHON.

[24] Mnestheus, a Trojan, descended from Assaracus: he obtained a prize at the funeral games of Anchises, and was the progenitor of the Memmii at Rome. Sergestus, a sailor in the fleet of Æneas, from whom the family of the Sergii at Rome were descended. Cloanthus, one of the companions of Æneas, the ancestor of the Cluentii family at Rome.

pestuous sea? Wilt thou fly from me? By these[25] tears, by that right hand (since I have left nothing else to myself now, a wretch forlorn), by our nuptial rites, by our conjugal loves begun; if I have deserved any thanks at thy hand, or if ever you saw any charms in me, take pity, I implore thee, on a falling race, and, if yet there is any room for prayers, lay aside your resolution. For thy sake have I incurred the hatred of the Libyan nations, of the Numidian princes, and made the Tyrians my enemies; for thy sake have I sacrified my shame, and, what alone raised me to the stars, my former fame: to whom dost thou abandon Dido, soon about to die, my guest! since, instead of a husband's name, only this remains?[26] What wait I for? is it till my brother Pygmalion lay this city of mine in ashes, or Iarbas, the Getulian, carry me away his captive? Had I but enjoyed offspring by thee before thy flight; did a young Æneas play in my hall, were it but to give me thy image in his features, I should not indeed have thought myself quite a captive and forlorn.

She said. He, by the commands of Jove, held his eyes unmoved, and with hard struggles suppressed the anxious care in his heart. At length he briefly replies, That you, O queen, have laid on me numerous obligations, which you may recount at large, I never shall disown; and I shall always remember Elisa with pleasure, while I have any remembrance of myself, while I have a soul to actuate these limbs. But to the point in debate I shall briefly speak: believe me, I neither thought by stealth to have concealed this my flight, nor did I ever pretend a lawful union, or enter into such a contract. Had the Fates left me free to conduct my life by my own direction, and ease my cares according to my own choice; my first regards had been shown to Troy and the dear relics of my country; Priam's lofty palace should [now] remain, and with this hand I would have repaired for the conquered the walls of Pergamus, raised again from ruin. But now to great Italy Grynæan Apollo, to Italy the Lycian oracles have com-

[25] For this collocation of words, compare Eur. Andr. 892, *πρὸς σὲ τῶν δὲ γουνάτων*. Hipp. 601, *πρὸς σὲ τῆς σῆς δέξιᾶς*. Æn. x. 369. Ter. Andr. iii. 3, 6. Tibull. i. 5, 7. B.

[26] Valpy well remarks, that, as Æneas disowns the nuptial tie, Dido addresses him by the title of guest, which he can not reject. Seneca has expressed the same idea, Herc. Fur. 1, "Soror Tonantis, hoc enim solum mihi nomen rehctum est." B.

manded me to repair. This is the object of my love, this my country. If the towers of Carthage and the sight of a Libyan city engross you, a Phœnician born, why should you be dissatisfied that we Trojans settle in the land of Ausonia? Let us too have the privilege to go in quest of foreign realms. Whenever the night overspreads the earth with humid shades, as often as the fiery stars arise, the troubled ghost of my father Anchises visits me in my dreams, and with dreadful summons urges [my departure]: my son Ascanius [calls] me [hence], and the injury done to one so dear, whom I defraud of the Hesperian crown, and his destined dominions. Now[27] also the messenger of the gods, dispatched from Jove himself, (I call them both to witness!) swift gliding through the air, bore to me his high commands: myself beheld the god in conspicuous brightness entering your walls, and with these ears I received his voice. Cease to torment yourself and me by your complaints: the Italian coasts I pursue, not out of choice.[28]

Thus while he speaks, she views him all along from the beginning with averted looks, rolling her eyes hither and thither, and with silent glances surveys his whole person, then thus inflamed with wrath breaks forth: Nor goddess gave thee birth, perfidious one! nor is Dardanus the founder of thy race, but frightful Caucasus on flinty cliffs brought thee forth, and Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck. For why should I dissemble? or for what greater injuries can I be reserved? Did he so much as sigh at my distress? did he once move his eyes? Did he, overcome, shed a tear, or compassionate me in my love? Where shall I begin my complaint? Now neither mighty Juno nor the Saturnian sire, considers these things with impartial eyes. Firm faith nowhere subsists. An outcast on my shores, an indigent wretch, I received him, and fool that I was, settled him in partnership of my crown; his wrecked fleet [I renewed], his companions from death I saved. Ah! I am all on fire, I am distracted with fury! "Now[29] the prophetic voice of Apollo; now the Lycian lots; and now the

[27] This sophistical defense of Æneas has been partly copied by Silius, viii. 109 sqq. B.

[28] On this abruptly finished passage, see Weichart, de vers. spur. p. 71. B.

[29] Dido ironically repeats his words.

messenger of the gods, dispatched from Jove himself, through the air conveys the horrid mandate." A worthy employment, forsooth, for the powers above, a weighty concern to disturb them in their peaceful state! I neither detain you, nor argue against what you have said. Go, speed your way for Italy with the winds, pursue this kingdom of yours, over the waves. I hope, however (if the just gods have any power), thou mayest suffer punishment amid the rocks, and often [vainly] call on Dido's name. I, though absent, will pursue thee with black flames: and, when cold death shall have separated these limbs from my soul, as a shade will I haunt[30] thee in every place: Wretch! thou shalt make atonement: I shall hear it; even in the deep shades these tidings will reach me. With these words she breaks off in the middle of the conference, and sickening shuns the light: she turns about, and flings away out of his sight, leaving him greatly perplexed through fear, and preparing to say a thousand things. Her maids raise her up, bear her fainting limbs into her marble bed-chamber, and gently lay her on a couch.

Meanwhile pious Æneas, though by solacing means he desires to ease her grief, and by words to divert her anguish, heaving many a sigh, and staggered in his mind by mighty love, yet gives obedience to the commands of the gods, and revisits his fleet. Then, indeed, the Trojans intensely ply their work, and launch the ships all along the shore. The pitchy keel floats; through eager haste to sail, they bring from the woods oars not cleared of leaves, and unfashioned timber. You might have seen them removing, and pouring from all quarters of the town, as when ants, mindful of winter, plunder a large granary of corn and hoard it up in their cell; the black battalion marches over the plains, and along the narrow track they convey their booty through the meadows; some, shoving with their shoulders, push forward the cumbrous grain; some rally the [straggling] bands, and chastise those that lag: the path all glows with the work.

Dido, how wast thou then affected with so sad a prospect? What groans didst thou utter, when from thy lofty tower thou beheldest the shore in its wide extent glowing [with bustle],

[30] Ovid, Ibis, 146. "Tum quoque factorum veniam memor umbra tuorum, Insequar et vultus ossea forma tuos. Quæ vis Deorum est manium." B.

and didst also observe, full in thy view, the whole watery plain resounding with such mingled shouts? Unrelenting love, how irresistible is thy sway over the mind of mortals! She is constrained once more to have recourse to tears, once more to assail him by prayers, and suppliant to subject the powers of her soul to love, lest, by leaving any means unattempted, she should throw away her life rashly, and without cause. Anna, thou seest over all the shore how they are hastening: the whole bands are drawn together, the canvas now invites the gales; and the joyful mariners have crowned their sterns with garlands. O sister, since I was able to foresee this so sad a blow, I shall be able to bear it. Yet, Anna, perform this one request for your wretched sister: for that perfidious man made you the sole object of his esteem, even intrusted you with the secrets of his soul, you alone knew the occasions and soft approaches to his heart. Go, sister, and in suppliant terms bespeak the haughty foe: I never conspired with the Greeks at Aulis[31] to extirpate the Trojan race, or sent a fleet to Troy; nor did I disturb the ashes and manes of his father Anchises. Why does he stop his unrelenting ears to my words? whither does he fly? Let him grant but this last favor to his unhappy lover; to defer his flight till it be safe, and till the winds blow fair.[32] I plead no more for that old-promised wedlock, which he has betrayed; nor that he should deprive himself of fair Latium, and relinquish a kingdom. I ask a trifling moment; a respite and interval from distracting pain, till, subdued by fortune, I learn to sustain my woes. This favor I implore as the last, (pity thy sister!) which, when he has granted, I shall send him away completely happy in my death.

To this effect she prayed; and her sister, deeply distressed, bears once and again this mournful message to Æneas; but by none of her mournful messages is he moved, nor listens with calm regard to any words. The Fates stand in his way; and heaven renders his ears deaf to compassion. And as the Alpine north winds by their blasts, now on this side, now on

[31] Aulis, a seaport town of Bœtia, in Greece, where the Grecian forces assembled in the expedition against Troy.

[32] Ventosque ferentes, *i. e.* Ventosque secundos, as in Seneca de B. V. c. 21, Navigantem secundus et ferens ventus exhilarat. So Pliny in his panegyric, Venti ferentes et brevis cursus optentur.

that, strive with joint force to overturn a sturdy ancient oak: a loud howling goes forth, and the leaves strew the ground in heaps, while the trunk is shaken; the tree itself cleaves fast to the rocks; and as high as it shoots up to the top in the ethereal regions, so deep it descends with its root toward Tartarus: just so the hero on this side and that side is plied with importunate remonstrances, and feels deep pangs in his mighty soul; his mind remains unmoved; unavailing tears are shed.

Then, indeed, unhappy Dido, struck to the heart by her fate, longs for death; she sickens of beholding the canopy of heaven. The more to prompt her to execute her purpose, and to part with the light, while she was presenting her offerings upon the altar that smoked with incense, she beheld, horrid to relate! the sacred liquors grow black, and the outpoured wine turn into inauspicious blood. This vision she revealed to none, not even to her sister. Besides, there was in the palace a marble shrine in honor of her former husband, to which she paid extraordinary veneration, [having] it encircled with snowy fillets of wool and festal garlands. Hence voices, and the words of her husband calling her, seemed to be heard,[33] when dim night shrouded the earth; and on the house-tops the solitary owl often complained in doleful ditty, and spun out his long notes in a mournful strain. Besides, many predictions of pious prophets terrify her with dreadful forebodings. Æneas himself, now stern and cruel, disturbs her raving in her sleep; and still she seems to be abandoned in solitude, still to be going a long tedious journey, with no attendance, and to be in quest of her Tyrians in some desert country: as frantic Pentheus[34] sees troops of Furies, two suns, and Thebes appear double; or like Orestes, Agamemnon's son, with distraction hurried on the stage, when he flies from his mother armed with firebrands[35] and black snakes and the avenged Furies are planted at the gate.[36]

33 Compare Silius, viii. 122 sqq., and Ovid, Her. vii. 100 sqq. Such prodigies are great favorites with the Greek romancists. Thus in Heliodor. ii. 70, *ἐκ μυχῶν τοῦ σπηλαίου, φωνῆς τις ἠχος ἐξηκούετο, θεάγενες, καλούσης.* And Chariton, i. p. 12, *ψόφος οὐκ ἐστὶν, ἀλλὰ φωνὴ καλούντων με τῶν ὑποχθονίων πρὸς αὐτούς.* B.

34 Pentheus, son of Echion and Agave, was king of Thebes in Bœotia. In consequence of his refusal to acknowledge the divinity of Bacchus, he was torn to pieces by the Bacchanals.

35 There is an evident reference to the stage costume of the Furies. B.

36 According to Servius, Virgil follows a tragedy of Pacuvius, in which

When, therefore, overpowered with grief, she had taken the Furies[37] into her breast, and determined to die, she ponders the time and manner with herself; and thus accosting her sister, the partner of her grief, covers her intention in her looks, and puts on a serene air of hope. Rejoice, O sister, with thy sister! I have found an expedient, which will restore him to me, or set my love-sick soul at liberty from him. Near the extremity of the ocean and the setting sun, the utmost boundary of Æthiopia lies, where mighty Atlas on his shoulder whirls about the globe, spangled with refulgent stars: hence appeared to me a priestess of the Massylian nation, the guardian of the temple of the Hesperides,[38] who supplied the dragon with food, and watched the sacred branches on the tree, infusing liquid honey and the sleepy poppy. She undertakes, by charms, to release any souls, whom she will, [from the power of love,] and to entail on others irksome cares: to stop the course of rivers, and turn the stars backward: she summons up the ghosts by night. You shall see the earth bellow under her feet, and the wild ashes descend from the mountains. My dear sister, I call the gods, and you, and that dear person of thine, to witness, that it is against my will I set about these magic arts. Do you in secrecy erect a funeral pile in the inner court, under the open air, and lay upon it his arms, which he, impiously base, left fixed in my bed-chamber, with all his clothes, and the nuptial bed in which I was undone. The priestess orders and directs me to destroy every monument of that execrable man. Having thus said, she ceases: at the same time, paleness overcasts her whole complexion. Yet Anna imagines not that her sister aimed at death under pretext of these unusual rites; nor once suspects that she had formed such a desperate purpose,

Orestes was represented taking refuge in the temple of Apollo, while the Furies kept watch for him at the gate. For the more usual stage arrangement, see my notes on Æsch. Eum. p. 180, note 4, ed. Bohn. B.

[37] The Furies, daughters of Acheron and Nox: they were three in number, Tisiphone, Megara, and Alecto, and were supposed to be the ministers of the vengeance of the gods.

[38] Hesperides, three celebrated nymphs, daughters of Hesperus: they presided over the garden which contained the golden apples that Juno gave to Jupiter on the day of their nuptials. This garden, according to the ancients, was situated near Mount Atlas, in Africa, and the tree bearing the golden apples was guarded by a huge dragon.

nor dreads any thing worse than had happened at the death of Sichæus. Therefore she makes the desired preparations.

But the queen, as soon as the vast pile was erected under the open air in the inner court, with torches and faggots of oak, encircles the ground with garlands, and crowns it with funeral boughs: upon the bed she lays his clothes, the sword he left, and his image, well knowing of the future. Altars are raised around; and the priestess, her hair disheveled, with thundering voice, invokes three hundred gods, and Erebus, and Chaos, and threefold Hecate,[39] virgin Diana's triple form. She sprinkled also water counterfeiting that of the lake Avernus:[40] full-grown herbs, cut by moonlight with brazen sickles, are searched out, together with the juice of black poison: the [mother's] love,[41] too, torn from the forehead of a new-foaled colt, and snatched away from the dam, is sought out. The queen herself, now resolute on death, having one foot bare, her robe ungirt, standing by the altars, with the salt cake and pious hands, makes her appeal to the gods, and to the stars conscious of her fate: then, if any deity, both just and mindful, regards lovers unequally yoked, him she invokes.

It was night, and weary bodies over the earth were enjoying a peaceful repose: the woods and raging seas were still; when the stars roll in the middle of their gliding course; when every field is hushed: the beasts, and speckled birds, both those that far and wide haunt the liquid lakes, and those that possess the fields with rough bushes overgrown, all stretched under the silent night, allayed their cares with sleep, and every heart forgot its toil. But not so the soul-distressed queen; not one moment is she lulled to rest, nor enjoys the night with eyes or mind. Her cares redouble; and love, again arising, rages afresh, and fluctuates with a high tide of passions. Thus then she persists, and revolves these secret reflections in her breast: Lo! what shall I do? Baffled as I am, shall I, in my turn, apply to my former suitors? shall I humbly sue for a match with one of the Numidians, whom I

[39] Hecate, the daughter of Perses and Asteria, or rather of Jupiter and Latona: she was called Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, and Hecate, or Proserpine, in hell.

[40] "Avernales aquas." Hor. Ep. v. 15. Cf. Macrob. iii. 1. B.

[41] On the "hippomanes," here meant, see Anthon. B.

have so often disdained as lords? Shall I then attend the fleet of Ilium, and submit to the basest commands of the Trojans? and that, because I am well rewarded for having lent them my assistance, and in their grateful hearts a just sense of my former kindness remains? But, suppose I had the will, who will put it in my power, or receive into their proud ships me, the object of their hate? Ah! lost one, art thou unacquainted with, art thou still to learn, the perfidiousness of Laomedon's race? What then? Shall I steal away by myself to accompany the triumphant crew? or, attended by my Tyrians, and all my people in a body, shall I pursue them, and again lead out to sea, and order those to spread their sails to the winds, whom, with much ado, I forced from Tyre? Nay, rather die, as you deserve, and end your woes with the sword. You, sister, subdued by my tears, you first oppressed my distracted mind with these woes, and exposed me to the enemy. Might I not have led an innocent unwedded life, like a savage of the field, and have avoided such cares? I have violated the faith I plighted to the manes of Sichæus.

Such heavy complaints she poured forth from her heart. Æneas, determined to depart, was enjoying sleep in the lofty stern, all things being now in readiness. The form of the god, returning with the same aspect, appeared to him in his sleep, thus again seemed to admonish him; in every thing resembling Mercury, in voice, complexion, golden locks, and comely youthful limbs: "Goddess-born, can you indulge in sleep at this conjuncture? Infatuated, not to see what dangers in a moment may beset you, nor listen to the breathing of the friendly zephyrs! She, bent on death, is revolving guileful purposes and horrid wickedness in her breast, and fluctuates with a tide of angry passions. Will you not fly hence with precipitation, while thus to fly is in your power? Forthwith you shall behold the sea in commotion with her oars, and torches fiercely blaze; forthwith the shore lighted up with flames, if the morning reach you lingering on these coasts. Come then, quick, break off delay: woman is a fickle and ever changeable creature." This said, he mingled with the sable night.

Then, indeed, Æneas, in consternation at this sudden apparition, snatches his frame from the couch, and rouses his companions: Awake, my mates, in haste, and plant your-

selves on the benches; instantly unfurl the sails. A god, dispatched from the high heavens, once more prompts me to hasten my departure, and cut the twisted cables. We follow thee, O holy power, whoever thou art, and once more with joy obey thy commands. Ah! be present, lend us thy propitious aid, and light up friendly stars in the heavens. He said, and snatches his keen flashing sword from the sheath, and cuts the halsers with the drawn steel. The same eagerness at once seizes them all: they hale, they hurry away: they have quitted the shore; the sea lies hidden under the fleet; they with exerted vigor upturn the foaming billows, and sweep the azure deep.

And now Aurora, leaving Tithonus' saffron bed, first sowed the earth with new-born light: soon as the queen from her watch-towers marked the dawn whitening, and the fleet setting forward with balanced sails, and perceived the shore and vacant port without a rower; thrice and four times smiting her fair bosom, and tearing her golden locks: O Jupiter! shall he go? she says: and shall this stranger mock my kingdom? Will they not make ready arms, and pursue from all the city? and will not others tear my ships from the docks? Run quick, fetch flames, unfurl the sails, ply the oars. What am I saying? or where am I? what madness turns my brain? Unhappy Dido! art thou then at length stung with the sense of his foul impious deeds?[42] Then it had become thee so to act, when thou impartedst [to him] thy scepter. Is this the honor, the faith! this [the man] who, they say, carries with him his country's gods! who bore on his shoulders his father spent with age! Might I not have torn in pieces his mangled body, and strewn it on the waves? might I not with the sword have destroyed his friends, and Ascanius himself, and served him up for a banquet at his father's table? But the fortune of the fight was doubtful. Grant it had been so: thus resolute on death, whom had I to fear? I might have hurled firebrands into his camp, filled the hatches with flames, extirpated the son, the sire, with the whole race, and flung myself upon the pile. Thou Sun, who with thy flaming beams surveyest all works on earth, and thou, Juno, the author[43] and witness of these my cares; Hecate, with howlings invoked through

[42] "facta," not "fata." B.

[43] "interpres," *i. e.* "media et conciliatrix." SERVIUS. B.

the cities in the crossways by night; and ye avenging Furies, and gods of dying Elisa! receive these my words; in justice to my wrongs, turn to me your divine regard, and hearken to my prayers. If it must be, and Jove's decrees so require, if this be his determination, that the execrable traitor reach the port, and get safe to land: yet harassed, at least, by war, and the hostilities of an audacious people, expelled from his own territories, torn from the embraces of Iülus, may he sue to others for relief, and see the ignominious deaths of his friends; and, after he shall have submitted to the terms of a disadvantageous peace, let him neither enjoy his crown, nor the wished-for light, but die before his time, and [lie] unburied in the midst of the sandy shore. These are my prayers;[44] these the last words I pour forth with my blood. You, too, O Tyrians, with irreconcilable enmity, pursue his offspring and all his future race, and present these offerings to my shade: let no amity or leagues between the two nations subsist. Arise some avenger[45] from my ashes, who may persecute those Trojan fugitives with fire and sword, now, hereafter, at whatever time power shall be given. Let them take this curse from me,[46] that their shores, their waves, their arms, and ours, may still be opposed to one another; and may their posterity too [and ours] be still in war engaged.

She said, and every way turned her shifting soul, seeking, as soon as possible, to bereave herself of the hated light. Then briefly thus she bespoke Barce, the nurse of Sichæus

[44] Respecting their mythical fulfillment, see Servius, and the satisfactory notes of Anthon. B.

[45] Such as Hannibal proved. B.

[46] It was an opinion very prevailing among the ancients, that the prayers of the dying were generally heard, and that their last words were prophetic. Thus Virgil makes Dido imprecate upon Æneas a series of misfortunes, which actually had their accomplishment in his own person, or in his posterity. 1. He was harassed with war in Italy by Turnus. 2. He was necessitated to abandon his son, and go into Etruria to beg for assistance, Æn. viii. 80. 3. He saw his friends cruelly slain in battle, especially Pallas, Æn. x. 489. 4. He died before his time, being slain by Mezentius, according to the most authentic tradition, and was left unburied on the banks of the Numicus, by whose waters his body was at length carried off, and never more appeared. 5. The Romans and Carthaginians were irreconcilable enemies to one another, and no leagues, no ties of religion, could ever bind the two nations to peace. 6. Hannibal was Dido's avenger, who arose afterward to be the scourge of the Romans, and carried fire and sword into Italy.

(for the dark grave lodged her own in her native country): Dear nurse, call hither to me my sister Anna; bid her make haste to sprinkle her body with running water, and bring with her the victims and the things for expiation of which I told her: thus let her come; and you yourself cover your temples with a holy fillet. I have a mind to finish the sacrifice begun with proper rites, which I have prepared for Jupiter Stygius,[47] to put a period to my miseries, and to commit to the flames the pile of the Trojan. She said: the other quickened her pace with an old woman's officiousness.[48]

But Dido, trembling with agitation, and maddened on account of her horrid purpose, rolling her blood-red eyeballs, her throbbing cheeks suffused with spots, and all pale with approaching death, burst into the gate of the inner palace, and frantic mounts the lofty pile, and unsheaths the Trojan sword; a present not provided for such purposes as these.[49] Here, after she had viewed the Trojan vestments and the conscious bed, having wept and mused awhile, she threw herself on the bed, and spoke her last words: Ye dear remains, while god and the fates permitted, receive this soul, and free me from these cares. I have lived, and finished the race which fortune gave me. And now my ghost shall descend illustrious to the shades below: I have raised a glorious city, have seen the walls of my own building, have avenged my husband, punished an unnatural brother; happy, ah! too happy, had but the Trojan ships never touched my shores! She said, and pressing her lips to the bed, Shall I die unrevenged? But let me die,[50] she says: thus, thus with pleasure I descend to the shades below. Let the cruel Trojan from the sea feed his eyes with these flames, and bear with him the omens of my death. She said; and while she spoke, her attendants perceive her fallen on the sword, and the weapon stained with foaming gore, and her hands besmeared. The outcry reaches the lofty palace; fame wildly flies through the alarmed city;

47 *i. e.* Pluto. Cf. Macrob. Sat. iii. 3. Æsch. Suppl. 164, Ζῆνα τῶν κεκμηκότων. B.

48 With Anthon, I prefer "anili" to "anilem." B.

49 *i. e.* "quæsitum in pignus amoris," as Silius, viii. 50, says, with an evident reference to this passage. Cf. Ovid Her. vii. 195. B.

50 Happily imitated by Propert. ii. 7, 79:

"Sic igitur prima moriere ætate, Properti?
Sed morere, interitu gaudeat illa tuo." B.

the houses ring with lamentations, groans, and female yells,[51] and the sky resounds with loud shrieks: just as if all Carthage, or ancient Tyre, in the hands of the invading enemy, were falling to the ground, and the furious flames were rolling over the tops of houses and temples.

Her sister was breathless at the news, and with trembling haste, all aghast, tearing her face with her nails, and [beating] her bosom with her hands, rushes through the midst of the crowd, and calls her dying [sister] by name: O sister, was this your meaning? did you practice thus to deceive me? was this what I had to expect from that pile, those fires and altars? Abandoned! where shall I begin to complain? Did you disdain a sister for your companion in death? Had you invited me to the same fate, one distress and one hour had snatched us both away by the sword. Did I raise [that pile] with these very hands, and with my voice invoke our country's gods, that I should cruelly absent myself from you, thus stretched upon it. Ah sister! you have involved yourself and me, your people, your Tyrian nobles, and your city, in one common ruin. Let me bathe her wounds with water,[52] and catch with my lips, if there be yet any straggling remains of breath.[53] This said, she mounted the high steps, and in her bosom embracing, cherished her expiring sister with sighs, and dried up the black blood with her robe. She essaying to lift her heavy eyes, again sinks down. The wound deep fixed in her breast, emits a bubbling noise. Thrice leaning on her elbow, she made an effort to raise herself up; thrice she fell back on the bed, and with swimming eyes sought the light of heaven, and having found it, heaved a groan.

Then all-powerful Juno, in pity to her lingering pain and uneasy death, sent down Iris[54] from heaven, to release the

[51] Synes. Ep. p. 164, C. *ἀνδρῶν οἰμωγὴ, γυναικῶν ὀλολυγή.* B.

[52] I read "date, [*i. e.* "aquam,"] vulnera." See Anthon, who renders, "give me it, I will wash." B.

[53] This was the ancient custom. Cf. Bion, i. 47, *ἀχρις ἀπὸ ψυχῆς ἐς ἐμὸν στόμα κἐις ἐμὸν ἦπαρ πνεῦμα τεὸν ῥεύσῃ.* B.

[54] Iris, daughter of Thaumus and Electra, was one of the Oceanides, and messenger of the gods, more particularly of Juno. Her office was to cut the thread which seemed to detain the soul in the body of those that were expiring. She is represented with all the variegated and beautiful colors of the rainbow.

struggling soul and the tie that bound it to the body: for, since she neither fell by fate, nor by a deserved death, but unhappily before her time, and maddened with sudden rage, Proserpina had not yet cropped the yellow hair from the crown of her head, and condemned her to Stygian Pluto. Therefore dewy Iris, drawing a thousand various colors from the opposite sun, shoots downward through the sky on saffron wings, and alighted on her head: I, by command, bear away this lock sacred to Pluto, and disengage you from that body. She said, and cut the lock with her right hand: at once all the vital heat was extinguished, and life vanished into air.

BOOK V.

In the Fifth Book, Æneas sails from Carthage for Italy, but is forced by a storm to revisit Drepanum in Sicily, where he celebrates the anniversary of his father's death by various games and feats at arms. Here the Trojan women set fire to the fleet, which is saved by the interposition of Jupiter, with the loss of four ships. After this event, Æneas pursues his voyage to Italy.

Meanwhile, Æneas, in direct course, was now fairly on his route with the fleet,[1] and was cutting the black billows before the wind, looking back to the walls which now glare with the flames of unfortunate Elisa. What cause may have kindled such a blaze is unknown; but the thought of those cruel agonies that arise from violent love when injured, and the knowledge of what frantic women can do, led the minds of the Trojans through dismal forebodings.

As soon as their ships held the main, and no more land appears, sky all around, and ocean all around; a dark lead-colored watery cloud stood over his head, bringing on night, and storm; and the waves became horrid in the gloom. The pilot Palinurus himself from the lofty stern [exclaims]: Ah! why have such threatening clouds begirt the sky? or what, O father Neptune, hast thou in view? Thus having spoken, he next commands to furl the sails, and ply the sturdy oar; the bellying canvas he turns askance to the wind, and thus speaks: Magnanimous Æneas, should Jupiter on his authority assure me, I could not hope to reach Italy in this weather. The winds changed roar across our path, and arise thick from

[1] See Anthon, whom I have closely followed. B.

the darkening west, and the air is condensed into cloud. We are neither able to make head against [the storm], nor even to withstand it: since fortune overpowers us, let us follow her, and turn our course where she invites us: the trusty shores of your brother Eryx, and the Sicilian ports, I deem not far off, if I but rightly remembering review the stars I observed before. Then the pious Æneas [said], I indeed have observed long ago that the winds urge us to this, and that your contrary efforts are in vain. Shift your course by the sails. Can any land be more welcome to me, or where I would sooner choose to put in my weather-beaten ships, than that which preserves for me Trojan Acestes, and in its womb contains the bones of my father Anchises? This said, they make toward the port, and the prosperous zephyrs stretch the sails: the fleet swiftly rides on the flood; and at length the joyous crew are wafted to the well-known strand. But Acestes, from a mountains lofty summit, struck with the distant prospect of their arrival, and at the friendly ships, comes up to them, all rough with javelins,[2] and the hide of an African bear: whom, begotten by the river Crinisius,[3] a Trojan mother bore. He, not unmindful of his origin, congratulates them on their safe arrival, and cheerfully entertains them with rude magnificence, and refreshes them fatigued with friendly cheer.

When with the early dawn the ensuing bright day had chased away the stars, Æneas summons to council his followers from all the shore, and from the summit of a rising ground addresses them: Illustrious Trojans, whose descent is from the exalted blood of the gods, the annual circle is completed, by the fulfillment of months, since we lodged in the earth the relics and bones of my godlike sire, and consecrated to him the altars of mourning. And now the day, if I mistake not, is at hand, which I shall always account a day of sorrow, always a day to be honored: such, ye gods, has been your pleasure. Were I to pass this day in exile among the Syrtes

[2] It is strange that Heyne should have found any difficulty in this phrase. The preposition is merely redundant. Cf. Val. Flacc. i. 641, "subitus in hasta." Lucan, i. 423, "leves in armis." See Wagner, and Weichart on Val. Flacc. viii. 136.

[3] Crinisius, a river on the western side of the island of Sicily, near the city Segesta.

of Getulia, or overtaken [by it] on the Grecian Sea, or in the city of Mycene, yet would I regularly perform my annual vows, and the solemn funeral processions, and heap the altars with their proper offerings. Now, without premeditated design, though not, I judge, without the will or the influence of the gods, we are come to the ashes and bones of my own father, and are wafted to the friendly port which we are now entering. Come then, and let us all celebrate the joyous rites. Let us pray for [prosperous] winds, and that, when our city is built, he will permit me to offer to him these rites annually in temples consecrated to his honor. Acestes, a son of Troy, gives you two oxen for each ship: invite to the feast your household and country gods, and those whom our host Acestes worships. Further, if the ninth morning shall bring forth the day fair and serene to mortals, and brighten up the world with its beams, I will propose to the Trojans the first trial of skill to be with the swiftest of their ships. And whoever excels in running, in strength who boldly dares, or moves superior in the javelin,[4] and the light arrows, or who has courage to encounter with the bloody cestus; let all such be ready at hand, and expect prizes of victory suitable to their merit. Do ye all keep religious guard over your lips, and encircle your temples with boughs.

This said, he crowns his temples with his mother's myrtle. The same does Elymus:[5] the same Acestes ripened in years; the same the boy Ascanius, whose example the other youths follow. He went from the assembly to the tomb with many thousands, in the center of a numerous retinue attending. Here in due form, by way of libation, he pours on the ground to Bacchus two bowls of wine, two of new milk, two of sacred blood; then scatters blooming flowers, and thus speaks: Hail, holy sire! once more hail, ye ashes revisited in vain! ye ghosts and shades of my father! Heaven would not allow us to go together in quest of the bounds of Italy, and of the lands allotted to me by fate, or the Ausonian Tiber, whatever river that is. He said; when from the bottom of the shrine a huge slippery snake trailed along, seven circling spires, seven folds, gently

[4] Wyttenbach on Julian, p. 161, condemns this as corrupt. I do not see any substantial grounds of objection. B.

[5] Elymus, a youth at the court of Acestes, who engaged in the foot-races at the tomb of Anchises.

twining round the tomb, and gliding over the altars; whose back azure streaks, and whose scales drops of burnished gold brightened up; as the bow in the clouds draws a thousand various colors from the opposite sun. Æneas stood amazed at the sight. At length the reptile, creeping with his long train between the bowls and smooth-polished goblets, gently tasted the banquet, and harmless retired again into the bottom of the tomb, and left the altars on which he had fed. Æneas with the more zeal pursues the sacrifice begun in honor of his father, in doubt whether to think it the genius of the place, or the attendant of his parent. He sacrificed five ewes, two years old, according to custom; as many sows, as many bullocks with sable backs: and he poured out wine from the goblets, and invoked the soul of the great Anchises, and his ghost from Acheron released. In like manner his companions offer gifts with joy, each according to his ability; they load the altars, and sacrifice bullocks. Others place the brazen caldrons in order, and stretched along the grass, apply burning coals under the spits, and roast the flesh.[6]

Now the wished-for day approached, and the steeds of the sun ushering in the ninth morning with a serene sky; fame, and the renown of illustrious Acestes, had drawn together the neighborhood. They filled the shore with joyous crowd, some to see the Trojans, some too prepared to try their skill. The prizes first are set before their eyes in the midst of the circus; sacred tripods, green garlands, and palms, the reward of the conquerors; arms, and vestments of purple dye, two talents, one of gold and one silver: and the trumpet from the midst of the rising ground gives the signal that the games are begun

Four ships selected from the whole fleet, equally matched with ponderous oars, first enter the lists. Mnestheus manages the swift-sailing Pristis, with stout rowers, [destined] soon [to be] the Italian Mnestheus, from which name the family of Memmius is derived; Gyas,[7] the huge Chimera of stupendous bulk, a work like a city, which with a triple tier the Trojan youth impel; the oars rise together in a triple row. Ser-

[6] "Viscera," *i. e.* all that is contained in the skin of the animal. See Anthon, on Æn. i. 211. So "viscerātio" is "a distribution of meat." B.

[7] Gyas, one of the companions of Æneas, who distinguished himself at the naval games exhibited by Æneas in honor of his father Anchises. Gyas commanded the ship Chimera, of which Menœtes was the pilot.

gestus, from whom the Sergian family has its name, rides in the bulky Centaur; and Cloanthus in the sea-green Scylla, from whom, O Roman Cluentius, is thy descent. Far in the sea there lies a rock opposite to the foaming shore, which sometimes overwhelmed is buffeted by the swelling surges,[8] when the wintery north-west winds overcloud the stars: in a calm it lies hushed, and rises above the still waves as a plain, and a delightful station for the cormorants basking in the sun. Here father Æneas erected a verdant goal of branching oak for a signal to the mariners; whence they might know to turn back, and whence to wind about the long circuits. Then they choose their places by lot; and on the poops the leaders, adorned with gold and purple, shine from afar with distinguished luster. The rest of the youth are crowned with poplar wreaths, and glitter, having their naked shoulders besmeared with oil. They sit down side by side on the benches, and their arms are stretched to the oars: with eager attention they wait the signal, and their throbbing hearts beat heavily with the impulse of fear, and the generous thirst of praise. Then, as soon as the loud trumpet gave the signal, all (there is no delay) started from their barrier: the seamen's clamor strikes the skies; and the seas, upturned by their in-bent arms, foam. At once they plow the watery furrows; and the whole deep opens, convulsed with oars and trident beaks. Not with such violent speed the coursers in the two-yoked chariot-race spring to the field, and start with full career from the goal; nor with such ardor do the charioteers shake the waving[9] reins over the flying steeds, and, bending forward, hang to [give] the lash.'[10] Then, with the applause and uproar of the seamen, and the eager acclamations of the favoring crowd, every grove resounds: the bounded shores roll the voices on; the lashed hills re-echo the sound. Amid the bustle and uproar, Gyas flies out before the rest, and scuds away the foremost on the waves: whom next Cloanthus follows, a more skillful rower, but the vessel, sluggish through its bulk, retards him. After these, at equal distance, the Pristis

[8] The reading quoted by Agrætius de Serm. Lat. p. 1346, "tumidis quod fluctibus olim Tunditur," is far more harmonious than the usual arrangement. B.

[9] Cf. Tryphiod. 67, *ἐπικυμαίνουσα μετήορος αἰχένι κυρτῷ*. B.

[10] For this construction, cf. Sil. viii. 283, "trepida pendens in verbera planta" B.

and Centaur strive to gain the foremost place. And now the Pristis has the advantage, now the huge Centaur gets before her vanquished [antagonist]; anon both advance together with united fronts, and with their long keels plow the briny waves. And now they were approaching the rock, and had reached the goal, when Gyas the foremost, and [hitherto] victorious, thus in mid-sea accosts Menœtes, the pilot of his ship: Whither, I pray, are you going so far to the right? this way steer your course; keep to the shore, and let the oar graze upon the rocks to the left: let others stand out to sea. He said: but Menœtes, dreading the hidden rocks, turns out his prow toward the waves. Gyas with loud voice called to him again, Menœtes, whither are you steering opposite? once more, I say, keep to the rocks: And lo! he espies Cloanthus pressing on his rear, and keeping a nearer compass. He, between Gyas' ship and the roaring rocks, brushes along the left-hand path on the inside, and suddenly gets ahead of him who was before, and leaving the goal, gains the safe seas. Then indeed severe grief blazed up in the inmost vitals of the youth: nor were his cheeks free from tears; and regardless both of his own dignity and the safety of his friends, he hurls[11] dastardly Menœtes headlong from the lofty stern into the sea. Himself succeeds to the helm, both as pilot and commander; encourages his men, and turns his rudder to the shore. But when encumbered Menœtes with difficulty at length had risen from the deep bottom being now in years, and languid by reason of his wet garments, he crawls up to the summit of the rock, and sat down on the dry cliff. The Trojans laughed both to see him fall, and to see him swimming; and they renew their laughter when from his breast he vomits up the briny wave. Here Sergestus and Mnestheus, the two last, were fired with joyous hope to outstrip Gyas lagging behind. Sergestus gets the start, and makes up to the rock, nor yet had he the advantage by the whole length of the ship, only by a part: the rival Pristis partly presses him with her beak. But Mnestheus, on the mid-deck walking among his crew, animates them: My Hectorean[12] bands, whom I chose associates in Troy's last fatal hour, now, now with keenness ply your

[11] "Deturbare, dejicere, demovere." Nonius ii. p. 540, ed. Gothof. B.

[12] Instead of "Hectorei socii," Rufinianus, § 35, p. 221, ed. Ruhnk., reads, "hortor vos socii." B.

oars; now exert that vigor, now that soul of which you were masters in the quicksands of Getulia, in the Ionian Sea, and on Malea's[13] coast, where waves succeeding waves pursued us. Your Mnestheus aspires not now to the foremost place, nor contends for the victory: though would to heaven! but may those conquer to whom thou, O Neptune, hast given that boon. Let us be ashamed to come in the last. Surmount, my countrymen, and repel that criminal disgrace. They bend to the oar with the greatest emulation: the brazen-beaked galley trembles with the vast strokes, and the [watery] surface flies from under them. Then thick panting shakes their limbs and parched jaws: sweat flows from every pore in rivulets. Mere chance procured the men the wished-for honor: for while Sergestus, between Mnestheus and the goal, in his furious career, is pressing up the head of the ship to the rocks, and steers in a disadvantageous place, he unluckily stuck among the jutting rocks. The cliffs are shaken, and on a sharp reef the struggling oars were loudly snapped, and the prow dashed against [the rocks] stood suspended. The mariners arise together, and with great clamor desist; and apply stakes shod with iron, and poles with sharpened points, and gather up their shattered oars on the stream. Meanwhile Mnestheus rejoiced, and more animated by this same success, with the nimble march of the oars, and winds called to his aid, cuts the easy waves, and scuds away on the open sea. As a pigeon, whose nest and darling young are in some harboring rock, suddenly scared from her covert, flies away into the fields, and, starting in a fright, gives a loud flapping with her wings against the nest; then, shooting through the calm still air, skims[14] along the liquid way, nor moves her noble pinions: thus Mnestheus, thus the Pristis herself in her career, cuts the utmost boundary of the watery plain; thus the mere vehemence of her motion carries her forward in her flying course. And first she leaves behind her Sergestus struggling against the high rocks and scanty shallows, in vain imploring aid, and trying to row on with shattered oars. Then he overtakes Gyas, and Chimera's self of mighty bulk: she yields, because she is deprived of her pilot. And now, in the very end of the course, Cloanthus alone is before him; whom

[13] Malea, a promontory of Peloponnesus, on the southern coast of Laconia, dangerous to navigators.

[14] λευρὸν οἶμον αἰθέρος ψαίρει πτεροῖς. Æsch. Prom. 394. B.

he endeavors to reach, and, straining with the utmost vigor, pursues. Then, indeed, the shouts redouble, and all, with hearty applauses, stimulate him in the pursuit, and the sky resounds with roaring acclamations. These are fired with indignation, lest they should lose their possession of glory and the honor they have won; and they are willing to barter life for renown. Those success cherishes; they are able because they seem to be able. And, perhaps, they had both gained the prize with equaled beaks,[15] had not Cloanthus, stretching out his hands to the sea, poured forth prayers and invoked the gods to his vows: Ye gods, to whom belongs the empire of the main, over whose seas I sail, I, bound by vow,[16] will joyously present before your altars a snow-white bull on this shore, and cast forth the entrails on the briny wave [as an offering to you], and make a libation of pure wine. He said: and the whole choir of the Nereids and Phorcus,[17] and the virgin Panopea, heard him from the bottom of the waves; and father Portunus[18] himself, with his mighty hand, pushed on the galley in her course. She flies to land swifter than the south wind, and the winged arrow, and lodged herself in the harbor's deep recess. Then Anchises' son, having assembled all in form, proclaims Cloanthus conqueror, by the loud voice of the herald, and crowns his temples with verdant laurel; allows him the choice of three bullocks as presents for the galleys, and gives him wine and a great talent of silver to carry away. On the leaders themselves he confers peculiar honors: to the conqueror he presents a mantle embroidered with gold, round which a thick fringe of Melibean purple ran in a double maze, and where the royal boy [Ganymede] inwoven pursues, with darts and full career, the fleet stags on woody Ida, eager, seeming to pant for breath; whom Jove's swift armor-bearer, with his crooked talons, snatched aloft from Ida. The aged keepers in vain stretch out their hands to the stars, and the baying of the hounds rages to the skies. To him who by his merit won the second place, he gives to

[15] *i. e.* "they would have both come in together." B.

[16] He is said to be reus voti who has undertaken a vow on a certain condition; and when that condition is fulfilled, then he is damnatus voti, or votis, *i. e.* the gods condemn and sentence him to pay his vow.

[17] Phorcus, a sea-deity, son of Pontus and Terra, and father of the Gorgons.

[18] Portunus, a name of Melicerta.

wear a coat of mail, thick set with polished rings, and wrought in gold with a triple tissue, which he himself victorious had torn from Demoleus by rapid Simoïs under lofty Ilium: to be his ornament and defense in war. The servants, Phegeus and Sagaris, with united force, scarcely bore the cumbrous [armor] on their shoulders: but Demoleus, formerly clad therein, used to chase before him the straggling Trojans. For the third present he bestows two caldrons of brass, and silver bowls of finished work, and rough with figures. And thus now all rewarded, and elated with their wealth, were moving along, having their temples bound with scarlet fillets, when Sergestus brought up his hooted galley without honor, hardly with much art disentangled from the cruel rock, with the loss of her oars, find in one tier quite disabled. As often a serpent surprised in the highway (which a brazen wheel hath gone athwart, or a traveler, coming heavy with a blow, hath left half dead and mangled by a stone), attempting in vain to fly, shoots his body in long wreaths; in one part fierce, darting fire from his eyes, and rearing aloft his hissing neck; the other part, maimed with the wound, retards him, twisting [his body] in knots, and winding himself up on his own limbs: with such kind of steerage the ship slowly moved along: her sails, however, she expands, and enters the port with full sail. Æneas gladly confers on Sergestus the promised reward for preserving the vessel, and bringing the crew safe back. To him is given a female slave, not unskillful in the works of Minerva, Pholoe, a Cretan by extraction, with her two children on the breast.

This game being over, pious Æneas advances to a grassy plain, which woods on winding hills inclosed around; and in the mid valley was the circuit of a theater, whither the hero, in the midst of many thousands, repaired, and took a high seat. Here he offers inviting rewards to those who chanced to be inclined to enter the lists in the rapid race, and exhibits the prizes. The Trojans and Sicilians, in mingled throngs, convene from every quarter; Nisus and Euryalus[19] the first:

[19] Nisus and Euryalus, two Trojans who accompanied Æneas to Italy, and immortalized themselves by their mutual friendship. They fought with great bravery against the Rutulians, but at last Nisus perished in attempting the rescue of his friend Euryalus, who had fallen into the enemy's hands.

Euryalus, distinguished by his lovely form and blooming youth; Nisus, by his true affection for the boy: whom next Diores followed, a royal youth of Priam's illustrious line. After him Salius, and with him Patron; of whom the one was an Acarnanian, the other from Arcadia, of the blood of the Tegæan race. Next two Sicilian youths, Elymus and Panopes, trained to the woods, the companions of aged Acestes; and many more besides, whom fame hath buried in obscurity. In the midst of whom thus Æneas spoke: Mark these my words, and attend with joy: none of this throng shall go unrewarded by me. Two bright Gnossian[20] darts of polished steel, and a carved battle-ax of silver, I will give [each man] to bear away. This honor shall be conferred equally on all. The first three shall receive prizes, and shall have their heads bound with swarthy olive. Let the first conqueror have a steed adorned with rich trappings; the second an Amazonian[21] quiver full of Thracian arrows, which a broad belt of gold around embraces, and a buckle clasps with a tapering gem: and let the third content himself with this Grecian helmet. When he had thus said, they take their respective places, and upon hearing the signal, start in a trice, and quit the barrier, darting forward like a tempest: at the same time they mark the goal. Nisus gets the start, and springs away far before the rest, outflying the winds and winged lightning. Next to him, but next by a long interval, follows Salius: then after him Euryalus, with some space left [between them]; and Elymus follows Euryalus; close by whose side, lo! next Diores flies, and now jostles heel with heel, pressing on his shoulder; and, had more stages remained, he had skipped away before him, or left the victory dubious. And now they were almost in the utmost bound, and, exhausted, were approaching toward the very goal; when unhappy Nisus slides in a slippery puddle of blood, as by chance it had been shed on the ground from victims slain, and soaked the verdant grass. Here the youth, already flushed with the joy of victory, could not support his tottering steps on the ground he trod, but fell headlong amid the noisome filth and

[20] Gnossian darts, *i. e.* Cretan darts, from Cnossus, or Gnossus, a city of Crete.

[21] Amazonian quivers: the Amazons were a warlike nation of women, who lived near the river Thermodon in Pontus.

sacred gore. He, however, was not then forgetful of Euryalus, nor of their mutual affection; for, as he rose from the slippery mire, he opposed himself to Salius: he again, tumbling backward, lay prostrate on the clammy sand. Euryalus springs forward, and victorious by the kindness of his friend, holds the foremost place, and flies with favoring applause and acclamation. Elymus comes in next; and Diores, now [entitled to] the third prize. Here Salius fills the whole assembly of the ample pit, and the front seats of the fathers, with loud outcries, and demands the prize to be given to himself, from whom it was snatched away by unfair means. The favor [of the spectators] befriends Euryalus, and his graceful tears, and merit that appears more lovely in a comely person. Diores aids him, and exclaims with bawling voice; who succeeded to a prize, and had a claim to the last reward in vain, if the first honors be given to Salius. Then father Æneas said: Your rewards, youths, stand fixed, and none shall turn the prize out of its due course: give me leave to compassionate the disaster of my innocent friend. This said, he gives to Salius the huge hide of a Getulian lion, ponderous with shaggy fur and gilt claws. Upon this Nisus says, If to the vanquished such rewards be given, and your pity be extended to those that fell, what gifts are due to Nisus? [to me,] who by my merit won the first prize, had not the same unkind fortune which bore Salius down overpowered me. And with these words he at the same time showed his face and limbs besmeared with oozy filth. The excellent father smiled on his plight, and ordered the buckler to be produced, Didymaon's ingenious work, torn down by the Greeks from the sacred posts of Neptune's temple. With this signal present he rewards the illustrious youth.

Next, when the race was finished, and the prizes were distributed: Now, [says he,] whoever he may be in whose breast courage and resolution dwell, let him stand forth, and raise aloft his arms, having his hands bound [with the cestus.] He said, and proposes a double prize for the combat: to the conqueror a bullock decked with gold and fillets; a sword and shining helm, the solace of the vanquished. Without delay, Dares shows his face with strength prodigious, and rears himself amid the loud murmurs of the spectators; he who alone was wont to enter the lists with Paris; the same at the tomb

where mighty Hector lies, struck down victorious Butes[22] of mighty frame, who boasted his descent from the race of Amycus, king of Bebrycia, and stretched him gasping on the tawny sand. Such Dares uprears his lofty head first in the lists, and presents his broad shoulders, and in alternate throws brandishes his arms around, and beats the air with his fists. For him a match is sought; nor dares one of all that numerous crowd encounter him, and draw the gauntlets on his hands. Elated, therefore, and imagining that all had quitted pretension to the prize, he stood before Æneas' feet: and then, without further delay, with his left hand he seizes the bull by the horns, and thus speaks: Goddess-born, if no one will dare to trust himself to the combat, where will be the end of hanging on? how long must I be detained? Order the presents to be brought. At the same time all the Trojans murmured their consent, and ordered the promised prizes to be delivered to him. Then venerable Acestes thus chides Entellus, as he sat beside him on the verdant grassy couch: Entellus, in vain [reputed] the stoutest of champions once, will you then suffer so great prizes to be carried off without any contest? Where is now that god of ours, Eryx, whom you in vain gave out to be your master? where is your fame through all Trinacria? where the spoils that used to hang from your roof? He to this immediately [replies]: It is not that my thirst of praise is gone, or my glory has departed, driven away by fear: but my frozen blood languishes through enfeebling age, and the strength worn out in my body is benumbed. Did I but now enjoy that youth which once I had, and wherein that varlet triumphs with vain confidence, then would I have taken the field: not indeed induced by the prize of this fair bullock, for I regard not rewards. Thus having spoken, he then throws into the midst a pair of gauntlets[23] of huge weight; wherewith fierce Eryx was wont to engage in the fight, and to brace his arms with the stubborn hide. Amazement seized their minds. Seven

[22] Butes, a descendant of Amycus, king of Bebrycia (Bithynia), killed by Dares at the tomb of Hector. At the funeral games of Anchises in Sicily, Dares was overcome at the combat of the cestus, by Entellus, a friend of Acestes.

[23] Cæstus. The cæstus was a sort of leathern guards for the hands, composed of thongs, and commonly filled with lead or iron, to add force and weight to the blow: though others, indeed, will have them to have been a kind of whirlbats or bludgeons of wood, with lead at one end.

huge thongs of such vast oxen lay stiffening with lead and iron sewed within. Above all Dares himself stands aghast, and utterly declines the combat: and the magnanimous son of Anchises this way and that way poises the weight and the complicated folds of the gauntlets. Then the aged champion thus spoke from his soul: What if any [of you] had seen the gauntlet and arms of Hercules himself, and the bloody[24] combat on this very shore? These arms your brother Eryx formerly wore. You see them yet stained with blood and shattered brains. With these he stood against great Alcides; with these I was wont [to combat], while better blood supplied me with strength, nor envious age as yet had scattered gray hairs over my temples. But if Trojan Dares decline these our arms, and if the pious Æneas be so determined, and Acestes, who prompts me [to the fight], approve, let us be equally matched: To oblige you, I lay aside the weapons of Eryx; dismiss your fears, and do you put off your Trojan gauntlets. This said, he flung from his shoulders his double vest, and bared his huge limbs, his big bones and sinewy arms, and stood forth of mighty frame in the middle of the field. Then the sire, sprung from Anchises, brought forth equal gauntlets, and bound both their hands with equal arms. Forthwith each on his tiptoes stood erect, and undaunted raised his arms aloft in the air. Far from the blow they backward withdrew their towering heads: now hand to hand they join in close encounter, and provoke the fight; the one having the advan-

But the description Virgil gives of these weapons, particularly when he calls them immensa volumina vinclorum, 408, and says, 425,

Et paribus palmas amborum inuexuit armis,

agrees to the former idea, but by no means to the latter. They were tied about the arm as high as the elbow, both as a guard to the arm, and to keep them from sliding off. Some derive the name from κεστον, a girdle; others from cædo, to kill; which last answers well enough to the nature of the combat, which was so cruel and bloody, that Lycurgus made a law forbidding the Lacedæmonians to practice it.

[24] The combat is called tristis, woeful, or bloody, because Eryx was slain in it by Hercules. The occasion of the combat is thus related. Hercules having put to death Geryon, king of Spain, was returning with his booty, which was a herd of fine oxen: and having visited Sicily in his way, received a challenge from Eryx, king of the island, to fight him with the gauntlet. If the victory fell to Eryx, he was to have Hercules's oxen; but if he was vanquished, then the whole island of Sicily was to be Hercules's property. Thus Eryx lost both his life and his crown.

tage in agility of foot, and relying on his youth; the other surpassing in limbs and bulk; but his feeble knees sink under his trembling body: his difficult breathing shakes his vast frame. The heroes deal many blows to one another with erring aim, and many on the hollow sides redouble; from their breasts [the thumps] resound aloud, and round their ears and temples thick strokes at random fly; their jaws crackle under the heavy blow. Entellus stands stiff and unmoved in the same firm posture, only with his body and watchful eyes evades the strokes. The other, as one who besieges a lofty city with batteries, or under arms besets a mountain fortress, explores now these, now those approaches, and artfully traverses the whole ground, and pursues his attack with various assaults, still baffled. Entellus, rising on tiptoe, extended his right arm, and lifted it on high: the other nimbly foresaw the blow descending from above, and with agility of body shifting, slipped from under it. Entellus spent his strength on the wind; and, both by the force of his own natural weight, and the violence of the motion, falls to the ground of himself with his heavy bulk; as sometimes, on Erymanthus[25] or spacious Ida, a hollow pine torn from the roots tumbles down at once. The Trojan and Sicilian youth rise together with eager feelings: these acclamations pierce the skies; and Acestes first advances in haste, and in pity raises from the ground his friend of equal age. But the hero, not disabled nor daunted by his fall, returns to the combat more fierce, and indignation rouses his spirit: then shame and conscious worth set all the powers of his soul on fire; and inflamed he drives Dares headlong over the whole plain, redoubling blows on blows, sometimes with the right hand, sometimes with the left. No stop, no stay: as thick showers of hail come rattling down on the housetops, so with thick repeated blows, the hero thumps Dares with each hand, and tosses him hither and thither. Then father Æneas suffered not their fury longer to exert itself, nor Entellus to rage with such fierce animosity: but put an end to the combat, and rescued Dares quite overpowered, soothing him with words, and bespeaks him in these terms: Unhappy! what strong infatuation possessed your mind? Are you not sensible

[25] Erymanthus, a mountain of Arcadia, where Hercules slew the famous Erymanthian boar.

of [his having] foreign assistance, and that the gods have changed sides? Yield to the deity. He said, and by his word put an end to the combat. As for Dares, his trusty companions conduct him to the ships, dragging his feeble limbs, and tossing his head to either side, disgorging from his throat clotted gore, and teeth mingled with his blood; and, at Æneas' call, they take the helmet and sword, leave the palm and bull to Entellus. At this the conqueror, in soul elated, and proud of the bull, says: Goddess-born, and ye Trojans, hence know both what strength I have had in my youthful limbs, and from what death you have saved Dares. He said, and stood against the front of the opposite bull that was set for the prize of the combat, and rearing himself up, with his right hand drawn back, leveled the cruel gauntlets directly between the horns, and, battering the skull, drove through the bones. Down drops the ox, and, in the pangs of death, falls sprawling to the ground. Over him he utters these words: This life, more acceptable, O Eryx, I give thee in exchange for Dares' death; here, victorious, I lay down the gauntlets with my art.

Æneas forthwith invites such as may be willing to try their skill with the swift arrow, and sets prizes; and with his mighty hand raised a mast taken from Serestus' ship, and from the high mast hangs a fluttering dove by a rope thrust through at which they may aim their shafts. The competitors assemble; and a brazen helmet received the shuffled lots. The lot of Hippocoön,[26] the son of Hyrtacus, comes out first of all with favoring shouts; whom follows Mnestheus, lately victor in the naval strife, Mnestheus, crowned with green olive. The third is Eurytion, the brother, illustrious Pandarus, of thee, who, once urged to violate the treaty, didst first hurl thy dart into the midst of the Greeks. Acestes remained the last, and in the bottom of the helmet; he too adventuring with his [aged] hand to essay the feats of youth. Then with stout force they bend their pliant bows, each man according to his ability, and draw forth their arrows from their quivers. And first the arrow of young Hyrtacus' son, shot through the sky from the whizzing string, cleaves the fleeting air, both reaches [the mark], and fixes in the wood of the opposite mast. The

[26] Hippocoön was brother to Nisus, and the friend of Æneas. Eurytion and Pandarus were sons of Lycaon; the latter was slain by Diomede, in the Trojan war.

mast quivered; and the frighted bird, by its wings, showed signs of fear; and all quarters rang with loud applause. Next, keen Mnestheus stood with his bow close drawn,[27] aiming on high, and directed his eye and arrow both together. But it was his misfortune not to be able to hit the bird itself with his shaft; he burst the cords and hempen ligaments to which it hung tied by the foot from the high mast. She with winged speed shot into the air and dusky clouds. Then Eurytion in eager haste, having his arrow long before extended on the ready bow, poured forth a vow to his brother [Pandarus], as he now beheld the joyful dove in the void sky, and pierced her under a dark cloud as she was clapping her wings. She dropped down dead, and left her life among the stars of heaven; and, falling to the ground, brings back the arrow fastened [in the wound]. Acestes alone remained after the prize was lost; who, notwithstanding, discharged his shaft into the aërial regions, the sire displaying both his address and twanging bow.[28] Here is unexpectedly presented to view a prodigy, designed to be of high portent; this the important event afterward declared, and the alarming soothsayers predicted the omens late. For the arrow, flying among the watery clouds, took fire, and with the flames marked out a path, till, being quite consumed, it vanished into thin air; as often stars loosened from the firmament shoot across, and flying draw [after them] a train of light. The Sicilians and Trojans stood fixed in astonishment, and besought the gods; nor does mighty Æneas reject the omen, but, embracing Acestes overjoyed, loads him with ample rewards, and thus bespeaks him: Accept these, O sire, for the great king of heaven, by these omens, has signified his will, that you receive the honor [of the victory, though] out of course. This gift, which belonged to aged Anchises' self, you shall possess; a bowl embossed with figures, which Thracian Cisseus formerly gave for a magnificent present to my sire, as a monument and pledge of his love. This said, he crowns his temples with verdant laurel, and in view of all pronounces Acestes the first conqueror. Nor does good Eurytion envy him the preference in honor, though he alone struck down the bird from the ex-

[27] This is the force of "adducto," denoting that the bow was fully drawn. Cf. Sil. i. 334. Ovid Met. i. 435. B.

[28] *i. e.* having lost the mark, he showed to what height he could shoot.

alted sky. He next comes in for a prize, who broke the cords; the last is he who pierced the mast with his winged shaft.

But father Æneas, the games not being yet ended, calls to him the son of Egyptus, young Iülus' guardian and companion, and thus whispers in his trusty ear: Go quick, says he, desire Ascanius (if he has now gotten ready with him his company of boys, and has arranged the movements of the horses) to bring up his troops, and show himself in arms in honor of his grandsire. He himself orders the crowd to remove from the extended circus, and the field to be cleared. The boys advance in procession, and uniformly shine on the bridled steeds full in their parents' sight; in admiration of whom, as they career along, the whole Trojan and Trinacrian youth join in acclamations. All in due form had their hair pressed with a trim garland. They bear two cornel spears pointed with steel; some have polished quivers on their shoulders. A pliant circle of wreathed gold goes from the upper part of their breasts about their necks. Three troops of horsemen, and three leaders, range over the plain: twelve striplings following each, shine in a separate body, and with commanders equally matched. One band of youths young Priam, bearing his grandsire's name, leads triumphant; thy illustrious offspring, O Polites,[29] who shall one day do honor to the Italians, whom a Thracian courser bears, dappled with white spots; the fetlocks of his foremost feet are white, and, tossing his head aloft, he displays a white front. The second is Atys,[30] from whom the Attii of Rome have derived their origin; little Atys, a boy beloved by the boy Iülus. Iülus the last, and in beauty distinguished from all the rest, rode on a Sidonian steed which fair Dido had given him as a monument and pledge of her love. The rest of the youths ride on Trinacrian horses of aged Acestes. The Trojans with shouts of applause receive them anxious [for honor],[31] and are well-pleased with the sight, and recognize the features of the aged sires. Now when the joyous youths had paraded on horseback round

[29] Polites, a son of Priam and Hecuba, whose son, also named Priam, accompanied Æneas to Italy, and was one of the friends of young Ascanius.

[30] Atys, who also accompanied Æneas, is supposed to have been the progenitor of the family of the Attii at Rome.

[31] *i. e.* "eager with excitement." So Servius, "gloriæ cupiditate sollicitos." B.

the whole ring, and full in their parents' view, Epytus' son, from afar, gave a signal to them by a shout, as they stood ready, and clanked with the lash. They broke away in parted order, keeping the same front, and broke up the troops into separate bands by threes; and again, upon summons given, they wheeled about, and bore their hostile spears [on one another.][32] Then they again advance, and again retreat in their opposite grounds, and alternately involve intricate circles within circles, and call up the representation of a fight in arms. And now flying they expose their defenseless backs; now in hostile manner turn their darts [on each other]: now, peace being made up, they are borne along together. As of old in lofty Crete was a labyrinth famed for having had an alley formed by dark intricate walls, and a puzzling maze with a thousand avenues, where a [single] mistake, unobserved, but not to be retraced, frustrated the marks for guiding one on the way; in just such course the sons of the Trojans involve their motions, and with intricate movement represent fighting and flying in sport; like dolphins, that, swimming through the watery deep, cut the Carpathian or Libyan Sea, and gambol amid the waves. This manner of tilting, and these mock fights, Ascanius first renewed, and taught the ancient Latins to celebrate, when he was inclosing Alba Longa with walls: as he himself, when a boy, as the Trojan youth with him [had practiced them], so the Albans taught their posterity; hence, in after times, imperial Rome received them, and preserved the same in honor of her ancestors: and at this day it is called [the game of] Troy,[33] and the boys [that perform it], the Trojan band.

Thus far the trials of skill were exhibited [by Æneas in

[32] I have followed Anthon. The student will find an excellent explanation of the maneuvers in his notes. B.

[33] This game, commonly known by the name of the Lusus Trojæ, is purely of Virgil's own invention, he had no hint of it from Homer. This he has substituted in the room of three of his, the wrestling, the single combat, and the discus, and, in the opinion of a very judicious modern, it is worth all those three in Homer. This game Virgil added to please Augustus, who had at that time renewed the same. Suetonius tells us, Trojæ ludum edidit (Augustus) frequentissime, majorum minorumve puerorum delectu: prisci decorique moris existimans, claræ stirpis indolem sic innotescere, etc. Suet. in August. cap. 43. Julius Cæsar had also exhibited the same before, as we learn from the same author, Trojam lusit turma duplex, majorum minorumve puerorum. In Jul. cap. 36.

honor] of his sanctified sire. Here shifting Fortune, changing, first altered her faith. While they are celebrating the anniversary festival at the tomb with various games, Saturnian Juno dispatched Iris from heaven to the Trojan fleet, and with the fanning winds speeds her on her way, forming many plots, and having not yet glutted her old revenge. The virgin goddess accelerating her way, seen by none, amid the bow with a thousand colors, shoots down the path with nimble motion. She descries the vast concourse; then, surveying the shore, sees the port deserted, and the fleet deserted. But at a distance the Trojan dames apart were mourning the loss of Anchises on the desolate shore, and all of them with tears in their eyes viewed the deep ocean: Ah! that so many shoals, such a length of sea should still remain for us after all our toils! was the sole complaint of all. They pray for a city, are sick of enduring the hardships of the main. Therefore she, not unpracticed in mischief, throws herself into the midst of them, and lays aside the mien and vesture of a goddess. She assumes the figure of Beroe, the aged wife of Thracian Doryclus,[34] who was of noble birth, and once had renown, and offspring. And thus she joins in discourse with the Trojan matrons: Ah! unhappy we, who were not dragged forth to death in the war by the Grecian host under our native walls! Ill-fated race! for what miserable doom does fortune reserve you? The seventh summer since the destruction of Troy is already rolled away, while we, having measured all lands and seas, so many inhospitable rocks and barbarous climes, are driven about: while along the wide ocean we pursue an ever-fleeing Italy, and are tossed on the waves. Here are the realms of his brother Eryx, and his friend Acestes: who prevents our founding walls, and giving our citizens a city? Ah, my country, and our gods in vain saved from the enemy! shall a city never more arise to be named from Troy? Shall I never see the Hectorean rivers, Xanthus and Simois? Nay, rather come, and burn with me our cursed ships. For in my sleep the ghost of the prophetess Cassandra seemed to present me with flaming brands: Here, says she, seek for Troy, here is your fixed residence. Now is the time for action.

[34] Doryclus, a brother of Phineas, king of Thrace, and the husband of Beroe, whose form was assumed by Iris, when she advised the Trojan women to burn the fleet of Æneas in Sicily.

Nor let there be delay after such signs from heaven. Lo! here are four altars to Neptune: the god himself supplies us with fire-brands, and with courage [for the attempt]. With these words, she violently snatches the destroying fire, and, lifting up her right hand with exerted force, waves it at a distance, throws it. Roused are the minds and stunned the hearts of the Trojan matrons. Then one of the number, Pyrgo,[35] the most advanced in years, the royal nurse to Priam's numerous sons, [said,] Matrons, this is not Beroe whom you have here, it is not she from Rhœteum, the wife of Doryclus: mark the characters of divine beauty, eyes bright and sparkling; what breath, what looks; or the accents of her voice, or her gait as she moves. Myself lately, as I came hither, left Beroe sick, in great anguish that she alone was cut off from such a solemnity, and was not to pay the honors due to Anchises. She said. But the matrons first began to view the ships with malignant eyes, dubious and wavering between their wretched fondness for the present land, and the realms that summoned them by the Fates; when on equal poised wings the goddess mounted into the sky, and in her flight cut the spacious bow beneath the clouds. Then, indeed, confounded at the prodigy, and driven by madness, they shriek out together, and snatch the flame from the inmost hearths.[36] Some rifle the altars, and fling the boughs, and saplings, and brands together: the conflagration rages with loose reins amid the rowers' seats, and oars, and painted sterns of fir. Eumelus conveys the tidings to Anchises' tomb, and to the benches of the theater, that the ships were burned; and they themselves behold the sparks of fire flying up in a pitchy cloud. And first, Ascanius, as joyous he led the cavalcade, just as he was, with full speed rode up to the troubled camp; nor was it in the power of his guardians, half-dead for fear, to check him. What strange frenzy this? whither, he cries, ah! my wretched countrywomen, whither would you now? It is not the enemy, or the hostile camp of the Greeks, but your own hopes ye burn. Here am I, your own Ascanius. He threw at their feet the empty helmet, which he wore while

[35] Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's children, who followed Æneas in his flight from Troy.

[36] *i. e.* from the neighboring dwellings. The fire on the altars was not sufficient. B.

calling forth the images of war in sport. At the same time Æneas and the bands of the Trojans came up in haste. But the matrons for fear fly different ways up and down the shore, and skulking repair to the woods and hollow rocks wherever there are any. They loathe the deed, the light, and penitent recognize their friends; and Juno is dislodged from their breasts. But the flames and conflagration did not therefore abate their ungovernable fury. The tow lives under the moistened boards, disgorging languid smoke; the smothered fire gradually consumes the keel, and the contagious ruin spreads through the whole body of the vessel. Neither the efforts of the heroes, nor outpoured streams, avail. Then pious Æneas tore his robe from his shoulders, and invoked the gods to his aid, and stretched out his hands: Almighty Jove, if thou dost not yet abhor all the Trojans to a man, if thy ancient goodness regards human disasters with commiseration, grant now, O father, that our fleet may escape from these flames, and save from desolation the humbled state of the Trojans. Or, to complete thy vengeance, hurl me down to the death with thy vindictive thunder, if I so deserve, and crush me here with thy right hand. Scarce had he spoken these words, when a black tempest of bursting rain rages with uncommon fury: both hills[37] and valleys quake with thunder; the shower in turbid rain, and condensed into pitchy darkness by the thick-beating south winds, pours down from the whole atmosphere. The ships are filled from above; the half-burned boards are drenched, till the whole smoke is extinguished, and all the ships, with the loss of four, are saved from the pest.

But father Æneas, struck with the bitter misfortune, turned his anxious thoughts now this way, now that, pondering with himself whether she should settle in the territories of Sicily, or, regardless of the Fates, or steer his course to the Italian coast. Then aged Nautes,[38] whom above others Tritonian Pallas taught, and rendered illustrious for deep science, gave forth these responses, what either the great displeasure of the

[37] More literally, "the steeps of land." Cf. Symmach. Epist. vii. 69, "ardua clivi." Apul. Met. i., "ardua montium." Varro, R. R. ii. 10, "montium arduitatem." Hieron. Epist. 22, "aspera montium." B.

[38] Nautes, a Trojan soothsayer, who consoled Æneas when his fleet had been burned in Sicily. He was the progenitor of the Nautii, at Rome, a family to whom the Palladium of Troy was afterward intrusted.

gods portended, or what the series of the Fates required. And thus, solacing Æneas, he begins: Goddess-born, let us follow the Fates, whether they invite us backward or forward: come what will, every fortune is to be surmounted by patience. You have Trojan Acestes of divine origin: admit him the partner of your counsels, and unite yourself to him your willing friend: to him deliver up such as are supernumerary, now that you have lost some ships; choose out those who are sick of the great enterprise, and of your fortunes; the old with length of years oppressed, and the matrons fatigued with the voyage; select the feeble part of your company, and such as dread the danger, and, since they are tired out, let them have a settlement in these territories: they shall call the city Acesta[39] by a licensed name.

Then indeed Æneas, fired by these words of his aged friend, is distracted in his mind amid a thousand cares. Now sable Night, mounted on her chariot with two horses, held the skies, when the form of his father Anchises, gliding down from the skies, suddenly seemed to pour forth these words: Son, once dearer to me than life, while life remained; my son, severely tried by the fates of Troy; hither I come by the command of Jove, who averted the fire from your fleet, and at length showed pity from the high heaven. Comply with the excellent counsel which aged Nautes now offers: carry with you to Italy the choice of the youths, the stoutest hearts. In Latium you have to subdue a hardy race, rugged in manners. But first, my son, visit Pluto's infernal mansions, and, in quest of an interview with me, cross the deep floods of Avernus: for not accursed Tartarus, nor the dreary ghosts, have me in their possession: but I inhabit the delightful seats of the blest, and Elysium.[40] Hither the chaste Sibyl shall conduct thee after shedding profusely the blood of black victims. Then you shall learn your whole progeny, and what walls are assigned to you. And now farewell: humid Night wheels about her mid course,[41] and the dawning light, which fiercely summons me away, hath breathed upon me with panting steeds.

[39] Acesta, or Segesta, a city of Sicily, built by Æneas in honor of king Acestes.

[40] Elysium, a place in the infernal regions, where, according to the mythology of the ancients, the souls of the virtuous were placed after death. The Elysian fields, according to Virgil, were situated in Italy.

[41] The reader will call to mind the words of the ghost in "Hamlet." B.

He said; and vanished like smoke into the fleeting air. Whither so precipitant? says then Æneas; whither dost thou whirl away? whom fliest thou? or who debars me from my embraces? So saying, he awakes the embers and dormant fire, and suppliant pays veneration to his Trojan domestic god, and the shrine of hoary Vesta, with a holy cake and full censer. Forthwith he calls his followers, and first of all Acestes, and informs them of Jove's command, and the instructions of his beloved sire, and of the present settled purpose of his soul. No obstruction is given to his plans; nor is Acestes averse to the proposals made. They enroll[42] the matrons for the city, and set on shore as many of the people as were willing, souls that had no desire of high renown. Themselves renew the benches, and repair the timbers half consumed by the flames; fit oars and cables to the ships; in number small, but of animated valor for war.

Meanwhile Æneas marked out a city with the plow, and assigns the houses by lot: here he orders a [second] Ilium to arise, and these places to be called after those of Troy. Trojan Acestes rejoices in his kingdom; institutes a court of justice; and having assembled his senators, dispenses laws. Then on the top of Mount Eryx a temple approaching the stars is raised to Idalian Venus;[43] and a priest is assigned to the tomb of Anchises, with a grove hallowed far and wide. And now the whole people had kept the festival for nine days, and sacrifices had been offered on the altars, peaceful breezes have smoothed the seas, and the south wind in repeated gales invites into the deep. Loud lamentations along the winding shores arise: in mutual embraces they linger out both night and day. Even the matrons, and those to whom the face of the sea lately seemed horrid, and its divinity[44] intolerably severe, would willingly go, and submit to all the toil of the voyage; whom good Æneas solaces in friendly terms, and, weeping, commends to his kinsman Acestes. Then he orders to sacrifice to Eryx three calves, and a female lamb to the tempests, and to weigh anchor after the due rites were performed. He himself, having his head bound with a trim garland of olive

[42] "Transcribere" is a word properly used of colonizing. See Servius Cf. Seneca, Epist. 4, "te in viros philosophia transcripseris." B.

[43] So called from Mount Ida.

[44] But "nomen" seems simpler. See Anthon. B.

leaves, standing on the extremity of the prow, holds the cup, and casts forth the entrails on the briny waves, and pours the limpid wine. A wind arising from the stern accompanies them in their course. The crew, with emulous vigor, lash the sea and brush its smooth surface.

Meanwhile Venus, harassed with cares, addresses Neptune, and pours forth these complaints from her breast: The heavy resentment and insatiable passion of Juno compel me, O Neptune, to descend to all entreaties; Juno, whom neither length of time or any piety softens; and who is not quelled and subdued even by Jove's imperial sway, or by the Fates. It is not enough for her to have effaced the city from among the Phrygian race by her unhallowed hate, nor to have dragged its relics through all sorts of suffering; she persecutes the ashes and bones of ruined Troy. The causes of such furious resentment are to her best known. Yourself can witness for me what a heaving tempest she suddenly raised of late on the Libyan waves. The whole sea she blended in confusion with the sky, vainly relying on Æolus' storms; this presuming [even] in your realms. Lo also (O wickedness!) by acting upon the Trojan matrons, she hath shamefully burned the ships, and forced their friends, now that they have lost their fleet, to abandon them in an unknown land. As to what remains, may they be allowed, I pray, to sail over the waves secure by thy protection: may they be allowed to reach Laurentian Tiber;[45] if I ask what may be granted, if the Destinies assign those settlements. Then the Saturnian ruler of the deep ocean thus replied: Cytherea,[46] it is perfectly just that you confide in my realms, whence you derive your birth: besides, I have a just claim; [for] often have I checked the furious rage and maddening tumult of sea and sky. Nor was I less careful of your Æneas on earth (I call Xanthus and Simois to witness). When Achilles, pursuing the breathless troops of Troy, dashed them against their walls, gave many thousands to death, and the choked rivers groaned, and Xanthus could not find his way, nor disembogue himself into the sea; then in a hollow cloud I snatched away Æneas, while encountering the mighty Achilles with strength and gods unequal; though I was de-

[45] Laurentian Tiber, so called from Laurentum (Paterno), the capital of Latium in the reign of Latinus.

[46] Cytherea. A surname of Venus.

sirous of overthrowing from the lowest foundation the walls of perjured Troy, reared by my hands. And still I am of the same disposition: banish your fear; he shall arrive safe at the port of Avernus, which you desire. One only, lost in the deep, shall he seek for: one life shall be given for many.[47] The sire, having by these words soothed and cheered the heart of the goddess, yokes his steeds to his golden car, puts the foaming bit into their fierce mouths, and throws out all the reins. Along the surface of the seas he nimbly glides in his azure car. The waves subside, and the swelling ocean smooths its liquid pavement under the thundering axle: the clouds fly off the face of the expanded sky. Then [appear] the various forms of his retinue, unwieldy whales,[48] and the aged train of Glaucus, and Palemon,[49] Ino's son, the swift Tritons, and the whole band of Phorcus. On the left are Thetis, Melite, and the virgin Panopæ, Nesæe, Spio, Thalia, and Cymodoce. Upon this, soft joys in their turn diffuse themselves through the anxious soul of father Æneas. Forthwith he orders all the masts to be set up, and the yards to be stretched along the sails. At once they all tacked together, and together let go sometimes the left-hand sheets, sometimes the right: at once they turn and turn back the lofty end of the sail yards: friendly gales waft the fleet forward. Palinurus, the master-pilot, led the closely-united squadron: toward him the rest were ordered to steer their course.

And now the dewy night had almost reached the middle of her course; the weary sailors, stretched along the hard benches under the oars, relaxed their limbs[50] in peaceful repose; when the god of sleep, gliding down from the ethereal stars, parted the dusky air, and dispelled the shades; to you, O Palinurus, directing his course, visiting you, though innocent, with dismal dreams: and the god took his seat on the lofty stern, in the similitude of Phorbas,[51] and poured forth these words from

[47] *i. e.* Palinurus. Cf. Eur. Electr. 1026, ἔκτεινε πολλῶν μίαν ὑπερ. B.

[48] *i. e.* fish of large size. Nonius, v. "cetarii," remarks="cete in mari majora sunt piscium genera." B.

[49] Palemon, the same with Melicerta and Portumnus. See note 59, Georgics, B. I. page 46. Tritons, etc., sea-deities. The name Tritons was generally applied to those only who were half men and half fishes.

[50] Cf. Homer's λυσιμελὴς ὕπνος, Od. Φ. 342. Orph. in Somn. 5. B.

[51] Phorbas, a son of Priam, killed in the Trojan war by Menelaus. The god Somnus, by assuming his shape, deceived Palinurus, and threw him into the sea.

his lips: Palinurus, son of Iasïus, the seas themselves carry forward the fleet; the gales blow fair and steady, the hour for rest is given. Recline your head, and steal your weary eyes from labor. Myself awhile will discharge your duty. To whom Palinurus, with difficulty lifting up his eyes, answers: Do you then bid me be a stranger to the aspect of the calm sea and its quiet waves? Shall I confide in this extraordinary apparition? Why should I trust Æneas to the mercy of the fallacious winds,[52] after having been so often deceived by the treacherous aspect of a serene sky? These words he uttered, while fixed and clinging he did not part with the rudder, and held his eyes directed to the stars; when, lo! the god shakes over both his temples a branch drenched in the dew of Lethe, and impregnated with soporific Stygian influence; and, while he is struggling against sleep, dissolves his swimming eyes. Scarcely had unexpected slumber begun to relax his limbs, when the god, leaning on him, with part of the stern broke off, together with the helm, plunged him headlong into the limpid waves, often calling on his friends in vain: taking flight, raised himself on his wings aloft into the thin air. Meanwhile, the fleet runs its watery course on the plain with equal security, and fearless is conducted by father Neptune's promises. And now wafted forward, it was even coming up to the rocks of the Sirens,[53] once of difficult access, and white with the bones[54] of many (at that time the hoarse rocks resounded far by the continual buffeting of the briny waves); when father Æneas perceived the fluctuating galley to reel, having lost its pilot; and he himself steered her through the darkened waves, deeply affected and wounded in his soul for the misfortune of his friend. Ah, Palinurus [says he], who has too much confided in the fair aspect of the skies and sea! naked wilt thou lie on unknown sands!

[52] On this general use of "austri," cf. Æn. i. 51, 536; ii. 304; v. 396, etc. B.

[53] Sirens; these were three fabulous sisters who usually resided in a small island near Cape Pelorus in Sicily, and by their melodious voices decoyed mariners to their destruction on the fatal coast. Ulysses having, by an artifice, escaped their fascination, the disappointed Sirens threw themselves into the sea, and perished.

[54] Statius Silv. ii. 7, 65, "albos ossibus Italis Philippos." Senec. Œd. 914. Cf. Pric. on Apul. p. 436. B.

BOOK VI.

In the Sixth Book, Æneas, on reaching the coast of Italy, visits, as he had been forewarned, the Sibyl of Cumæ, who attends him in his descent into the infernal regions, and conducts him to his father Anchises, from whom he learns the fate that awaited him and his descendants the Romans. The book closes with the well-known beautiful panegyric on the younger Marcellus, who was prematurely cut off in the flower of his youth.

Thus he speaks with tears, and gives his ship full sail,[1] and at length he reaches the Eubœan coast[2] of Cumæ. They turn their prows out to the sea: then the anchor with its tenacious fluke moored the ships, and the bending sterns fringe[3] the margin of the shore. The youthful crew spring forth with ardor on the Hesperian strand: some seek for the seeds of fire latent in the veins of flint; some plunder the copses, the close retreat of wild beasts, and point out rivers newly discovered. But the pious Æneas repairs to the towers over which Apollo presides on high, and to the spacious cave, the cell of the Sibyl awful at a distance; into whom the prophetic god of Delos breathes an enlarged mind and spirit, and discloses to her the future. Now they enter Diana's groves, and [Apollo's] golden roofs. Dædalus,[4] as is famed, flying the realms of Minos, adventuring to trust himself to the sky on nimble wings, sailed through an untried path to the cold regions of the north, and at length gently alighted on the tower of Chalcis. Having landed first on those coasts, to thee, O Phœbus, he consecrated his hoary wings, and reared a spacious temple. On the gates the death of Androgeos[5] [was represented]: then the Athenians, doomed, as an atonement

[1] Literally, "gives a loose rein." Cf. Ritterh. on Oppian, Hal. 229. B.

[2] Eubœan coast, applied to Cumæ in Italy, as having been built by a colony from Chalcis, a city of Eubœa (Negropont), an island in the Archipelago.

[3] *i. e.* with the "aplustria." See Anthon. B.

[4] Dædalus, a most ingenious artist of Athens, who, with his son Icarus, fled, by the help of wings, from Crete, to escape the resentment of Minos; but Icarus fell into that part of the Ægean Sea which bears his name.

[5] Androgeos, the son of Minos and Pasiphae, famous for his skill in wrestling, was put to death by Ægeus, king of Athens, who became jealous of him; to revenge his death, Minos made war upon the Athenians, and at last granted them peace, on condition that they sent yearly seven youths and seven virgins, from Athens to Crete, to be devoured by the Minotaur, a fabulous monster, half a man and half a bull.

(a piteous case!) to pay yearly the bodies of their children by sevens: there stands the urn whence the lots were drawn. In counterview answers the land of Crete raised above sea; here Pasiphae's fierce passion for the bull is seen, and she [is introduced] by artifice humbled [to his embrace], with the Minotaur, that mingled birth, and two-formed offsprings, monuments of execrable lust. Here [are seen] the labored work of the Labyrinth, and the inextricable mazes. But Dædalus, pitying the violent love of queen [Ariadne], unravels [to Theseus][6] the intricacies and windings of the structure, himself guiding his dark mazy steps by a thread. You too, O Icarus, should have borne a considerable part in that great work, had [thy father's] grief permitted. Twice he essayed to figure the disastrous story in gold; twice the parent's hand misgave him. And now [the Trojans] would survey the whole work in order, were not Achates, who had been sent on, just at hand, and with him the priestess of Phœbus and Diana, Deiphobe,[7] Glaucus' daughter, who thus bespeaks the king: This hour requires not such amusements. At present it will be more suitable to sacrifice seven bullocks from a herd unyoked, and as many chosen ewes, with usual rites. The priestess having thus addressed Æneas (nor are they backward to obey her sacred orders), calls the Trojans into the lofty temple. The huge side of an Eubœan rock is cut into a cave, whither a hundred broad avenues lead, a hundred doors; whence rush forth as many voices, the responses of the Sibyl. They had come to the threshold,[8] when thus the virgin exclaims: Now is the time to consult your fate: the god, lo the god! While thus before the gate she speaks, on a sudden her looks change, her color comes and goes, her locks are disheveled, her breast heaves, and her fierce heart swells with enthusiastic rage; she appears in a larger form, her voice speaking her not a mortal, now that she is inspired with the nearer influence of the god. Do you delay,[9] Trojan Æneas, she says, do you delay with thy vows

[6] Theseus, king of Athens, and son of Ægeus, was, next to Hercules, the most celebrated of the heroes of antiquity. He slew the Minotaur, and escaped from the Labyrinth of Crete, by means of a clue of thread given to him by Ariadne, daughter of Minos.

[7] Deiphobe, the Cumæan Sibyl, daughter of Glaucus, who conducted Æneas into the infernal regions.

[8] *i. e.* to the entrance nearest Cumæ. B.

[9] On this construction, see Markland on Stat. Silv. i. 2, 195. B.

and prayers? [Instantly begin]: for not till then shall the ample gates of this awe-stricken mansion unfold to the view. And having thus said, she ceased. Chill horror ran thrilling cold through the bones of the Trojans; and their king poured forth these prayers from the bottom of his heart: Apollo, who hast ever pitied the troubles of Troy, who guidedst the Trojan darts and the hand of Paris to the body of Achilles; under thy conduct I have entered so many seas encompassing countries, and the Massylian nations far remote, and regions vast stretched in front by the Syrtes. Now, at length, we grasp of the coast of Italy that flies from us. Let it suffice that the fortune of Troy has persecuted us thus far. Now it is just that you too spare the Trojan race, ye gods and goddesses, all, to whom Ilium and the high renown of Dardania were obnoxious. And thou, too, most holy prophetess, skilled in futurity, grant (I ask no realms but what are destined to me by fate) that the Trojans, their wandering gods, and the persecuted deities of Troy, may settle in Latium. Then will I appoint to Phœbus and Diana a temple of solid marble, and festal days, called by the name of Apollo. Thee too a spacious sanctuary awaits in our realms; for there, benignant one, I will deposit thy oracles, and the secret fates declared to my nation, and will consecrate chosen men. Only commit not thy verses to leaves, lest they fly about in disorder, the sport of the rapid winds: I beg you yourself will pronounce them. He ended his address.

But the prophetess, as yet not suffering the influence of Phœbus, raves with wild outrage in the cave, struggling if possible to disburden her soul of the mighty god: so much the more he wearies her foaming lips, subduing her ferocious heart, and, by bearing down her opposition, molds her to his will. And now the hundred spacious gates of the abode were opened of their own accord, and pour forth the responses of the prophetess into the open air: O thou who hast at length overpassed the vast perils of the ocean! yet more afflicting trials by land await thee. The Trojans shall come to the realms of Lavinium (dismiss that concern from thy breast), but they shall wish too they had never come. Wars, horrid wars, I foresee, and Tiber foaming with a deluge of blood. Nor Simois nor Xanthus, nor Grecian camps, shall be wanting to you there. Another Achilles is prepared in Latium: he

too the son of a goddess. Nor shall Juno, added to the Trojans [as their scourge], leave them wherever they are; while in your distress, which of the Italian states, which of its cities, shall you not humbly supplicate for aid? Once more shall a consort, a hostess, once more shall a foreign match, be the cause of so great calamity to the Trojans. Yield not under your sufferings, but encounter them with greater boldness than your fortune shall permit.'[10] What you least expect, your first means of deliverance shall be unfolded from a Grecian city. Thus from her holy cell the Cumæan Sibyl delivers her mysterious oracles, and, wrapping up truth in obscurity, bellows in her cave: Such reins Apollo shakes over her as she rages, and deep in her breast he plies the goads.

As soon as her fury ceased, and her raving tongue was silent, the hero Æneas begins: To me, O virgin, no shape of sufferings can arise new or unexpected; I have anticipated all things, and acted them over beforehand in my mind. My sole request is (since here the gate of the infernal king is said to be, and the darksome lake [formed] from the overflowing Acheron), that it may be my lot to come into the sight and presence of my dear father; that you would show the way, and open to me the sacred portals. On these shoulders I rescued him, through flames and a thousand darts pursuing, and saved him from the midst of the enemy. He accompanied my path, attended me in all my voyages, and, though infirm, bore all the terrors both of the sea and sky, beyond the power and condition of old age. Nay more, he it was who earnestly requested and enjoined me to come to thee a suppliant, and visit thy temple. Benignant one, pity, I pray, the son and the sire; for thou canst do all things; nor hath Hecate in vain given thee charge of the Avernian groves. If Orpheus had power to recall his consort's ghost, relying on his Thracian harp and harmonious strings; if Pollux[11] redeemed his brother

[10] I prefer "quam," with Wagner, notwithstanding Anthon's defense of "qua." B.

[11] Pollux and Castor were twin brothers: according to ancient mythology, Pollux was the son of Jupiter, and so tenderly attached to his brother Castor, that he entreated Jupiter he might share his immortality, which being granted, they alternately lived and died every day. They were made constellations under the name of Gemini, which never appear together, but when one rises the other sets.

by alternate death, and goes and comes this way so often: [I hope I may also be allowed to go and return:] why need I mention Theseus, or great Alcides? I too derive my birth from Jove supreme.

In such terms he prayed, and held the altar, when thus the prophetess began to speak: Offspring of the gods, thou Trojan son of Anchises, easy is the path that leads down to hell; grim Pluto's gate stands open night and day; but to retrace one's steps, and escape to the upper regions, this is a work, this is a task. Some few, whom favoring Jove loved, or illustrious virtue advanced to heaven, the sons of the gods, have effected it. Woods cover all the intervening space, and Cocytus gliding with his black winding flood surrounds it. But if your soul be possessed with so strong a passion, so ardent a desire, twice to swim the Stygian lake, twice to visit a gloomy Tartarus, and you will needs fondly pursue the desperate enterprise, learn what first is to be done. On a tree of deep shade there lies concealed a bough, with leaves and limber twigs of gold, pronounced sacred to infernal Juno; this the whole grove covers, and shades in dark valleys inclose. But to none is it given to enter the hidden recesses of the earth, till from the tree he pluck the bough with its golden locks. Fair Proserpine hath ordained this to be presented to her as her peculiar present. When the first is torn off, a second of gold soon succeeds; and a twig shoots forth leaves of the same metal. Therefore, search out for it on high with thine eyes, and, when found, pluck it with the hand in a proper manner; for, if the Fates invite you, itself will come away willing and easy; otherwise, you will not be able to master it by any strength, or to lop it off by the stubborn steel. Besides, the body of your friend lies breathless (whereof you, alas! are not aware), and pollutes the whole fleet with death, while you are seeking counsel, and hang lingering at my gate. First convey him to his place of rest, and bury him in the grave. Bring black cattle; let these first be the sacrifices of expiation. So at length you shall have a view of the Stygian groves, realms inaccessible to the living. She said, and closing her lips, was silent.

Æneas, his eyes fixed on the ground with sorrowing looks, takes his way, leaving the cave, and muses the dark event in his mind; whom faithful Achates accompanies, and steps on

with equal concern. Many doubts they started between them in the variety of their conversation; who was the lifeless friend designed by the prophetess, what corpse was to be interred. And as they came, they saw Misenus[13] on the dry beach, slain by an unworthy death; Misenus, son of Æolus, whom none excelled in rousing warriors by the brazen trump, and kindling the rage of war by its blast. He had been the companion of great Hector, and about Hector he fought, distinguished both for the clarion and spear. After victorious Achilles had bereaved Hector of life, the valiant hero associated with Dardanian Æneas, following no inferior chief. But, at that time, while madly presumptuous he makes the seas resound with his hollow trump, and with bold notes challenges the gods to a trial of skill, Triton, jealous (if the story be worthy of credit), having inveigled him between two rocks, had overwhelmed him in the foaming billows. Therefore all murmured their lamentations around him with loud noise, especially pious Æneas; then forthwith weeping they set about the Sibyl's orders, and are emulous to heap up the altar of the funeral pile with trees, and raise it toward heaven. They repair to an ancient wood, the deep lairs of the savage kind: down drop the firs: the holm crashes, felled by the axes; and the ashen logs and yielding oak are cleft by wedges; down from the mountains they roll the huge wild ashes. Æneas, too, chief amid these labors, animates his followers, and is equipped with like implements.

Meanwhile, he thus ruminates in his distressed breast, surveying the spacious wood, and thus prays aloud: O if that golden branch on the tree now present itself to our view amid this ample forest; since, Misenus, all that the prophetess declared of thee is true, alas! too true. Scarcely had he spoken these words, when it chanced that two pigeons, in their airy flight, came directly into the hero's view, and alighted on the verdant ground. Then the mighty hero knows his mother's birds, and rejoicing, prays: Oh! be the guides of the way, if any way there is, and steer your course through the air into the groves, where the precious branch overshades the fertile soil.) And thou, my goddess-mother, oh be not wanting to me in this my perplexity! Thus having said, he paused, ob-

[13] Misenus, a son of Æolus, the trumpeter of Hector, after whose death he followed Æneas to Italy, and was drowned on the coast of Campania.

serving what indications they offer, whither they bend their way. They, feeding and flying by turns, advanced before only as far as the eyes of the followers could trace them with their ken. Then, having come to the mouth of noisome[13] Avernus, they mount up swiftly, and, gliding through the clear air, both alight on the wished-for place, on that tree from whence the gleam of the gold, of different hue, shone through the boughs. As in the woods the mistletoe, which springs not from the tree from whence it grows, is wont to bloom with new leaves in the cold of winter, and to twine around the tapering trunk with its yellow offspring; such was the appearance of the gold sprouting forth on the shady holm: in like manner the metallic leaf tinkled with the gentle gale. Forthwith Æneas grasps, and eagerly tears off the lingering branch, and bears it to the grotto of the prophetic Sibyl.

Meanwhile the Trojans were no less assiduously employed in mourning Misenus on the shore, and in paying the last duties to his senseless[14] ashes. First, they rear a large pile unctuous with pines and split oak, whose sides they interweave with black boughs, and place in the front deadly cypresses, and deck it above with glittering arms. Some get ready warm water, and caldrons bubbling from the flames; and wash and anoint his cold limbs. The groan is raised: they then lay the bewailed body on a couch, and throw over it the purple robes, his wonted apparel. Others bore up the cumbrous bier, a mournful office; and with their faces turned away, after the manner of their ancestors, under it they held the torch. Amassed together, blaze offerings of incense, viands, whole goblets of oil poured [on the pile]. After the ashes had sunk down, and the flames relented, they drenched the relics and soaking embers in wine; and Chorinæus inclosed the collected bones in a brazen urn. Thrice too he made the circuit of the company with holy water, sprinkling them with the light spray, and a branch of the prolific olive; and he purified them, and pronounced the last farewell. But

[13] Nonius, i. 46, quoting these verses, observes, "Avernus iccirco appellatus est, quia est odor ejus avibus infestissimus." This is probably a mistaken etymology. For the expression, compare Georg. iv. 270, "grave olentia Centaurea." B.

[14] '*Ingrato*, gratiam non sentienti," is Servius's last and correct explanation. Cf. Copa, vs. 35 (in Anth. Lat. T. i. p. 74), "Quid cineri ingrato servas bene olentia serta." B.

pious Æneas erects a spacious tomb for the hero, with his arms upon it, and an oar and trumpet, beneath a lofty mountain, which now from him is called Misenus, and retains a name eternal through ages.

This done, he speedily executes the Sibyl's injunctions. There was a cave profound and hideous with wide yawning mouth, stony, fenced by a black lake, and the gloom of woods; over which none of the flying kind were able to wing their way unhurt: such exhalations, issuing from its grim jaws, ascended to the vaulted skies: [for which reason the Greeks called the place by the name of the Aornus.][15] Here first the priestess places four bullocks, with backs of swarthy hue, and pours[16] wine on their foreheads, and cropping the topmost hairs between the horns, lays them on the sacred flames as the first offerings, by voice invoking Hecate, whose power extends both to heaven and hell. Others employ the knives,[17] and receive the tepid blood in bowls. Æneas himself smites with his sword a ewe-lamb of sable fleece in honor of the mother of the Furies, and her great sister, and in honor of thee, Proserpina, a barren heifer. Then he sets about the nocturnal sacrifices to the Stygian king, and lays on the flames the solid carcasses of bulls, pouring fat oil on the broiling entrails. Lo now, at the early beams and rising of the sun, the ground beneath their feet began to rumble, the wooded heights to quake, and dogs were seen to howl through the shade of the woods, at the approach of the goddess. Hence, far hence, O ye profane, exclaims the prophetess, and begone from all the grove; and do you, Æneas, boldly march forward, and snatch your sword from its sheath: now is the time for fortitude, now for firmness of resolution. This said, she raving plunged into the open cave. He, with intrepid steps, keeps close by his guide as she leads the way.

Ye gods, to whom the empire of ghosts belong, and ye silent shades, and Chaos, and Phlegethon, places where silence reigns around in night! permit me to utter the secrets I have

[15] This line is probably the work of a grammarian. B.

[16] Literally, "tilts the vessel," the verb probably meaning the action of bending the cup as the liquid is poured out. So Lucret. v. 1007, "Illi imprudentes ipsi sibi sæpe venenum Vergebant." Cf. Gronov. Obs. ii. 7. B.

[17] *i. e.* cut the throats of the victims. B.

heard; may I by your divine will disclose things buried in deep earth and darkness. They moved along amid the gloom under the solitary night through the shade,[18] and through the desolate halls and empty realms of Pluto; such as is a journey in woods beneath the unsteady moon, under a faint, glimmering light, when Jupiter hath wrapped the heavens in shade, and sable night had stripped objects of color.

Before the vestibule itself, and in the first jaws of hell, Grief and vengeful Cares have placed their couches, and pale Diseases dwell, and disconsolate Old Age, and Fear, and the evil counselor Famine, and vile deformed Indigence, forms ghastly to the sight! and Death, and Toil; then Sleep, akin to Death, and criminal Joys of the mind; and in the opposite threshold murderous War, and the iron bed-chambers of the Furies, and frantic Discord, having her viperous locks bound with bloody fillets.

In the midst a gloomy elm displays its boughs and aged arms, which seat vain Dreams are commonly said to haunt, and under every leaf they dwell. Many monstrous savages, moreover, of various forms, stable in the gates, the Centaurs and double-formed Scyllas, and Briareus[19] with his hundred hands, and the enormous snake of Lerna[20] hissing dreadful, and Chimæra armed with flames; Gorgons, Harpies, and the form of Geryon's three-bodied ghost. Here Æneas, disconcerted with sudden fear, grasps his sword, and presents the naked point to each approaching shade: and had not his skillful guide put him in mind that they were airy unbodied phantoms, fluttering about under an empty form, he had rushed in, and with his sword struck at the ghosts in vain.

Hence is a path, which leads to the floods of Tartarean Acheron: here a gulf turbid and impure boils up with mire and vast whirlpools, and disgorges all its sand into Cocytus.

[18] Observe the accumulation of epithets, all denoting the excessive darkness; "obscuri"—"sola nocte"—"per umbram." B.

[19] Briareus, a famous giant, son of Cœlus and Terra. The poets feigned he had one hundred arms and fifty heads, and was thrown under Mount Ætna for having assisted the giants against the gods.

[20] Lerna, a lake of Argolis in Greece, where Hercules killed the famous hydra. Chimæra, a fabulous monster, represented with three heads, that of a lion, of a goat, and of a dragon. Geryon, a celebrated monster, whom Hercules slew. He was represented by the poets as having three bodies and three heads.

A grim ferryman guards these floods and rivers, Charon,[21] of frightful slovenliness; on whose chin a load of gray hair neglected lies; his eyes are flame: his vestments hang from his shoulders by a knot, with filth overgrown. Himself thrusts on the barge with a pole, and tends the sails, and wafts over the bodies in his iron-colored boat, now in years: but the god is of fresh and green old age. Hither the whole tribe in swarms come pouring to the banks, matrons and men, the souls of magnanimous heroes who had gone through life, boys and unmarried maids, and young men who had been stretched on the funeral pile before the eyes of their parents; as numerous as withered leaves fall in the woods with the first cold of autumn, or as numerous as birds flock to the land from deep ocean, when the chilling year[22] drives them beyond sea, and sends them to sunny climes. They stood praying to cross the flood the first, and were stretching forth their hands with fond desire to gain the further bank: but the sullen boatman admits sometimes these, sometimes those: while others to a great distance removed, he debars from the banks.

Æneas (for he was amazed and moved with the tumult) thus speaks: O virgin, say what means that flocking to the river? what do the ghosts desire? or by what distinction must these recede from the banks, those sweep with oars the livid flood? To him the aged priestess thus briefly replied: Son of Anchises, undoubted offspring of the gods, you see the deep pools of Cocytus, and the Stygian lake, by whose divinity the gods dread to swear and violate [their oath]. All that crowd, which you see, consists of naked and unburied persons: that ferryman is Charon: these, whom the stream carries, are interred; for it is not permitted to transport them over the horrid banks, and hoarse waves, before their bones are quietly lodged in a final abode. They wander a hundred years, and flutter about these shores: then at length admitted, they visit the wished-for lakes.

The offspring of Anchises paused and repressed his steps, deeply musing, and pitying from his soul their unkind lot. There he espies Leucaspis,[23] and Orontes, the commander of

[21] Charon, a god of hell, son of Erebus and Nox, who conducted the souls of the dead in a boat over the river Styx to the infernal regions.

[22] *i. e.* "season." See Broukh. on Tibull. I. 1, 17. B.

[23] Leucaspis, one of Æneas' companions, lost during a storm in the Tyrrhene Sea.

the Lycian fleet, mournful, and bereaved of the honors of the dead: whom as they sailed from Troy, over the stormy seas, the south wind sunk together, whelming both ship and crew in the waves. Lo! the pilot Palinurus slowly advanced, who lately in his Libyan voyage, while he was observing the stars, had fallen from the stern, plunged in the midst of the waves. When with difficulty, by reason of the thick shade, Æneas knew him in this mournful mood, he thus first accosts him: What god, O Palinurus, snatched you from us, and overwhelmed you in the middle of the ocean? Come tell me. For Apollo, whom I never before found false, in this one response deceived my mind, declaring that you should be safe on the sea, and arrive at the Ausonian coasts: Is this the amount of his plighted faith?

But he [answers]: Neither the oracle of Phœbus beguiled you, prince of the line of Anchises, nor a god plunged me in the sea; for, falling headlong, I drew along with me the helm, which I chanced with great violence to tear away, as I clung to it, and steered our course, being appointed pilot. By the rough seas I swear, that I was not so seriously apprehensive for myself, as that thy ship, despoiled of her rudder, dispossessed of her pilot, might sink while such high billows were rising. The south wind drove me violently on the water over the spacious sea, three wintery nights: on the fourth day I descried Italy from the high ridge of a wave [whereon I was] raised aloft. I was swimming gradually toward land, and should have been out of danger, had not the cruel people fallen upon me with the sword (encumbered with my wet garment, and grasping with crooked hands the rugged tops of a mountain), and ignorantly taking me for a rich prey. Now the waves possess me,[24] and the winds toss me about the shore. But by the pleasant light of heaven, and by the vital air, by him who gave thee birth, by the hope of rising Iülus, I thee implore, invincible one, release me from these woes: either throw on me some earth (for thou canst do so), and seek out the Veline port; or, if there be any means, if thy goddess mother point out any (for thou dost not, I presume, without the will of the gods, attempt to cross such mighty rivers and the Stygian lake), lend your hand to an unhappy wretch, and bear me

[24] *i. e.* "my body." So *αὐτοὺς* is used by Hom. Il. Λ. 4. Cf. below vi. 507. B.

with you over the waves, that in death at least I may rest in peaceful seats.

Thus he spoke, when thus the prophetess began: Whence, O Palinurus, rises in thee this so impious desire? Shall you unburied behold the Stygian floods, and the grim river of the Furies, or reach the bank against the command [of heaven]? Cease to hope that the decrees of the gods are to be altered by prayers; but mindful take these predictions as the solace of your hard fate. For the neighboring people,[25] compelled by portentous plagues from heaven, shall through their several cities far and wide offer atonement to thy ashes, erect a tomb, and stated anniversary offerings on that tomb present; and the place shall forever retain the name of Palinurus. By these words his cares were removed, and grief was for a time banished from his disconsolate heart: he rejoices in the land that is to bear his name.

They therefore accomplish their journey begun, and approach the river: whom when the boatman soon from the Stygian wave beheld advancing through the silent grove, and stepping forward to the bank, thus he first accosts them in words, and chides them unprovoked: Whoever thou mayest be, who art now advancing armed to our rivers, say quick for what end thou comest; and from that very spot repress thy step. This is the region of Ghosts, of Sleep, and drowsy Night: to waft over the bodies of the living in my Stygian boat is not permitted. Nor indeed was it joy to me that I received Alcides on the lake when he came, or Theseus and Pirithous,[26] though they were the offspring of the gods, and invincible in might. One with his hand put the keeper of Tartarus in chains, and dragged him trembling from the throne of our king himself; the others attempted to carry off our queen from Pluto's bed-chamber.

In answer to which, the Amphrysian prophetess spoke: No such plots are here, be not disturbed, nor do these weapons bring violence: the huge porter may bay in his den forever, terrifying the incorporeal shades: chaste Proserpine may re-

[25] This befell the Lucanians. See Servius. B.

[26] Pirithous, a son of Ixion, and king of the Lapithæ, whose friendship with Theseus, king of Athens, was proverbial. According to the poets, the two friends descended into the infernal regions to carry away Proserpine, but Pluto, who was apprised of their intention, bound Pirithous to his father's wheel, and Theseus to a huge stone.

main in her uncle's palace. Trojan Æneas, illustrious for piety and arms, descends to the deep shades of Erebus to his sire. If the image of such piety makes no impression on you, own a regard at least to this branch (she shows the branch that was concealed under her robe). Then his heart from swelling rage is stilled: nor passed more words than these. He with wonder gazing on the hallowed present of the fatal branch, beheld after a long season, turns toward them his lead-colored barge, and approaches the bank. Thence he dislodges the other souls that sat on the long benches, and clears the hatches; at the same time, receives into the hold the mighty Æneas. The boat of sewn hide[27] groaned under the weight, and, being leaky, took in much water from the lake. At length he lands the hero and the prophetess safe on the other side of the river, on the foul slimy strand and sea-green weed. Huge Cerberus makes these realms to resound with barking from his triple jaws, stretched at his enormous length in a den that fronts the gate. To whom the prophetess, seeing his neck now bristle with horrid snakes, flings a soporific cake of honey and medicated grain. He, in the mad rage of hunger, opening his three mouths, snatches the offered morsel, and, spread on the ground, relaxes his monstrous limbs, and is extended at vast length over all the cave. Æneas, now that the keeper [of hell] is buried [in sleep], seizes the passage, and swift overpasses the bank of that flood whence there is no return.

Forthwith are heard voices, loud wailings, and weeping ghosts of infants, in the first opening of the gate: whom, bereaved of sweet life out of the course of nature, and snatched from the breast, a black day cut off, and buried in an untimely grave.

Next to those, are such as had been condemned to death by false accusations. Nor yet were those seats assigned them without a trial, without a judge. Minos,[28] as inquisitor, shakes the urn: he convokes the council of the silent, and examines their lives and crimes.

The next places in order those mournful ones possess,

[27] *i. e.* formed of hides sewn across wicker ribs. See Anthon. B.

[28] Minos, a celebrated king and lawgiver of Crete, son of Jupiter and Europa. He was rewarded for his equity, after death, with the office of judge in the infernal regions, with Æacus and Rhadamanthus.

who, though free from crime, procured death to themselves with their own hands, and, sick of the light, threw away their lives. How gladly would they now endure poverty and painful toils in the upper regions! Fate opposes, and the hateful lake imprisons them with its dreary waves, and Styx, nine times rolling between, confines them.

Not far from this part, extended on every side, are shown the fields of mourning: so they call them by name. Here by-paths remote conceal, and myrtle-groves cover those around, whom unrelenting love, with his cruel venom, consumed away. Their cares leave them not in death itself. In these places he sees Phædra[29] and Procris,[30] and disconsolate Eriphyle pointing to the wounds she had received from her cruel son; Evadne[31] also, and Pasiphae: these Laodamia accompanies, and Cæneus, once a youth, now a woman, and again by fate transformed into his pristine shape. Among whom Phœnician Dido, fresh from her wound, was wandering in a spacious wood; whom as soon as the Trojan hero approached, and discovered faintly through the shades (in like manner as one sees, or thinks he sees, the moon rising through the clouds in the beginning of her monthly course), he dropped tears, and addressed her in love's sweet accents: Hapless Dido, was it then a true report I had of your being dead, and that you had finished your own destiny by the sword? Was I, alas! the cause of your death? I swear by the stars, by the powers above, and by whatever faith may be under the deep earth, that against my will, O queen, I departed from thy coast.

[29] Phædra, a daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, who married Theseus; her criminal passion for Hippolytus, and the tragical end of that young prince, by his chariot being overturned and dragged among rocks, so stung her with remorse, that she hanged herself.

[30] Procris, a daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, and wife of Cephalus. Eriphyle, a sister of Adrastus, king of Argos, and the wife of Amphiaraus: she was murdered by her son Alemæon, for having discovered where Amphiaraus was concealed, that he might not accompany the Argives in their expedition against Thebes.

[31] Evadne, the wife of Capaneus, one of the seven chiefs who went against Thebes; she threw herself on his funeral pile, and perished in the flames. Laodamia, a daughter of Acastus and the wife of Protesilaus, whose departure for the Trojan war, and subsequent fall by the hand of Hector, caused her death from excessive grief. Cæneus, a Thessalian woman, feigned by the poets to have had the power of changing her sex.

But the mandates of the gods, which now compel me to travel through these shades, through noisome dreary regions and deep night, drove me from you by their authority; nor could I believe that I should bring upon you such deep anguish by my departure. Stay your steps, and withdraw not thyself from my sight. Whom dost thou fly? This is the last time fate allows me to address you. With these words Æneas thought to soothe her soul inflamed, and eying him with stern regard, and provoked his tears to flow. She, turned away, kept her eyes fixed on the ground; nor alters her looks more, in consequence of the conversation he had begun, than if she were fixed immovable like a stubborn flint or rock of Parian marble. At length, she abruptly retired, and in detestation fled into a shady grove, where Sichæus,[32] her first lord, answers her with [amorous] cares, and returns her love for love. Æneas, nevertheless, in commotion for her disastrous fate, with weeping eyes, pursues her far, and pities her as she goes.

Hence he holds on his destined way; and now they had reached the last fields, which by themselves apart renowned warriors frequent. Here Tydeus[33] appears to him, here Parthenopœus illustrious in arms, and the ghost of pale Adrastus. Here [appear] those Trojans who had died in the field of battle, much lamented in the upper world: whom when he beheld all together in a numerous body, he inwardly groaned; Glaucus,[34] Medon, Thersilochus, the three sons of Antenor, and Polybætes devoted to Ceres, and Idæus still handling his chariot, still his armor. The ghosts in crowds around him stand on the right and left: nor are they satisfied with seeing him once; they wish to detain him long, to come into close conference with him, and learn the reasons of his

[32] Sichæus, the husband of Dido, and the priest of Hercules, whom Pygmalion, his brother-in-law, murdered, to obtain his riches.

[33] Tydeus, the son of Œneus, king of Calydon, was one of the seven chiefs of the army of Adrastus, king of Argos, in the Theban war, where he behaved with great courage, but was slain by Melanippus. He was father to Diomedes, who was therefore called Tydides. Parthenopœus, a son of Meleager and Atalanta, was also one of the seven chiefs who accompanied Adrastus in his expedition against Thebes.

[34] Glaucus, a son of Hippolochus, and grandson of Bellerophon. He assisted Priam in the Trojan war, and was slain by Ajax. Thersilochus, a son of Antenor, and leader of the Pæonians, was slain by Achilles.

visit. But as soon as the Grecian chiefs and Agamemnon's[34] battalions saw the hero, and his arms gleaming through the shades, they quaked with dire dismay: some turned their backs, as when they fled once to their ships; some raise their slender voices; the scream begun dies in their gasping throats.[35]

And here he espies Deiphobus, the son of Priam, mangled in every limb, his face and both his hands cruelly torn, his temples bereft of the ears cropped off, and his nostrils slit with a hideously deformed wound. Thus he hardly knew him quaking for agitation, and seeking to hide the marks of his dreadful punishment; and he first accosts him with well-known accents: Deiphobus, great in arms, sprung from Teucer's noble blood, who could choose to inflict such cruelties? Or who was allowed to exercise such power over you? To me, in that last night, a report was brought that you, tired with the vast slaughter of the Greeks, had fallen at last on a heap of mingled carcasses. Then, with my own hands, I raised to you an empty tomb on the Rhœtean shore, and thrice with loud voice I invoked your manes. Your name and arms possess the place. Your body, my friend, I could not find, or, at my departure, deposit in thy native land. And upon this the son of Priam said: Nothing, my friend, has been omitted by you; you have discharged every duty to Deiphobus, and to the shadow of a corpse. But my own fate, and the cursed wickedness of Helen, plunged me in these woes: she hath left me these monuments [of her love]. For how we passed that last night amid ill-grounded joys you know, and must remember but two well, when the fatal horse came bounding over our lofty walls, and pregnant brought armed infantry in its womb. She, pretending a dance, led her train of Phrygian matrons yelling around the orgies: herself in the midst held a large flaming torch, and called to the Greeks from the lofty tower. I, being at that time oppressed with care, and overpowered with sleep, was lodged in my unfortunate bed-chamber: rest, balmy, profound, and the perfect image of a calm, peaceful death, pressed me as I lay. Meanwhile my incomparable spouse removes all arms from my palace, and had

[34] Agamemnon was king of Mycenæ and Argos. He was chosen commander-in-chief of the Greeks in the Trojan war.

[35] Literally, "fails them as they open their mouths to utter it." B.

withdrawn my trusty sword from my head: she calls Menelaus[37] into the palace, and throws open the gates; hoping, no doubt, that would be a mighty favor to her amorous husband, and that thus the infamy of her former wicked deeds might be extinguished. In short, they burst into my chamber: that traitor of the race of Æolus,[38] the promoter of villainy, is joined in company with them. Ye gods, requite these cruelties to the Greeks, if I supplicate vengeance with pious lips! But come now, in thy turn, say what adventure hath brought thee hither alive. Dost thou come driven by the casualties of the main, or by the direction of the gods? or what fortune compels thee to visit these dreary mansions, troubled regions, where the sun never shines?

In this conversation the sun in his rosy chariot had now passed the meridian in his ethereal course; and they perhaps would in this manner have passed the whole time assigned them; but the Sibyl, his companion, put him in mind, and thus briefly spoke: Æneas, the night comes on apace, while we waste the hours in lamentations. This is the place where the path divides itself in two: the right is what leads beneath great Pluto's walls; by this our way to Elysium lies: but the left carries on the punishments of the wicked, and conveys to cursed Tartarus. On the other hand, Deiphobus [said]: Be not incensed, great priestess; I shall be gone; I will fill up the number [of the ghosts] and be rendered back to darkness. Go, go, thou glory of our nation; mayest thou find fates more kind! This only he spoke, and at the word turned his steps.

Æneas on a sudden looks back, and under a rock on the left sees vast prisons inclosed with a triple wall, which Tartarean Phlegethon's rapid flood environs with torrents of flame, and whirls roaring rocks along. Fronting is a huge gate, with columns of solid adamant, that no strength of men, nor the gods themselves, can with steel demolish. An iron tower rises aloft; and there wakeful Tisiphone, with her

[37] Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon, and the husband of Helen, the daughter of Tyndarus, with whom he received the crown of Sparta. This, however, he had enjoyed only a short time, when Helen was carried away by Paris, the son of Priam, which laid the foundation of the Trojan war, where Menelaus behaved with great spirit and courage.

[38] Race of Æolus; Ulysses is here meant, Sisyphus, the son of Æolus, being, according to some, his father.

bloody robe tucked up around her, sits to watch the vestibule both night and day. Hence groans are heard; the cruel lashes resound; the grating too of iron, and clank of dragging chains. Æneas stopped short, and starting listened to the din. What scenes of guilt are these? O virgin, say; or with what pains are they chastised? what hideous yelling [ascends] to the skies! Then thus the prophetess began: Renowned leader of the Trojans, no holy person is allowed to tread the accursed threshold: but Hecate, when she set me over the groves of Avernus, herself taught me the punishments appointed by the gods, and led me through every part. Cretan Rhadamanthus[39] possesses these most ruthless realms; examines and punishes frauds; and forces every one to confess what crimes committed in the upper world he had left [unatoned] till the late hour of death, hugging himself in secret crime of no avail. Forthwith avenging Tisiphone, armed with her whip, scourges the guilty with cruel insult, and in her left hand shaking over them her grim snakes, calls the fierce troops of her sister Furies.

Then at length the accursed gates, grating on their dreadful-sounding hinges, are thrown open. See you what kind of watch sits in the entry? what figure guards the gate? An overgrown Hydra,[40] more fell [than any Fury], with fifty black gaping mouths, has her seat within. Then Tartarus itself sinks deep down, and extends toward the shades twice as far as is the prospect upward to the ethereal throne of heaven. Here Earth's ancient progeny, the Titanian youth, hurled down with thunderbolts, welter in the profound abyss. Here too I saw the two sons of Aloeus,[41] gigantic bodies, who attempted with their might to overturn the spacious heavens, and thrust down Jove from his exalted kingdom. Salmoneus[42]

[39] Rhadamanthus, a son of Jupiter and Europa, who reigned over the Cyclades and many of the Greek cities in Asia, and for his justice and equity was made one of the judges of hell.

[40] Hydra, a fabulous monster of the serpent tribe: that which infested the neighborhood of the lake Lerna, in Peloponnesus, was killed by Hercules.

[41] Two sons of Aloeus, the giants Otus and Ephialtes, who made war against the gods, and were killed by Apollo and Diana.

[42] Salmoneus, a king of Elis, who for his impiety in imitating the thunder of Jupiter, was feigned to have been struck by a thunderbolt, and placed in the infernal regions, near his brother Sisyphus.

likewise I beheld suffering severe punishment, for having imitated Jove's flaming bolts, and the sounds of heaven. He, drawn in his chariot by four horses, and brandishing a torch, rode triumphant among the nations of Greece, and in the midst of the city Elis, and claimed to himself the honor of the gods: infatuate! who, with brazen car, and the prancing of his horn-hoofed steeds, would needs counterfeit the storms and inimitable thunder. But the almighty Sire amid the thick clouds threw a bolt (not firebrands he, nor smoky light from torches), and hurled him down headlong in a vast whirlwind. Here too you might have seen Tityus,[43] the foster-child of all-bearing Earth: whose body is extended over nine whole acres; and a huge vulture, with her hooked beak, pecking at his immortal liver, and his bowels, the fruitful source of punishment, both searches them for her banquet, and dwells in the deep recesses of his breast; nor is any respite given to his fibers still springing up afresh. Why should I mention that Lapithæ, Ixion, and Pirithous, over whom hangs a black flinty rock, every moment threatening to tumble down, and seeming to be actually falling? Golden pillars [supporting] lofty genial couches shine, and full in their view are banquets furnished out with regal magnificence; the chief of the Furies sits by them, and debars them from touching the provisions with their hands; and starts up, lifting her torch on high, and thunders over them with her voice. Here are those[44] who, while life remained, had been at enmity with their brothers, had beaten a parent, or wrought deceit against a client; or who alone brooded over their acquired wealth, nor assigned a portion to their own; which class is the most numerous: those too who were slain for adultery, who joined in impious wars, and did not scruple to violate the faith they had plighted to their masters: shut up, they await their punishment. But what kind of punishment seek not to be informed, in what shape [of misery], or in what state they are involved. Some roll a huge stone, and hang fast bound to the spokes of wheels. There sits, and to eternity shall sit, the unhappy Theseus:

[43] Tityus, a celebrated giant, son of Terra, or according to others, of Jupiter and Elara.

[44] Cf. Aristoph. Ran. 146, and my notes on Æsch. Eum. p. 188, n. 2, ed. Bohn. B.

and Phlegyas[45] most wretched is a monitor to all, and with loud voice proclaims through the shades: "Warned [by example], learn righteousness, and not to contemn the gods." One sold his country for gold, and imposed on it a domineering tyrant; made and unmade laws for money. Another invaded his daughter's bed, and an unlawful wedlock: all of them dared some heinous crime, and accomplished what they dared. Had I a hundred tongues, and a hundred mouths, a voice of iron, I could not comprehend all the species of their crimes, nor enumerate the names of all their punishments.

When the aged priestess of Phœbus had uttered these words, she adds, But come now, set forward, and finish the task you have undertaken; let us haste on: I see the walls [of Pluto], wrought in the forges of the Cyclops, and the gates with their arch full in our view, where our instructions enjoin us to deposit this our offering. She said; and with equal pace advancing through the gloomy path, they speedily traverse the intermediate space, and approach the gates. Æneas springs forward to the entry, sprinkles his body with fresh water, and fixes the bough in the fronting portal.

Having finished these rites, and performed the offering to the goddess, they came at length to the regions of joy, delightful green retreats, and blessed abodes in groves, where happiness abounds. A freer[46] and purer sky here clothes the fields with sheeny light: they know their own sun, their own stars. Some exercise their limbs on the grassy green, in sports contend, and wrestle on the tawny sand: some strike the ground with their feet in the dance, and sing hymns. [Orpheus,] too, the Thracian priest, in his long robe, replies[47] in melodious numbers to the seven distinguished notes; and now strikes the same with his fingers, now with his ivory quill. Here may be seen Teucer's ancient race, a most illustrious line, magnanimous heroes, born in happier times, Ilus,[48] Assaracus,

[45] Phlegyas, a son of Mars, king of the Lapithæ in Thessaly, who plundered and burnt the temple of Apollo at Delphi; for this impiety he was killed by Apollo, who placed him in hell, where a huge stone was suspended over his head, which kept him in continual alarms.

[46] Compare Anthon's note. B.

[47] See Anthon. B.

[48] Ilus, the fourth king of Troy, was son of Tros and Callirhoe, and father of Themis and Laomedon.

and Dardanus, the founder of Troy. From afar, [Æneas] views with wonder the arms and empty chariots of the chiefs. Their spears stand fixed in the ground, and up and down their horses feed at large through the plain. The same fondness they had when alive for chariots and arms, the same concern for training up shining steeds, follow them when deposited beneath the earth.

Lo! he beholds others on the right and left feasting upon the grass, and singing the joyful pæan to Apollo in concert, amid a fragrant grove of laurel; whence from on high the river Eridanus rolls in copious streams through the wood. Here is a band of those who sustained wounds in fighting for their country; priests who preserved themselves pure and holy, while life remained; pious poets, who sung in strains worthy of Apollo; those who improved life by the invention of arts, and who by their worthy deeds made others remember them: all these have their temples crowded with a snow-white fillet. Whom, gathered around, the Sibyl thus addressed, Musæus[49] chiefly; for a numerous crowd had him in their center, and looked up with reverence to him raised above them by the height of his shoulders: Say, blessed souls, and thou, best of poets, what region, what place contains Anchises? on his account we have come, and crossed the great rivers of hell. And thus the hero briefly returned her an answer: None of us have a fixed abode; in shady groves we dwell, or lie on couches all along the banks, and on meadows fresh with rivulets: but do you, if so your heart's inclination leads, overpass this eminence, and I will set you in the easy path. He said, and advanced his steps on before, and shows them from a rising ground the shining plains, then they descend from the summit of the mountain. But father Anchises, deep in a verdant dale, was surveying with studious care the souls there inclosed, who were to revisit the light above; and happened to be reviewing the whole number of his race, his dear descendants, their fates and fortunes, their manners and achievements. As soon as he beheld Æneas advancing toward him across the meads, he joyfully stretched out both his hands, and tears poured down his cheeks, and these words dropped

[49] Musæus, an ancient Greek poet, supposed to have been the son or disciple of Linus or Orpheus, and to have lived about 1410 years B. C.

from his mouth: Are you come at length, and has that piety, experienced by your sire, surmounted the arduous journey? Am I permitted, my son, to see thy face, to hear and return the well-known accents? So indeed I concluded in my mind, and reckoned it would happen, computing the time; nor have my anxious hopes deceived me. Over what lands, O son, and over what immense seas have you, I hear, been tossed! with what dangers harassed! how I dreaded lest you had sustained harm from Libya's realms! But he [said], Your ghost, your sorrowing ghost, my sire oftentimes appearing, compelled me to set forward to these thresholds. My fleet rides in the Tyrrhene Sea. Permit me, father, to join my right hand [with thine]; and withdraw not thyself from my embrace. So saying, he at the same time bedewed his cheeks with a flood of tears. There thrice he attempted to throw his arms around his neck; thrice the phantom, grasped in vain, escaped his hold, like the fleet gales, or resembling most a fugitive dream.

Meanwhile Æneas sees in the retired vale, a grove situate by itself, shrubs rustling in the woods, and the river Lethe which glides by those peaceful dwellings. Around this unnumbered tribes and nations of ghosts were fluttering; as in meadows on a serene summer's day, when the bees sit on the various blossoms, and swarm around the snow-white lilies, all the plain buzzes with their humming noise. Æneas, confounded, shudders at the unexpected sight, and asks the causes, what are those rivers in the distance, or what ghosts have in such crowds filled the banks? Then father Anchises [said], Those souls, for whom other bodies are destined by fate, at the stream of Lethe's flood quaff care-expelling draughts and lasting oblivion. Long indeed have I wished to give you a detail of these, and to point them out before you, and enumerate this my future race, that you may rejoice the more with me in the discovery of Italy. O father, is it to be imagined that any souls of an exalted nature will go hence to the world above, and enter again into inactive bodies? What direful love of the light possesses the miserable beings? I, indeed, replies Anchises, will inform you, my son, nor hold you longer in suspense: and thus he unfolds each particular in order.

In the first place, the spirit within nourishes the heavens, the earth, and watery plains,[50] the moon's enlightened orb, and the Titanian stars;[51] and the mind, diffused through all the members, actuates the whole frame, and mingles with the vast body [of the universe]. Thence the race of men and beasts, the vital principles of the flying kind, and the monsters which the ocean breeds under its smooth plain. These principles have the active force of fire, and are of a heavenly original, so far as they are not clogged by noxious bodies, blunted by earth-born limbs and dying members. Hence they fear and desire, grieve and rejoice; and shut up in darkness and a gloomy prison, lose sight of their native skies.[52] Even when with the last beams of light their life is gone, yet not every ill, nor all corporeal stains, are quite removed from the unhappy beings; and it is absolutely necessary that many imperfections which have long been joined to the soul, should be in marvelous ways increased and riveted therein. Therefore are they afflicted with punishments, and pay the penalties of their former ills. Some, hung on high, are spread out to the empty winds; in others, the guilt not done away is washed out in a vast watery abyss, or burned away in fire. We each endure his own manes,[53] thence are we conveyed along the spacious Elysium, and we, the happy few, possess the fields of bliss; till length of time, after the fixed period is elapsed, hath done away the inherent stain, and hath left the pure celestial reason, and the fiery energy of the simple spirit. All these, after they have rolled away a thousand years, are summoned forth by the god in a great body to the river Lethe; to the intent that, losing memory [of the past], they may revisit the vaulted realms above, and again become willing to return into bodies. Anchises thus spoke, and leads his son, together with the Sibyl, into the midst of the assembly and noisy throng; thence chooses a rising ground, whence he may survey them all as they stand opposite to him in a long row, and discern their looks as they approach.

[50] *i. e.* "maria." SERVIUS. Cf. Ovid. Met. i. 315, "campus aquarum." B.

[51] The sun is particularly meant, "Sol, quem et supra unum fuisse de Titanibus diximus." SERVIUS.

[52] *i. e.* of their proper nature. Cf. Plato Phædon. § 24 and 25 B

[53] See Servius, and Anthon's note. B.

Now come, I will explain to you what glory shall henceforth attend the Trojan race, what descendants await them of the Italian nation, distinguished souls, and who shall succeed to our name; yourself too I will instruct in your particular fate. See you that youth who leans on his pointless spear? He by destiny holds a station nearest to the light; he shall ascend to the upper world the first [of your race] who shall have a mixture of Italian blood in his veins, Sylvius,[54] an Alban name, your last issue; whom late your consort Lavinia shall in the woods bring forth to you in your advanced age, himself a king, and the father of kings; in whom our line shall reign over Alba Longa.[55] The next is Procas,[56] the glory of the Trojan nation; then Capys and Numitor follow, and Æneas Sylvius, who shall represent thee in name, equally distinguished for piety and arms, if ever he receive the crown of Alba. See what youths are these, what manly force they show! and bear their temples shaded with civic oak; these to thy honor shall build Nomentum,[57] Gabii, and the city Fidena; these on the mountains shall raise the Collatine towers,[58] Pometia, the fort of Inuus, Bola, and Cora. These shall then be famous names; now they are lands without names. Further, martial Romulus, whom Ilia of the line Assaracus shall bear, shall add himself as companion to his grandsire [Numitor]. See you not how the double plumes stand on his head erect, and how the father of the gods himself already marks

[54] Sylvius, a son of Æneas by Lavinia, from whom afterward the kings of Alba were called Sylvii. Lavinia, the daughter of Latinus and Amata, who was betrothed to her relation, king Turnus, but was, after his death, given to Æneas.

[55] Alba Longa, a city of Latium, built by Ascanius.

[56] Procas, a king of Alba, father of Numitor and Amulius. Numitor, the father of Rhea Silvia, and grandfather of Romulus and Remus, who restored him to his throne, from which he had been expelled by Amulius, his younger brother.

[57] Nomentum (La Mentana), a town of the Sabines in Italy. Cabii, a city of the Volsci, between Rome and Prænesta, where Juno was worshiped, who was hence called Gabina. Fidena, a town of the Sabines, on the Tiber, north of Rome.

[58] Collatine towers: Collatia, a town of the Sabines, on the river Anio, built on an eminence. Pometia, a town of the Volsci, which was totally destroyed by the Romans because it had revolted. Inuus, a town of Latium, on the shores of the Tyrrhene Sea. Bola, a city between Tibur and Prænestе. Cora, a town of Latium, on the confines of the Volsci, built by a colony of Dardanians before the foundation of Rome.

him out with his distinguished honors! Lo, my son, under his auspicious influence Rome, that city of renown, shall measure her dominion by the earth, and her valor by the skies, and that one city shall for herself wall around seven strong hills, happy in a race of heroes; like mother Berecynthia, when, crowned with turrets, she rides in her chariot through the Phrygian towns, joyful in a progeny of gods, embracing a hundred grandchildren, all inhabitants of heaven, all seated in the high celestial abodes. This way now bend both your eyes; view this lineage, and your own Romans. This is Cæsar, and these are the whole race of Iülus,[59] who shall one day rise to the spacious axle of the sky. This, this is the man whom you have often heard promised to you, Augustus Cæsar, the offspring of a god; who once more shall establish the golden age in Latium, through those lands where Saturn reigned of old, and shall extend his empire over the Garamantes and Indians: their land lies without the signs [of the zodiac], beyond the sun's annual course, where Atlas, supporting heaven on his shoulders, turns the axle studded with flaming stars. Against his approach even now both the Caspian[60] realms and the land about the Palus Mæotis are dreadfully dismayed at the responses of the gods, and the quaking mouths of seven-fold Nile hurry on their troubled waves. Even Hercules did not run over so many countries, though he transfixed the brazen-footed hind, quelled the forests of Erymanthus, and made Lerna tremble with his bow: nor Bacchus, who in triumph drives his car with reins wrapped about with vine leaves, driving the tigers from Nyssa's[61] lofty top. And doubt we yet to extend our glory by our deeds? or is fear a bar to our settling in the Ausonian land?

But who is he at a distance, distinguished by the olive boughs, bearing the sacred utensils? I know the locks and hoary beard of the Roman king, who first shall establish this city by laws, sent from little Cures[62] and a poor estate to vast

[59] Iülus, a name given to Ascanius.

[60] Caspian realms, the Scythian nations inhabiting the borders of the Caspian Sea. Palus Mæotis, Sea of Asoph.

[61] Nyssa, the name of several cities in various quarters of the world, sacred to Bacchus.

[62] Cures, a town of the Sabines: it was the birth-place of Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, a monarch distinguished by his love of peace. Numa was succeeded by Tullus Hostilius, who was of a warlike

empire. Whom Tullus shall next succeed, who shall break the peace of his country, and rouse to arms his inactive subjects, and troops now unused to triumphs. Whom follows next vain-glorious Ancus, even now too much rejoicing in the breath of popular applause. Will you also see the Tarquin kings, and the haughty soul of Brutus,[63] the avenger [of his country's wrongs], and the recovered fasces?[64] He first shall receive the consular power, and the ax of justice inflexibly severe; and the sire shall, for the sake of glorious liberty, summon to death his own sons, raising an unknown[65] kind of war. Unhappy he! however posterity shall interpret that action, love to his country, and the unbounded desire of praise, will [prevail over paternal affection.][66] See besides at some distance the Decii, Drusi,[67] Torquatus,[68] inflexibly severe with the ax,[69] and Camillus recovering the standards. But those [two] ghosts whom you observe to shine in equal arms, in perfect friendship now, and while they remain shut up in night, ah! what war, what battles and havoc will they between them raise, if once they have attained to the light of life! the father-in-law descending from the Alpine hills, and the tower of Monœcus;[70] the son-in-law furnished with the

disposition. Ancus Martius, the grandson of Numa, was the fourth king of Rome after the death of Tullus: he inherited the valor of Romulus, with the moderation of Numa, and after a reign of twenty-four years, was succeeded by Tarquin the elder.

[63] Brutus (L. Junius), son of M. Junius and Tarquinia, second daughter of Tarquin Priscus. He was the chief instrument in expelling the Tarquins from Rome, thus avenging Lucretia's violated honor, to which he had sworn.

[64] *i. e.* the government. B.

[65] Civil war being previously unknown in Rome. B.

[66] Alluding to the punishment of his sons for attempting the restoration of Tarquin.

[67] Drusus, the surname of the Roman family of the Livii, of which was Livia Drusilla, the wife of Augustus.

[68] Torquatus, a surname of Titus Manlius, a celebrated Roman, whose severity in putting to death his son, because he had engaged the enemy without his permission, though he had gained an honorable victory, has been deservedly censured.

[69] *i. e.* strict in exacting justice. B.

[70] Monœcus, a maritime town, on the south-west coast of Liguria, where Hercules had a temple. The two warriors here referred to are Julius Cæsar and his son-in-law, Pompey the Great. The civil war between Cæsar and Pompey, which terminated with the battle of Pharsalia, B. C. 48, led to the overthrow of the Roman republic.

troops of the east to oppose him. Make not, my sons, make not such [unnatural] wars familiar to your minds; nor turn the powerful strength of your country against its bowels. And thou [Cæsar], first forbear, thou who derivest thy origin from heaven; fling those arms out of thy hand, O thou, my own blood! That one, having triumphed over Corinth,[71] shall drive his chariot victorious to the lofty Capitol, illustrious from the slaughter of Greeks. The other shall overthrow Argos, and Mycenæ, Agamemnon's seat, and Eacides[72] himself, the descendant of valorous Achilles; avenging his Trojan ancestors, and the violated temple of Minerva. Who can in silence pass over thee, great Cato,[73] or thee, Cossus?[74] who the family of Gracchus,[75] or both the Scipios,[76] those two thunderbolts of war, the bane of Africa, and Fabricius in low fortune exalted?[77] or thee, Serranus,[78] sowing in the furrow [which thy own hands had made]? Whither, ye Fabii,[79] do you hurry me tired? Thou art that [Fabius justly styled] the Greatest, who alone shall repair our state by delay.

[71] Corinth, the capital of Achaia in Greece, was situated on the isthmus, between the Corinthian and Saronic gulfs. This famous city was totally destroyed by L. Mummius the Roman consul, B. C. 146.

[72] Æacides is here applied to Perseus, king of Macedon, who was descended from Achilles, the grandson of Æacus. Perseus was totally defeated and taken prisoner by Paulus Æmilius, the Roman consul, in the battle of Pydna, B. C. 168. Soon after this period, the whole of Greece fell under the Roman power.

[73] Cato, surnamed Uticensis, great-grandson of Cato the censor, was distinguished for his integrity and justice. To prevent his falling into the hands of Cæsar, he stabbed himself after he had read Plato's treatise on the Immortality of the Soul, at Utica, in Africa, whither he had fled, B. C. 46.

[74] Cossus, a military tribune, who killed Tolumnus, king of Veii, in battle, and was the second who obtained the spolia opima, which he offered to Jupiter.

[75] Gracchus, T. Sempronius, was distinguished both in the senate and the field; he was the father of Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.

[76] Scipios; both the father and son are meant.

[77] Fabricius, C. L., a celebrated Roman, the conqueror of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, was remarkable for the great simplicity of his manners and contempt of luxury and riches. DAVIDSON. Cf. Lucan, x. 151, "et nomina pauperis ævi Fabricios Curiosque graves." B.

[78] Serranus, a surname given to Cincinnatus, who was found sowing his fields when informed that the Senate had chosen him dictator.

[79] Fabii, a noble and powerful family at Rome, of whom sprung Quintus Fabius, the opponent of Hannibal.

Others, I grant indeed, shall with more delicacy mold the breathing brass; from marble draw the features to the life; plead causes better; describe with the rod the courses of the heavens, and explain the rising stars: to rule the nations with imperial sway be thy care, O Romans; these shall be thy arts; to impose terms of peace, to spare the humbled, and crush the proud.

Thus father Anchises, and, as they are wondering, subjoins: Behold how adorned with triumphal spoils Marcellus[80] stalks along, and shines victor above the heroes all? He, mounted on his steed, shall prop the Roman state in the rage of a formidable insurrection; the Carthaginians he shall humble, and the rebellious Gaul, and dedicate to father Quirinus the third spoils. And upon this Æneas [says]; for he beheld marching with him a youth distinguished by his beauty and shining arms, but his countenance of little joy, and his eyes sunk and dejected: What youth is he, O father, who thus accompanies the hero as he walks? is he a son, or one of the illustrious line of his descendants? What bustling noise of attendants round him! How great resemblance in him [to the other]! but sable Night with her dreary shade hovers around his head. Then father Anchises, while tears gushed forth, began: Seek not, my son, [to know] the deep disaster of thy kindred; him the Fates shall just show on earth, nor suffer long to exist. Ye gods, Rome's sons had seemed too powerful in your eyes, had these your gifts been permanent. What groans of heroes shall that field near the imperial city of Mars send forth! what funeral pomp shall you, O Tiberinus, see, when you glide by his recent tomb! Neither shall any youth of the Trojan line in hope exalt the Latin fathers so high; nor shall the land of Romulus ever glory so much in any of her sons. Ah piety! ah that faith of ancient times! and that right hand invincible in war! none with impunity had encountered him in arms, either when on foot he rushed upon the foe, or when he pierced with his spur his foaming courser's flanks. Ah youth, meet subject for pity!

[80] Marcellus, Marcus Claudius, a famous Roman general, signalized himself against the Gauls, having obtained the spolia opima, by killing with his own hand their king, Viridomarus. After achieving the conquest of Syracuse, he was opposed in the field to Hannibal, but perished in an ambuscade.

if by any means thou canst burst rigorous fate, thou shalt be a Marcellus.[81] Give me lilies in handfuls; let me strew the blooming flowers; these offerings at least let me heap upon my descendant's shade, and discharge this unavailing duty. Thus up and down they roam through all the [Elysian] regions in spacious airy fields, and survey every object: through each of whom when Anchises had conducted his son, and fired his soul with the love of coming fame, he next recounts to the hero what wars he must hereafter wage, informs him of the Laurentine people, and of the city of Latinus,[82] and by what means he may shun or surmount every toil.

Two gates there are of Sleep, whereof the one is said to be of horn; by which an easy egress is given to true visions; the other shining, wrought of white ivory; but [through it] the infernal gods send up false dreams to the upper world. When Anchises had addressed this discourse to his son and the Sibyl together, and dismissed them by the ivory gate,[83] the hero speeds his way to the ships, and revisits his friends; then steers directly along the coast for the port of Caïeta:[84] where [when he had arrived], the anchor is thrown out from the forecastle, the sterns rest upon the shore.

BOOK VII.

In the Seventh Book, Æneas reaches the destined land of Latium, and concludes a treaty with the king Latinus, who promises him his only daughter Lavinia in marriage; the treaty is, however, soon broken by the interference of Juno, whose resentment still pursues the Trojans. The goddess excites Turnus to war, who calls to his aid the neighboring princes; and the book concludes with an animated description of the enemy's forces, and their respective chiefs.

Thou, too, Caïeta, nurse to Æneas, gavest to our coasts immortal fame by thy death; and now thy honor here re-

[81] Marcellus, the son of Octavio, the sister of Augustus. He married Julia, the emperor's daughter, and was intended for his successor, but died suddenly at the early age of eighteen. Virgil procured himself great favors by celebrating the virtues of this amiable prince.

[82] City of Latinus; Laurentum (Paterno), which was the capital of Latium in the reign of Latinus.

[83] Hence Warburton concluded that Virgil meant the whole episode to be regarded only as a dream of the initiated. Too much ingenuity has been wasted on the subject. B.

[84] Caïeta (Gæta), a seaport town of Latium in Italy.

sides,[1] and thy name marks thy remains [interred] in Hesperia the great, if that be any title to renown. And now that her funeral obsequies in due form were paid, and the mound of the tomb raised, pious Æneas, soon as the swelling seas were hushed, sails on his course, and leaves the port. The gales breathe fair toward the approach of night; nor does the silver moon oppose his voyage; under her trembling light the ocean shines. They skim along the coasts adjacent to Circe's[2] land: where with incessant song the wealthy daughter of the Sun makes her inaccessible groves resound, and in her proud palace burns fragrant cedar for nocturnal lights, running over the slender web with her shrill-sounding shuttle. Hence were distinctly heard groans, the rage of lions reluctant to their chains, and roaring at the late midnight hour: bristly boars and bears were raging in their stalls, and wolves of prodigious form howled; whom Circe, cruel goddess, had by her powerful herbs transformed from human shape into the features and limbs of wild beasts: which monstrous changes that the pious Trojans might not undergo, if carried to that port, nor land on those accursed shores, Neptune filled their sails with favoring winds, and sped their flight, and wafted them beyond the boiling shoals. And now the sea began to redden with the beams of the son, and from the lofty sky the saffron-colored morn shone in her rosy car, when on a sudden the winds grew still, every breath of air died away, and the oars[3] struggle on the smooth surface of the lazy main. And here, from the deep, Æneas espies a spacious grove. Through this Tiberinus, [god] of the pleasant river Tiber, with rapid whirls and vast quantities of yellow sand discolored, bursts forward into the sea. All around, and over-head, various birds, accustomed to the banks and channel of the river, charmed the skies with their songs, and fluttered up and down the grove. [Hither Æneas] commands his mates to bend their course, and turn their prows toward land; and with joy he enters the shady river.

[1] Literally, "thy honor preserves its abiding-place." Others take "sedens" as equivalent to "sepulchrum." B.

[2] Quos hominum ex facie. Circe is said to have transformed men into wild beasts, by means of certain herbs, with a magical wand, with which she touched them. The fable is taken from Homer, Odyss. x. 135.

[3] "tonsæ," scil. "arbores," used for oars. B.

Come now, Erato;[4] I will unfold, who were the kings, what the complexion[5] of the times, what the state of things in ancient Latium, when this foreign army first landed their fleet on the Ausonian coasts; and trace back the original of the rising war. Do thou, O goddess, do thou instruct thy poet. I will sing of horrid wars, and kings by their fierce passions driven to destruction, the Tuscan troops, and all Hesperia in arms combined. A greater series of incident rises to my view; in a more arduous task I engage. King Latinus,[6] now full of days, ruled the country and its cities quiet in a lasting peace. This prince, as we traditionally receive, was the offspring of Faunus and Marica, a Laurentine nymph. Faunus had Picus[7] for his sire; and he, O Saturn, claims thee for his: thou art the remotest author of the line. To him (Latinus), by the appointment of the gods, no son, no male issue remained; but one, just as he grew up, was snatched away in the opening bloom of youth. An only daughter was to preserve his line, and so large possessions, now arrived at maturity, and fully ripe for marriage. Many from wide Latium, and throughout Ausonia, sought her hand: Turnus[8] makes his addresses, in charms far surpassing all the rest, and powerful in ancestors for many generations; whom the royal consort, with wonderful eagerness, urged to have united to the family as her son-in-law: but prodigies from heaven, with various circumstances of terror, oppose. In the center of the palace, within the deep recesses of the inner court, stood a laurel, with sacred locks, and for many years preserved with awe: which king Latinus having discovered when he was raising the first towers of his palace, was said to have conse-

[4] Erato, one of the Muses, who presided over lyric, tender, and amatory poetry.

[5] "tempora" refers to the condition of the different states in their mutual relations; "status" to the independent condition of each respectively. B.

[6] Latinus, the son of Faunus, and king of the aborigines in Italy, who from him were called Latins. He was succeeded on the throne of Latium by Æneas, who married his daughter Lavinia.

[7] Picus, a son of Saturn, and father of Faunus, reigned in Latium, and was feigned to have been changed by Circe into a woodpecker.

[8] Turnus, son of Daunus and Venilia, and king of the Rutuli, in Italy. He made war against Æneas, who was his rival for the hand of Lavinia, daughter of king Latinus, but was defeated, and at last slain by Æneas in single combat.

crated to Phœbus, and from it to have given the name of Laurentines to the inhabitants. On the high summit of this tree thick clustering bees, strange to hear, wafted athwart the liquid sky with a great humming noise, planted themselves; and, having linked their feet together by a mutual hold, the swarm hung in a surprising manner from the leafy bough. Forthwith the prophet said, We behold a foreign hero hither advancing, and an army making toward the same parts [where the bees alight], from the same parts [whence they came], and bearing sway in the lofty palace. Again, while with holy torches the virgin Lavinia kindles the altars, and is standing by her sire, she seemed, O horrid! to catch the fire in her long flowing hair, and to have her whole attire consumed in the crackling flames, all in a blaze both as to her royal locks and crown rich with gems: then in clouds of smoke, [she seemed] to be involved in ruddy light, and to spread the conflagration over the whole palace. As to this, it was reputed terrible, and of astonishing aspect: for [the soothsayers] foretold, that Lavinia herself would be illustrious, both in fame and fortune, but threatened her people with a great war.

But the king, anxious at these portentous signs, repairs to the oracle of prophetic Faunus, his sire, and consults his grove beneath lofty Albunea,[9] which, of woods the chief, resounds with a sacred fountain, and from its dark retreats sends forth a pernicious stream. Hence the Italian nations, and the whole land of Œnotria, seek responses when in perplexity. Hither when the priest had brought offerings, and in the deep silence of night laid himself down on the outspread skins of slain sheep, and disposed himself to sleep; he observes many visionary forms fluttering about in a wondrous manner, hears various sounds, and enjoys interviews with the gods, and converses with the manes in the infernal regions. Here even father Latinus himself, being then in quest of a response, with due rites sacrificed an hundred fleecy ewes, and lay supported on their skins and outspread fleeces. From the deep grove a sudden voice was delivered: Seek not, my son, to join thy daughter in Latin wedlock, nor rest thy hopes on the match now designed. A foreigner comes, thy [future] son-in-law, who, by his blood,

[9] Albunea, a wood near the city Tibur and the river Anio, sacred to the Muses.

shall exalt our name to the stars, and from whose race our descendants springing, shall see all things reduced under their feet, and ruled by their sway, where the revolving sun visits either ocean.

These responses of father Faunus, and intimations given in the silence of night, Latinus himself shuts not up within his lips: but fame, fluttering all around, had now wafted the tidings through the Ausonian cities, when Laomedon's sons had moored their fleet to[10] the grassy rising bank. Æneas, the chief leaders, and blooming Iülus, recline their bodies at ease under the branches of a tall tree; prepare their repast, and under their banquet spread cakes of fine wheat along the grass (so Jove himself admonished), and load the wheaten board with woodland fruits. Here, as it chanced, having consumed their other provisions, as want of food compelled them to turn their teeth to the scanty cake, and violate with hands and daring jaws the orb of the fated bread, nor spare its broad quarters: What! Iülus says, are we eating up tables too? nor carried his pleasantry further. No sooner was this remark heard than it announced the termination of their toils; and instantly from the speaker's mouth his father snatched the word, and transported with admiration at the fulfillment of the oracle, mused awhile. Forthwith he spoke: Hail, O land, destined to me by the Fates! and hail, ye gods, ye faithful tutelar gods of Troy. This is our home, this our country. My sire Anchises (for now I recollect) bequeathed to me these secrets of Fate: When famine shall compel thee, my son, wafted to an unknown shore, to eat up your tables after your provisions fail, then be sure you hope for a settlement after your toils, and there with your own hand found your first city, and fortify it with a rampart. This was that hunger [to which he alluded]: these our last calamities awaited us, which are to put a period to our woes. Come then, and with the sun's first light let us joyously explore what places are these, or what men are the inhabitants, or where are the cities of the race; and from the port let us pursue different ways. At present pour forth bowls in libation to Jove, and by prayers in-

[10] We must observe that the preposition "ab" is used in reference to the place whence the fastening proceeds. It is omitted in Ovid Met. 13, 439, "Litore Threicio classem religarat Atrides." In Greek the construction is with a dative, as Apoll. Rh. ii. 177, γαίῃ πείσματ' ἄνηψαν. B.

voke my father Anchises, and replace[11] the wine profusely on the boards.

Thus having said, he binds his temples next with a verdant bough, and supplicates the Genius of the place, and Earth, the eldest of the gods, together with the nymphs and rivers yet unknown;[12] then Night, and the night's rising constellations, and Idæan Jove, and Phrygian mother Cybele, he invokes in due form, and both his parents, the one in heaven, and the other in Erebus.[13] Upon this the almighty Sire thrice from the lofty heavens thundered aloud, and from the sky displays a cloud refulgent with beams of golden light, brandishing it in his hand.

Here suddenly the rumor spreads through the Trojan bands, that the day was arrived whereon they were to build the destined city. With emulation they renew the banquet, and, rejoicing in the mighty omen, place the bowls, and crown the wines. Soon as the next day arisen had enlightened the earth with its first beams, by different ways they explore the city, the boundaries and the coasts of the nation: [they learn that] these are the standing waters of the fountain Numicus,[14] this the river Tiber, that here the valiant Latins dwell. Then the son of Anchises orders a hundred embassadors, selected from every rank,[15] to repair to the imperial palace of the king, all of them decked[16] with Minerva's boughs; and carry gifts to the hero, and implore his peace toward the Trojans. Forthwith, commanded, they hasten and set forward with quick pace. Æneas himself marks out the walls with a low trench, and builds upon the spot, and incloses the first settlement on the shore, in the form of a camp, with a parapet and rampart. And now the youths, having measured out their way, beheld the towers, and lofty structures of the Latins, and approached the wall. Before the city, boys and youths in the bloom of early life are exercised on horseback, and

[11] *i. e.* "renew the banquet." ANTHON.

[12] So Silius, vi. 171, "Intramus tamen, et nymphas numenque precamur Gurgitis ignoti." B.

[13] *i. e.* Venus and Anchises. B.

[14] Now the Stagno di Levante. We must not understand the river Numicus near Lavinium. B.

[15] Not "from all the people." See Anthon B.

[16] Compare the Greek ἐξεστεμμένοι. The garlands were carried in the hand. B.

tame the yoked steeds on the dusty plain; or bend the stiff bows, or, with the exerted strength of their arms, hurl the quivering dart, and challenge one another in the race or to pugilism: when a messenger riding before, bears the news to the aged king, that men of huge dimensions, in a strange garb, were arrived. He orders them to be invited into the palace, and seated himself in the midst on his ancient throne. On the highest part of the city stood a magnificent capacious structure, raised aloft on a hundred columns, the palace of Picus of Laurentum, awful for its sacred woods, and the religious veneration of ancestors. It was [considered] a good omen for the kings here to receive the scepter, and raise the first badges of royalty; this temple was their senate-house, this their apartment allotted for sacred banquets: here, after the sacrifice of a ram, the fathers were wont to take their seats together at the long tables. Besides, in the vestibule, according to their order, the statues of their ancestors in antique cedar stood; Italus,[17] and father Sabinus, and old Saturn,[18] the planter of the vine, holding a crooked scythe under his figure, and the image of double-faced Janus;[19] and other monarchs from the origin [of the race], who sustained martial wounds in fighting for their country. Besides, on the sacred door-posts many arms, captive chariots, and crooked cimeters, are suspended, helmet-crests, and massy bars of gates, and darts and shields, and beaks torn from ships. Picus himself, the breaker of steeds, sat with his augural wand,[20] dressed in

[17] Italus, an Arcadian prince, who is said to have established a kingdom in Italy, which received its name from him. Sabinus, from whom the Sabines were named. He received divine honors after death, and was one of those deities whom Æneas invoked when he entered Italy.

[18] Saturn, the son of Cœlus and Terra, married his sister Ops, who is also called Rhea and Cybele. He was dethroned and imprisoned by his brother Titan, but was restored to liberty and to his throne, by his son Jupiter, who, however, afterward banished him from his kingdom, which he divided with his brothers Neptune and Pluto. Saturn fled to Italy, where his reign was so mild, that mankind have called it the golden age.

[19] Janus, the most ancient king of Italy, was a native of Thessaly, and, according to some, the son of Apollo; after death he was ranked among the gods, and is represented with two faces. His temple at Rome, where he was chiefly worshiped, was always shut in time of peace, and open in time of war.

[20] This is the ablative of manner. Gellius, however, v. 8, supposes an ellipse; others regard "succinctus lituo" as a zeugma. B.

his scanty tucked-up robe, and in his left hand wielded a little target; whom Circe, his concubine, stung with desire, having struck with her golden rod, and by her spells transformed, made a bird, and interspersed his wings with colors.

Within such a temple of the gods, and on his ancestral throne, Latinus, seated, called to him the Trojans into the palace; to whom, when they had entered, he, in mild accent, first these words addressed: Say, ye sons of Dardanus (for we are not unacquainted with your city or with your race, nor hither have you steered your course unheard of), what seek ye? what cause, or pressing exigency, has wafted your fleet to the Ausonian coast, over such an extent of azure seas? Whether you have entered the banks of our river, and stationed yourself in our port, by wandering from your way, or driven by stress of weather (such things as in many shapes seamen suffer in the deep), decline not hospitality, nor remain strangers to the Latins, Saturn's race, who practice equity, not by constraint or laws, but from spontaneous choice, and regulating themselves by the conduct of that ancient god. And, indeed, I call to mind (the tradition is somewhat obscure through length of time), that the old Aurunci[21] thus reported; how Dardanus, a native of this country, reached the Idæan cities of Phrygia, and Thracian Samos, which now is called Samothracia.[22] Hence he had set out from his Tuscan seat in Corythus; now enthroned, he sits in the golden palace of the starry heavens, and adds to the number of the altars of the gods.

He said; and Ilioneus made the following reply: O king, illustrious offspring of Faunus, neither a grim storm forced us, by billows harassed, to enter your realms; nor did the stars or the coast mislead us from the course of our voyage. We all with design, and willing minds, are brought to this city; expelled from a kingdom, once the most powerful which the sun coursing from the extremity of heaven surveyed. From Jove is the origin of our race; the sons of Dardanus rejoice in Jove their ancestor. Our king himself, Æneas the Trojan, sprung from Jove's exalted line, sent us to your courts. What a terrible storm, bursting from cruel Mycenæ, hath

[21] Aurunci, an ancient people of Latium, south-east of the Volsci.
[22] Samothracia, an island in the Archipelago, off the coast of Thrace.

overrun the plains of Ida, under the influence of what fates both worlds of Europe and Asia engaged; even those have heard, if such there are, whom earth's extremity removes afar, the expanded ocean intervening; and those, if such there are, whom the regions of the intemperate sun, extended in the midst of the other four, divides [from the rest of mankind]. From that deluge borne over so many vast oceans, we beg for our country's gods a small settlement, and a harmless shore, and water and air, which are open to all. We shall be no dishonor to your realm; nor shall trivial fame redound to you, or our grateful sense of so generous an action ever be effaced; nor shall the Ausonians repent that they received Troy into their bosom. I swear by the fates of Æneas, and by his right hand that excels, whether any one has experienced it in faith, or in war and martial deeds; many people, many nations (contemn us not, because of ourselves we bring in our hands the wreaths, and [in our mouths] the words of suppliants), have not only been willing, but courted us to associate with them. But the destiny of the gods, by their commanding influence, compelled us to go in quest of your territories. Dardanus, who sprang from this country, hither redemands his offspring; and Apollo, by his mighty summons, urges us to the Tuscan Tiber, and the sacred streams of the fountain Numicus.[23] Æneas offers you, besides, some small presents, remnants of his former fortune, saved from the flames of Troy. From this golden bowl father Anchises performed libations at the altar: this was borne by Priam, when he gave laws in form to the assembled people, the scepter, and sacred diadem, and the robes, the work of the Trojan dames.

At these words of Ilioneus, Latinus keeps his countenance fixed in steady regard, and remains unmoved on the ground, rolling his eyes intent. Neither the embroidered purple, nor Priam's scepter, move him so much, as he muses on his daughter's nuptials, and deep in his breast revolves the oracles of ancient Faunus: [concluding] that this is he who, come from foreign parts, by the Fates was ordained his son-in-law, and called to the regal power with equal sway: that from him a race would come in valor eminent, and who, by their power, should master the whole world. At length, with joy, he says: May the gods crown with success our enterprise and

[23] See vs. 151, with the note.

their own presage. Trojan, what you demand shall be given: nor do I reject your present. While Latinus is king, not the fatness of a luxuriant soil, nor the opulence of Troy, shall be wanting to you. Only let Æneas come in person, if he has so great affection to us, if he longs to be joined with us in hospitable league, and to be called our ally; nor let him dread our friendly presence. To me it will be an advance toward peace to touch the hand of your prince. Do you now, on your part, report these my instructions to your king: I have a daughter, whom neither the oracles from my father's shrine, nor numerous prodigies from heaven, permit me to match with a husband of our own nation; they foretell that this destiny awaits Latium, that its sons-in-law shall come from foreign coasts, who, in their descendants, shall to the stars exalt our name. That this is he whom the Fates ordain I both judge, and (if aught of truth my mind divines) I wish it too.

This said, the sire chooses out steeds from his whole number: in lofty stalls, three hundred of them stood in sleek appearance. Forthwith for all the Trojans he commands the winged coursers, caparisoned with purple and embroidered trappings, to be led forth in order. Golden poitrels hang low down from their breasts; arrayed in gold, they champ the yellow gold under their teeth. For the absent hero [he orders] a chariot, and a pair of harnessed steeds of ethereal breed, from their nostrils snorting fire, of the race of those whom crafty Circe produced, when, having stolen [horses] from her father [the Sun], she raised up a spurious breed by a substituted mare. With these presents and speeches from Latinus, the Trojans, mounted on their steeds, return, and bring back peace.

But lo! the unrelenting wife of Jove was on her return from Inachian Argos,[24] and, wafted in her chariot, possessed the aërial regions; and, from on high, at the distance of Sicilian Pachynus, far off she spied Æneas full joyous, and the Trojan fleet. She sees [the Trojans] already laboring on the buildings, already settled in the land, and that they have abandoned their ships. Pierced with sharp grief she stood; then tossing her head, she poured forth these words

[24] Inachian Argos, the capital of Argolis, in Peloponnesus, was so called from Inachus, a son of Oceanus and Tethys, who founded the kingdom of Argos.

from her breast: Ah! race detested, and Fates of Troy opposed to ours! Was it in the compass of my power to overthrow them to the plains of Sigæum ?[25] made captives, could they be kept in captivity? when Troy was burned to ashes, were they consumed? through the midst of armies, through the midst of flames, have they then found their way? But, I suppose, the power of my divinity, tired out now, lies inactive; or glutted [with full revenge], I have dropped my resentment. Yet, with hostile intention, I dared to pursue them over the waves, when they had been driven out of their country, and on the vast wide ocean to oppose myself to the exiles. The powers of heaven and sea have been spent on the Trojans. Of what avail to me were the Syrtes, or Scylla, or the vast Charybdis? In Tiber's wished-for channel they are lodged, secure against the seas and me. Mars was able to destroy the gigantic race of the Lapithæ; the father of the gods himself gave up his beloved Calydon[26] to Diana's resentment: what crime, either of the Lapithæ, or of Calydon, had deserved such severe punishment? But I, the great consort of Jove, who had power to leave no means untried, who had recourse to all expedients, unhappy! am vanquished by Æneas. But if my own divinity is not powerful enough, surely I need not hesitate to implore whatever deity any where subsists: if I can not move the powers above, I will solicit those of hell. Grant I be not permitted to bar him from the kingdom of Latium, and Lavinia be unalterably destined his spouse by fate; yet I may protract, and throw obstacles in the way of those mighty events; yet I may cut off the subjects of both kings. With this costly price of their people's blood, let the father and son-in-law unite. Thy dowry, virgin, shall be paid in Trojan and Rutulian blood; and Bellona[27] waits thee for thy bride's-maid: nor did teem-

[25] Sigæum, see note [23], Æneid, Book II. p. 138.

[26] Calydon, a city of Ætolia in Greece, where Œneus, the father of Meleager, reigned. The king having neglected to pay homage to Diana, the goddess sent a wild boar to ravage the country, which at last was killed by Meleager. All the princes of the age assembled to hunt this boar, which event is greatly celebrated by the poets, under the name of the Chase of Calydon, or of the Calydonian Boar.

[27] Bellona, the goddess of war, daughter of Phorcys and Ceto, and, according to some, the sister and wife of Mars.

ing Hecuba[28] alone, impregnated with a firebrand, bring forth a blazing nuptial torch; to Venus too this production of hers shall prove the same, even a second Paris, and a firebrand fatal to Troy again tottering to its fall.

Having uttered these words, dreadful down to earth she plunged. From the mansions of the dire sisters, and the infernal glooms, she calls up baleful Alecto; whose heart's delight are rueful wars, strifes, and deceits, and noxious crimes. Her even her father, Pluto's self, abhors, her hellish sisters abhor the monster; into so many shapes she turns herself, so hideous are her forms, with so many snakes the grim Fury sprouts up. Whom Juno stimulates with these words, and thus addresses: Virgin, offspring of Night, perform me this task, this service, your own peculiar province; that our honor and wounded fame be not quite baffled, nor the Ænean race be able fawningly to circumvent Latinus by this match, or take possession of the Italian territories. Thou canst arm to war the most cordial brothers, and by animosities embroil families: thou canst introduce into houses scourges and firebrands of death; with thee are a thousand specious pretexts, a thousand arts of doing mischief: ransack thy fruitful bosom, unhinge the established peace, sow crimes that lead to war; let the youth incline to, and at once demand and snatch up arms.

Forthwith Alecto, infected with Gorgonian poisons, repairs first to Latium, and the lofty palace of the Laurentine monarch, and took possession of Amata's[29] silent gate; in whose inflamed breast female cares and angry commotions kept disquieting[30] on account of the arrival of the Trojans and the match with Turnus. At her the goddess flings from her dark locks one of her snakes, and plunges it deep in her bosom down to its inmost recesses, that, by the monster, driven to fury, she may embroil the whole family. He, sliding between her robes and smooth breast, rolls on with imperceptible touch,

[28] Hecuba, daughter of Dymas, a Phrygian prince, or, according to others, of Cisseus, a Thracian king, was the second wife of Priam, king of Troy, and the mother of Paris.

[29] Amata, the wife of king Latimus: she zealously favored the interest of Turnus against Æneas.

[30] So "coquit" is used in Ennius apud Cic. de Sen. i. "curamve levasso, Quæ nunc te coquit. B.

and, in the transport of her rage, steals on her unawares, infusing into her a viperish soul: the huge snake becomes a chain of wreathed gold around her neck, he becomes a long winding fillet, and entwines her hair, and in slippery mazes creeps over her limbs. And while the first infection, downward gliding, with its humid poison attacks her senses, and blends the mingling fire with her bones; and while her mind has not yet felt the flame throughout her bosom; she spoke with softer accents, and in the wonted manner of mothers, making many a heavy lamentation about her daughter and the Phrygian match: And is Lavinia given in marriage to Trojan exiles? and have you, her father, no pity on your daughter, or on yourself, or on her mother, whom with the first fair wind[31] the perfidious pirate will abandon, and return to sea, carrying off the virgin? And did not the Phrygian shepherd thus steal into Lacedæmon, and bear away Leda's daughter, Helen, to the Trojan city? What becomes of your solemnly plighted faith, your ancient regard for your people, and your right hand so often plighted to your kinsman Turnus? If the Latins must have a son-in-law from a foreign nation, and this be determined, and the commands of your father Faunus press you, for my part I reckon every land foreign, which, independent, is disjointed from our dominion, and that thus the gods intend. And (if the first origin of his family be traced back) Turnus has Inachus and Acrisius[32] for his progenitors, and Mycenæ, the heart [of Greece for his country].

When, having tried him by these words in vain, she finds Latinus resolutely fixed against her, and the serpent's infuriated poison had now sunk deep into her bowels, and crept through all her frame; then, indeed, in wretched disorder, startled by hideous monsters, she rages frantic with unexampled fury through the ample bounds of the city: as at times a whip-top whirling under the twisted lash, which boys intent on their sport drive in a large circuit round some empty court; the engine driven about by the scourge is hurried round and round in circling courses; the unpracticed throng and beardless band are lost in admiration of the voluble box-wood:

31 The north wind would be favorable to a departure from Italy. B.

32 Acrisius, king of Argos, was descended from Inachus, its founder, and was one of Turnus' ancestors. He was accidently slain by his grandson Perseus.

they lend their souls to the stroke. With no less impetuous career is the queen driven through the midst of cities, and among crowds all in fierce commotion. Aiming even at a more atrocious deed, and ushering in a higher scene of madness, having counterfeited the enthusiasm of Bacchus, she flies out into the forest, and conceals her daughter in the woody mountains, that from the Trojans she may wrest the match, and retard the nuptials: exclaiming, Evoe Bacchus, and bawling out, that thou alone art worthy of the virgin; for that, in honor of thee, she wields the tender ivy-wands, round thee she moves in the dance, for thee she feeds her sacred locks. The rumor flies; and the same enthusiasm at once actuates all the matrons, inflamed by the furies in their breasts, to seek new habitations: they instantly abandon their homes; to the winds they expose their necks and hair. Others again fill the skies with tremulous yells, and, wrapped in skins, wield their vine-dressed spears. She herself, in the midst of them, all on fire sustains a blazing pine, and sings the nuptial song for her daughter and Turnus, whirling her bloody eyeballs round; and suddenly, with a stern air, she cries, Io! ye Latin matrons, hear, whatever you may chance to be: if any affection for unhappy Amata dwells in your humane souls, if concern for a mother's right touches you to the quick, unbind the fillets of your hair, with me take up the orgies. In this manner among the woods, among the deserts of wild beasts, Alecto, with the stimulating fury of Bacchus, all around goads on the queen.

After she seemed sufficiently to have kindled the first transports of rage, and embroiled the counsel and the whole family of Latinus; forthwith the baleful goddess hence is borne on dusky wings to the walls of the bold Rutulian; which city Danaë,[33] wafted by the impetuous south wind, is said to have founded for her the Acrisian colony. The place was formerly called Ardea by the ancient inhabitants, and now Ardea it remains, an illustrious name:[34] but its fortune has departed. Here, in his lofty palace, was Turnus enjoying repose at the black hour of midnight. Alecto lays aside her hideous aspect, and Fury's limbs; she transforms herself into the shape of an

[33] Danaë, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos: she fled to Italy, and founded the city of Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli.

[34] *i. e.* "a name, and nothing more." See Drakenb. on Silius i. 293. B.

old hag, plows with wrinkles her loathsome front, assumes gray hairs with a fillet, and binds on them an olive bough: she takes the form of Calybe, the aged priestess of Juno's temple, and with these words presents herself to the youth full in his view: O Turnus, will you suffer so many toils to be lost and thrown away, and your scepter to be transferred[35] to a Trojan colony? The king absolutely refuses you the match and dowry you have purchased with your blood; and a foreigner is sought to inherit his kingdom. Go now, thus baffled, expose yourself to thankless dangers; go, overthrow the Tuscan armies; in peace protect the Latins. And now, in these very terms, the all-powerful queen of heaven herself commanded me plainly to address you, reclining in the still silent night. Wherefore dispatch, and with alacrity order the youth to be armed, and march forth to war; in flames consume both the Phrygian leaders, who are stationed in the fair river, and their painted vessels. So the awful majesty of heaven commands. Let king Latinus himself, unless he consents to grant the match, and stand to his word, know, and at length experience Turnus in arms.

Upon this the youth, deriding the prophetess, thus in his turn replies: The intelligence has not escaped my ears, as you imagine, that a fleet is arrived in the Tiber's channel. Forge not to me such grounds of fear: for of us imperial Juno is not unmindful. But old age, O dame, oppressed with dotage, and barren of the truth, in vain harasses thee with cares; and with false alarms deludes thee a prophetess, amid the warlike affairs of kings. Your province is to guard the statues and temples of the gods: let men have the management of peace and war, by whom war ought to be managed.

By these words Alecto kindled into rage. As for the youth, while yet speaking, a sudden trembling seized his limbs; his eyes stiffened: with so many snakes the Fury hisses, and a shape so horrid discloses itself: then, as he hesitates, and purposes more to say, rolling her fiery eyeballs, she repelled [his words], and reared the double snakes in her hair, clanked her whip, and thus further spoke in outrageous accent: Lo, here am I oppressed with dotage, whom old age, barren of the truth, deludes with false alarms amid the arms

[35] Cf. Æn. v. 750, and the note. B.

of kings. Turn thy eyes to these signs: I came from the abode of the dire sisters; wars and death in my hand I bear. Thus having spoken, she flung a firebrand at the youth, and deep in his breast fixed the torch smoking with grim light. Excessive terror broke his rest, and sweat bursting from every pore drenched his bones and limbs. Frantic for arms he raves, for arms he searches the bed and the palace: a passion for the sword, a cursed madness after war, and indignation besides rage [in his breast]. As when with loud crackling a fire of twigs is applied to the sides of a bubbling caldron, and by the heat the water dances; within, the violence of the water rages, and high the smoky fluid in foam overflows; nor can the wave now contain itself; in pitchy steam it flies all abroad. Therefore, now that the peace is profanely violated, he enjoins the chief of the youth to repair to king Latinus, and orders arms to be prepared to defend Italy, to expel the enemy from their territories: [adding], that he is a sufficient match for Trojans and Latins both. When he had thus spoken, and in vows had addressed the gods, the Rutulians with emulous ardor animate one another to arms. One is incited by his distinguished gracefulness of form and youth; another by his regal ancestors; a third by his right hand, with its glorious deeds.

While Turnus inspires the Rutulians with courageous souls, Alecto on Stygian wings against the Trojans speeds her flight: having with fresh artifice espied the place where on the shore fair Iulus was by snares and chase pursuing beasts of prey. Here the virgin of hell throws on his hounds a sudden madness, and affects their nostrils with the well-known scent, with keen ardor to pursue a stag; which was the first source of calamities, and inflamed the rustic minds to war. The stag was of exquisite beauty, and large horns; which, snatched from its mother's dugs, the sons of Tyrrhus nursed up, and Tyrrhus, the father, to whom the royal herds are in subjection, and the charge of the fields all around intrusted. The animal, trained to discipline, their sister Sylvia[36] with her utmost care was wont to deck, interweaving his horns with soft garlands; she combed and washed him in the clear stream.

[36] Sylvia, the daughter of Tyrrhus, shepherd of king Latinus, whose favorite stag was killed by Ascanius, which was the cause of war between Æneas and the Latins.

He, patient of the touch, and accustomed to his master's board, would range in the woods; and again at night, however late, to his home, his familiar retreat, of himself repaired. Him at a distance, while roving, the mad hounds of the huntsman Iülus roused, when by chance he was floating down with the stream, and on the verdant bank was allaying his heat. Ascanius himself too, fired with the love of distinguished praise, from his bended bow aimed arrows [at him]; nor was the god unaiding to his erring hand;[37] and with a loud [whizzing] sound the shaft impelled, pierced his belly and his flanks. The wounded animal fled homeward to his own habitation, and groaning entered his stall; and all bloody, and like one imploring [pity], filled the house with moans. Sylvia, the sister, first, beating her arms with her palms, implores aid, and calls together the hardy swains. They (for the fierce fiend lurks in the secret woods) suddenly appear; one armed with a brand hardened in the fire, one with a sturdy knotted club; whatever by each, in rummaging was found, his rage makes a weapon. Tyrrhus, as by chance with driven wedges he was cleaving an oak in four, breathing fury, snatches up his ax, and summons his rustic bands. But the savage goddess, having from her place of observation found the opportunity of executing her mischievous plot, mounts the high roof of the stall, and from the lofty summit sounds the shepherd's signal, and in the winding horn strains her hellish voice; with which every grove forthwith quaked and the deep woods inly trembled. Even the lake of Diana heard it from afar; the Nar,[38] white with sulphureous water, heard it, as well as the springs of Velinus; and frightened mothers pressed their infants to their breasts. Then, indeed, wherever the cornet direful gave the alarm, the wild unpolished swains, snatching up arms, hasten in concert from every quarter; and, in like manner, from their open tents the Trojan youth pour forth supplies to Ascanius. They ranged their battalions. Nor now in rustic skirmish are they engaged with hardened clubs, and stakes burned at the point; but with the doubtful

[37] *i. e.* "his hand which would otherwise have erred." See Anthon. B.

[38] Nar (Nera), a river of Italy, rises in the Apennines, and forming a junction with the Velino, flows with great rapidity, and falls into the Tiber. Its waters are celebrated for their sulphureous properties. Velino also rises in the Apennines, and, by its stagnant waters, forms a lake near the town of Reate, and falls into the Nar, near Spoletium.

steel" they encounter, and a hideous crop of drawn swords shoot up with horrid aspect, far and wide, and the arms of brass struck with the sunbeams glitter, and dart their radiance to the clouds; as when with the first breath of wind the wave begins to whiten, the sea rises by degrees, and higher and higher heaves its billows, then from the lowest bottom swells up together to the skies. Here, before the foremost line of battle, young Almon, the eldest of the sons of Tyrrhus, is by a whizzing arrow slain; for deep in his throat the wounding weapon stuck fast, and with the blood choked up the passage of the humid voice[40] and slender breath of life. Round him many bodies of heroes fall, and aged Galæsus, while he is offering to mediate peace; a man who was of all others the most upright, and formerly the richest in Ausonian lands. Five flocks of bleating sheep with five herds of cattle returned home [from his pastures];[41] and with a hundred plows he turned the soil.

Now while through the plains these actions are going on with equal fury, the goddess, having accomplished her promise, when she had drenched the field of war in blood, and began the havoc of the first encounter, leaves Hesperia, and turning away through the aërial sky in triumph, addresses Juno with haughty speech: See discord brought for you to its consummation by baleful war! Bid them combine in friendship, and contract alliances, since I have imbrued the Trojans with Ausonian blood! To these will I add this also; if I be assured of your consent, the neighboring towns by rumors will I urge on to the war, and inflame their minds with the passion of furious Mars, that from all hands they may come as auxiliaries; war will I spread over all the country. Then Juno [said] in return: Of terrors and fraud there is enough: fixed are the causes of the war; in arms they combat hand to hand; those arms, which chance first gave, recent blood hath stained. Such espousals and such nuptial rites let Venus' peerless offspring and king Latinus himself celebrate. Father

[39] Referring to the equality of forces on both sides. So "dubia cuspide," Silius iv. 188. B.

[40] Cf. Silius iv 171, "Hæsit barbaricum sub anhelo gutture telum; Et clausit raucum letali vulnere murmur." B.

[41] Davidson prefers taking "redeo" in its sense "of being one's income, stock, or revenue." B.

Jove, the great ruler of heaven supreme, permits you not to roam with further license in the higher regions. Retire from these places. Whatever turn of fortune our labors may henceforth take, myself will manage. These words Saturnia uttered. At which the Fury lifts up her wings hissing with snakes, and hies to the mansion of Cocytus, leaving the high places in this upper world. In the center of Italy, under lofty mountains, lies a place of high renown, and celebrated by fame in many regions, the valley of Amsanctus:[42] the side of a grove, gloomy with thick boughs, hems it in on either hand, and in the midst a torrent, in hoarse murmurs and with whirling eddies, roars along the rocks. Here are shown a horrible cave and the breathing-holes[43] of grizzly Pluto; and a vast gulf, having burst hell's barriers, expands his pestilential jaws: into which the Fury, abhorred demon, having plunged out of sight, disburdened heaven and earth.

Not less active meanwhile is the imperial daughter of Saturn, in putting the last hand to the war begun. The whole body of the shepherds rush from the field of battle into the city; and bring back their slain, the young Almon, and the corpse of Galæsus with ghastly wounds dishonored: they implore the gods, and call Latinus to witness. Turnus too comes up, and in the midst of the charge of fire and sword, aggravates the terror; [complains] that the Trojans are invited to share the crown, and the Phrygian race incorporated [with the Latins], and he himself driven from the threshold. Then those, whose mothers, struck with Bacchanal fury, bound over the pathless groves in choirs, collected from every quarter combine, and importunately urge the war; for not inconsiderable is the influence of Amata's name. All these forthwith against the omens, against the decrees of the gods, in defiance of the thwarting power of heaven, crave the impious war. Emulously they beset the palace of king Latinus. He, like a rock in the sea unmoved, withstands them: like a rock in the sea, which, when the mighty shock comes on, while numerous waves around it roar, supports itself by its own huge weight; in vain the cliffs and foamy rocks rage around, and the sea-weed dashed against its sides is driven back. But

[42] Amsanctus, a pestilential lake near Capua, in Italy, supposed, by the poets, to be the entrance to the infernal regions.

[43] *i. e.* the vents, through which the mephitic vapor exhales. B.

when no means avail to defeat their blind resolution, and things go on by the direction of fierce Juno, the aged monarch, having poured forth many protestations to the gods and skies in vain, exclaims, Alas! by the Fates are we overpowered, and borne down by the storm. Yourselves, O wretches! with your sacrilegious blood shall pay the atonement; and thee, O Turnus, the impious promoter of this war, thee dire vengeance shall in time overtake; and thou shalt supplicate the gods by vows too late. For, as to me, my rest is provided, and all my security is near[44] at hand: I am only deprived of a happy end. Nor more he said, but shut himself up in his palace, and quitted the reins of government.

In Hesperian Latium it was a custom, which the Alban cities all along have observed as sacred, and which Rome, the mistress of the world, now religiously observes, when first they rouse Mars to battle; whether with the Getes[45] they intend to wage the disastrous war, or with the Hyrcanians, or the Arabs, or to march against the Indians, and pursue the morning, and from the Parthians re-demand the standards. There are two gates of War (for so they are called) deemed sacred from religious association, and the dread of cruel Mars: a hundred brazen bolts, and the eternal strength of iron, shut them fast; and guardian Janus stirs not from the threshold. When the fathers have fixed the firm sentence of war, the consul himself, distinguished by his royal robe and Gabine cincture, unlocks the jarring portals; himself rouses the combat: then all the youth follow, and the brazen cornets with hoarse assent conspire. In this fashion Latinus then too was urged to declare war against the Trojans, and unfold the dreary gates. The aged prince refrained from touching them, and with abhorrence shrunk from the shocking office, and shut himself up in the dark shades. Then Saturnia, the queen of the gods, shooting from the sky, herself with her own hand pushed the lingering doors, and, turning the hinge, burst the brazen portals of war.

Ausonia, before at rest and unmoved, is all on fire. Some prepare to take the field on foot; some, mounted on lofty steeds, amid clouds of dust, rush with fury [to the war]: all

[44] Literally, "my port is wholly in view." B.

[45] The Getes were a people of European Scythia, inhabiting that part of Dacia near the mouth of the Danube.

are importunate for arms. Some with fat lard cleanse their smooth bucklers and glittering spears, and on the whetstone grind their axes; well pleased to bear the standards, and hear the trumpets sound. Moreover, five great cities renew their arms, on anvils raised, namely, the powerful Atina,[46] and proud Tivoli, Ardea, and Crustumeri, and Antemnæ, with turrets crowned. They hollow trusty coverings for their heads, and bend the osier hurdles for the bosses of their bucklers: others hammer out the brazen corselets, or from ductile silver mold the smooth greaves. To this all regard of the share and scythe, for this all love for the plow gave way. In furnaces they forge their fathers' swords anew. And now the trumpets sound: the watchword, the signal for the war, is issued forth. One in eager haste snatches a helmet from the roof; another joins his neighing steeds to the yoke, and braces on his buckler and habergeon wrought in gold of triple texture, and girds himself with his trusty sword.

Now open Helicon,[47] ye goddesses, and inspire me while I sing: what kings were incited to the war; what troops following each leader filled the plain; with what heroes the auspicious land of Italy flourished even in those early days, with what arms it blazed. For you, O goddesses, both remember, and can record: to us a slight breath of fame scarcely glides.

First enters on the war, fierce from the Tuscan coasts, Mezentius,[48] the contemner of the gods, and arms his troops. Next to him Lausus his son, to whom no one was more graceful, except the person of Laurentine Turnus. Lausus, the breaker of horses, and a mighty huntsman, leads from the city Agylla a thousand followers in vain;[49] worthy to have had more joy in [obeying] a father's commands, and to whom

[46] Atina, a city of the Volsci. Tivoli, the ancient Tibur, a city of the Sabines, about 16 miles north-east of Rome, delightfully situated on the banks of the Anio: it was the favorite country residence of the Romans. Ardea, the capital of the Rutuli. Crustumerium and Antemnæ, towns of the Sabines: the latter was situated near the confluence of the Anio and Tiber.

[47] Helicon, a celebrated mountain of Bœotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, from which issued the fountains Hippocrene and Aganippe.

[48] Mezentius, king of the Tyrrhenians, was expelled by his subjects on account of his cruelties, when he fled to Turnus, who employed him in his war against the Trojans. He and his son Lausus were slain by Æneas.

[49] Because he was never to return. B.

Mezentius ought not to have been the father. Next to these fair Aventinus, sprung from renowned Hercules,[50] proudly displays upon the grassy plain his chariot distinguished by the palm, and his victorious steeds; and on his buckler wears his paternal ensign, a hundred snakes, and a hydra environed with serpents: whom in a wood on the Aventine hill the priestess Rhea brought forth, her furtive offspring, into the regions of light, a woman mixing with a god; at the time when the victorious Tirynthian[51] hero, having slain Geryon, reached the Laurentine fields, and washed his Iberian heifers in the Tuscan river [Tiber]. Javelins in their hands, and cruel pikes, they bear into the field of war; and fight with the tapering point of the Sabine spike-dart. Himself [appeared] on foot, shaking a lion's enormous hide, shaggy with fearful bristles, its white tusks displayed, having it thrown over his head: thus he entered the royal palace, a horrid figure, and his shoulders mantled with the attire of Hercules. Two brothers next, Catillus[52] and fierce Coras, Argive youths, forsake the walls of Tibur, its people called by their brother Tiburtus' name; and before the van, amid thick flying darts, are hurried along: as when two cloud-born Centaurs from the high mountain's top descend, with impetuous career, leaving Omole[53] and snowy Othrys; the spacious wood gives way to them as they move, and the shrubs with loud rustling noise give way. Nor did the founder of the city Præneste[54] absent himself; king Cæculus, whom every age believed to have been begotten by Vulcan amid the rural herds, and to have been found near the fire. Him a rustic band accompanies from all the neighborhood around: both those who inhabit high Præneste, and those who cultivate the fields of Gabine Juno, or the cool Anio, and the mountainous towns of the Hernicians,[55] dewed with rills:

[50] Anthon's version is, "Aventinus, of heroic mien, sprung from Hercules, type of heroic beauty." B.

[51] Tirynthian hero, a name of Hercules, from Tirynthus, a town of Argolis in Peloponnesus, where he generally resided.

[52] Catillus, a son of Amphiaraus, who, with his brothers Coras and Tiburtus, assisted Turnus against Æneas.

[53] Omole and Othrys, two lofty mountains in Thessaly, once the residence of the Centaurs.

[54] Præneste (Palestrina), a city of Latium, about 24 miles east from Rome, supposed to have been built by Cæculus, the son of Vulcan.

[55] Hernicians, a people of Campania, who were inveterate enemies of

whom thou, rich Anagnia, whom thou, father Amasenus, feedest. These are not all supplied with rattling arms, or shields, or cars: the greatest part sling balls of livid lead: some wield two javelins in the hand, and for covering to their heads wear tawny beavers of the fur of wolves: with the left foot naked they tread the ground; a shoe of unwrought leather covers the other. Messapus[56] next, a gallant horseman, Neptune's offspring, whom none had power to prostrate by fire or steel, suddenly calls to arms his people long sunk in indolence, and his troops disused to war, and handles the sword once more. These command the Fescennine troops, and the Falisci[57] famed for equity; those possess the strengths of Soracte,[58] and the Flavinian land, and the lake and mountain of Ciminus, and Capena's groves. Uniformly they moved in harmonious order, and sang the praises of their king: as when at times the snow-white swans through the liquid sky are homeward borne from pasture, and through their long necks pour melodious notes; the river [Cayster] and the Asian lake, struck from far, return the sound. Nor would any one have taken them for armed troops of such a vast body promiscuously joined, but for an airy cloud of hoarse-voiced fowls driven to the shore from the deep abyss. Lo! Clausus,[59] of the ancient blood of the Sabines, [came,] leading a mighty host; [Clausus,] from whom the Claudian tribe and clan are now through Latium diffused, since Rome has been shared with the Sabines. With them Amiterna's[60] numerous bands, and the ancient Quirites,[61] the whole power of Eretum, and olive-bearing Mutuscæ: those who inhabit the city Nomen-

the Romans. Anagnia, a city of the Hernici. Amasenus (La Toppia), a river of Latium, falling into the Tyrrhene Sea.

56 Messapus, a son of Neptune, who left Bœotia, and came to settle in Italy, where he assisted Turnus against Æneas.

57 Falisci, a people of Etruria, origiually a Macedonian colony. Fescennia, also a town of Etruria.

58 Soracte (M. S. Oreste), a mountain of Etruria, about 26 miles north of Rome, sacred to Apollo. Flavinia and Copena, towns of Etruria. Ciminus, a mountain and lake of Etruria.

59 Clausus, king of the Sabines, who assisted Turnus against Æneas: he was the progenitor of Ap. Claudius, the founder of the Claudian family.

60 Amiterna, Eretum, and Mutuscæ, towns of the Sabines.

61 Quirites; the Sabines were so called from the town of Cures, which they inhabited; the name was also given to the citizens of Rome, after their union with the Sabines.

tum, and the dewy fields of Velino, the horrid rocks of Tetrica,[62] and Mount Severus, Casperia, and Foruli, and the river of Himella:[63] those who drink the Tiber and the Fabaris; those whom cold Nursia sent, the Hortine squadrons and the Latin nations; and those whom Allia,[64] an inauspicious name, dividing runs between: in such numbers as the billows are rolled on the surface of the Libyan main, when surly Orion sets in the wintery waves; or as numerous as are the thick ears of corn, scorched by the first heat of the [summer's] sun, either on the plain of Hermus, or in Lycia's yellow fields. Their bucklers ring, and earth, struck with the trampling of their feet, trembles. Next Halesus,[65] of Agamemnon's race, foe to the Trojan name, yokes his steeds in the chariot, and hurries to Turnus' aid a thousand fierce tribes; those who with harrows turn the soil of Massicus fertile in vines, and whom the Auruncan fathers sent from their lofty hills, and the adjacent plains of Sidicinum;[66] those who march from Cales, and who border on the fordable river Vulturnus; together with the hardy inhabitants of Saticula,[67] and the troops of the Osci. Short tapering darts are their weapons; but their fashion is to fit them with a limber thong. A short target covers their left arms; and haud to hand [they fight with] crooked falchions. Nor shall you, Œbalus,[68] be in my numbers left unnamed, whom Telon is said to have begotten from the nymph Sebethis, when, now advanced in years, he

[62] Tetrica and Severus, mountains in the country of the Sabines, near the river Fabaris. Casperia and Foruli, towns of the Sabines.

[63] Himella and Fabaris (Farfa), rivers of the Sabines; the former falls into the Tiber below Cures. Nursia and Hortu, towns of the Sabines.

[64] Allia (Aia), a river of Italy falling into the Tiber. On its banks the Romans were defeated with great slaughter by the Gauls under Brennus, B. C. 387. Hence it was deemed inauspicious.

[65] Halesus, a son of Agamemnon and Briseis or Clytemnestra. Having been driven from home, he came to Italy, where he settled on Mount Massicus, in Campania, and was killed by Pallas in the war between Turnus and Æneas.

[66] Sidicinum and Cales, towns of Campania, in Italy. Vulturnus, a river of Campania, rising in the Apennines, and falling into the Tyrrhene Sea, after passing near the city of Capua.

[67] Saticula, a town of the Samnites, in Italy, east of Capua. Osci, a people between Campania and the country of the Volsci.

[68] Œbalus, a son of Telon, king of the Teleboans, a people of Ætolia, in Greece, and the nymph Sebethis. The Teleboans under Œbalus settled in Capreæ (Capri), an island on the coast of Campania in Italy.

possessed Capreæ, the realms of the Teleboans; and the son likewise, not content with his paternl lands, even then extended his dominion far and wide over the Sarrastes,[69] and the plains which Sarnus waters. Those also who inhabit Rufæ and Batulum, and the fields of Celenna, and those whom the walls of fruit-bearing Abella overlook; who, after the Teutonic fashion, are wont to sling the Cateian darts,[70] whose helmets are the rind torn from the cork-tree, and whose half-moon shields and swords are formed of glittering brass. And thee too, Ufens,[71] mountainous Nursæ sent forth to battle, signalized by fame and happy feats of arms: whose subjects are the Æquicolæ, a race peculiarly rough, bred in a hardened soil, and inured to frequent hunting in the woods. In arms they harass the earth, and ever take delight to carry off fresh spoils, and live by plunder. And Umbro[72] too, of singular fortitude, came by permission from his prince Archippus, priest of the Marrubian nation, his helmet decked with a wreath of the auspicious olive; who by enchantment and dexterity was wont to sprinkle sleep on the viper's race, and the noxious-breathing hydras; their fury he assuaged, and by his art their stings he healed. But to cure the hurt of pointed Dardanian steel surpassed his power and skill; nor soporific charms, nor herbs gathered on the Marsian mountains, availed him aught against those wounds. For thee, Angitia's grove, for thee, Fucinus, with his crystal flood, for thee the glassy lakes did mourn. Virbius,[73] too, the beauteous offspring of Hippolytus, marched to the war; whom his mother Aricia[74]

[69] Sarrastes, a people of Campania on the river Sarnus, which divides that country from the Picentini, and falls into the Bay of Naples. Rufæ, etc., towns of Campania.

[70] Perhaps resembling the "aclydes" in vs. 730. See Anthon. B.

[71] Ufens, a river of Latium, falling into the Tyrrhene Sea near Tarracina. Nursæ, a town of Umbria in Italy. Æquicoli, a people of Latium near Tibur.

[72] Umbro, a general of the Marsi, whose capital, Marrubium, was situated on the banks of the lake Fucinus. Angitia, a wood in the country of the Marsi, between Alba and the lake Fucinus (L. di Celano).

[73] Virbius, a name given to Hippolytus after he had been restored to life by Æsculapius at the instance of Diana, who pitied his unfortunate end. Virgil makes him the son of Hippolytus.

[74] Aricia, an Athenian, whom Hippolytus married, after he had been restored to life by Æsculapius. Egeria, a nymph of Aricia in Italy, where Diana was particularly worshiped.

sent forth illustriously accomplished, having been educated in the groves of Egeria, near the humid shores, where, rich [with offerings], and not implacable, Diana's altar stands. For they report that Hippolytus, when by his step-dame's art he had fallen, and with his blood had satiated his father's vengeance, having been torn in pieces by his frighted steeds, again visited the ethereal stars, and the superior regions of this world, recalled [to life] by medicinal herbs, and Diana's love. Then the almighty father, incensed that any mortal should rise to the light of life from the infernal shades, himself with thunder hurled down to the Stygian floods Apollo's offspring, the inventor of such medicine and art. But propitious Diana conceals Hippolytus in a secret recess, and consigns him to the nymph of the Egerian grove; where in solitude and obscurity he passed his life in the Italian woods, and changing his name was called Virbius: whence too from Trivia's[75] temple and sacred groves horn-hoofed steeds are debarred, because, frightened by sea-monsters, they overturned the chariot and the youth on the shore. Yet not the less eagerly his son managed his fiery steeds on the level plain, and in his chariot rushed on to the war. Turnus himself, a comely personage, moves on in the van, wielding his arms, and by a full head overtops the rest; whose towering helmet, plumed with a triple crest of hair, sustains a Chimæra breathing from her jaws Ætnean fires. The more outrageous was she, and tremendous with baleful flames, in proportion as with the effusion of blood the combat grows more fierce. An Io, wrought in gold with horns erect, adorned his polished steel; Io, now overgrown with fur, now a heifer (a mighty device), and Argus[76] the virgin's keeper, and Inachus her sire, pouring the river from his embossed urn. A cloud[77] of infantry succeeds, and shielded battalions in condensed array overspread the whole plain; the Argive youth, the Ausonian bands, the Rutuli, and ancient Sicanians, the Sacranian hosts, and the Labici with their painted bucklers: those, Tiberinus, who cultivate thy glades, and the sacred banks of Numicus, and

[75] Trivia, a name given to Diana, because she presided over all places where three roads met.

[76] Argus, feigned to have a hundred eyes, of which only two were asleep at once. Juno sent him to watch Io.

[77] Cf. Hom. Il. Δ. 274. Apoll. Rh. iv. 397, *δυσμενέων ἀνδρῶν νέφος.* B.

with the plowshare labor the Rutulian hills and Circe's mount; over which fields presides Jupiter of Anxur,[78] and Feronia rejoicing in her verdant grove, where lie Saturn's gloomy fen, and where chill Ufens through deep valleys seeks his way, and sinks into the sea. Besides these came Camilla[79] of the Volscian nation, leading a squadron of horse, and troops gorgeously arrayed in brass; a virgin-warrior. Not to the distaff or the work-baskets of Minerva had she accustomed her female hands; but, though a virgin, [was inured] to bear the hardships of war, and in swiftness of foot to outstrip the winds. Even over the topmost stalks of standing corn she could have lightly skimmed, nor once had hurt the tender ears in her career; or along the main, suspended on the heaving surge, could glide, nor in the liquid plain dip her nimble feet. Her all the youth, pouring from city and country, and the crowd of matrons, view with wonder, and gaze after her as she goes, gaping with minds aghast to see how the regal ornament of purple mantles her smooth neck; how the buckle interlaces her hair in gold; with what grace she bears her Lycian quiver, and her pastoral myrtle-spear tipped with steel.

BOOK VIII.

In the Eighth Book, Æneas forms an alliance with Evander, who sends to his assistance a chosen body of men under his son Pallas. Venus presents Æneas with a suit of armor, fabricated by Vulcan; on the shield are represented the future glory and triumph of the Romans.

Soon as from the citadel of Laurentum Turnus had displayed the signal, and with hoarse clangor the trumpets rattled; soon as he roused the sprightly coursers, and clashed the arms; forthwith their minds are driven to high commotion; all Latium at once with hurrying tumultuous haste combine, and the frantic youth burn with fury. The chief leaders, Messapus and Ufens, and that contemner of the gods, Mezen-

[78] Anxur, a city of the Volsci in Latium, sacred to Jupiter. Feronia, a Roman goddess, the mother of Herilus; she had the care of woods and orchards.

[79] Camilla, queen of the Volsci, was the daughter of Metabus and Casmilla. She assisted Turnus in the war against Æneas, and signalized herself by undaunted bravery.

tius, draw together their succors from every quarter, and of their laborers depopulate the lands around. Venulus[1] too is sent to the city of great Diomede to crave a supply, and to bear word that the Trojans were settled in Latium; that Æneas was arrived with a fleet, and was introducing his conquered gods, and gave out that he was designed by Fate to be the king [of Latium]; that many nations joined themselves to the Trojan, and his fame began to be spread abroad all through Latium. What he proposes by these measures, what result of the war he longs to bring about (if fortune attend him), appear more obvious to [Diomede] himself than to king Turnus, or king Latinus.

Such in Latium was the state of affairs: all which the Trojan hero perceiving, fluctuates with a high tide of anxious care; and now this way, now that, he swiftly turns his wavering mind, snatches various purposes by starts, and shifts himself every way: as when in brazen caldrons[2] of water the tremulous light, reflected from the sun,[3] or from the image of the radiant moon, swiftly glances over every place around, and now is darted up on high, and strikes the ceiling of the lofty roof. It was night, and profound sleep held fast the wearied animals, the cattle and flying kind over all the earth, when on the bank, and beneath the axis of the chill sky, father Æneas, disturbed in mind with the thought of disastrous war, laid himself down, and indulged his weary limbs in late repose. To his view Tiberinus himself, the old god of the place, from his smooth gliding stream, was seen to lift up his head among the poplar boughs: a fine robe of lawn enwrapped his limbs in its sea-green folds, and shady reeds covered his locks. Then thus he addressed [Æneas], and with these words eased him of his cares: O thou, sprung from the race of gods, who to us bringest home Troy saved from its foes, and preservest Pergamus, destined to stand forever, an expected [guest] to the Laurentine soil and lands of Latium; here is thy sure abode, thy sure dwelling-place: flinch not, nor be dismayed by the threats of war. All indignation and anger of the gods

[1] Venulus, an embassador sent by Turnus to demand the assistance of Diomedes.

[2] Literally, "the lips of the caldrons." B.

[3] By "sole" I think is to be understood the image of the sun reflected in the water, as in the next words, the image of the moon.

are overpast. And now, that you may not imagine sleep forms these as visionary images, under the elms on the banks of the river you will find a sow lying, that has farrowed a litter of thirty young, white the dam, reclining on the ground, her offspring white around her dugs. That place shall be the station for your city, a sure rest from your toils; in consequence of which, after a revolution of thrice ten years, Ascanius shall build the city Alba of illustrious name. Events I foretell not uncertain. Now attend; I will briefly show by what means you may accomplish with success the work in hand. On these coasts the Arcadians, a race from Pallas descended (who, hither accompanying their king Evander and his standard, have chosen their place [of residence], and in the mountains built a city [called] Pallanteum,[4] from the name of their ancestor Pallas), perpetually carry on war with the Latin nation: admit them as confederates of your camp, and with them join league. Myself will conduct you along my banks and river straight on your way, that borne up [by my aid] you may with oars surmount the adverse stream. Arise, bestir yourself, O goddess-born, and with the first-setting stars offer prayers to Juno in due form, and by suppliant vows overcome her resentment and threats. To me you shall pay honor when victorious. I am he whom you behold gliding along the banks with my full stream, and dividing the fertile lands; the azure Tiber, a river highly favored by heaven. Here is my spacious mansion; near lofty cities my fountain springs. He said, then in the deep pool the river-god plunged, diving to the bottom: from Æneas night and sleep departed. He started up, and viewing the rising beams of the ethereal sun, in his hollow palms with pious form he raised water from the river, and poured forth to heaven these words: Ye nymphs, ye Laurentine nymphs, whence rivers have their origin! and thou, O father Tiber, with thy sacred river! receive Æneas, and defend him at length from dangers. In whatever source thy lake contains thee compassionate to our

[4] Evander, an Arcadian, and the grandson of Pallas, left his native city, Pallanteum, probably in consequence of parricide, committed at the instigation of his mother Nicostrata, or Carmentis (Servius on vs. 51), and founded a city in Latium, called after the mother state. Dionys. Hal. i. p. 25, ed. Sylb. Aurel. Victor de or. Rom. Gent. v. 3. Afterward the Romans called it the Palatium. It was the most sacred and hallowed part of Rome, as Mamertinus remarks, Paneg. Vett. i. B.

misfortunes, from whatever soil thou springest forth most beauteous. Horn-bearing river, monarch of the Italian streams, ever shalt thou be honored with my veneration,[5] ever with my offerings: Oh grant us by thy present aid, and by nearer aid confirm thy divine oracles. Thus he speaks; and from his fleet singles out two galleys, and furnishes them with implements for rowing; at the same time supplies his friends with arms. But lo! a prodigy sudden and strange to sight, a milk-white sow of similar color with her white young, lay along the wood, and was seen on the verdant bank; which to thee, O sovereign Juno, even to thee, pious Æneas devotes as an offering, and presents before thy altar with her offspring. The Tiber, all that night long, calmed his swelling river, and refluent with a silent stream subsided to such a degree, that, like a mild pool and peaceful lake, he smoothed his watery plain, that there might be no need of struggling with the oar. Therefore with auspicious cheers they speed their commenced voyage: the well-pitched fir glides along the stream: the waves admire, the woods, unaccustomed to the sight, survey with wonder the far-gleaming shields of heroes, and the painted keels floating on the river. Their steerage night and day they laboring ply, overpass the long windings [of the river], are screened with various trees,[6] and cut the green woods, as they move along the smooth glassy plain.

The scorching sun had ascended the mid region of the sky, when at a distance they descry the walls, the fort, and the roofs of houses here and there, which now the Roman power hath raised to heaven: Evander then possessed the scanty domains. They turn their prows to land without delay, and approach the city. On that day the Arcadian king chanced to be offering a solemn sacrifice before the city in a grove to the great [Hercules], Amphitryon's son,[7] and to the gods. At the same time his son Pallas,[8] and with him all the

[5] "Honor" refers to acts of worship, "donis" to offerings made therein. So Liv. viii. 33, "aræ sacrificiis fument, honore, donis cumulentur." B.

[6] Which overhung the banks on both sides. B.

[7] *i. e.* reputed son, being really the son of Jove. B.

[8] Pallas, the son of Evander, was sent with a body of troops to assist Æneas, and, after performing many gallant deeds, was killed by Turnus.

youth of quality, and the poor[9] senate, were offering incense; and the tepid blood smoked at the altars. Soon as they observe the tall vessels gliding toward them amid the shady grove, and that [the crew] were bending to the silent oars, they are startled at the sudden sight, and leaving their banquets, all rise up at once; whom Pallas boldly forbids to interrupt the sacred rites, and snatching up a javelin flies himself to meet them, and at a distance speaks from a rising ground: Youths, what motives have induced you to attempt an unknown way? whither are you bound? who are you by descent? whence came you? peace bring you hither or war? Then father Æneas thus from the lofty deck replies, and in his hand before him extends a branch of peaceful olive: The sons of Troy you see, and arms hostile to the Latins, who have exiled and driven us out by haughty war. To Evander we repair. Bear him these tidings, and say, Dardania's chosen chiefs are come, imploring his confederate arms. Pallas, struck with so great a name, stood amazed: Land, he says, whoever thou art, address my father in person, and come under our roof as a guest. Then he grasped him by the hand, and clung closely to his right hand. Advancing, they enter the grove, and leave the river. Then with courteous accents Æneas addresses the king: Worthiest of the sons of Greece, to whom fortune hath led me to make my supplication, and to spread forth these boughs, with suppliant wreaths adorned; I truly had no apprehension from your being a Grecian leader and an Arcadian, or from your being originally allied to the two sons of Atreus; but my own uprightness, the holy oracles of the gods, the affinity of our ancestors, and your fame propagated over the earth, have bound you to me in friendship, and by fate urged me hither a willing guest. Dardanus, the first father and founder of the city Ilium,[10] born of Electra, the daughter of Atlas, as the Greeks record, to the Trojans steered his course: the mighty Atlas, who on his shoulders props the celestial orbs, gave to the world Electra. Your father is Mercury, whom bright Maia having conceived, on Cyllene's

[9] This phrase elegantly expresses the humble resources of the times. The observation of Servius deserves notice, "libri veterum tradunt a majoribus sacrificando parsimoniam observatam esse." B.

[10] Ilium, the citadel of Troy, generally taken for the city itself, so named from Ilus, one of the Trojan kings.

frozen top brought forth. But Atlas, if we may give any credit to tradition, the same Atlas who supports the stars of heaven, begot Maia. Thus from one stock both our stems divide. Relying on these circumstances, I had not recourse to embassies, nor artfully employed preliminary means of sounding your inclination: myself and my own life I have exposed, and am come a suppliant to your threshold. The same Daunian nation,[11] which pursues you with cruel war, if they once expel us, nothing they presume will hinder them from entirely reducing all Hesperia under their yoke, and from being masters of the sea, both that above, and that which washes it below.'[12] Take, and give pledges of faith. With us are stout hearts for war, with us are valiant souls, and youth tried and approved in action.

Æneas said. Evander had all along with attention surveyed his mouth and eyes, and whole body as he spoke. Then thus he briefly replies: Most gallant of the Trojan race, how gladly do I receive and recognize you! how well I recollect the words, the voice, and features of your great sire Anchises! For I remember that Priam, Laomedon's son, in his way to Salamis,[13] to visit the realms of his sister Hesione, [continuing his progress] forward, visited likewise Arcadia's frozen coasts. Then manhood first shaded my cheek with down: I admired the Trojan chiefs; Laomedon's son in particular[14] I admired, but Anchises walked more majestic than all of them: my soul burned with youthful desire to accost the hero, and join hand in hand. I came up and fondly led him to the walls of Pheneus.[15] He at departing gave me a splendid quiver, and Lycian arrows, a mantle interwoven with gold, and two bridles with golden bosses, of which my son Pallas is now possessed. Therefore I both join my right hand with you in

[11] Daunian nation: Daunus, a son of Pilumnus and Danae, and father of Turnus, came from Illyricum into Apulia, where he reigned over part of the country, from him called Daunia.

[12] *i. e.* the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian Seas. B.

[13] Salamis (Coulouri), an island of Greece in the Saronic Gulf, near the coast of Attica. Hesione, a daughter of Laomedon, king of Troy, and sister to Priam. Hercules, having delivered her from a sea-monster to which she was exposed, gave her in marriage to Telamon, king of Salamis.

[14] "Ipsum" is emphatic, in opposition to "duces Teucros." B.

[15] Pheneus (Phonia), a town of Arcadia, near Mount Cyllene.

league as you desire: and, when first the morrow's light shall to earth return, I will dismiss you joyful with supplies, and aid you with my power. Meanwhile, since hither you are come as our friends, with willing minds celebrate with us this anniversary festival, which to defer is impiety, and even now accustom yourselves to the banquets of your allies. Thus having said, he orders the dishes and cups which had been removed, to be replaced, and himself plants the heroes on the grassy seat: and Æneas in chief he compliments with a couch and the fur of a shaggy lion, and invites him to share his maple throne. Then with earnestness the chosen youths and priest of the altar bring forward the roasted joints of the bullocks, heap in canisters the gifts of labored Ceres[16] and dispense the joys of Bacchus. Æneas, and at the same time the Trojan youth, feast on the chine and hallowed entrails of an entire ox.

As soon as hunger was assuaged, and the lust of eating stayed, king Evander says: Not superstition vain, and ignorant of the ancient gods, hath imposed on us these solemn rites, these banquets in due form, this altar to so great a deity: from cruel dangers saved, my Trojan guest, we perform these rites,[17] and renew merited honors. Now first observe this rock suspended on crags; how the huge piles are scattered far abroad, and the mountainous abode stands desolate, and the cliffs have dragged down mighty ruin [in their fall]. Here, in a vast recess, far removed from sight, was a cave, which the hideous figure of the but half-human Cacus[18] possessed, inaccessible to the sunbeams; and ever with recent bloodshed the pavement smoked; and affixed to the haughty entrance hung the heads of men all pale with piteous gore. Vulcan was this monster's father; whose sooty flames belching from his mouth, he stalked with bulk enormous. Time at length to us also brought the wished-for aid and presence of a god: for Hercules, the illustrious avenger, seasonably arrived, proud from the death and spoils of three-bodied Geryon; and victorious drove his stately bulls this way: and

[16] *i. e.* "of Ceres wrought for use," a periphrasis for "bread." B.

[17] Anthon renders: "we do all this." But it seems better to give "facimus" its sacrificial sense. B.

[18] Cacus, the son of Vulcan and Medusa, a notorious robber, slain by Hercules.

the heifers possessed the valley and the river. But the mind of Cacus, maddened by the Furies, lest any villainy or fraudulent practice might be undevised or unattempted, he abstracts from their stalls four bullocks of exquisite make, and as many heifers of form surpassing: and these, lest there should be any prints of their feet direct, having dragged toward the cave by the tail, and hurried along with the traces of their way reversed, he concealed in his gloomy den. No signs[19] led the searcher to the cave. Meanwhile, when now the hero was moving from their stalls his full-fed herds, and preparing to be gone, the heifers, at parting, began to low, the whole grove was filled with their plaintive notes, and the hills with clamorous din were cleft. One of the heifers returned the sound, and pent up in the spacious cave rebellowed, and frustrated the hope of Cacus. Then, indeed, from his black gall the hero's indignation kindled into fury: in his hand he snatches up arms, and his oak ponderous with knots, and with speed seeks the summit of the airy mountain. Then first our men beheld Cacus dismayed, and by his eyes betraying confusion. Instantly he flies swifter than the east wind, and seeks the cave: fear added wings to his feet. Soon as he had shut himself in, and bursting the chains in haste, let down the enormous rock, which, by iron[20] wrought by his father's art, was suspended, and on bolts relying made fast the gates; lo! the Tirynthian hero transported with fury was upon him, and, examining every passage, hither and thither rolled his eyes, gnashing with his teeth. Boiling with ire, he thrice surveys the whole Aventine mount; thrice in vain essays the gates of rock; thrice in the vale fatigued he sat down to rest. A sharp flinty rock stood forth, with broken cliffs in the points around; on the ridge of the cave rose, towering to the sight, a convenient shelter for the nests of inauspicious birds. This, where, bending forward with its brow, it overhung the river on the left, [the hero], opposite to it on the right, with strained effort shook, and from the deep roots uptorn disjoined; then on a sudden impelled it: with which impulse the sky in its wide extent resounds, the banks leap hither and thither, and the affrighted river runs back. And now the den and spacious hall of Cacus, bared of covering, appeared, and his gloomy

[19] Because the footprints pointed the wrong way. B.
[20] I consider this as an hendiadys. P.

caverns in their inmost recesses were laid open; just as if by some violence the earth, in her deep recesses yawning wide, should unlock the infernal mansions, and disclose those pale realms abhorred by the gods, and from above the hideous gulf be seen, and the ghosts be terrified at the light[21] darted in upon them. Him, therefore, suddenly surprised in the unexpected light, imprisoned in his excavated rock, and in strange manner braying, Alcides from above galls with darts, calls every weapon to his aid, and plies him with boughs of trees and ponderous stones.[22] But he (for now no refuge from the danger remains) from his jaws vomits up vast quantities of smoke, wondrous to tell! and involves the cave in pitchy vapor, snatching all power of sight from the eye; and deep in his cave shoots up in wreaths a night of smoke, intermingling fire with darkness. Alcides in his rage could not endure this, but with an impetuous spring threw himself amid the flame, where the smoke drives its waves thickest, and the capacious den fluctuates with pitchy vapor. Here, in his darkened cell, he seizes Cacus disgorging unavailing flames, grasping him like a knot; then, griping fast, keeps choking him until his eyes start from their sockets, and his throat is drained of blood. Forthwith, the doors being wrenched, the grim mansion is laid open; the heifers that had been filched away, and the stolen effects abjured,[23] are exposed to the sky; and the deformed carcass is dragged forth by the feet. They are unable to satiate their curiosity with gazing on his haggard eyes, his countenance, and the breast of the half-savage shaggy with bristly hair, and the extinguished fires in his throat. From that time the honors [of the hero] have been celebrated, and posterity with joy have observed the day: and Potitius,[24] the first founder, and the Pinarian family, the guardian of this institution sacred to Hercules, erected this altar in the grove, which shall both be styled by us the Great, and the Great shall be forever.[25] Wherefore

[21] Compare Silius v. 618, "Manesque profundi Antiquum expavere diem." B.

[22] Literally, "millstones." B.

[23] *i. e.* which he had denied the possession of, on oath. B.

[24] Potitius and Pinarius, Arcadians who came with Evander to Italy, and were intrusted with the sacrifices of Hercules.

[25] Concerning this altar Livy puts the following words in the mouth of Evander, addressing himself to Hercules: "Jove nate, Hercules salve,

come, O youths, in celebrating virtue so illustrious, encircle your locks with a garland, and stretch forth your goblets in your hands, invoke our common god, and offer the wine with good will. He said: when with its Herculean shade the poplar of varying hue both decked his locks, and with its leaves entwined hung down; and a sacred goblet filled his right hand. Quickly all with joy pour libations on the table, and supplicate the gods. Meanwhile the sphere of day declining, evening draws nearer on; and now the priests, and Potitius at their head, marched in procession, clad in skins, according to custom, and bore flaming torches. They renew the feast, and introduce the grateful offerings of the second service,[26] and heap the altars with loaded chargers. Then round the altars smoking with perfumes, the Salii[27] amid songs advance, having their temples bound with poplar boughs; [in two bands they divide,] the one a choir of youths, the other of aged men; who celebrate the praises of Hercules and his deeds in verse: how with his hand he slew the first [sent] monsters of his step-mother [Juno], and squeezing strangled her two snakes; how in war the same hero overthrew illustrious cities, both Troy and Œchalia;[28] how, under king Eurystheus,[29] by the destination of unfriendly Juno, he endured a thousand grievous toils. Thou, invincible, dost with thy arm [subdue] the cloud-born, double-membered Centaurs, Hylæus and Pholus; thou subduest Cretan monsters, and the huge overgrown lion under the rock of Nemea.[30] For fear of thee

te mihi mater veridica interpres Deûm aucturum cœlestium numerum cecinit, tibique aram hic dicatum iri, quam opulentissima in terris gens *maximam* voceat, tuoque ritu colat." The reason of the name is given by Dionysius, that this being the altar whereon Hercules himself offered the tithes of his spoils, it became on that account the object of chief veneration, and was called Maxima to distinguish it from the numerous other altars which that hero had in Italy.

[26] *i. e.* the evening repast, as shown by Weichart. The other had taken place at mid-day. B.

[27] Salii, an order of priests at Rome, who had the charge of the sacred shields called Ancilia, which they carried every year, on the first of March, in a solemn procession round the walls of Rome, dancing and singing praises to the god Mars.

[28] Œchalia, a country of Laconia in Peloponnesus, with a town of the same name, where Eurytus reigned, and which was destroyed by Hercules.

[29] Eurystheus, the brother and taskmaster of Hercules.

[30] Nemea, a town of Argolis in Peloponnesus, near which Hercules performed his first labor by killing the celebrated Nemean lion.

the Stygian lakes, for fear of thee the porter of hell did tremble, cowering down in his bloody den upon his half-gnawed bones: nor did any forms throw thee into consternation; not Typhœus[31] himself, of towering height, with arms in hand: thee, not perplexed, the Lernæan snake, many-headed monster, around beset. Hail, undoubted offspring of Jove, added to the gods as a glory: visit both us and these thy sacred rites with thy auspicious presence. Such deeds they celebrate in song: above all, they subjoin the den of Cacus, and himself, breathing flames. The whole grove rings with the din, and the hills resound.

Then, having finished the divine service, all hie back to the city. The king, oppressed with age, sets forward; and, as he walked along, had Æneas to accompany him, and his son by his side, and with various discourse relieved [the tediousness of] the way. Æneas admires, and turns his rolling[32] eyes around on every object; is charmed with the different places; and inquires and learns the several monuments of the men of antiquity.

Then king Evander, the founder of the Roman power, [thus began]: These groves the native Fauns and Nymphs possessed, and a race of men sprung from the trunks of trees and stubborn oak; who had neither laws nor refinement; knew neither to yoke the steer, nor to gather wealth, nor to use their acquisitions with moderation; but the branches, and hunting, a rough source of sustenance, supplied them with food. From the ethereal sky Saturn first came, flying from the arms of Jove, and an exile dispossessed of his realms. He formed into society a race undisciplined and dispersed among the high mountains, and introduced laws; and chose to have the country named Latium, because in these regions he had lurked secure. Under his reign was the golden age which they celebrate: in such undisturbed tranquillity he ruled his subjects; till by degrees an age more depraved, and of an inferior

[31] "Typhœus, a famous giant, son of Tartarus and Terra, said to have had a hundred heads like those of a serpent or a dragon. He made war upon the gods, but Jupiter put him to flight with his thunderbolts, and crushed him under Mount Ætna, in Sicily, or, according to some, under the island Inarime (Ischia).

[32] "faciles," *i. e.* easily bending and turning in all directions. B.

hue, and the fury of war, and love of gain,[33] succeeded. Then came the Ausonian bands, and the Sicilian nations; and the Saturnian land often changed its name. Then [came a succession of] kings, and fierce Tybris of gigantic make, from whom we Italians in after times named the river Tiber; ancient Albula lost its true name. Me, from my country driven, and tracing the remote tracks of the sea, almighty fortune and uncontrollable destiny fixed in these regions: and the awful predictions of my mother, the nymph Carmentis,[34] and the god Apollo by his authority urged me [hither].

Scarcely had he spoken, when setting forward he shows him next both the altar, and the gate filled by a Roman[35] name Carmentalis, which they record to be the ancient memorial in honor of the prophetic nymph Carmentis, who first foretold the future grandeur of the Ænean race, and the renown of Pallanteum. Next he points out the spacious grove which Romulus reduced into a sanctuary, and under a cold rock the Lupercal,[36] so called, according to the Arcadian manner, from Lycæan Pan. He likewise shows the grove of Argiletum,[37] sacred [to Argus]; and calls the place to witness his innocence and relates the death of Argus his guest. He leads him next to the Tarpeian Rock and the Capitol, now of gold, once rough and horrid with wild bushes. Even then the religious horrors of the place awed the minds of the timorous swains; even then they revered the wood and rock. This grove, says he, this wood-topped hill, a god inhabits, but what god is uncertain: the Arcadians believe they have seen Jove himself, when often with his right hand he shook the blackening ægis, and roused the clouds of thunder. Farther, [says he,] you two towns you see with their walls demolished, the remains and monuments of ancient heroes: this city father Janus, that

[33] Literally, "of having," as in Hor. Ep. i. 7, 85. So "habendi fames," Paeatus Paneg. 25; "finis habendi," Prudent. Hamart. 255. B.

[34] Carmentis, a prophetess of Arcadia, mother of Evander, with whom she came to Italy. One of the gates of Rome was named after her.

[35] But Wagner and Anthon read "Romani," I think, with little reason. B.

[36] Lupercal, a place at the foot of Mount Aventine, sacred to Pan, whose festivals, called Lupercalia, were celebrated annually.

[37] Argiletum, a place at Rome near the Palatium, where tradesmen had their shops.

Saturnus built; the one was named Janiculum,[38] the other Saturnia. In such mutual talk they came up to the palace of poor Evander; and in [that place where now are] the Roman forum and magnificent streets, they beheld around herds of cattle lowing. Soon as they reached his abode, This threshold, he says, the victorious[39] Alcides entered; him this palace received: dare then, my guest, to undervalue magnificence, and do you too mold yourself [into a temper] becoming a god, and come not disgusted with these our mean accommodations. He said, and under the roof of his narrow mansion conducted the magnanimous Æneas, and set him down to rest on a bed of leaves, and the fur of a Libyan bear.

Night comes on apace, and with her dusky wings mantles the earth. Meanwhile Venus, the parent-goddess, not without cause alarmed in mind, and disturbed both by the threats and fierce uproar of the Laurentines, addresses Vulcan,[40] and in her husband's golden bedchamber thus begins, and by her accents breathes into him love divine: While the Grecian kings by war were bringing fated Troy to desolation, and its towers doomed to fall by hostile flames, not any succor to the wretches, nor arms of thy art and power, I craved; nor, my dearest spouse, was I willing to employ you or your labors in vain; though I both owed much to the sons of Priam, and often mourned the severe sufferings of Æneas. Now, by Jove's command, he hath settled on the coast of the Rutulians: therefore I the self-same [fond wife] appear as a suppliant, and implore arms from thy divinity to me adorable, a mother for a son. Thee the daughter of Nereus, thee the wife of Ti-

[38] Janiculum, one of the seven hills at Rome, on which Janus built a town of the same name. Saturnia, an ancient town of Italy, supposed to have been buil by Saturn on the Tarpeian Rock.

[39] From this circumstance Hercules probably derived his surname of "Victor," having been received into "parva regia, sed summa religione," as Mamertinus says, Pan. 1. See Macrob. Sat. iii. 6. B.

[40] Vulcan, the son of Jupiter and Juno, or of Juno alone, and the husband of Venus, was the god of fire, and the patron of all artists who worked in iron and metals. He is said to have been cast down from heaven, and by his fall in the island of Lemnos, to have broke his leg, and ever after remained lame of one foot. The Cyclops in Sicily were his workmen, and with him they fabricated, in his forges, which were supposed to be under Mount Ætna, not only the thunderbolts of Jupiter, but also arms for the gods and most celebrated heroes.

thonus, by tears could persuade. See what nations combine, what towns, having shut up their gates, whet their swords against me, and for the extirpation of my people! The goddess said, and, [throwing] her snowy arms around him, in soft embrace caresses him, hesitating: suddenly he caught the wonted flame; and the accustomed warmth pierced his marrow, and ran thrilling through his trembling bones: just as when at times, with forked thunder burst, a chinky stream of fire in flashy lightning shoots athwart the skies. This his spouse, well pleased with her wiles, and conscious of her charms, perceived.

Then father [Vulcan], fast bound in eternal love, thus speaks: Why hast thou recourse to far-fetched reasons? whither, goddess, hath thy confidence in me fled? Hadst thou been under the like concern before, then too it had been a righteous thing in me, [at thy desire,] to arm the Trojans. Nor did almighty father Jove, or the Fates,[41] forbid that Troy should stand, or Priam survive for ten years more. And now if war you meditate, and this be your resolution; whatever zeal in my art I can promise; whatever can be done by steel or liquid electrum,[42] as far as the power of fire and breathing engines reach, [you may depend on me;] forbear, by solicitation, to bring your power in question. Having spoken these words, he gave her the wished embrace, and, on the bosom of his spouse dissolved away, courted soft repose to every limb.

Then, soon as the first [interval of] rest, now that the mid-career of night had rolled away, had chased away sleep [from his eyes]; what time the housewife, whose chief concern it is to earn her living by the distaff and poor handiwork,[43] awakes the heaped-up embers and the dormant fires, adding night to her labor, and by the lighted tapers employs her maids in their long tasks, that chaste she may preserve her husband's bed, and bring up her little ones: not otherwise, nor at that time less industrious, the mighty god of fire rises from the soft couch to his mechanic labors.

41 The ancients supposed that the will of the Fates could not be ultimately overcome, but that its execution might be delayed. See Servius. B.

42 A mixture of gold and silver. B.

43 "The loom yielding but a scanty reward." ANTHON. B.

Near the side of Sicily and Æolian Lipari[44] an island is upraised of steep ascent, with smoking rocks; under which a den, and the caves of Ætna, eaten out by the forges of the Cyclops, thunder, and from the anvils the sturdy strokes in echoing groans resound, the bars of steel hiss in the caverns, and the fire pants in the furnaces: Vulcan's habitation, and the land Vulcanium called. Hither then he of fiery power descended from the lofty sky. The Cyclops in their capacious cave were working the steel, Brontes, and Steropes, and naked-limbed Pyracmon. In their hands half-formed, with one part already polished, was a thunderbolt, [such as those] which in profusion the eternal father from all quarters of the sky hurls on the earth: the other part unfinished remained. Three shafts they had added of the wreathed hail, three of watery cloud, three of glaring fire and winged wind. Now they were mingling in the work alarming flashes, noise and terror, and the wrath of heaven with its vengeful flames. In another part they were hastening forward a chariot and nimble wheels of Mars, by which he uprouses men and cities; and were polishing amain the tremendous ægis, the armor of enraged Pallas, with serpent's scales of gold, and the snakes in mutual folds entwined, and (to be worn on the breast of the goddess) the Gorgon's self, rolling her eyes[45] after decapitation.

Away with all, he says, ye Ætnean Cyclops, and set aside your begun labors, and hither turn your minds. Arms for a valiant hero must be forged; now it is requisite to ply your strength, now your nimble hands, now all your masterly skill. Shake off all delay. Nor more he said, and all instantly began to work, and equally the labor shared. Brass and mines of gold in rivulets flow; and wounding steel in the capacious furnace melts. They mark out the form of a spacious shield, alone sufficient against all the weapons of the Latins, and orbs in orbs seven-fold involve. Some with the puffing bellows receive and explode the air by turns; others dip the sputtering metals in the trough; the cave groans with the incumbent

[44] Lipari, anciently the Æolian Islands, on the northern coast of Sicily; they are evidently of volcanic origin.

[45] The eyes moved by a mechanical contrivance, according to Wagner. But I should simply understand the expression of the eye as meant. B.

anvils. They with vast force alternately lift their arms in equal time, and with the griping pincers turn the mass.

While in the Æolian regions the Lemnian sire is urging on these works, the cheering light, and the morning songs of birds under his roof, rouse Evander from his humble mansion. The veteran arises, and in his tunic clothes his limbs, and binds the Tuscan sandals round his feet; then to his side and shoulders girds his Arcadian sword, doubling back [on the right shoulder] a panther's skin that hung down from his left. Two guardian-dogs too from the lofty gate march forth, and accompany their master's steps. The hero, mindful of their conversation, and the service he had promised, hies to the apartment and recess of his guest Æneas. [Meanwhile] Æneas no less early was on his way. With the one his son Pallas, with the other Achates came in company. At meeting they join hands, seat themselves in the midst of the court, and at length enjoy unrestrained conversation. The king thus first [begins]: Most mighty leader of the Trojans, during whose life I truly will never admit that the power and realms of Troy are overthrown; small are our abilities to support the war in proportion to so great a name: on the one hand we are bounded by the Tuscan river [Tiber]; on the other hand the Rutulians press upon us, and beset our walls around with clashing arms. But I intend to join with you mighty nations and camps rich and royally magnificent, which saving relief unexpected fortune opens to our view: hither you come invited by the Fates. Not far from this spot stands inhabited the city of Agylla,[46] of ancient foundation, where heretofore the Lydian nation, illustrious in war, planted a settlement on the Tuscan mountains. This city, having flourished for many years, Mezentius at last came to rule with imperious sway and cruel arms. Why should I mention his unutterable barbarities? or why the tyrant's horrid deeds? May the gods recompense them on his own head, and on his race! He even bound to the living the bodies of the dead, joining together hands to hands, and face to face, a kind of torture: and [the victims] pining away with gore and putrefaction in this loathed embrace, he thus with lingering death destroyed. But at length his subjects, weary [of his cruelties], in arms around

[46] Agylla, afterward called Cære, a town of Etruria.

beset both the tyrant himself raging past utterance, and all his house: they assassinate his adherents, hurl flames against his roof. He, amid the massacre making his escape, flies for shelter to the territories of the Rutulians, and finds protection from the arms of Turnus, his hospitable friend. Therefore all Etruria rose with just fury; and the people by present war redemand their king for punishment. Over these thousands, Æneas, I will assign you leader. For all along the shore the vessels ranged in thick array resound with clamor; and crave to urge on the banners. Them an aged soothsayer restrains, this oracle in prophetic strains delivering: Ye chosen youths of Lydia, the flower and excellence of ancient heroes, whom just indignation urges against the foe, and Mazentius fires with due resentment; no native of Italy is destined to subdue that powerful nation: make choice of foreign leaders. Then, overawed by the declaration of the gods, the Tuscan army, respiting their fury, encamped on this plain. Tarchon[47] himself hath sent embassadors with the royal crown and scepter, and to me commends these ensigns; [imploring me] to repair to the camp, and assume the Tuscan administration. But life with frozen blood benumbed, and worn out with years, and my capacity for heroic deeds superannuated, deny me empire. My son I would urge to it, were it not that, being of mixed race by reason of a Sabine mother, he derived a portion of his country from this land. Do you, most gallant leader of the Trojans and Italians, to whose years and lineage also fate is indulgent, you whom the oracles invite, enter upon the task. Him too, my hope and solace, Pallas, to thee I will join; under thee his master let him practice to endure warfare, and the laborious service of Mars, be spectator of thy deeds, and from his earliest years make thee the object of his admiration. To him I will give two hundred Arcadian horsemen, the chosen strength of the youth; and as many more will Pallas give thee in his own name.

Thus he had scarcely spoke, when Æneas, the offspring of Anchises, and trusty Achates, held their eyes fixed on the ground, and with heavy hearts began to revolve many hard thoughts,[48] had not Cytherea displayed a sign in the open air:

[47] Tarchon, an Etrurian chief, who assisted Æneas against the Rutulians.

[48] Cf. Propert. i. 15, 1, "Sæpe ego *multa* tuæ levitatis *dura* timebam." B.

for unexpectedly a flash of lightning, darted from the sky, came with a peal;[49] and suddenly all things seemed to threaten ruin, and the blast of the Tuscan trumpet rattled through the skies. Upward they gaze: again and again in dreadful peals it thunders; in a serene quarter of the heavens, among the clouds they observe arms blaze athwart the clear expanse, and clashed peal with thunder. The rest were astounded with amazement; but the Trojan hero knew the sound and promised signs of his goddess-mother. Then [to Evander] he addressed his speech: By no means, my hospitable friend, by no means be anxious to explore what crisis these prodigies portend: I am called by heaven. My divine parent foretold that she was to send this signal, if war should assail me, and that she would bring Vulcan-wrought arms through the aërial regions to my aid. Ah! what havoc awaits the hapless Laurentines! what ample satisfaction shalt thou, O Turnus, give me! what numerous shields, and helmets, and bodies of gallant heroes, shalt thou, father Tiber, roll down thy streams! Let them challenge our armies, and violate their leagues.

Having said these words, he raised himself from his lofty throne: and first of all he wakes the dormant altars with fires in honor of Hercules, and visits with joy the Lar,[50] whom yesterday he had first worshiped, and the little household gods: with accustomed rites he offers a sacrifice of chosen ewes: in like manner Evander, in like manner the Trojan youth. After this he repairs to the ships, and revisits his friends; from whose number he chooses out such as excelled in valor, to accompany him to the war: the rest by the descending stream are borne along, and without effort glide down with the current of the river, to bring Ascanius tidings of his father, and of the affairs in hand. The Trojans, repairing to the Tuscan territories, are supplied with steeds: for Æneas they led forth one distinguished from the rest, which a lion's tawny hide, shining before with gilded claws, completely covers.

Suddenly through the little city, the rumor, made public,

[49] D'Orville, Critic. Vann. p. 594, compares Quintus Cal. xiv. 457, *οἷον ὅτε στεροπῇσιν ἐπιβρέμει ἄσπετος αἰθήρ.* B.

[50] Lar: the Lares were two in number, sons of Mercury and Lara, one of the Naiads. The Romans paid them divine honors, and they presided over houses and families.

flies, that a band of horses were swiftly marching to the court of the Tuscan king. Through fear the matrons redoubled their vows; and the nearer to the danger, the more the terror grows, and the image of Mars appears enlarged. Then father Evander, grasping the hand [of his son] as he was going away, clings to him, weeping beyond measure, and utters these words: Oh that Jupiter would recall my past years! [or that I were now] what I was when, under the very walls of Præneste, I mowed down the foremost ranks, and victorious set heaps of shields on fire, and with this right hand sent king Herilus[51] down to Tartarus; to whom at his birth, dreadful to relate, his mother Feronia had given three lives, and triple arms to wield; thrice by death was he to be overthrown: whom nevertheless this right hand then bereft of all these lives, and stripped of as many suits of armor! nothing now, my son, should part me from your loved embrace: nor had ever our neighbor Mezentius, insulting over this person of mine, by the sword effected so many cruel deaths, bereaved the city of so many inhabitants. But, O ye powers, and thou Jupiter, great ruler of the gods, compassionate, I pray, an Arcadian king, and hear a father's prayers; if your providence divine, if the Fates reserve Pallas for me in safety, if I live destined to see him again, and to have a meeting with him, I pray for life; I will submit to endure any hardship whatever. But if, O fortune, thou threatenest him with some disaster not to be named, now, oh! now, let me break off my cruel life, while my cares are hovering in suspense, while I have hope of the future, [however] uncertain; while thee, dear boy, my late, my only joy, I hold in my embrace: lest more mournful tidings wound my ears. These words the father poured forth at the final parting: his attendants bear him to the palace fainting away.

And now the horse had gone forth by the expanded gates: among the foremost Æneas and his faithful Achates; then other peers of Troy. Pallas himself, in the center of his troop, appears conspicuous in his mantling robe and painted arms; such as when, bathed in the ocean's waves, Lucifer, whom Venus loves beyond the other starry lights, hath displayed his holy visage in the heaven, and dispersed the dark-

[51] Herilus, king of Præneste, was son of Feronia, the goddess of woods and orchards: as he is said to have received three lives from his mother, he was killed three times by Evander.

ness. On the walls the timorous matrons stand, and follow with their eyes the dusty cloud, and troops gleaming with brass. Through the thickets, where nearest lies the boundary of their way, they march in arms. Their acclamations rise; and, a squadron formed, the hoof beats with the trampling din the moldering plain.

Near the cold river of Cære[52] is a spacious grove, sacred all around by the religion of the fathers; hollow hills on every side have inclosed, and encompass the grove with gloomy fir. There is a tradition, that to Sylvanus, god of the fields and flocks, the ancient Pelasgi,[53] who were once the first possessors of the Latin territories, consecrated this grove and a festival-day. Not far from this, Tarcho and the Tuscans kept their camp, defended by the ground; and now from the hill the whole legion could be surveyed, and had pitched their tents upon the spacious plains. Hither father Æneas and his youthful band, chosen for the war, advance, and fatigued they tend their horses and themselves.

Meanwhile the goddess Venus in bright beauty among the ethereal clouds, drew nigh, bearing her gifts; and soon as at a distance she espied her son in a recluse valley, apart by the cold river, she voluntarily presented herself, and addressed him in these words: Behold, my son, the presents finished by my consort's promised skill; that so this instant you need not demur to challenge either the insolent Laurentines or fierce Turnus to the combat. Cytherea said, and rushed into the embraces of her son: under an oak, full in his view, she placed the radiant arms. He, overjoyed with the presents of the goddess, and such signal honor, gazes on them with insatiable fondness, and rolls his eyes over them one by one; he admires, and in his hands or arms shifts about the helmet terrible with its crest and shooting flames, and the sword fraught with death, the corselet stiff with brass, immense, of sanguine hue; as when the azure cloud by the sunbeams grows more and more inflamed, and shines afar; then the polished greaves of electrum and gold refined, the spear and the texture of the shield beyond expression. There the god of fiery

[52] Cære, anciently Agylla, a city of Etruria, once the capital of the whole country, situated on a small river east of Rome.

[53] Pelasgi, the ancient inhabitants of Greece, supposed to be one of the most ancient people in the world.

power, not unskilled of prophecies, or ignorant of futurity, had represented the Italian history and triumphs of the Romans; there all the descendants of the future race from Ascanius, and their battles fought in order. There, too, he had figured the fostering wolf lying in the verdant cave of Mars: the twin boys, hanging about her dugs, to play, and fearless suck their dam; while she, with tapering neck reclined, fondly licked them by turns, and molded their bodies with her tongue. Not far from this he had added Rome, and the Sabine virgins lawlessly ravished from the assembly of the circus at the great Circensian[54] games, and suddenly a new war bursting upon the sons of Rome, and aged Tatius,[55] and the rigid Cures. Next the same princes, now that mutual hostilities are laid aside, sheathed in armor, and with the goblets in their hands, stood before Jove's altars, and, having sacrificed a sow, struck a league. Not far from thence rapid chariots had torn Metius[56] limb from limb asunder (but thou, Alban, shouldst have adhered to thy stipulations), and Tullus was dragging the traitor's entrails through the wood; and the bushes, sprinkled with his blood, were dripping wet. Here, too, Porsenna[57] was commanding [the Romans] to receive expelled Tarquinius, and invested the city with close siege. The Romans in defense of liberty were rushing on the sword. Him [Porsenna] you might have seen like one enraged, and like one breathing threats, because Cocles had dared to beat down the bridge, and Clœlia,[58] having burst her chains, swam across

54 Circensian games were first established by Romulus, and performed in the circus at Rome. The Romans, having invited their neighbors the Sabines to the celebration of these games, forcibly carried away all their females who had attended.

55 Tatius, king of Cures among the Sabines, made war against the Romans after the rape of the Sabine women. Peace having been made between the two nations, Tatius shared the royal authority with Romulus.

56 Metius, dictator of Alba in the reign of Tullus Hostilius. He became subject to the Romans by the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, but afterward proving faithless, Tullus put him to death by placing him between two chariots, which were drawn by four horses different ways.

57 Porsenna, king of Etruria, who made war upon the Romans in favor of Tarquin, and attempted in vain to replace him on the throne. Cocles (Pub. Horat.), a noble Roman, who greatly signalized himself by alone opposing for a time the whole army of Porsenna.

58 Clœlia, a Roman virgin, who having been given with other maidens as hostages to Porsenna, escaped from her confinement, and swam across the Tiber to Rome.

the river. On the summit [of the shield] Manlius,[59] guardian of the Tarpeian tower, before the temple stood, and defended the lofty Capitol; and the palace, as newly thatched with Romulean straw, appeared rough. And here a goose in silver, fluttering athwart the gilded galleries, gave warning that the Gauls were just at hand: the Gauls were advancing along the thickets, and were seizing the fort, protected by the darkness and benefit of dusky night. Of gold their tresses were, and of gold their vestments; in striped mantelets they shine; then their milk-white necks are girt with gold: two Alpine javelins each in his hand brandishes, having their bodies protected with long bucklers. Here he had embossed the dancing Salii, and the naked priests of Pan, the caps tufted with wool, and the shields that fell from heaven: chaste matrons in soft carriages were conducting the sacred pageants through the city. To these in remoter prospect he likewise adds the Tartarean mansions, Pluto's profound realms, the sufferings of the damned; and thee, Catiline,[60] suspended from a threatening rock, and trembling at the faces of the Furies; and the good apart [from the wicked, with] Cato[61] dispensing laws to them. Amid these scenes the image of the swelling ocean was widely diffused in gold; but the seas foamed with hoary waves, and all around conspicuous in silver the wheeling dolphins swept the seas with their tails, and cut the tide. In the midst were to be seen fleets with brazen prows, the fight of Actium;[62] and you could discern Leucate all in a ferment with the marshaled war, and the billows brightly displayed in gold. On one side is Augustus Cæsar conducting the Italians to the engagement, with the senators and people, the domestic deities, and the great gods, standing on the lofty stern; whose auspicious temples dart forth two flames, and on whose crest his father's star is displayed. In another part Agrippa,[63]

[59] Manlius (Marcus), a celebrated Roman, surnamed Capitolinus, for his gallant defense of the Capitol against the Gauls under Brennus. Manlius was afterward accused of ambitious designs, and having been condemned, he was thrown down from the Tarpeian Rock.

[60] Catiline, a noble Roman, but cruel, and of the most depraved habits. He conspired against the liberties of his country, and perished in battle, B. C. 63.

[61] Cato the major is meant.

[62] Actium, the seat of the final victory of Augustus.

[63] Agrippa, a celebrated Roman, who favored the interest of Augustus

with winds and gods propitious, stands aloft[64] leading his squadron; for whom, proud badge of warfare, his brows are adorned with a naval crown's refulgent beak. On the other side victorious Antony,[65] with barbarian supplies and various troops, brings up with him, from the nations of the morning, and the coasts of the Red Sea, Egypt,[66] the strength of the east, and Bactra, the boundary of his empire; and him follows, oh foul disgrace! his Egyptian spouse Cleopatra.[67] All are rushing on together, and the whole watery plain foams convulsed with the laboring oars and trident-beaks. They make for the deep: you would have imagined, that the Cyclades uptorn were floating on the main, or lofty mountains encountering mountains: with such force the warriors in their turreted ships urge on the attack. From their hands flaming balls of tow, and from missile-engines the winged steel is flung: Neptune's fields redden with the first slaughter. In the midst the queen rouses her squadrons with her country's sistrum; nor as yet regards the two snakes behind her.[68] Her monstrous gods of every form, and barking Anubis,[69] opposed to Neptune, Venus, and Minerva, are wielding their weapons. In the midst of the combat Mars sculptured in iron storms, and the grim Furies from the sky; and Discord, with her mantle rent, stalks well pleased, whom Bellona follows with her bloody scourge. Apollo of Actium, viewing these things from above, was bending his bow: with the terror thereof all Egypt and the Indians, the Arabs and Sabæans, all were

at the battles of Actium and Philippi, where he behaved with great valor.

64 "arduus" refers to his position on the stern of his ship. B.

65 Mark Antony, the Roman triumvir. After his defeat in the battle of Actium, he fled to Alexandria in Egypt, where he stabbed himself, B. C. 30.

66 Egypt, a celebrated country of Africa, watered by the Nile; bounded by the Red Sea (Arabian Gulf) on the east, and by Libya on the west.

67 Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, was celebrated for her beauty and mental acquirements, as also for her intrigues and licentious life. Cleopatra supported the cause of her favorite Antony against Augustus at the battle of Actium, but by flying with sixty sail, contributed to his defeat; she then retired to Egypt, where, to avoid falling into the hands of Augustus, she destroyed herself by the bite of an asp, B. C. 30. At her death Egypt became a Roman province.

68 *i. e.* she does not foresee her end. B.

69 Anubis, an Egyptian god, represented with the head of a dog.

turning their backs. The queen herself, invoking the winds, seemed to sail, and with eager haste to be letting loose the uncoiled cables. Her, the god of fire, had represented amid the slaughter, driven along by waves and winds, pale with the [terrors of] approaching death; and opposite [he had sculptured] the Nile with his gigantic form in deep distress, expanding his skirts, and with all his robe displayed, calling the vanquished into his azure bosom and sheltering streams. Cæsar again, having in triple triumph entered the walls of Rome, was consecrating through all the city three hundred stately temples, his immortal vow to the Italian gods. The streets rung with joy, and games, and acclamations. In all the temples are choirs of matrons; and in all the temples altars. Before the altars the sacrificed bullocks cover the ground. Augustus himself, seated in the snow-white porch of shining Phœbus, reviews the offerings of the people, and fits them to the stately pillars. In long orderly procession the vanquished nations march, as various in the fashion of their garb and arms as in their language. Here Mulciber had figured the Numidian race, and the Africans loose in their attire; here the Leleges,[70] the Carians, and Geloni armed with arrows. Euphrates now flowed with gentler streams; the Morini,[71] remotest of the human race, [appeared,] and the two-horned Rhine, the untamed Dahæ, and the Araxes,[72] that disdained a bridge.

Such scenes on Vulcan's shield, the present of his parent-goddess, the hero views with wonder, and [though] a stranger to the events, rejoices in their representation, and on his shoulder bears aloft the fame and fortune of his descendants.

[70] Leleges, a wandering people who originally inhabited Caria, in Asia Minor, and who fought in the Trojan war under their king Altes.

[71] Morini, a people of Belgic Gaul, on the shores of the British Ocean.

[72] Araxes (Arras), a large river of Asia, falling into the Caspian Sea; it swept away a bridge which Alexander the Great built over it.

BOOK IX.

In the Ninth Book, Turnus, availing himself of Æneas' absence, makes a furious assault upon his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the utmost extremity, dispatch to Æneas, Nisus and Euryalus, whose immortal friendship in this perilous adventure, is painted in the most glowing language. Turnus attacks the city, but is forced, after making a great slaughter, to save himself by swimming the Tiber.

And while these transactions were carrying on in a far different quarter, Saturnian Juno sent Iris from heaven to daring Turnus. Turnus then by chance was sitting at rest in the grove of his progenitor Pilumnus, in a consecrated vale; whom thus the daughter of Thaumas[1] with rosy lips bespoke: What none of the gods, O Turnus, could dare to promise to thy wishes, lo! revolving time hath of itself brought about! Æneas, having abandoned his city, his friends, and fleet, hath repaired to the realms and abode of Palantine Evander. And, not content with that, he hath penetrated to the remotest cities of Corythus,[2] and arms a band of Lydians, rustics, whom he has drawn together. Why do you demur? now is the time to call for your steeds, now your chariots. Break off all delay, and seize his camp while in disorder. She said, and on poised wings raised herself to heaven, and in her flight cut the spacious bow beneath the clouds. The youth knew [the goddess], and, stretching forth both hands to heaven, with these accents pursued her flying: Iris, thou glory of heaven, who sent thee down to me on earth shot from the clouds? whence arises, on a sudden, this so bright a sky? I see heaven in the midst cleave asunder,[3] and stars wandering athwart the firmament. Signs so illustrious will I obey, whoever thou art who summonest me to arms. And thus having said, he repaired to the river, and from the surface of the stream drew water, invoking the gods at large; and loaded heaven with vows.

And now on the open plains his whole army marched, rich in steeds, rich in embroidered vests and gold. Messapus

[1] Thaumas, a son of Neptune and Terra, who married Electra, one of the Oceanides, by whom he had Iris, the Harpies, etc.

[2] The mythic founder of Cortona, here put for the city itself. B.

[3] "Discedere" is a customary term in describing this prodigy, as in Cicer. de Div. i. 43. Jul. Obseq. de Prod. p. 60. Compare Plutarch. Timol. p. 239, *ἔδοξεν αἰφνιδέως ῥαγέντα τὸν οὐρανὸν ὑπὲρ τῆς νέως ἐκχέαι πολὺ καὶ περιφανὲς τὸ πῦρ.* B.

commands the van, the sons of Tyrrhus in the rear; in the center king Turnus moves along, wielding his arms, and overtops the rest by the whole head.[4] As the deep Ganges, fed with seven peaceful rivers, in silence [flows]; or, as the Nile, with its fertilizing waters, when from the plains he has retired, and now lodges himself within his channel. Here the Trojans descry a sudden cloud condensed in wreaths of blackening dust, and darkness rising on the plains. Cæicus first from the opposite rampart calls forth: What numerous bands, O citizens, are hither rolling in a black cloud of dust? Quick, bring arms, give darts, mount the walls: haste, the foe is at hand. With loud outcry the Trojans block themselves up within all their gates, and man the walls: for thus Æneas, most accomplished in arms, at departing had ordered; that, if any accident should befall in the interim, they would not venture to set their army in array, nor trust to the field; only guard their camp and walls secured by a rampart. Therefore, though shame and indignation prompt them to engage, yet they barricade their gates against [the foe], execute the orders [of their chief], and in arms expect the enemy within their holy turrets.

Turnus, flying out before, had got the start of his sturdy band, accompanied with twenty chosen horse, and unexpected comes upon the city; whom a Thracian steed with white spots bears, and a golden helmet with crimson crest defends. Which of you youths first will join me to attack the foe? See here, he cries, and brandishing his javelin, darts it into the air, the prelude of the fight; and mounted aloft he rushes to the field. With shouts his friends second the motion, and follow with dreadful-sounding din: they wonder at the faint-heartedness of the Trojans, that they venture not themselves in the equal field, nor oppose arms [to arms], but lie loitering in the camp. Turbulent with ire, hither and thither on his steed he surveys the walls, and by every pathless pass explores access. As when a wolf, in ambush for a full cot of sheep, lies growling at the folds, enduring winds and rains at midnight; under their dams the lambkins in safety bleat; he, fierce and ruthless with ire, rages against the absent prey: his ravenous hunger by length of time contracted, and his blood-thirsty jaws, pinch him incessantly: just so the Rutulian's anger

[4] This line is a spurious repetition from Æn. vii. 784. B.

kindles, while he views the walls and camp; and within his hard bones anguish burns, [exploring] by what means he may tempt access, and now force the inclosed Trojans from their intrenchment, and pour them forth into the plain. Their fleet, which, adjoining the side of their camp, lay concealed, fenced around with ramparts and the streams of the river, he assails; loudly calls for flames from his triumphing followers; and ardent fills his hand with a blazing pine. Then indeed they exert themselves strenuously: the presence of Turnus urges them on, and the whole youth are armed with black torches. They pillage the hearths: the smoky braud send up a pitchy light, and the flames hurl mingled ashes to the stars.

Ye muses, say, what god averted from the Trojans so fierce a conflagration? who from the ships repelled such mighty flames? Ancient is the testimony of the fact, but immortal is its fame.

At the time when Æneas first formed his fleet on Phrygian Ida, and prepared to launch into the deep, Berecynthia[5] herself, the mother of the gods, is said to have addressed great Jove in these words: At my request, O son, bestow what thy dear parent from thee craves, now that Olympus is subdued. On a lofty mountain stood a piny wood by me many years beloved, shaded with gloomy firs, and the maples' boughs, whither they brought me sacred offerings: these trees I with pleasure gave to the young Trojan hero, when he wanted a fleet: now anxious dread [on their account] presses my unquiet mind. Dissipate my fears, and let a parent by her prayers obtain, that by no voyage they may be shattered, or by whirling blast of wind subdued: let it avail them that from our mountains they sprung. To her in reply her son, who rolls the stars of the universe, said: "Whither, my parent-goddess, art thou urging destiny? or what is thy aim in this request? Shall vessels built by mortal hands enjoy an immortal privilege, and Æneas, insured of safety, run the round of dubious peril? in what god is so great power lodged? However, when, having finished their course, they shall reach the goal and the Ausonian ports, whichever of them hereafter shall have escaped the waves, and carried the Dardanian chief to the Laurentian fields, I will divest them

[5] Berecynthia, a name of Cybele, from Mount Berecynthus in Phrygia, where she was worshiped.

of their mortal form, and command to be goddesses of the spacious ocean; such as the daughters of Nereus, Doto, and Galatea, who cut with their breasts the foaming deep. He said: and in sign of its being ratified by the rivers of his Stygian brother, by those banks that roll with torrents of pitch and black whirlpools, nods his head; and with that nod he made heaven's whole frame to tremble.

The promised day was therefore come, and the Fates had filled up the destined periods of time, when the outrage of Turnus called on the mother [of the gods] to repel the firebrands from her sacred ships. Here first an unusual light flashed forth on the eyes [of the Trojans], and from the east a vast refulgent cloud was seen to shoot athwart the sky, and [in it] her choirs of priests;[6] then through the air a tremendous voice drops from above, and fills the hosts both of Trojans and Rutulians: Be in no hurry,[7] ye Trojans, to protect my ships, nor arm your hands; sooner to Turnus it shall be given to burn up the seas than those sacred pines. Glide on at your liberty, glide ye on, goddesses of the main; the parent [of the gods] commands. And forthwith from the banks the ships break each away her halsers, and dolphin-like diving with their beaks plunge to the bottom of the sea. Thence, wondrous prodigy, so many virgin-forms rise up, and ride along the main, as brazen prows had before stood ranged along the shore. The Rutulians stoop astonished in their minds; Messapus himself, his steeds being startled, is seized with consternation; the river too makes a pause, resounding hoarsely, and Tiberinus recalls his current[8] from the deep.

But the confidence of daring Turnus abated not; he briskly raises their spirits with his words, and briskly chides [their fears]: Against the Trojans are these portents aimed; from them even Jove himself hath withdrawn his wonted aid; [their ships] wait not the darts or fires of the Rutulians. Therefore the seas are inaccessible to the Trojans, nor have they any hopes of flight; from one half of the globe they are cut off; and the land [the other half] is in our hands; so many armed thousands the Italian nations bring to our aid. To me the fatal responses of the gods, whatever they are to

[6] *i. e.* the Corybantes, Curetes, and the Idæi Dactyli. B.

[7] "trepidate" is explained as equivalent to "festinate" by Nonius i. 7. B.

[8] Literally, "his foot." B.

which the Phrygians pretend, give no concern. To the Fates and Venus enough is given, that the Trojans have reached the lands of fruitful Ausonia. I too, on the other hand, have my destiny, to extirpate with the sword the accursed race, being robbed of my spouse: nor does the painful sense of that indignity move only the sons of Atreus,[9] nor to Mycenæ alone is license given to take up arms [in such a cause]. But [perhaps] it is enough that they fell once: [doubtless], had they thought it enough to commit the same crime but once before, having conceived almost a total aversion toward the whole race of women. They whom this confidence in their intervening rampart, whom the temporary defenses of their trenches, narrow partitions from death, inspire with so much courage; have they not seen the walls of Troy, built by the hand of Neptune, sink down in flames? But, my chosen warriors, who prepares to storm their ramparts sword in hand, and with me invades their disordered camp? To me there is no need of Vulcan-wrought armor, or of a thousand ships against the Trojans. Let all the Tuscans this instant connect themselves with them in alliance: they need not fear the night, and the dastardly theft of the Palladium, slaying the guards of [Minerva's] lofty tower;[10] nor will we hide ourselves in the dark womb of a horse; we are resolved openly by day to surround their walls with fire. I shall make them sensible that they have not to do with Greeks and Argive striplings, whom Hector kept at bay till the tenth year. Now then, since the better part of the day is past, for what remains, my men, as things have [thus far] succeeded well, cheerfully refresh your bodies, and prepared expect the fight. Meanwhile to Messapus is assigned the charge to beset their gates with sentinels, and inclose their ramparts with watch-fires. Twice seven Rutulians are chosen out to guard the walls; and those are followed each by a hundred youths waving their purple plumes, and glittering with gold; they patrol around, and mount guard by turns, and by turns stretched along the grass they indulge the wine, and drain[11] the brazen bowls. The fires together shine; in play the guards spend the sleep-

[9] Alluding to the abduction of Helen. B.

[10] Turnus sneers at the conduct of Ulysses and Diomede. See Æn. ii. 164 sqq. B.

[11] Compare Virgil's use of "vergere." B.

less night. These things the Trojans above from the ramparts survey, and in arms guard their high posts; their gates, too, in hurrying consternation they strictly watch, and with bridges join the outworks: they stand to their arms. Mnestheus and fierce Serestus urge them on; whom father Æneas appointed directors of the youthful bands, and managers of affairs, if at any time cross accidents should call them. The whole legion, having shared the danger, by lot keep guard along the walls, and perform the alternate duties of the post which each has assigned him to maintain.[12]

Nisus, the son of Hyrtacus, in arms most fierce, stood sentinel of the gate; whom Ida, famed for hunting, sent the attendant of Æneas, nimble at the javelin and fleet arrows: and by his side his companion Euryalus, than whom of all the followers of Æneas no one was more comely, and none [more graceful] wore the arms of Troy; a stripling whose cheeks were streaked with the first bloom of youth. Their love was one, and with equal eagerness they rushed to the war: then, too, they were posted in common to guard the gate. Nisus says, Do the gods, Euryalus, infuse this ardor into our minds? or is each one's earnest inclination his god?[13] Long has my mind been instigating me either to attempt the fight, or some great enterprise; for it is not content with peaceful inaction. You see what confidence in the state of their affairs possess the Rutulians; their lights twinkle here and and there; buried in sleep and wine they have laid themselves down; the places all around are hushed in silence. Learn further what my doubting thoughts suggest, and the purpose which now rises in my soul. That Æneas should be invited home, all, both the people and the higher orders, importunately crave; and that messengers be dispatched to inform him of the true state of our affairs. If to thee they will promise what I demand (for, to myself the glory of the exploit is enough), I think I can find a way under the brow of yon hill to the walls and fortifications of Pallanteum. Euryalus, stung with violent desire of praise, stood astonished; at the same time he thus addresses his ardent friend: Do you then, Nisus, decline to admit me as your companion in those high

[12] Literally, "take turns as to what is to be defended." B.

[13] "Diine nostris mentibus cupiditates injiciunt et desideria? An deus sit ipse mentis cupiditas?" SERVIUS. B.

enterprises? Shall I send you away alone on such perilous adventures? It was not thus my warlike father Opheltes instructed me, bred up amid the alarms of Greece and the disasters of Troy; nor have I acted such a part in your company, following the magnanimous Æneas and his fortune in all extremities. This soul, this soul of mine, contemns the light, and deems that honor, to which you aspire, well bought, even at the expense of life itself. To this Nisus [replied]: Believe me, I had no such apprehensions of you; nor have I reason. No, so may great Jove, or whatever god with a favoring eye regards what we are about, return me to you triumphant. But if any chance (as many such you see in an enterprise of this hazardous nature), or deity hurry me on to adverse fate, I wish that you may survive: your age has a juster claim to life. Let me leave one who may deposit me in the earth among the dead, snatched from the field, or redeemed by ransom; or who (if any fortune shall stand in the way of this) may pay funeral obsequies to my absent corpse, and honor me with an empty tomb: nor let me be the cause of such deep anguish to thy wretched mother, who, my boy, of many mothers alone adventurous follows thee, nor minds the walls[14] of the great Acestes. But he rejoined: In vain you weave fruitless remonstrances, nor is my resolution now staggered from its first position; let us dispatch: at the same time he awakes the guard. They succeed, and take their turns of duty: having resigned his post, he sets forward in company with Nisus, and they seek the king.

All other creatures over the whole earth with sleep relaxed their cares, and lost their toils in sweet oblivion. But the Trojan chiefs and select youth were holding consultation about the important concerns of the state; what they ought to do, or who should be the messenger to Æneas. Leaning on their long spears they stand, wielding their targets, in the center of the camp and plain. Then Nisus, and with him Euryalus, with prompt alacrity, beg to be admitted; [alleging] that their business was important, and would compensate the delay.[15] In this their hurry and trepidation Iülus first received them, and ordered Nisus to speak. Then thus Hyrta-

[14] *i. e.* nor cares to tarry at Segesta with the other matrons. B.
[15] *i. e.* the delay of their counsels. B.

cides[16] [spoke]: Ye followers of Æneas, listen with unbiassed minds; nor be these our proposals judged of by our years. The Rutulians, buried in sleep and wine, have composed themselves to rest; we ourselves have observed a place fit for our secret design, that lies obvious in the double way from the gate which is nearest the sea. Their fires are dying away, and a pitchy smoke ascends to heaven. If you give us leave to embrace the fortunate occasion, you shall soon see Æneas, in quest of whom we go to the walls of Pallanteum, here present with spoils, and after vast havoc made: nor set we out strangers to the way; often in the shady vales at hunting have we seen the skirts of the town, and have surveyed the whole river.

At this, Alethes, loaded with years and matured in judgment, [said]: Ye gods of my country, under whose divine protection Troy always is, [though you have been angry with us for a time], yet you do not intend utterly to destroy the Trojans, since you have produced such souls, and such resolute hearts in our youth. So saying, he grasped the shoulders and hands of both, and with tears his face and cheeks bedewed. What rewards, brave youths, what rewards of worth proportioned to such enterprises can I judge possible to be conferred upon you? the fairest shall the gods in the first place and your own virtues give; then the rest the pious Æneas shall anon bestow, and Ascanius, in his prime of life, who never will forget so high an obligation.

But, subjoins Ascanius, I, whose sole happiness depends on my father's safe return, conjure you, Nisus, by our great domestic gods, by the tutelar deity of Assaracus, and the shrines of hoary Vesta (whatever fortune or confident hope[17] I have, I rest in your own bosoms), recall my parent, give back his presence; at his return all our sorrows will disappear. Two goblets of silver will I give of finished work, and rough with embossed figures, which my father won from sacked Arisba;[18] and a pair of tripods, two great talents of gold, a bowl of an-

[16] Hyrtacides, Nisus and Hippocoon are so styled, from their father Hyrtacus, who was a Trojan of Mount Ida.

[17] *i. e.* of my father's safety. B.

[18] Arisba, a colony of the Mitylenæans in Troas, destroyed by the Trojans.

tique cast, which Sidonian Dido gave me. But if it shall be my fortune to be victorious, possess myself of Italy, enjoy the crown, and divide the spoils by lot; saw you on what steed, in what arms Turnus rolled all in gold? that very shield and crimson-crested helmet I will choose out from the lot; prizes, O Nisus, which are already your own. Besides the persons of twelve select matrons my sire shall give, and as many captives of the other sex, and the arms that to them all belong; beside these, that ground which king Latinus himself possesses. And as for you, idolized boy, whom my age follows in the nearer stages of life, I now receive you with my whole soul, and embrace you for my companion in all events. Without thee no glory shall be sought by my exploits, whether I am engaged in peace or war; to thee chiefly I will intrust my acts and counsels. To whom Euryalus thus replies: No day shall evince me unfit for enterprises so heroic; let fortune fall out prosperous or adverse. But one thing above all favors I of thee implore: I have a mother of Priam's ancient race, whom unhappy neither the land of Ilium, nor the city of king Acestes, could withhold from going along with me. Her now I leave a stranger to this perilous adventure, whatever it is, and without taking farewell; night, and this right hand of thine, be witness [for me, that it was not for want of duty, but] that I can not bear a mother's tears; but comfort her forlorn, I beg, and succor her in her desolation. Let me bear away this hope from thee; so shall I go with greater intrepidity on all adventures. The Trojans with minds deeply affected shed tears; above all, comely Iülus; and the image of parental affection touched his soul to the quick. Then thus he addresses [Euryalus]: Expect all that is due to your glorious undertakings. For that mother of thine shall be mine, and only the name Creüsa shall be wanting; nor small gratitude awaits her for giving birth to such a son, whatever fortune may attend the deed. I swear by this head of mine, by which my father before me was wont to [swear], whatever I promise to yourself, if you return in safety, and the event be prosperous, the same shall be made good to your mother and kindred. Thus weeping over him he speaks; at the same time divests his shoulder of his gilded sword, which Cretan Lycaon with marvelous art had made, and dexterously fitted to the ivory sheath. On Nisus, Mnestheus bestows the skin and spoil of

a grim shaggy lion; trusty Alethes exchanges with him his helmet. Forthwith they march thus armed; whom the whole body of the nobles, both young and old, with ardent prayers accompany in their way to the gates; and the comely Iülus, too, endued with a soul and manly concern beyond his years, gave them many instructions to carry to his sire; but the winds disperse them all, and fruitless give them to the clouds away.[19]

Having set out, they overpass the trenches, and amid the shades of night advance to the hostile camps; destined, however, first to be[20] the death of many. In loose disorder they beheld bodies under the influence of wine and sleep, stretched along the grass, chariots with their poles erect[21] along the banks, men between the traces and the wheels; arms together lying, together wine. First the son of Hyrtacus thus spoke: The right hand, Euryalus, must be boldly exerted; now the occasion itself invites us. Here lies our way: watch you, and keep guard that no hand be able to lift itself against us from behind. These fields I will render waste, and lead thee along a broad pathway. This said, he suppresses his speech; at the same time with his sword attacks proud Rhamnes; who, as it chanced, raised high on lofty carpets, was snoring forth sleep from his whole breast; at once a king himself, and an augur in highest favor with king Turnus; but not by his augur's art could he ward off the stroke of death. Three servants by his side lying at random among the arms, and the armor-bearer of Remus, and (whom he found beneath the very horses' feet) the charioteer he stabs, and with his sword cuts off their reclining necks; then from the master himself takes off the head, and leaves the trunk gulping with blood; in purple gore the reeking earth and beds are drenched. Add to these Lamyrus, Lamus, and young Serranus, who, of distinguished beauty, had been much engaged that night in play, and was lying overpowered in every limb with the fullness of the god; happy if without intermission he had equaled that play with the night, and lengthened it out till day. As a famished lion

[19] Because both the messengers perished by the way. B.

[20] "Destined to be." This sense of "futurus," and similar participles, is very common in Virgil. "Inimica" seems to contain the notion that the camps would prove fatal to themselves. B.

[21] The horses being unharnessed. B.

making wild havoc amid a sheep-fold (for ravenous hunger prompts him on), grinds and tears the flock, feeble and dumb with fear, and gnashes his bloody jaws: nor less was the carnage made by Euryalus: he too all on fire rages throughout, and in the middle falls upon a vulgar nameless throng. Fadus and Hebesus, Rhœtus and Abaris, not dreaming of their fate; Rhœtus broad awake, and viewing all; but who, for fear, was hiding himself behind a capacious jar; in whose opposed breast now close at hand he plunges the whole blade as he rises, and withdrew it amid abundant death. He vomits up the purple stream of life, and in death renders back his wine mingled with blood. The other, with ardor at [the success of his] stratagem, presses on, and now was advancing toward the social bands of Messapus, where he saw the fire just in its extremity dying away, and the horses in order tied cropping the grass; when Nisus thus briefly says (for he perceived that they were hurried on by too eager love of slaughter), Let us desist; for the unfriendly light approaches. We have glutted ourselves with vengeance to the full; a passage is made through our foes. Many arms of the heroes [slain], of solid silver elaborately wrought, they leave behind, and, together with them, goblets and beautiful carpets. Euryalus [seized] the rich trappings of Rhamnes, and the belts with golden bosses; presents which opulent Cædicus of old had sent to Tiburtine Remulus,[22] when in absence he plighted with him a league of hospitality (he at death bequeaths the same to his grandson to possess; and after his death the Rutulians, masters of the field and booty):[23] these he seizes, and adjusts to his valiant shoulders, but in vain.[24] Then he puts on the well-fitting helmet of Messapus, with plumes adorned. They quit the camp, and take possession of safe ground.

Meanwhile, three hundred horse, all shielded, with Volscens[25]

[22] Remulus, a chief of Tibur, whose arms were seized by the Rutulians, and became part of the plunder which Euryalus obtained.

[23] We must understand, "gave them to Rhamnes." Wagner with reason considers this line spurious. B.

[24] "Nequidquam" must be joined with "aptat," not with "fortibus," as is remarked by Servius. Compare vss. 312 sq. B.

[25] Volscens, a Latin chief, who attacked Nisus and Euryalus as they returned from the plunder of the Rutulians. He killed Euryalus, but was himself immediately slain by Nisus.

at their head, dispatched before from the city of Latinus, (while the rest of the legion in battle-array slowly on the plains advance), were marching up, and bore an answer to king Turnus. And now they were approaching the camp, and just entering the rampart, when at a distance they espy them turning away on the left-hand path; and in the glimmering shade of night the helmet betrayed the unwary Euryalus, and opposed to the beams of the moon, shot a gleamy light. Scarcely was the object seen, Volscens from the troop exclaims aloud: Stand, fellows; what motive brings you hither? or who are ye thus in armor? or whither are ye bound? They aimed not at making a reply; but hastened their flight into the woods, and trusted to the night. On each side the horsemen plant themselves at the known passes, and encircle every avenue with a guard. There was a wood wide overgrown with stiff underwood and gloomy holms, which thick brambles had choked up on every side; here and there a path led through hidden tracks. The thick shade of boughs and cumbrous booty embarrass Euryalus, and fear misleads him from the straight way. Nisus retires; and now unawares had escaped from the foe, and from the lakes which in after times were called Albanian from Alba's name; then king Latinus had there his lofty stables. Soon as he stopped, and for his absent friend looked back in vain, [he exclaimed:] Unfortunate Euryalus, in what quarter have I left thee? or whither shall I follow thee? Again measuring back the whole perplexed path of the mazy wood, he at once with accurate survey retraces his steps, and ranges over the silent thickets: he hears the steeds, he hears the bustling noise, and signals of the pursuers. Nor long time intervened, when a shout assails his ears, and he sees Euryalus, whom the whole band are now dragging along with sudden tumultuous uproar, betrayed and intercepted by the treachery of the place and night, and struggling hard in vain. What shall he do? by what power, by what arm shall he attempt the youth to rescue? shall he, resolute on death, fling himself into the midst of his foes, and through wounds open a quick passage to a glorious death? Straight with his contracted arm brandishing a javelin, thus to the moon on high with eyes upturned he addresses his prayer: Do thou, O goddess, do thou propitious aid my enter-

prise, thou glory of the stars,[26] and daughter of Latona, guardian of the groves: if ever my father Hyrtacus for me brought offerings to thy altars; if ever I added to the number by my sylvan spoils, or suspended any in thy vaulted ceiling, or affixed to thy sacred roof; suffer me to confound this congregated rout, and guide my weapons through the air. He said, and straining at once with his whole body, hurls the steel. The flying spear cuts the shades of night, and lights on the back of Sulmo, who stood opposite to him; and there is shivered, and with the splintered wood pierces through his vitals. Down he falls cold [in death], discharging from his breast the warm stream of life, and with long sobs beats his flanks. They throw their eyes around different ways. Lo, he, animated the more with this, poised from the tip of his ear[27] another weapon, while they are bustling about. The whizzing spear pierced through both the temples of Tagus, and warmed in his transfixed brain stuck fast. Volscens furious storms, nor any where discerns the owner of the weapon, or one on whom in his burning rage he may wreak his vengeance. But you, meanwhile, he says, with your warm blood, shall pay the forfeit of both: at the same time with sword unsheathed he rushed on Euryalus. Then indeed in terrible agony Nisus frantic screams aloud; nor longer was able to conceal himself in darkness, or to support such deep distress: On me, on me, here am I who did the deed, O turn your swords on me, Rutulians: mine is all the offense: he neither durst nor could do aught: this heaven and conscious stars I call to witness; only he loved his unhappy friend too much. Thus he spoke; but the sword with force driven home pierces through his sides, and bursts his snow-white breast. Euryalus is overwhelmed in death, the blood flows down his beauteous limbs, and on his shoulders the drooping neck reclines: as when a purple flower, cut down by the plow, pines away in death, or the poppies on their weary necks drop down their heads, when with rain they chance to be overcharged. But Nisus rushes into the midst of them, and seeks Volscens alone through all: on Volscens alone he fixes his attention; whom (Nisus) the foes encircling close,

[26] So Hor. Carm. Sec. 1, "Phœbe, lucidum cœli decus." Moschus, vii. 2, *κυανέας ἱερὸν φίλε νυκτὸς ἄγαλμα.* B.

[27] Virgil expresses the *παρὰ χαίταν ῥίψαι* of Eurip. Hippol. 220. B.

this way and that way drive off. He not less keenly presses on, and whirls his flashing sword, till he plunged it into the mouth, full opposite, of the bawling Rutulian, and dying, bereft his foe of life. Then covered with wounds, he flung himself on his lifeless friend, and there at length in peaceful death reposed. Happy pair! if my verses can aught avail, no day shall ever erase you from the records of time; while the race of Æneas shall inhabit the immovable Capitoline rock, and a Roman monarch hold the empire [of the world].

The victorious Rutulians, masters of the prey and spoils, in mournful procession bore lifeless Volscens to the camp. Nor in the camp was the mourning less, when they found Rhamnes pale in death, and so many chiefs slain by one slaughter, and Serranus, and Numa. There is a great concourse about the bodies, about the expiring warriors, the ground recent with warm slaughter, and rivulets full of foaming blood. They recognize the spoils, and among themselves Messapus' shining helmet, and the trappings with much sweat regained.

And now early Aurora, leaving Tithonus' saffron-colored bed, sprinkled the earth with new-born light; the sun having now shed his beams [on the world], and objects by his light being again revealed; Turnus rouses his men to arms, himself with arms begirt around, and each leader rallies to the battle his troops arrayed in brass; and by various rumors they stimulate their martial rage. Even the heads of Nisus and Euryalus, a piteous spectacle, on spears erect they in the front affix, and with vast acclamation follow. On the left side of the walls the hardy Trojans opposed to them their host (for the right is bounded by the river); and they maintain their ample trenches, and on their lofty turrets mournful stand, as soon as the heads of the youths fixed up to view, but too well known to the unhappy spectators, distilling black gore, excited [their grief].

Meanwhile the winged messenger Fame, flying through the affrighted city, rushes along, and glides to the ears of the mother of Euryalus; then suddenly, with misery overwhelmed, the vital warmth forsook her bones. The weaving instruments dropped from her hands, and her labors were unraveled. The hapless woman flies out, and with female shrieks, tearing her hair, frantic takes her way with speed to

the walls and nearest bands. Not of men, or of darts, or of danger, is she heedful: then with these complaints she fills the sky: Is this you[28] I see, Euryalus? art thou that late solace for my old age? Cruel one! couldst thou leave me all alone? and to thy wretched mother didst thou not allow access to address to thee her last farewell, when on such perilous adventures sent? Alas! in a strange land, given a prey to Latian dogs and fowls, thou liest! nor I, thy own mother, laid thee out for thy funeral obsequies, nor closed thy eyes, nor bathed thy wounds, covering thee with the robe, which for thee in haste I forwarded both night and day, and with the loom solaced my aged cares. Whither shall I go in pursuit of thee? or what land now holds thy limbs, thy mangled members, and lacerated corse? Is this all of thee, my son, thou bringest me back? is this what I have followed both by land and sea? Pierce me, O Rutulians (if you have any tenderness), at me hurl all your darts; me first cut off with the sword: or thou, great father of the gods, compassionate me, and with thy bolts thrust down to Tartarus this detested head, since I can by no other means shake off cruel life. By these doleful lamentations the minds [of the Trojans] are deeply struck, and a sorrowful groan is heaved from every breast; quite broken and benumbed are all their powers for battle. Idæus and Actor, by the direction of Ilioneus and deeply afflicted Iülus, seize her while she is thus inflaming the general grief, and in their arms bear her back to her dwelling.

Meanwhile the trumpet from afar, with its shrill-sounding brass, chided with dreadful peal.[29] Shouts follow, and heaven echoes back the sound. The Volscians with uniformity advance, a testudo being formed.[30] They prepare both to fill up the trenches and demolish the rampart. Some explore access, and by scaling-ladders [seek] to mount the walls, where the troops are but thin, and where, not so thick of men, the circling band is seen through. On the other hand, the Trojans, practiced by long war to defend their walls, poured on them every kind of missile weapons, and pushed them down with

[28] "Hunc" is used for "talem." See Pierius. B.

[29] "Increpuit" is elegantly used. Servius well explains it thus: "et insonuit, et segnitiam increpuit." B.

[30] Cf. Sallust, Jug. 94, "tum vero cohortatus milites, et ipse extra valvum egressus, testudine acta, succedere." B.

sturdy poles. They rolled down rocks too of destructive weight, trying whether they could break through their fenced battalion: while [the Rutulians] notwithstanding, under the close fence of their shields, are willing to sustain all dangers. Nor now are they able to stand the shock; for, where thick embodied ranks press on the attack, the Trojans roll and hurl down an enormous pile, which made wide havoc among the Rutulians, and broke the fence-works of their shields. Nor care the bold Rutulians longer to contend in covered fight, but by missile weapons strive to beat them from the rampart. In another quarter Mezentius, horrid to be seen, brandished a Tuscan pine, and hurls smoky firebrands. Again, Messapus, a horseman brave, the progeny of Neptune, makes a breach in the rampart, and calls for ladders against the walls.

Ye [sacred Nine, and thou], Calliope, [in chief][31] aid me while I sing what desolations, what deaths there Turnus then with the sword effected, what hero each sent down to Pluto; and trace with me the vast outlines of the war: for ye, O goddesses, both remember, and can rehearse them.

Of height prodigious, and with lofty communications,[32] there stood a tower, commodious in its situation, which with their utmost efforts all the Latins strove to storm, and with the full extent of their resources to overthrow: the Trojans, on the other hand, defended it with stones, and flung darts in thick volleys through the hollow loop-holes. Turnus in the foremost tossed a blazing brand, and to the sides [of the tower] fixed the flame, which by the wind diffusely spread, seized the boards, and to the pillars clung until they were consumed.[33] [The Trojans], all aghast, raised a fearful bustle within, and shelter from the disaster sought in vain. While they crowd together, and retreat into that part which is free from the contagious ruin, then suddenly the tower, with the weight [overburdened], tumbled down, and with the crash all heaven thunders: down to the ground half dead they come, an immense pile of ruins following, pierced with their own weapons, and

[31] I have retained Davidson's translation of this bold syllepsis, for which, as Servius remarks, correct language would require, "vos Musæ, aut tu, Calliope." B.

[32] *i. e.* from the walls.

[33] Anthon renders "partially consumed." But the other sense seems borne out by Silius i. 363, "pluteis Vulcanus exercet adesis:" B.

their breasts transfixed with the iron-pointed wood. Helenor alone and Lycus with great difficulty escaped: whereof the elder Helenor (whom the slave Licymnia by a stolen embrace had borne to the Lydian king, and sent to Troy in forbidden arms) was lightly armed with a naked sword, and inglorious with his escutcheon blank. And as soon as he saw himself amid Turnus' thousands, and on either hand around him ranged the Latin troops; as a beast of chase, which, hemmed in by a thick band of huntsmen, rages against their darts, willfully flings herself on death, and with a bound springs on the hunters' spear; just so the youth, certain to die, rushes on his foes, and where he sees the darts thickest, advances. But Lycus, far more swift of foot, through foes and through arms, by flight reaches the walls, and strives with his hand to grasp their high summits, and reach the arms of his friends: whom victorious Turnus at once with swift career and dart pursuing, thus upbraids: Fool, didst thou hope thou wouldst be able to escape our hands? At the same time he gripes him hanging, and with a great fragment of the wall pulls him down: as when Jove's armor-bearer, soaring on high, hath in his crooked talons raised aloft either a hare, or snow-white swan; or, sacred to Mars, the wolf hath snatched from the folds a lambkin, by the dam with many a bleating sought. The shout from every quarter rises. They fall on, and with heaps of earth fill up the trenches; others to the battlements toss the blazing brands. With a rock, and vast fragment of a mountain, Ilioneus overthrows Lucetius, approaching to the gate, and armed with flames; Liger Emathion, Asylas Chorinæus, the one skilled in the javelin, the other in the far-deceiving arrow; Cæneus [overthrows] Ortygius, Turnus the victorious Cæneus: with Itys, Clonius, Dioxippus, Promulus, Sagaris, and Idas standing in defense of the lofty turrets: Capys Privernus. Him the spear of Themilla at first had grazed; [on which he], infatuate, throwing away his shield, applied his hand to the wound; up to him then the arrow glides on its wings, and to the left side his hand was nailed: and deep lodged within, with a deadly wound, it burst the breathing engines[34] of the soul. In arms illustrious the son of Arcens[35]

[34] "Definitio pulmonum, qui dicuntur a spirando." SERVIUS. B.

[35] Arcens, a Sicilian, who permitted his son to accompany Æneas into Italy, where he was killed by Mezentius.

stood, clad in an embroidered chlamys, and shining in Iberian purple, of distinguished form; whom his father Arcens sent, in the grove of Mars bred up about the streams of Simæthus,[36] where, fat [with offerings] and placable, the altar of Palicus[37] stands. Mezentius himself, having laid aside his arms, thrice whirling around his head the thong, discharged a hissing sling, and with the half-melted lead clove his temples asunder as he stood full opposite to him, and stretched him at his full length on a large space of the sandy plain. Then for the first time in war Ascanius is said to have directed a fleet arrow, having been wont before only to fright the fugitive beasts of chase, and by his hand to have prostrated brave Numanus, whose surname was Remulus, and who had to wife the younger sister of Turnus, in wedlock lately joined. Before the van, bawling aloud [whatever first occurred, whether] decent or indecent to hear, and in heart puffed up with his new regal honor, he stalked, and thus with vast clamor made his vaunt: Ye Phrygians, twice enslaved, are you not ashamed to be a second time shut up by blockade and entrenchments, and to screen yourselves from death within your walls? Lo, these are they, who by force of arms claim to themselves our brides! What god, what madness drove you to Italy? They are not the sons of Atreus you have here, nor the crafty-tongued Ulysses; but a race hardy from their original. Our infants soon as born to the rivers we first convey, and in the rigid icy stream we harden. In the chase our boys are keen, and harass[38] the woods: their pastime is to manage steeds, and dart the arrow from the bow. Our youth again of labor patient, and to frugality inured, either by the harrow subdue the ground, or batter towns in war. Our whole lifetime is worn out in arms, and with the inverted spear we goad the backs of our steers; nor does slow age impair our strength of mind, or alter our vigor. Our gray hairs we with the helmet

[36] Simæthus (Giaretti), a river of Sicily which falls into the sea between Catana and Leontini. In its neighborhood the gods Palici were born, and particularly worshiped.

[37] As the Palici (sons of Jove by the nymph Ætna, or the muse Thalia) were two in number, we should perhaps read "Palicûm" with Cerda. I myself prefer "Palicis," which might be more easily corrupted from ignorance of this use of the dative. B.

[38] For this use of "fatigare," compare Val. Flacc. iii. 26. So "fatigat Hebrum," Silius ii. 74. B.

press; and still 't is our delight to sweep together fresh booty, and to live on plunder. Your very dress is embroidered with saffron-hues and gaudy purple; indolence is your heart's delight; to indulge in dances you love; your vests have sleeves, and your miters ribbons. O Phrygian women, surely, for Phrygian men you can not be! go range along the lofty tops of Dindymus,[39] where the pipe sounds the discordant[40] note to you accustomed. The timbrels and Berecynthian flute[41] of the Idæan mother Cybele invite you: leave arms to men, and from the sword refrain. Him blustering thus in words, and proclaiming horrid indignities, Ascanius could not bear; and, fronting him full, on the horse-hair string extended his arrow, and drawing both his arms to a wide distance, paused, first suppliant addressing Jove in vows: Almighty Jove, assist my daring enterprise. So to thy temples will I bring thee solemn offerings, and before thy altars present a bullock with a gilded forehead of snowy whiteness, and bearing his head of equal stature with his dam, who already butts with his horn, and spurns the sand with his feet. The sire gave ear, and from a serene quarter of the sky thundered on the left. At the same time twangs the deadly bow; and whizzing dreadful flies the drawn-back arrow, and passes through the head of the Rutulian, and with the steel point transfixes his hollow temples. Go, insult valor in haughty terms. To the Rutulians your twice subdued Phrygians send back this answer. Ascanius said no more. The Trojans second him with acclamation, ring with joyous applauses, and extol his valor to the stars.

In the ethereal region fair-haired Apollo was then by chance surveying from above the Ausonian troops and city, seated on a cloud, and thus he bespeak victorious Iülus: Go on, increase in early valor, O boy! Such is the pathway to the stars, O descendant of the gods, and from whom gods are to descend. Under the line of Assaracus all wars by fate ordained in justice shall subside; nor is Troy capable of containing thee. At the same time, having pronounced these

[39] Dindymus, a mountain of Galatia in Asia Minor, where Cybele was worshiped.

[40] Literally, "its twofold tone." "Biforis" simply means that it had but two perforations. B.

[41] These flutes were formed of box. B.

words, he throws himself from the lofty sky, divides the whispering gales, and seeks Ascanius; then in the features of his face he is transformed into aged Butes. To Dardanian Anchises this man had formerly been armor-bearer, and faithful guardian at the gate: then father Æneas assigned him the companion of Ascanius. Thus marched Apollo, in every thing resembling the aged sire, both in voice and complexion, in silver locks, and arms fierce of rattling din: and in these words he addresses the ardent Iülus: Offspring of Æneas, let it suffice that by thy shafts Numanus hath fallen, thyself unhurt: to thee this first glory great Apollo vouchsafes, and envies not thy similar feats of arms. For what remains, O boy, abstain[42] from fight. This said, Apollo dropped his human appearance, in the midst of the interview, and into thin air far vanished out of sight. The Dardanian chiefs knew the god and his divine shafts, and in his flight perceived his rattling quiver. Therefore, by the mandate and divine authority of Phœbus, they restrain Ascanius greedy for the fight: themselves once more to the combat advance, and on apparent dangers throw their lives. Along the battlements round the whole compass of the walls their acclamations run: they bend the rapid bows, and whirl the slings. All the ground is strewn with darts; then shields and hollow helmets in the conflict ring: a fierce engagement ensues; with such fury as a shower by the influence of the rainy Kids[43] arising from the west lashes the ground; or as thick as storms of hail come down headlong into the floods, when Jupiter in the south wind tremendous hurls down a watery tempest, and bursts the hollow clouds in the sky.

Pandarus and Bitias, sprung from Alcanor of Mount Ida, whom sylvan Hiera trained up in Jupiter's sacred grove, youths tall as their native firs and mountains, on their arms relying, throw open the gate which by their general's command was intrusted to their charge, and from the ramparts voluntarily challenge the foe. Themselves within, on right and left, before the turrets stand, armed with steel, and their towering heads with plumes adorned: as about the crystal

[42] Homer Il. A. 422, *πολέμου δ' ἀποπαύεο πάμπαν.* B.

[43] These stars rise in October, and are always attended with rain. They are seated in the constellation Auriga. See Servius. B.

streams, whether on the banks of Po, or by the pleasant Adige[44] two aërial oaks together rise, and shoot up to heaven their unshorn heads, and nod with their towering tops. The Rutulians, soon as they saw a passage, opened, rush in. Forthwith Quercens, Aquicolus graceful in arms, and Tmarus in mind precipitant, and martial Hæmon, with all their troops, either routed turned their backs, or at the very threshold of the gate laid down their lives. Then the hostile minds [within] grow more fierce with rage; and thither now the Trojans flock in thick embodied troops, and dare to encounter hand to hand, and make sallies[45] [on the foe]. To Turnus the leader, in a different quarter raving, and throwing the troops into disorder, intelligence is brought that the enemy rages with fresh slaughter, and had set the gates wide open. He quits his present enterprise, and stirred with hideous rage, rushes forward to the Trojan gate, and the haughty brothers; and first Antiphates (for he presented himself the first), the spurious issue of noble Sarpedon by a Theban mother, with a javelin hurled he overthrows. The Italian shaft[46] flies through the thin air, and, piercing the stomach, sinks deep into his breast; the gaping aperture of the wound emits a foamy tide of black blood, and in his transfixed lungs the steel is warmed. Then Merops, Erymas, and Aphidnus with his hand he stretches on the plain; next Bitias, flashing fire from his eyes, and in soul outrageous; not by a javelin, for to the javelin he would not have resigned his life; but a brandished fiery dart loud hissing flew, like a bolt of thunder shot, which neither the two bulls' hides [which formed his shield], nor his trusty corselet with double scales of gold, were able to sustain: his enormous limbs fall prostrate on the ground. Earth gives a groan, and over him his buckler thunders loud. As on Baia's[47] Eubœan shore there falls at times a rocky pile, which before built of enormous bulk they in the ocean place; thus tumbling headlong it draws ruin with it, and dashed against the shallows, sinks to its rest quite down: the seas are all embroiled,

[44] Adige, the ancient Athesis, a river of Cisalpine Gaul; it rises in the Rhœtian Alps, and falls into the Adriatic.

[45] Such is the sense of "procurrere." See Drakenb. on Silius, vii. 566. B.

[46] Literally "cornel-wood." B.

[47] Baia, a city of Campania, on a small bay west of Naples, and opposite Puteoli, said to have been founded by Baius, a companion of Ulysses.

and the black sands are heaved on high; then at the roaring noise high Prochyta[48] trembles, and Inarime's hard bed, thrown on Typhœus by Jove's command. Here Mars potent in arms inspired the Latins with additional courage and prowess, and deep in their breast plies his sharp goad; and on the Trojans he threw flight and grim terror. [The Latins] from every quarter gather, now that opportunity of a battle is offered, and the warrior god hath fallen upon their minds. Pandarus, soon as he perceives his brother stretched at his length, in what situation their fortune stands, and what an unexpected turn is given to their affairs, hurls the gate with vast force on the turned hinge, shoving it along with his broad shoulders, and leaves many of his friends shut out from the city in the hard combat; but others with himself he incloses, and admits them as they pour forward: infatuate! who did not mark the Rutulian prince amid the troops rushing upon him, or eagerly confined him within the city, as a hideous tiger among the feeble flocks. Instantly an unusual light flashed from his eyes, and his arms sounded dreadful; his flaming crests tremble on his head, and from his shield the gleamy lightning darts. The Trojans suddenly discover his detested face and hideous limbs, and are confounded. Then mighty Pandarus springs out, and, inflamed with rage for his brother's death, addresses him aloud: Not Amata's palace thy promised dowry this, nor is it the heart of Ardea that contains Turnus within his native walls. The hostile camps you see; there is no possibility of your escaping hence. Turnus with mind sedate smiling on him [says]: Begin, if any courage be in thy soul, and hand to hand with me engage; to Priam you shall report that here too you found an Achilles. He said. The other, exerting his utmost force, hurls at him a spear rough with knots and the green rind. The air received the wound; Saturnian Juno interposing turned it aside, and the spear fixes in the gate. But not so this weapon, which my right hand wields with might, shall you escape; for not [so feeble is[49]] he who

[48] Prochyta (Procida), an island of Campania, between the island of Inarime and the coast, Inarime (Ischia), an island near the coast of Campania, with a mountain, under which Jupiter is feigned to have confined the giant Typhœus.

[49] "Is" is here used for "talis," as "hunc" for "talem" in vs. 481. B.

owns the weapon, or who inflicts the wound. Thus he said; and rises to his sword lifted high, and in the middle between the temples, his forehead with the blade cleaves asunder, and [pierces] his beardless cheeks with a hideous wound. A sound ensues; with his mighty weight earth receives a shock. In death he stretches on the ground his stiffening limbs, and arms bespattered with blood and brains; and on this side and that side his head in equal parts from either shoulder hung. In tumultuous consternation the Trojans turning their backs, fly hither and thither; and had the conqueror immediately conceived the thought of tearing away the bolts with his hands, and admitting his comrades by the gates, that day both to the war and [Trojan] race had been the last: but fury and mad desire of slaughter drove him on the foes now full in his view. First Phalaris and Gyges (having smitten on the ham)[50] he catches up; then seizing their spears, darts them into the backs of the fugitives: Juno supplies him with force and courage. He joins Halys their companion [in death], and Phegeus, having transfixed his shield; next Alcander and Halius, Noemon and Prytanis on the walls, unapprised [of his admission], and rousing the martial spirit [of their friends]. Lynceus advancing against him, and calling on his friends, he from the rampart dexterously with his glittering sword assails, straining every nerve: his head, together with the helmet, at one close blow struck off, was laid far off; the next [attacks and kills] Amycus, that destroyer of the savage kind, than whom no one was more skillful to anoint[51] the dart, and arm the steel with poison; and Clytius, a son of Æolus, and Creteus, a friend to the Muses; Creteus, the Muses' companion, who in the song and lyre still took delight, and to adapt poetic numbers to the strings: of steeds, and arms, and combats of heroes he forever sang.

At length the Trojan leaders, Mnestheus and fierce Serestus, apprised of the slaughter of their troops, assemble; and perceive their friends dispersed and the enemy within the city. And Mnestheus calls: Whither, whither next bend ye

[50] The nature of this wound shows that he was flying with the rest, as Anthon observes. Cf. Ovid. Met. viii. 364, "succiso liquerunt poplite nervi." B.

[51] *i. e.* to poison. So "ungere" is used in Hor. Od. ii. 1. Lucan iii. 266. B.

your flight? what other walls, what other fortifications have you now beyond this? Shall one man, O citizens, by ramparts every way hemmed in, spread such vast havoc through the city with impunity? shall he dispatch to Pluto so many of the most illustrious of our youths? Can neither shame nor pity toward your unhappy country, your ancient gods, and great Æneas, touch your recreant breasts? Fired by these words they are fortified [with courage], and in a close body stand firm. Turnus begins by slow degrees to retreat from the fight, and make toward the river, and that part [of the wall] which is bounded by the stream. So much the more keenly the Trojans press upon him with loud acclaim, and form a clustering band: as with annoying darts a troop [of hunters] press on after a fierce lion; while the appalled savage, surly, lowering stern, flinches back; nor rage, nor courage, suffer him to fly; nor can he, for darts and men (though fain indeed he would), make head against them; just so Turnus hovering in suspense backward withdraws his lingering steps; and his soul with rage tumultuous boils. Even then twice had he attacked the enemy in the center; twice along the walls he chased the troops in confusion routed. But [issuing] from the camp in haste, the whole host against him alone combine; nor dares Saturnian Juno supply him with strength against them, for Jupiter sent down from heaven aërial Iris, bearing no mild mandates to his sister, unless Turnus quit the lofty walls of the Trojans. Therefore, neither with his shield nor arm is the youth able to withstand so great a shock: he is so overwhelmed on all hands with showers of darts. With incessant clang the helmet round his hollow temples rings, and the solid arms of brass are riven with battering stones; from his head the plumes are struck off; nor is his buckler's boss sufficient to support the blows: The Trojans, and thundering Mnestheus himself at their head, with spears redouble thrust on thrust. Then all over his body the sweat comes trickling down, and pours a black clammy tide; nor has he power to breathe; languid, panting heave his weary limbs. Then at length in all his arms with a bound he flung himself headlong into the river. He, expanding his yellow bosom, received him at coming up, and upbore him on his peaceful streams; and, having washed away his stains of blood, returned him joyous to his friends.

BOOK X.

In the Tenth Book, Jupiter calls a council of the gods, and attempts in vain a reconciliation between Juno and Venus, who favor the opposite parties. The fight is renewed. Æneas returns and joins battle with the Latins, when Pallas is killed by Turnus, who is saved from the avenging hand of Æneas by the interposition of Juno.

MEANWHILE the palace of all-powerful heaven is opened, and the parent of the gods, the sovereign of men, summons a council into the starry mansion, whence, from aloft, he views all lands, the Trojan camp, and Latin nations. In the abode with its two-valved gates, they take their seats; Jove himself begins: Ye high celestials, why is your purpose backward turned; and why so fiercely do ye with hostile minds contend? It was my will that with the Trojans Italy should not engage in war: what means this dissension against my prohibition? what jealousy hath prompted these or those to pursue hostilities, and rouse the sword? The just time for fight will come (anticipate it not), when hereafter fierce Carthage shall on Roman towers pour down mighty ruin, and the opened Alps: then shall leave be given you to fight with mutual animosities, then to plunder.[1] At present forbear, and cheerfully ratify the destined league. Thus Jupiter briefly said; but bright Venus on the other hand not briefly replies: O Sire, O eternal powers of gods and men! (for what other subsists whom now we can implore?) seest thou how the Rutulians insult, and how Turnus on his steed conspicuous is hurried through the ranks, and swollen with successful war pours along? now not even their fenced bulwarks protect the Trojans; even within the gates, and on the very turrets of the walls, they join battle, and the trenches are deluged with blood. Æneas unwittingly is absent. Will you never suffer them from blockade to be relieved? Once more our enemies, another army too, are hovering over the walls of Troy just rising anew into life; and once more Tydides from Ætolian Arpi[2] rises

[1] *i. e.* to carry on war after the early fashion. Servius well refers this to the "clarigatio," or public challenge offered by the Feciales (see Dict. Antiq.), observing that "Cædere" was equivalent to "res rapere," "satisfacere" to "res reddere." B.

[2] Arpi, called also Argyripa, a city of Apulia in Italy, built by Diomede after the Trojan war.

against the Trojans. I truly believe new wounds are reserved for me;[3] and I, your own progeny, await a contest with a mortal. If without thy permission, and in defiance of thy will, the Trojans have come to Italy, let them atone for their offense; and do not support them with thy aid: but if [they came] in pursuance of so many responses, which powers celestial and infernal both delivered, why now has any one the power to pervert thy commands, or to frame new schemes of fate? What need have I to recall to mind the firing of their fleet on the Sicilian shore? or why the king of storms and his furious winds raised from Æolia, or Iris sent down from the clouds? Now, even to the powers of hell (that quarter of the universe [alone] unsolicited remained) she has recourse; and Alecto, suddenly let loose upon the upper world, infuriate hath roamed through the midst of these Italian cities. For empire I am no further solicitous; these hopes we entertained while fortune was ours; let those prevail whom thou wilt rather have prevail. If there be no spot on earth which thy rigid spouse will vouchsafe to the Trojans, thee I conjure, O father, by the smoking ruins of demolished Troy, permit me to dismiss Ascanius safe from arms; permit my grandchild to survive. For Æneas, truly let him on seas unknown be tossed, and pursue whatever course fortune shall give him: let me but have power to protect the boy, and rescue him from the horrid fray. Amathus is mine: lofty Paphos, and Cythera, and the mansion of Idalia, are mine: here, laying arms aside, let him inglorious spend his days. Command Carthage to rule Ausonia with powerful sway; from him no opposition shall arise to the Tyrian cities. What hath it availed Æneas to escape the ravages of war, and to have fled through the midst of Grecian flames; and to have drained to the dregs so many dangers both by sea and land immense, while the Trojans are in quest of Latium, and of another Pergamus again tottering to its fall? Would it not have been better for them to settle on the last ashes of their country, and the soil where Troy once was? Give back, I pray, to the hapless ones their Xanthus and Simois: and, further, permit the Trojans to struggle once more with the disasters of Troy. Then imperial Juno, stung with fierce rage, thus spoke: Why do you compel me to break my profound

[3] Venus had been previously wounded by Diomede. B.

silence, and by words proclaim my smothered grief? Did any of the gods or human race constrain Æneas to pursue war, and present himself as a foe to king Latinus? He set out for Italy, by the authority of the Fates; I grant it; impelled by Cassandra's mad predictions. Did we advise him to abandon his camp, or to commit his life to the winds? or to trust a boy with the chief administration of the war, or with the city; or [to solicit] the protection of the Tuscan monarch, and embroil nations that were at peace? What god, or what rigid power of mine, urged him to these guileful measures? Where was Juno on this occasion, or Iris, who, [you tell us,] has been dispatched from above? A high indignity, [no doubt,] it is, that the Latins should surround your infant Troy with flames, and that Turnus should settle in his native land; he whose grandsire is Pilumnus,[4] whose mother is the goddess Venilia.[5] What is it then for the Trojans to assault the Latins with the gloomy brand, or to inthrall kingdoms not their own, and bear away the plunder? What is it for them to suborn fathers-in-law, and carry off betrothed spouses from the bosoms [of their plighted lords]? What is it for them to sue for peace like suppliants, while on their ships they displayed the ensigns of war? You can privately convey Æneas from the hands of the Greeks, and in his stead spread before their eyes a misty cloud and empty air: you too can transform his ships into so many nymphs; for us to have aided the Rutulians against him ever so little is a heinous crime. Æneas, [you say,] in ignorance is absent: and absent let him remain in ignorance. Paphos is yours, Idalium also, and lofty Cythera; why then do you solicit a city big with war, and hearts a rough mold? Do we attempt to overturn from its foundation thy frail Phrygian state? is it we? or rather he who to the Greeks exposed the wretched Trojans? Who[6] was the cause that Europe and Asia rose together in arms, and by a perfidious crime violated their league? Was it under my conduct that the Trojan adulterer stormed Sparta? or did I supply him with arms, or foment the war by lust? Then it became you to

[4] Pilumnus, a deity worshiped at Rome, from whom Turnus boasted of being lineally descended.

[5] Venilia, a nymph, sister to Amata, and mother of Turnus by Daunus.

[6] "Quæ" must not be joined with "causa," but taken independently, as is evident from the imitation of Propert. ii. 2, 45, "Olim mirabar, quæ tanti ad Pergama belli Europæ atque Asiæ causa puella fuit." B.

be in fear for your minions; now too late you rise with unjust complaints, and throw out reproaches of no avail. Thus Juno pleaded her cause; and all the celestials murmured out various assent; as when the rising gales, pent in the woods, begin to mutter, and roll along soft whispers, that to mariners betoken approaching winds.

Then the almighty Sire, whose is the chief command of the universe, begins. While he speaks, the sublime mansion of the gods is hushed, and earth from its foundation trembles; the lofty sky is silent; then the zephyrs are still; the sea levels its peaceful surface. Listen, therefore, and fix in your minds these my words: since it is not permitted that with the Trojans the Ausonians be joined in league, and your dissensions receive no end; whatever fortune to-day is for each, whatever hope each cuts out for himself, be he Trojan or Rutulian, I will regard them both without distinction; whether the camp [of the Trojans] be now besieged by the Latins, through the decrees of fate, or in consequence of Troy's fatal error, and inauspicious presages.[7] Nor do I exempt the Rutulians. To each his own enterprise shall procure disaster or success. Sovereign Jove shall be to all the same. The Fates shall take their course. Bowing his head, he confirmed the promise by the streams of his Stygian brother, by the banks that roll with torrents of pitch and black whirlpools, and by his nod made heaven's whole frame to tremble. Here the consultation ended: then Jupiter rises from his golden throne, whom in their center the celestial powers conduct to his palace.

Meanwhile the Rutulians at all the gates are keenly employed in slaughtering the troops, and encompassing the walls with flames. On the other hand, the host of the Trojans within their ramparts are closely shut up; nor have they any hope of escape. Forlorn they stand on the lofty turrets to no purpose, and with thin bands beset the walls. Asius, the son of Imbracus, and Thymœtes, the son of Hicétaon, the two Assaracci, and aged Tybris, with Castor, lead the van: those both the brothers of Sarpedon and Clarus, and Hæmon, from lofty Lycia, accompany. Acmon of Lyrnessus, inferior neither to his father Clytius, nor to his brother Mnestheus,

[7] *i. e.* "or through their wrongly interpreting the uncertain presages which had been sent as a warning." Servius refers the remark to "Cassandræ impulsus furiis" in vs. 68. B.

straining with his whole body, bears a huge rock, no inconsiderable portion of a mountain. Some with darts, some with rocks, strive to defend [the town]; others hurl firebrands, and fit their arrows to the string. Lo, in the midst, Venus' most worthy care, the young prince of Troy, with his comely head uncovered, sparkles like the diamond which divides the yellow gold, an ornament either for the neck or for the head: or as shines the ivory by art enchased by boxwood, or Orician ebony;[8] whose spreading locks his milk-white neck receives, and a circle of ductile gold upbinds. Thee too, O Ismarus, the magnanimous nations saw aiming wounds, and arming thy shafts with poison; [Ismarus,] descended from a noble Lydian family, where the swains till, and Pactolus[9] waters with his golden streams, rich fertile lands. Mnestheus too lent his aid, whom his former glory of having beaten Turnus from the bastion greatly exalts: and Capys: from him the name of the Campanian[10] city is derived. They were mutually engaged in the combats of rugged war: Æneas at midnight was plowing the waves. For soon as having left Evander, entering the Tuscan camp, he repairs to the king, and lays before him his name and nation; informs him what is his demand, what proposals he brings; what troops Mezentius is procuring for himself; the outrageous temper of Turnus; reminds him how little confidence there is in human affairs, and intermixes prayers: no delay ensues. Tarchon joins his forces, and strikes a league. Then to the Lydian nation, disengaged from the restraint of fate, enter the fleet, by order of the gods put under the conduct of a foreign leader. Æneas' galley leads the way, under whose beak are Phrygian lions yoked: Ida towers above, most grateful to the Trojan exiles. Here great Æneas sits, and revolves with himself the various events of war; and Pallas attached to his left side, now questions him of the stars, their path amid the darksome night; now of the sufferings he sustained both by land and sea.

[8] Orician ebony, from Oricum, a town of Epirus in Greece, on the Adriatic.

[9] Pactolus, a river of Lydia in Asia Minor, issuing from Mount Tmolus, and falling into the Hermus below Sardes. The sands of the Pactolus, like those of the Hermus, were mingled with gold.

[10] *i. e.* Capua. B.

Now open Helicon, ye goddesses, and me inspire to sing; what troops meanwhile accompany Æneas from the Tuscan coasts, man his ships, and are borne on the main.

First Massicus in the brazen-beaked Tigris plows the waves, under whom is a band of a thousand youths, who left the walls of Clausium,[11] and who the city Cosæ;[12] whose weapons are arrows and light quivers on their shoulders, and the deadly bow. With him stern Abas goes: his whole squadron with burnished arms, and his stern with a gilded Apollo shone. To him Populonia, his mother-city, had given six hundred youths expert in arms; but Ilva,[13] an island ennobled by inexhaustible mines of steel, three hundred. The third, Asylas, the famed interpreter of gods and men, to whom the fibers of victims, to whom the stars of heaven, are in subjection, and the languages of birds, and the flashes of presaging thunder, pours along his thousand close-ranged in battle-array, and with erect spears. These Pisa,[14] a Tuscan city in its territory, Alphean in origin, to him put in subjection. Astur follows, a most comely hero, Astur confiding in his steed and parti-colored arms. Those who in Cære,[15] who in the plains of Minio[16] dwell, and ancient Pyrgi, and unwholesome Graviscæ, join [with him] three hundred (all have one resolution to follow). Thee, Cycnus,[17] chief of the Lugurians, most valorous in war, I can not pass over; nor thee, Cupavo, by few troops accompanied, on whose crest a swan's plumes arise (your crime was love), the ensign of your father's trans-

[11] Clausium, the ancient Clusium, a town of Etruria, on the banks of the Clanis, where Porsenna was buried.

[12] Cosæ and Populonia, maritime towns of Etruria.

[13] Ilva (Elba), an island of the Tyrrhene Sea, between Italy and Corsica; it was famous for its iron mines. DAVIDSON. Compare Rutil. Itin. i. 351, "Chalybum memorabilis Ilva metallis." B.

[14] Pisa, a town of Etruria, at the mouth of the Arnus, built by a colony from Pisa in Elis.

[15] Cære, a city of Etruria, of which Mezentius was king when Æneas came to Italy.

[16] Minio (Mignone), a river of Etruria, falling into the Tyrrhene Sea. Pyrgi and Graviscæ, maritime towns of Etruria.

[17] Cycnus, a son of Sthenelus, king of Liguria, who was deeply affected at the death of his friend Phaëton, and was metamorphosed into a swan. Phaëton, the son of Phœbus and Clymene, according to the poets, was intrusted by his father with the chariot of the sun for one day, when, by his unskillful driving, he nearly set the world on fire, upon which Jupiter struck him with a thunderbolt, and he fell into the river Po.

formation.[18] For they tell us that Cycnus, while for grief of his beloved Phaëton he sings among the poplar boughs, his sisters' shade, and with music soothes his disconsolate love, [by transformation clothed] with downy plumes, brought upon himself[19] hoary age, leaving the earth, and soaring to the stars with his song. The son, in the fleet accompanying his coeval troops, with ours impels the bulky Centaur: the monster stands on the flood, and reared high threatens the waves with an enormous rock, and with his long keel plows the deep seas. The famed Ocnus[20] too leads on a squadron from his native coasts, son of the prophetic Manto and the Tuscan river [Tiber], who gave thee walls, O Mantua, and his mother's name; Mantua rich in ancestors:[21] but they are not all of one lineage. Three clans to her belong: under each clan are four communities; of those communities she herself is the capital city. The strength [of her inhabitants are] of Tuscan blood. Hence too Mezentius arms five hundred against himself, whom Mincius, sprung from the parent-lake Benacus, crowned with azure reed, conveyed to the sea in hostile ships of pine. The stern Aulestes advances, and, rising [to the stroke], lashes the waves with a hundred oars; the surface overturned, the billows foam. The enormous Triton bears him with his shell-trumpet affrighting the azure floods: whose hairy front, as he swims along, displays a human form down to the waist, his belly terminates in a pristis, under his half-savage breast the foamy surges murmur. So many chosen chiefs in thirty vessels went to the aid of Troy, and plowed with prows of brass the briny plains.

And now day had withdrawn from the heavens, and auspicious Phœbe in her night-wandering car was shaking the mid-region of the sky. Æneas (for anxiety gives not sleep to his limbs) himself, seated at the helm, both steers and manages the sails. And lo! in his mid-course there came up to him a choir of those who were his attendants before, nymphs

[18] Put a comma after "pennæ," taking the words "crimen amor vestrum" in a parenthesis. See Wagner. B.

[19] I have followed Heyne. The whiteness of his plumage made him appear like an aged person. B.

[20] Ocnus, the son of Tiber and Manto, who assisted Æneas against Turnus. He built a town which he called Mantua, after his mother's name.

[21] So Statius Theb. i. 391, "Adrastus dives avis." B.

whom propitious Cybele had appointed to enjoy divinity in the sea, and from ships to become nymphs: with equal motion they swam along,[22] and cut the waves; as numerous as the brazen-beaked vessels which had before been drawn up on the shore. Their king at a distance they descry, and in circling dances him surround: of whom the most accomplished speaker, Cymodocea, following, with her right hand grasps the stern, while with her back she rises [above the flood], and with her left hand gently rows her way along the silent waves. Then him unknowing she thus addresses: Wakest thou, Æneas, offspring of the gods? awake and give your ship full sails. We are the pines of Ida, from that mountain's sacred top [once] thy fleet, now nymphs of the sea. When the perfidious Rutulian pressed us with fire and sword till we were on the brink of ruin, constrained we burst thy cables, and go in quest of thee through the ocean. The mother [of the gods] in pity new-fashioned in form, and permitted us to become goddesses, and to pass our life under the waves. But [know that] the boy Ascanius is blocked up in the wall and trenches, amid darts, and amid the Latins arrayed in all the terrors of Mars. Now the Arcadian horse, united with the valiant Tuscans, have reached the place appointed: It is the determined resolution of Turnus to intercept their march with his troops, that they may not join the camp. Come, arise, and at the approach of morn first command thy troops to arms; and take thy shield, which, of unconquerable might, the god of fire gave to thee, and encircled its borders with gold. To-morrow's sun (if you deem not my words vain) shall behold vast heaps of Rutulian slaughter. She said; and parting, with her right hand shoved forward the lofty stern, not unskillful in the art: the vessel flies along the waves swifter than the javelin, and the arrow that keeps pace with the winds. The rest then speed their course. The Trojan son of Anchises, himself not knowing [the cause], is lost in wonder, yet by the omen raises the spirits of his men. Then surveying the high vault of heaven, he briefly prays: Bounteous parent of the gods, Idæan Cybele, whose dear delight is Dindymus, and turret-bearing cities, and lions yoked in pairs

[22] So Oppian Hal. i. 565, *ἔσσυτο θᾶσσον ὀιστοῦ*. v. 477, *ὁελφὶς δ' ἠὐτ' ὀίστος—κραιπνὰ θέων*. "Modo" refers to the keeping the ship properly poised, while the impulse was given, as is remarked by Anthon. B.

under thy reins, be thou now my leader in the fight; do thou, O goddess, in due form render the omen propitious, and with thy propitious influence aid the Trojans.

This only he said, and meanwhile the day revolved, was now with perfect light advanced, and had chased away the night. First he enjoins his troops to observe the signal, and to dispose their minds for arms, and prepare themselves for the combat. And now he has the Trojans and his camp in view, standing on his lofty deck. Then next on his left arm he raised aloft his flaming buckler. The Trojans from their walls raise acclamations to the stars. Additional hope rouses up their fury. Darts from their hands they hurl: as under the gloomy clouds Strymonian cranes give the signal, and swim along the skies with din, and from the south winds with joyous clamor fly. But to the Rutulian prince and Ausonian leaders this seemed amazing; till looking back they observed the fleet turned toward the shore, and the whole channel of the river gliding along with vessels. The tufted helmet on his head blazes, and from the top of his crest a flame is poured forth, and the golden boss of his buckler darts copious fires; just as when in a clear night the sanguine comets baleful glare; or, as Sirius, that blazing star, when he brings droughts and diseases on sickly mortals, rises and saddens the sky with inauspicious light. Yet daring Turnus dropped not his bold purpose to preoccupy the shore, and, as they approached, beat them from the land. Then eagerly addressing his men, he raises their courage, and briskly chides their fears:[23] That which you ardently wished is come, by dint of valor to crush [the foe]; Mars, himself, brave men, is in your power.[24] Now each man be mindful of his wife and home; now let him reflect on the mighty deeds, the glory of his ancestors. Let us of ourselves make head against them by the stream, while they are in disorder, and their first steps at landing stagger. Fortune assists the daring. He said, and ponders within himself whom to lead against [the enemy], or to whom he may instrust the siege of the town.

Meanwhile Æneas by bridges lands his troops from their lofty ships. Many watched the retreat of the ebbing sea, and

[23] There seems little doubt that this line is a spurious introduction from Æn. ix. 127. B.

[24] *i. e.* you can bring them to an open fight. B.

with a spring committed themselves to the shallows; others row themselves ashore. Tarchon having surveyed the strand where there is no surf,[25] and where no dashing wave remurmurs, but the sea unbroken glides along with the swelling tide, suddenly turns hither his prow, and addresses his associates: Now, my select band, ply the sturdy oars; push briskly, urge on your vessels; cleave with your beaks this hostile soil, and let the keel plow a way for itself. Nor shall I refuse to dash my ship in pieces in such a port, if we but once seize the land. Which as soon as Tarchon thus had said, his mates rose to their oars at once. And full on the Latin coast their foaming galleys bear, till the beaks rest on the dry dock, and all the keels without harm are moved: but not so thy vessel, Tarchon; for while against the shallows dashed she hangs on the fatal ridge, long balanced in suspense, and tires the waves, she is staved, and exposes the crew in the midst of the waves; whom fragments of oars and floating benches embarrass, while the tide retreating draws back their steps.

Then no supine delay withholds Turnus; but impetuous he hurries on his whole host against the Trojans, and on the shore ranges them full opposite. They sound the alarm. Æneas first attacked the rustic troops, an omen[26] of the fight; and routed the Latins, having slain Theron, their giant chief, who boldly makes up to Æneas: through the brazen texture [of his buckler], and through his tunic rough[27] with gold, he with the sword drains[28] his transfixed side. Next he smites Lycas, who was cut out of his mother when dead, and to thee, O Phœbus, devoted, because in infancy he was permitted to escape the perilous chances of steel.[29] Not far onward he

[25] But others read "sperat" for "spirant." B.

[26] Servius observes: "*omen*, quia, sicut nunc, sic ubique vincet Æneas." B.

[27] Or "dull to the view." Anthon. But I prefer the explanation of Gellius ii. 6, "significat copiam densitatemque auri in summarum speciem intexti." B.

[28] *i. e.* "drinks the blood from his side." But it may also be taken as equivalent to "transfodit." Servius observes: "cum enim a latere quis aliquem adortus gladio occidit, *hausit illum* dicunt." So Ovid Met. v. 126, "Herenti latus haurit Abas." Silius i. 392, "Et rapto nudum clypeo latus haurit Iliberi." B.

[29] Such children were consecrated to Apollo. See Servius. B.

overthrows in death hardy Cisseus, and gigantic Gyas, as they were felling the troops with clubs. Neither the weapons of Hercules, nor their strength of arm, aught availed them; nor did they profit by having Melampus for their father, the companion of Alcides, as long as earth supplied him with toilsome labors. Lo, at Pharus hurling a javelin, he fixes it full in his bawling mouth, while he vaunts dastardly speeches. Thou, too, Cydon (while thou hapless art pursuing Clytius, thy new charmer, shading his cheeks with the first yellow down), overthrown by the Trojan arm, regardless of those loves which thou ever didst entertain for boys, hadst lain an object of compassion, had not a band of brothers, the progeny of Phorcus, in close array made head against him: seven in number, and seven darts they fling; part from his helm and shield ineffectual rebound; part just grazing on his skin indulgent Venus turned aside. Æneas thus bespeaks his trusty Achates: Supply me with darts (not one against the Rutulians shall my right hand hurl in vain), [of those] which on the Trojan plains once stood in the bodies of the Greeks.[30] Then he grasps at once and tosses a mighty spear; it flying pierces through the brazen plates of Mæon's shield, and his cuirass together with his breast transfixes. To him comes up his brother Alcanor, and with his right hand sustains his falling brother; piercing whose arms the darted spear flies straightly on, and drenched in blood, holds on its course; and from the shoulder by the nerves the arm hung lifeless. Then Numitor, from his brother's body having snatched a javelin, aims it at Æneas: but to him it is not permitted in his turn to transfix [the hero], and it grazed on the thigh of great Achates. Here Clausus of Cures, confiding in his youthful person, comes up, and wounds Dryops at a distance with a rigid spear, under his chin with force driven home; and, transfixing his throat while the word is in his mouth, at once of speech and life bereaves him: but he with his front beats the ground, and at his mouth disgorges clotted blood. Three Thracians, too, of Boreas' exalted line, and three whom their father Idas and Ismara their parent soil sent, by various fate he overthrows. Halæsus runs up, and the Auruncian bands; Messapus, too, the son of Neptune, with his steeds conspicuous comes up: now these, now those,

[30] Which had been plucked from the bodies of the slain. B.

strive to beat off each other. In the very confines of Ausonia the contest rages. As in the spacious sky jarring winds with equal rage and force raise war; nor they to one another, nor clouds, nor sea, [on either side] give way: long is the combat dubious; all things stand struggling against each other: just so the Trojan and the Latin hosts encounter; foot to foot is fixed, and man to man closely joined. But in another quarter, where the torrent had far and wide dispersed whirling stones, and thickets uptorn from the banks, as soon as Pallas saw the Arcadians, unused to combat on foot, turning their backs to Latinum fierce in the pursuit, since the rugged nature of the ground induced them to let go their steeds; now with entreaty, now with bitter expostulation (the sole expedient left in this distress), he rouses their valor: Whither, my fellow-soldiers, do you fly? By yourselves and your own gallant deeds, by the name of Evander your chief, by the battles you have won, and by my hopes, which now, emulating my father's glory, trust not to your heels. With the sword you must burst a passage through your foes, where that globe of men in thickest array press on us: this way your ennobled country calls you and Pallas your leader. They are not gods who pursue us: mortal ourselves, by a mortal foe are we urged: to us as many souls, as many hands, [as to them] belong. Lo! the ocean with his immense barrier of sea hems us in: now land too is wanting for us to fly to: whither, into the deep, or for Troy, shall we bend our course? He said, and into the midst of thick-embodied foes bursts a way. Him Lagus first opposes impelled by his inauspicious fate; him, while he is tugging a stone of enormous weight, he transfixes with a whirled lance, where along the middle [of the back] the spine divided the ribs; and forces away the spear fast sticking in the bones: whom, [while thus employed,] Hisbon fails in striking from above, though this, indeed, he hoped; for, as he rushes on unguarded, while, by the cruel death of his companion, he is driven to madness, Pallas surprises him first, and buries the sword in his swollen lungs. Next Sthenelus he attacks, and, of the ancient race of Rhœtus, Anchemolus, who dared to violate, by incest, his step-dame's bed. In the Rutulian plains, likewise, you twin-brothers fell, Laridus and Thymber, Daucus' exactly similar offspring, undistinguished by your own parents, and [the objects of] their

pleasing error. But now Pallas on you fixed cruel marks of distinction; for from thee, O Thymbras, the Evandrian blade lopped off the head; and thy dismembered hand, O Laridus, seeks for thee its owner; the dying fingers quiver, and gripe once more the steel. Against their foes mixed indignation and shame arm the Arcadians fired by this warning, and viewing the hero's glorious deeds. Then Pallas transfixes Rhœteus flying across [him] in his chariot. This gave Ilus space [to live], and just so long respite: for at Ilus he had aimed from far the sturdy spear; which Rhœtus coming between intercepts, as thee he flies, most valiant Teuthras, and thy brother Tyres; and, rolled from his chariot, half-dead, he spurns the Rutulian fields. And, as in summer, the winds having risen to his wish, the shepherd lets loose scattered fires among the woods; in a trice Vulcan's squadrons, having seized the intermediate trees, are at once extended in horrid array over all the spacious plains; victorious he sits viewing the triumphant flames: just so the whole valor of thy troops in one combines, and supports thee, O Pallas. But Halæsus, fierce in war, advances against the hostile bands, and within the covert of his arms himself collects. Ladon, Pheres, and Demodocus he knocks down; from Strymonius with his shining blade he strikes off the right hand raised against his throat; with a rock he batters Thoas' front, and scatters the bones mingled with bloody brains. His father in the woods had concealed Halæsus, presaging his fate. Soon as the aged sire in death relaxed his aged eyes, the Destinies laid hands on him, and devoted him to the arms of Evander, whom Pallas approaches, first addressing his prayer thus: Grant now, O father Tiber, to this missile steed I poise, success, and a passage through the breast of stern Halæsus; so shall thy oak possess these arms and spoils of the hero. To this address the god gave ear; while Halæsus screened Imaon, in an unhappy hour he exposes his defenseless breast to the Arcadian dart. But Lausus, no small portion of the war, suffers not his troops to be dispirited by the vast havoc which the hero made. First Abas to him opposed he kills, the knot and stay[31] of the battle. Down drop Arcadia's sons, down drop the Tuscans, and

[31] "Nodum" is a metaphor derived from the difficulty with which knots are unfastened. On "mora" compare Silius i. 479, "Romani belli mora." So Senec. Ag. 211. Troad. 124. Phœn. 458. B.

you, ye Trojans, frames undestroyed by the Greeks. Both hosts in encounter join, with leaders and with forces equal; those in the rear press on the ranks before; nor does the throng leave room to wield their hands or weapons. Here Pallas drives on and urges the attack; there, in opposition to him, Lausus; nor is there great difference in their ages; in comeliness they are distinguished; but their return to their country fortune had denied. Yet he who reigns in heaven supreme permitted not that with each other they should engage; their destiny awaits them soon from a superior foe.

Meanwhile Turnus, who through the midst of the host in his fleet chariot cuts his way, his gentle sister warns to fly to Lausus' relief. Soon as his friends he viewed, [he exclaimed], It is time to desist from battle: against Pallas I alone am bound: to me alone is Pallas doomed: would to heaven his sire himself were spectator. He said; and from the plain the troops at his command retired. But the youth, struck with the retreat of the Rutulians, and the imperious orders, gazes on Turnus with astonishment; over his huge body he rolls his eyes, and with ferocious visage all the man aloof surveys. Then with these words in return to the tyrant's speech moves up: Now, or by bearing away triumphal spoils, or by illustrious death, shall I be signalized. For either chance my sire is equal. Away with your threatenings. This said, he advances into the middle of the plain. Round the Arcadian hearts the cold blood congeals. Down from his chariot Turnus sprang; on foot prepares to meet him hand to hand. And as a lion, when from his lofty place of observation he hath espied a bull standing on the plains aloof, meditating the fight, flies up to him; such is the image of Turnus rushing [to the combat]. Soon as Pallas supposed him to be within reach of the darted lance, he makes the first advance with strength unequal, [trying] if fortune by any means will aid his bold enterprise; and thus to the lofty heavens himself addresses: By my father's hospitality, and those boards which thou his guest didst visit, Alcides, aid, I thee implore, my arduous attempt: may the dying eyes of Turnus behold me strip him expiring of his bloody armor, and let his dying eyes endure the sight of a victorious foe. Alcides heard the youth, and deep in the bottom of his heart a heavy groan suppresses, and pours forth unavailing tears. Then the Sire with these kind words his son be-

speaks: To every one his day is fixed: a short and irretrievable term of life is given to all: but by deeds to lengthen out fame, this is virtue's task. Under the lofty walls of Troy so many sons of gods have fallen: with them even Sarpedon, my own offspring, fell; Turnus too his destiny calls, and to the utmost verge of life he is arrived. He said; and from the fields of the Rutulians he averts his eye.

But Pallas with mighty force hurls the spear, and from the hollow scabbard tears his shining blade. The weapon flying lighted where the armor rises high on the shoulder, and, opening a way through the extremity of the shield, at length too on the great body of Turnus grazed. At this, Turnus, long poising a javelin tipped with sharpened steel, darts it at Pallas, and thus speaks: See whether ours be not the more penetrating dart. He said; and with a quivering stroke the point pierces through the mid-shield, through so many plates of iron, so many of brass, while the bull's hide so many times encompasses it, and through the corselet's cumbrous folds transfixes his breast with a hideous gash.[32] He in vain wrenches out the reeking weapon from the wound: at one and the same passage the blood and soul issue forth. Down on his wound he falls: over him his armor gave a clang; and in death with bloody jaws he bites the hostile ground. Whom Turnus bestriding, says, Ye Arcadians, to Evander faithfully these my words record: in such plight as he deserved I send his Pallas back. Whatever honor is in a tomb, whatever solace is in interment, I freely give him. His league of friendship with Æneas shall cost him not a little. And thus having spoken, he pressed with his left foot the breathless corpse, tearing away his belt's enormous weight, and the horrid story with which it was embossed (in one nuptial night a band of youths barbarously murdered, and their bridal beds bathed in blood),[33] which Clonus, Eurytion's son, had carved in abundant gold: in which spoil Turnus now triumphs, and exults in the possession. How blind is the mind of man to fate and future events! how unwilling to practice moderation, and how with prosperity elated! The time will come when Turnus shall wish that it had been purchased at a dear price, that Pallas had not been touched, and when these spoils and this day he shall detest. But Pallas,

[32] Servius, and I think more correctly, refers "ingens" to "cuspis." B.
[33] *i. e.* the story of the daughters of Danaus. B.

stretched on his shield, a numerous retinue of his friends, with many a groan and tear, back convey. O thou that art about to return to thy parent, his grief and ample glory both! This day first gave thee to the war, the same snatches thee away; yet after thou hast left vast heaps of Rutulians.

And now not mere rumor, but an unquestionable voucher of so great disaster flies to Æneas; that his friends were on the verge of utter ruin, that it was high time to succor the flying Trojans. With his sword he mows down whatever was near him, and with the steel impetuous forces a wide passage through the host, in quest of thee, O Turnus, proud of thy recent slaughter. Pallas, Evander, all are full before his eyes; the first banquets in which then a guest he joined, and their plighted right hands. Here four youths, the progeny of Sulmo, and as many more whom Ufens bred, alive he snatches; whom as victims he may offer to the shade [of Pallas], and drench with their captive blood the flames of his funeral pile. Next, when at Magus he aimed from afar his hostile lance, he artfully stoops, and over his head the quivering javelin flies; and embracing his knees, him suppliant he thus addresses: By my father's manes, and the hopes of thy rising son Iülus, I implore thee, spare this life,[31] both for a son and for a father's sake. A stately mansion I possess; talents of silver embossed lie deep-lodged under ground; masses of wrought and unwrought gold I have; it is not upon this that the victory of the Trojans turns: one life will not so great a difference make. He said; to whom Æneas thus, on the other hand, replies: Those many talents of gold and silver you mention, reserve for your sons: those mutual stipulations of war Turnus first cancelled from the moment Pallas was slain. So [thinks] the manes of my sire Anchises, so thinks Iülus. This said, he grasps his helmet with his left hand, and bowing back his neck, as he begged for mercy, plunged [in his throat] his sword up to the hilt. Not far on Æmonides, the priest of Phœbus and Diana, whose temples a miter with holy fillets bound, in his robe and burnished armor all refulgent: him encountering he drives along the plain, and standing over him fallen, offers him a victim, and covers him with the deep shades [of death]. Serestus, gathering up his arms, bears them on

[31] A Greek expression. Herodot. viii. 118, ἔσωσε βασιλῆος τὴν ψυχήν. So Juvenal vi. 653, "Morte viri cupient animam servare catellæ." B.

his shoulders as a trophy to thee, king Mars. Cæculus, born of Vulcan's race, and Umbro, who came from the Marsian mountains, renew the fight. The Trojan prince burns with fury against them. Anxur's left arm and his buckler's whole circumference he with his sword had struck off. Some mighty spell he had pronounced, and imagined there would be virtue in the word; perhaps he was exalting his soul to heaven with vain hopes, and had proposed himself gray hairs and length of years. On the other hand, Tarquitus, whom to sylvan Faunus the nymph Dryope bore, in his refulgent arms exulting, to the incensed hero himself opposed. He, darting a spear with full force, renders his corselet and buckler's vast bulk useless for defense: then strikes down to the ground his head as he begs in vain, and seeks to plead much; and, tumbling the warm trunk, over it pronounces these words from his hostile breast: There now, thou dreaded one, lie. Thee in the earth no dearest mother shall lodge, nor in thy native soil load thy limbs with a grave; to birds of prey thou shalt be left; or sunk in the deep, the waves shall bear thee down, and hungry fishes suck thy wounds. Forthwith Antæus and Lycas, Turnus' foremost leaders, he pursues, and valiant Numa, and Camers of yellow locks, from magnanimous Volscens sprung; who of all Ausonia's sons was richest in land estate, and over Amyclæ, the city of silence,[35] reigned. As Ægæon who, they say, had a hundred arms and a hundred hands, and flashed fire from fifty mouths and breasts; when against the thunderbolts of Jove he on so many equal bucklers clashed, unsheathed so many swords: just so the victorious Æneas wreaked his fury all over the plain, when once his pointed steel was warmed [with blood], even against the four harnessed steeds of Niphæus and their chests opposed he advances: but, as soon as from far they saw him marching up, and breathing dire revenge, with affright wheeling about, and rushing back, they tumble out the chief, and whirl the chariot to the shore. Meanwhile Lucagus, in his chariot drawn by two white steeds, flings himself into the midst, as also his brother Liger: but with the reins his brother guides the steeds: fierce Lucagus flourishes the naked sword. Æneas could not pa-

[35] It had been deserted by the inhabitants, in consequence of the serpents that infested it. So Wagner. Heyne refers the epithet to its Laconian extraction. See Servius. B.

tiently see them raging with such impetuosity: on he rushed, and majestic stood before them with his lance opposed. To whom Liger [said], You see not here the steeds of Diomede, nor the chariot of Achilles, or the plains of Troy: now on this ground shall a period to the war and thy life be given. Such words from raving Liger fly: but somewhat instead of words the Trojan hero in return prepares; for against his foe a javelin he hurls. As Lucagus stooping forward to the lash with a dart urged his yoked steeds, while with his left foot thrown out before he prepares himself for the fight; the spear passes through the lowest border of his shining buckler, then pierces his left groin: tossed from the chariot in the pangs of death he wallows; whom pious Æneas in bitter terms addresses: Lucagus, it is not the slowness of thy steeds in flight thy chariot hath betrayed, nor have empty shadows turned them from the foe: thyself springing from the wheels, desertest the chariot. Thus having said, he seized the steeds. His hapless brother, leaping down from the same car, stretched forth his defenseless hands: By thy own self, O Trojan hero, by the parents who begot thee thus illustrious, spare this life, and pity a wretch who begs for mercy. To whom, pleading at greater length, Æneas: It was not language like this you lately uttered: die, and brother desert not brother. Then with the pointed steel he discloses his breast, the latent seat of the soul.[35] Such havoc made the Trojan chief over the field, raging like an impetuous flood or gloomy whirlwind. At length the boy Ascanius and the youth, in vain blocked up, sally forth and quit the camp.

Meanwhile Jupiter, of his own free motion, thus addresses Juno: My sister, and my dearest consort both! it is Venus, as you alleged, who supports the Trojan powers: nor does your judgment deceive you; no active hands for war have the men themselves, no souls courageous or patient of danger. To whom Juno, all submission, [says,] My spouse, in whom all beauty dwells, why dost thou tease me oppressed with anguish, and dreading thy severe mandates? Had I that influence over your affection which once I had, and which it became me to have, thou the Omnipotent couldst not surely refuse me this; that I might have it in my power both to res-

[35] Davidson has happily anticipated the explanation of Jacobs, regarding "latebras animæ" as in opposition with "pectus," not vice versa. B.

cue Turnus from the fight, and preserve him in safety for his father Daunus. Now let him die, and glut the vengeance of the Trojans with his pious blood; yet from our stock he derives his name, and Pilumnus is his father in the fourth degree: and often with liberal hand and many offerings has he heaped thy courts. To whom the sovereign of the ethereal heaven thus briefly speaks: If you plead for a respite from present death, and a breathing-time to the short-lived youth, and if it be thy will that I should settle it thus; bear off Turnus by flight, and save him from impending fate. Thus far to indulge thee is allowed. But if any higher favor be couched under these petitions, and you imagine that the whole face of the war is to be shifted or reversed, you feed yourself with empty hopes. To whom Juno [replies] with tears: What if thou shouldst grant with thy heart what in words thou declinest, and this life to Turnus were to be continued fixed? Now a woeful end awaits the guiltless youth, or vain are my pretensions to the truth: but oh that I may rather be with groundless fears misled, and that thou, to whom the power belongs, mayest alter thy purposes for the better!

When she had pronounced these words, forthwith she shot down from the lofty sky arrayed in a cloud, driving storm and tempest through the air; and sought the Trojan army and Latin camp. Then of a hollow cloud, strange monster to behold! the goddess, in the shape of Æneas, dresses up in Trojan armor an airy powerless phantom, and imitates to the life both his shield and the crested helmet of his divine head; gives it empty words, and gives it sound without sense, and counterfeits his gait as he walks; such as those forms which after death are said to flutter about, or those dreams which mock the slumbering senses. But the phantom frisky exults before the foremost ranks, and the hero with darts provokes, and with the tongue defies: on whom Turnus presses, and at a distance hurls a hissing spear: the specter, wheeling about, turned its steps. But then, as soon as Turnus imagined that Æneas with his back turned was giving ground, and boisterous in soul drank in vain hope, [he cried out,] Æneas, whither dost thou fly? Desert not thy plighted nuptials: by this right hand shall the settlement be given you in quest of which you have traversed the seas. Thus vociferating, he pursues him, and brandishes his naked sword; nor sees that the winds bear his joys away.

By chance there stood a ship adjoining to the margin of a steep rock with extended ladders, and a bridge prepared, in which king Osinius had been wafted from the Clusian shores. Hither in fearful haste the image of Æneas flying throws itself into a hiding-place: and Turnus with no less speed pursues; surmounts all obstacles, and overleaps the lofty bridges. Scarcely had he reached the prow, when Saturnia bursts the cable, and over the rolling waves hurries the vessel torn away from the shore. But him absent Æneas with impatience to the combat seeks; and many a hero whom he meets on the way he dispatches to the shades below. Then the fleeting image now no further concealment seeks, but soaring aloft blended itself with a dusky cloud; when in the mean time the whirlwind drives Turnus on the mid-ocean. Back he casts his eyes quite at a loss, and thankless for his preservation, and both hands to heaven he raises with his voice: Almighty Father, couldst thou judge me worthy of such criminal shame, and appoint me to suffer such punishment? Whither am I borne? Whence am I come? What ignominious flight carries me off, and in what disgrace will it bring me back? Shall I again venture to behold the walls of Laurentum, or the Ausonian camp? What will that band of warriors [say], who followed me and my arms, and whom, O foul impiety! I abandoned in horrible death? And now I see them straggling, and hear the groans of the falling. What can I do? or what earth will now yawn deep enough for me? Or rather, on me, ye winds, have pity; on rocks, on crags (I Turnus heartily entreat you) drive my vessel, and fling it on the cruel shelves of quicksands, whither neither the Rutulians nor conscious fame may follow me. So saying, now hither, now thither, he fluctuates in his soul, whether frantic he shall sheathe the pointed steel in his bosom on account of such a flagrant disgrace, and through his sides drive home the cruel sword, or throw himself into the midst of the waves, by swimming seek the winding shore, and rush again amid the Trojan arms. Thrice he essayed either expedient: thrice mightiest Juno restrained, and pitying him from her soul checked the youth. He glides away, cutting the deep, with prosperous wind and tide, and is wafted to the ancient city of his father Daunus.

Meanwhile, by Jove's suggestion, furious Mezentius succeeds [him] in the fight, and assaults the Trojans flushed with success. The Tuscan troops rush on him at once, and with

all their rage and darts following press on him, on him alone. He [stands firm] as a rock that projects into the vast ocean, obnoxious to the fury of the winds, and exposed to the main, and endures all the violence and threatenings of the sky and sea, itself remaining unmoved. He stretches on the ground Hebrus, the son of Dolicaon, with him Latagus and fugitive Palmus; but to Latagus with a rock and vast fragment of a mountain he gives a preventing blow on his jaws and adverse face: Palmus hamstrung he suffers to roll inactive; and gives Lausus[37] to wear his armor on his shoulders, and on his helmet's top to fix his plumes. Evas the Phrygian too [he overthrows], and Mimas, the companion of Paris, and his equal in age; whom Theano brought forth to his father Amycus in the same night that queen Hecuba, the daughter of Cisseus, pregnant with a firebrand, bore Paris: he in his native city buried lies, while the Laurentine coast possesses Mimas unknown. And as a huge[38] boar by baying hounds pursued from the high mountains (while pine-bearing Vesulus[39] had sheltered for many years, and the lake of Laurentum), that in the reedy wood had fed, makes a stand soon as he has arrived among the toils, ferocious roars aloud, and bristles up his shoulders: nor has any one the courage to venture boldly or approach near him, but aloof they ply him with darts and shouts secure from harm:[40] undaunted, however, he resists their attacks on every side, gnashing his tusks, and shakes the lances from his back: in the same manner, of those whom just rage against Mezentius fires, not one has spirit to encounter him with the naked sword; at a distance they gall him with missile weapons and loud clamor. From the ancient coasts of Corytus had Acron come, a Grecian, who deserted [to Æneas], leaving his nuptials unconsummated: him when from far Mezentius saw breaking through the midst of the ranks, gayly arrayed in the plumes and purple favors of his be-

[37] Lausus, a son of king Mezentius, killed by Æneas. Mimas, a Trojan, son of Amycus and Theano, and the intimate friend of Paris. He accompanied Æneas to Italy, and was slain by Mezentius.

[38] "Antiqui *ille*, vel magnitudini, vel nobilitati adsignabant." SERVIUS. See, however, Anthon's note. B.

[39] Vesulus (Viso), a large mountain in the range of the Alps, between Liguria and Gaul, where the Po takes its rise.

[40] Compare Silius v. 442, "propioremque addere Martem Haud ausum cuiquam, laxo ceu bellua campo Incessebatur tutis ex agmine telis." B.

trothed spouse; as a famished lion that often ranges over the lofty stalls, (for maddening hunger prompts him), if by chance he espies a timorous goat, or stag conspicuous for stately horns, exults yawning hideously, rears his hair on end, and couching down over [his prey], fast to the entrails clings, black gore laves his ravenous jaws: thus Mezentius rushes with alacrity on the embodied foes. Ill-fated Acron is overthrown, and expiring spurns with his heels the tawny ground, and with his blood besmears the broken lance. The same deigned not to cut off Orodes as he fled, or with the darted spear to give him a wound unseen: but, overtaking him, he confronted face to face, and encountered man to man; superior not in stratagem, but valiant arms. Then, trampling on him overthrown, and resting on his lance, [he says]: Friends, stately Orodes lies no mean portion of the war. His associates in acclamation join, repeating the joyful pæan. But he expiring [says]: Whoever thou art, not over me unrevenged, nor long shalt thou victorious rejoice; thee too like destiny awaits, and soon shalt thou on these same fields be stretched. To whom Mezentius, smiling with a mixture of indignation, [replied]: Now die; but of me let the father of gods and king of men dispose. So saying, he from the body outdrew the dart. Cruel slumbers and the iron sleep of death press down his eyes; his eyes are sealed in everlasting night.[41] Cædicus slays Alcathous, Sacrator, Hydaspes, Rapo Parthenius, and Orses extremely robust in strength; Messapus [kills] Clonius, and Ericetes the Lycaonian; the one by a fall from his unruly steed thrown on the ground; the other on foot himself on foot [assailed: against him] Lycian Agis too had stepped forth; but him Valerius, not lacking of the valor of his ancestors, overthrows: Anthronius by Salius falls, and Salius by Nealces, skilled in the javelin and far-deceiving arrow. Now stern Mars equaled the distresses and mutual deaths: the victors and the vanquished equally slew, and equally fell: nor these, nor those, know what it is to fly. In the courts of Jove the gods compassionate the fruitless rage of both, and [seem to lament] that such toils are appointed to mortals. On the one side Venus, on the other Saturnian Juno sits spectator. Pale Tisiphone in the midst of thousands wreaks her fury.

[41] I almost prefer the ablative, as in Ovid Ep. x. 113. See Burm. on Propert. ii. 10, 17. B.

But now Mezentius all turbulent and boisterous advances in the field, brandishing his massy spear; as huge Orion, when on foot he marches, cutting his way through the vast watery fields of the mid-ocean, with his shoulder overtops the waves; or, conveying an aged ash from the high mountains, stalks on the ground, and hides his head among the clouds; just so Mezentius in vast armor strides along. Him on the other hand Æneas, having descried him in the long battalion, prepares to encounter. He unterrified remains expecting his magnanimous foe, and stands firm in his own vast mass of frame; and, measuring with his eye as much space as his javelin could reach, [says,] Now let this right hand, my god, and the missile weapon[42] which I poise, be my aid; I vow that you, my own Lausus, shall be clad in the spoils torn from the pirate's body, the trophy of Æneas. He said, and hurled from afar the hissing dart: but the winged dart is by the shield flung off, and deep pierces illustrious Antores between the side and flank; Antores, the attendant of Hercules, who from Argos sent had joined Evander, and settled in his Italian city. He falls, unhappy, by another's wound, looks up to heaven, and in death remembers his beloved Argos. Then pious Æneas darts his spear: through the concave orb of triple brass, through the linen folds, and the work with three bulls' hides[43] interwoven, it made way, and settled low down in the groin; but had spent its force. Instantly Æneas, overjoyed at seeing the Tuscan blood, snatches his sword from his thigh, and darts impetuous on his confused foe. Lausus, soon as he saw it, heaved a deep groan in fond pity to his beloved sire, and the tears came trickling down his cheeks. Here be assured I shall not pass in silence either thee, praiseworthy youth, or the catastrophe of thy piteous death, or thy deeds, thou best of sons, if any future age will give credit to an act so noble. The father, drawing back his steps, quite disabled and encumbered, gave ground, and in his buckler trailed the hostile spear. The youth sprang forward, and flung himself amid the armed troops; and stood under the

42 See my note on Æsch. Sept. c. Th. p. 51, ed. Bohn. B.

43 Observe the metaphor by which the animal itself is put for its hide. Lucan iv. 133, "cæsoque induta juvenco." Statius Theb. "clipeum vestisse juvenco." B.

point of Æneas' sword, just as he was rising with his arm, and fetching the stroke; and keeping him awhile at bay, sustained the shock. His friends second him with loud acclamation, till, by the target of the son protected, the father withdrew; fling showers of darts, and at a distance repel the foe with missile weapons. Æneas storms, and keeps himself under covert [of his shield]. And as, if at times the clouds in a drift of hail rush down, every laboring hind flies from the fields away, and every swain, and the traveler lurks in some secure retreat, either on the banks of a river, or in the cleft of a high rock, the shower be overblown, that on the earth, when the sun returns, they may be able to pursue the labors of the day: just so Æneas, with darts from every quarter overwhelmed, sustains the whole storm of war, till the thunder spends its rage; and chides Lausus, and threatens him thus: Whither dost thou rush to thy own destruction, and why dost thou attempt what exceeds thy strength? Thy pious duty blindfolds thee unguarded. He infatuated still braves [the hero] no less. And now the fierce wrath of the Trojan leader rises to a greater height, and the Destinies to Lausus collect the last threads [of life]; for Æneas through the middle of his body plunges his mighty sword into the youth, and buries it to the hilt.[44] The pointed steel pierced both through the thin shield, the light armor of the vaunting youth, and the vest, which with soft thread of gold his mother had spun; and the blood filled his bosom: then to the shades his soul fled mourning through the air, and left the body. But soon as the offspring of Anchises saw his visage and dying looks, his looks wondrously pale, in pity he drew a heavy groan, and stretched forth his hand; and the image of his filial pity touched his soul. Lamented youth, what recompense for those virtues, what honor becoming so great excellence, shall pious Æneas on thee now confer? Thy arms, wherein thou rejoiced, still retain: and to the manes and ashes of thy parents, if that be any object of thy care, I resign thee. Yet, hapless one, with this thou shalt solace thy wretched death; by the hand of great Æneas thou fallest.[45]

[44] "Totum" seems equivalent to "capulo tenus." B.

[45] Compare Ovid Met. viii. 7, "Magnaque dat nobis tantus solatia victor." B.

Then straight he chides his lingering followers, and from the ground raises up the youth, with his blood marring his locks in comely order dressed.

Meanwhile the father at the stream of the river Tiber stanched his wounds with water,[46] and gave a more easy posture to his body, leaning on the trunk of a tree. From the boughs apart his brazen helmet hangs, and his unwieldy arms rest on the mead. Chosen youths around him stand; himself faint, panting for breath, eases his drooping neck, having spread on his breast a length of waving beard. Of Lausus he incessantly inquires, and many messengers he sends again and again to recall him [from the fight], and bear to him the orders of his afflicted father. But his weeping friends were carrying lifeless Lausus on their arms, a mighty corpse, and with mighty wound overthrown.[47]

The ill-boding mind [of Mezentius] at a distance understood their groans. His hoary locks with vile dust he deforms, to heaven stretches both his hands, and fast to the body clings: O my son, was I with such fond desire of life possessed, to suffer him whom I begot to substitute himself for me to the foe's right hand? by these wounds of thine am I thy father saved, living by thy death? Alas! now at length on wretched me my exile heavy lies, now a wound is driven deep home. I too, my son, the same have by my guilt sullied thy fame, for odious misdeeds driven from my throne and paternal scepter. It is I that to my country owed satisfaction, and to the odium of my subjects ought to have forfeited my guilty life by every kind of death. And still I live: nor yet from men and light withdraw: but I will withdraw. Then with these words he raises himself on his maimed thigh; and, though the violent smart of the deep wound retards him, yet, not cast down, he orders his courser to be brought. This was his glory, this his solace; by this he came off victorious in all his wars. The sympathizing animal he bespeaks, and thus begins: Long, Rhœbus, have we lived, if aught can be said to subsist long with mortals. To-day you shall either victorious bear away the head of Æneas, and those spoils all

[46] That this was the customary treatment, we learn from Celsus v. 26. Athenæus ii. 4. B.

[47] So Silius v. 524, "Interea exanimem mœsti super arma Sychæum Portabant Pœni, corpusque in castra ferebant." B.

bathed in his blood, and with me avenge the griefs of Lausus; or, if no efforts open a way, you shall fall with me: for never, I presume, wilt thou, most generous, deign to bear the commands of another, and a Trojan lord. He said: and received on his back, placed his limbs on the accustomed seat, and with pointed javelins loaded each hand, his head gleaming with brass, and roughly garnished with a crest of horse-hair. Thus with rapid speed he drove into the midst. Deep in his heart boils overwhelming shame: and frantic rage, with intermingled grief, and love racked with furious despair, and conscious worth: and here thrice with loud voice he called Æneas. Æneas knew him well; and, pleased [with the challenge, thus] his prayer addresses: So may that great father of the gods, so may exalted Apollo influence thee to begin the combat. This only he said, and with his menacing spear advances against him. But he [exclaimed], Most barbarous man, why thinkest thou to affright me, now that my son is snatched from me? This was the only way whereby thou couldst destroy me. I neither fear death, nor any of your gods regard. Forbear threats: now I am come to die, but first to thee these gifts I bring. He said, and hurled a dart against the foe; then after that another and another he fixes fast, and flies around in a spacious circuit; but the golden boss sustains the shock. Thrice round Æneas, as he stood against him, he rode in circles to the left, throwing javelins with his hand; thrice the Trojan hero, [wheeling as he wheels], bears about with him in his brazen shield a frightful grove [of spears]. And now when he is tired with spinning out so long delays, and drawing out so many darts, and when he is severely harassed, being engaged in an unequal fight, revolving many thoughts in his mind, at length he springs forth, and between the hollow temples of the warrior-steed darts his lance. The horse raises himself upright, then with his heels buffets the air, and falling upon his dismounted rider, keeps him down, and falling forward, overlays his prostrate shoulder. The Trojans and Latins both with acclamations rend the sky. Æneas flies to him, and snatches his sword from the scabbard and over him these [words pronounces]: Where is now the stern Mezentius? where is that wild impetuosity of soul? On the other hand, the Tuscan, as soon as lifting up his eyes to heaven he began to breathe the

air, and recover his senses, [said,] Despiteful foe, why insultest thou and threatenest death? There is no crime in shedding my blood; nor engaged I in the combat on such terms [that you should spare my life], nor did my Lausus make such a contract with you on my behalf. One thing I implore, by that grace, if any grace to a vanquished foe belongs, suffer my body to be covered with earth. I know the cruel resentment of my subjects besets me round;[48] defend me, I pray you, from this outrage, and to a grave consign me in partnership with my son. He said, and in his throat, not unprepared, receives the blade, and pours forth life in the blood streaming on his armor.

BOOK XI.

In the Eleventh Book, the funeral of Pallas is solemnized. Latinus, in council, attempts a reconciliation with Æneas, which is prevented by Turnus, and by the hostile approach of the Trojan army. Camilla greatly signalizes herself, but is at last slain, when night puts an end to the combat.

Meanwhile Aurora rising left the ocean. Æneas, though both his cares strongly urge him to allot time for interring his friends, and his mind is disturbed by the death [of Pallas], yet, in consequence of his victory, paid to the gods his vows soon as the dawn appeared.[1] A huge oak, with its boughs on every side lopped off, he erected on a rising ground, and adorned it with shining arms, the spoils of king Mezentius: to thee a trophy, thou great warrior-god! He fits [to the trunk] his crest dripping with blood, and the hero's shattered arms, and his breastplate in twice six places dented and transfixed; and to the left arm he fastens his target of brass, and from the neck suspends his ivory-hilted sword. Then thus beginning he encourages his joyous friends (for all the chiefs in a crowded body inclosed him): Warriors, our most important work is done: henceforth, all fear be banished. For what remains, these are the spoils, the first-fruits of victory

[48] He feared they would deprive him of sepulture. B.

[1] Servius well remarks that those who were polluted by a funeral could not make offerings to the gods, until they had been purified. If, however, as in the present case, a man was bound to the performance of both duties, he first made his offering, and then engaged in the funeral rites. B.

won from that insolent tyrant; and to this state Mezentius is by my arm reduced. Now to the king and the walls of Latium our way lies open: make ready your arms, and with stout hearts and hopes anticipate the war, that obstacles may not detain you unawares, or deliberation, resulting from fear, retard you, slow of movement, when first the gods permit us to pluck up the standard, and to lead forth the youth from the camp. Meanwhile let us commit to earth the unburied corpses of our friends; which is the sole honor in deep Acheron. Go, he says, with the last duties grace those illustrious souls who for us have won this country with their blood; and first to the mourning city of Evander let Pallas be conveyed, whom, not deficient in prowess, a gloomy inauspicious day cut off, and sank in an untimely death. Thus weeping he speaks, and to the threshold takes his way, where aged Acœtes watched the corpse of lifeless Pallas laid out: Acœtes, who formerly was armor-bearer to Arcadian Evander, and now with less auspicious omens came [to the war], appointed guardian to his darling foster-son. The whole retinue of his servants stood around, a band of Trojans and mourning dames of Ilium, with tresses in usual form disheveled. But soon as Æneas entered the lofty gates, beating their breasts they raise to heaven a mighty groan, and the palace rings with mournful lamentation. When he himself beheld the bolstered head and face of Pallas, white and cold as snow, and in his smooth breast the gaping wound of the Ausonian spear, he thus with gushing tears begins: Lamented youth, how envious was Fortune, just when she began to smile, to snatch thee from me, that thou shouldst not see my kingdom, nor be borne victorious to thy paternal dwelling! Not such things of thee I at parting promised to thy sire Evander, when taking leave of me with embraces, he sent me against a mighty empire, and trembling warned me that the enemy were fierce, and that the battle would be with a sturdy nation. And now he indeed, highly possessed with empty hope, is, perhaps, both making vows, and loading the altars with offerings; while we in grief with unavailing pomp attend the youth, a lifeless corpse, and now released from his allegiance to the powers above. Ill-fated sire, thou shalt see the dismal funeral of thy own son! Is it thus we return? are these our hoped-for triumphs? this my boasted confidence? Yet, Evander, thou

shalt not see him with inglorious wounds repulsed; nor on thy son, thus saved, shalt thou, in spite of paternal affection, imprecate an accursed death. Ah me, how glorious a protector thou, Ausonia, and thou, Iülus, [in him] hast lost!

When he had thus vented his grief, he orders them to bear away the woeful corpse, and sends a thousand men, selected from the whole army, to accompany these last honors, and bear a part in the parent's tears; small consolation for such mighty woe, but due to the unhappy sire! others with forward zeal weave hurdles, and a pliant bier of arbute rods and oaken twigs, and with a covering of boughs shade the bed high raised. Here on the rural couch aloft they raise the youth: like a flower, either of the tender violet or drooping hyacinth, cropped by a virgin's hand,[2] from which not the gay bloom, or its own fair form, hath yet departed; the parent soil no longer feeds it, or supplies it with strength. Then two vests, stiff with embroidery of gold and purple, Æneas brought forth; which formerly Sidonian Dido, pleased with the task, with her own hands for him had wrought, and striped the stuff with slender threads of gold. In one of these, the last ornament, he sorrowful arrays the youth, and muffles up in a vail his hair devoted to the flames. Besides, he piles up many prizes of the Laurentine war, and orders the booty to be led in long procession. He adds the steeds and arms whereof he despoiled the foe. And to their backs he had bound the hands of those whom to his shade as offering he would send, to sprinkle with their shed blood the flame; and the chiefs themselves he commands to bear trunks of trees decked with hostile arms, and the names of the enemies to be inscribed upon them. Unhappy Acœtes, worn out with age, is led, now with his fists tearing his breasts, now with his nails his face; and bending forward with his whole body, he lies prostrate on the ground. His chariots, too, they lead besmeared with Rutulian blood. Next his warrior-horse, Æthon, his trappings laid aside, moves on weeping, and with the big drops bedews his cheeks. Others bear his spear and helmet: for of the rest victorious Turnus is possessed. Then in mournful plight, the phalanx, the Trojan and the Tuscan leaders follow, and the Arcadians with inverted arms. After

[2] Propert. i. 20, 39, "Quæ modo decerpens tenero pueriliter ungui Proposito florem prætulit officio." B.

the whole body of attendants had advanced before in long procession, Æneas paused, and with a deep groan subjoined these words: We to other scenes of woe, by the same horrid fate of war, are summoned hence. Farewell forever, illustrious Pallas, and adieu forever. This said, he bent his course to the high walls, and directed his steps back to the camp.

And now from the city of king Latinus embassadors came bearing olive-boughs, supplicating grace [from Æneas]; that he would deliver to them the bodies [of their dead], which by the sword lay scattered over the field, and permit them to be entombed in the earth; [alleging] that with the vanquished and the lifeless war is at an end; [and hoping] that he would spare a people to whose hospitality and alliance he was once invited.

Whom, not unreasonable in their demands, the courteous Æneas receives with grace, and adds these words: What undeserved fate, ye Latins, hath involved you in so disastrous a war, who thus decline us your friends? Is it for the dead, and the slain by the chance of war, you implore peace? I truly would grant it to the living, too. I should not have come hither unless the Fates had here assigned my settlement and place of residence; nor with the [Latin] nation wage I war. With us your king renounced hospitality, and rather trusted himself to the arms of Turnus. More just had it been for Turnus to expose himself to this death. If to terminate the war by personal valor, if to expel the Trojans, he intends, me in these arms he ought to have encountered: he [of us two] had lived, to whom God or his own right hand had given life. Now go, and under your unfortunate countrymen apply the funeral fire. Æneas said. They in silence stood astonished, and turning held their eyes and faces to each other.

Then aged Drances,[3] who still by calumny and invectives vented his animosity on young Turnus, thus replies in turn: Trojan hero, mighty in fame, but mightier still in arms, by what praises shall I exalt thee to heaven? which shall I most admire, thy justice or thy achievements in war? We truly with grateful hearts will bear this answer back to our city; and, if any fortune shall open the way, will associate thee to king Latinus: let Turnus seek alliances for himself. We will even with

[3] Drances, a friend of king Latinus, remarkable for his eloquence and weakness.

pleasure rear up the fabric of your destined walls, and on our shoulders bear the stones of Troy.

He said; and all with one voice murmured their assent. They settled a truce for twice six days: and during the intermediate[4] peace, Trojans and Latins promiscuous without hostility ranged the woods along the mountains. Felled by the two-edged steel, the ash crashes; pines shot up to the stars they overthrow; they neither cease to cleave with wedges the oaken planks and fragrant cedar, nor to convey in groaning wagons the mountain-ashes.

And now flying fame, the harbinger of so great woe, fills Evander and Evander's palace and city; fame, which just now to Latium bore the news that Pallas was victorious. The Arcadians rush to the gates, and, as the ancient manner was, snatched up funeral torches. With a long train of flames the path all shines, and far and wide illuminates[5] the fields. The bands of Trojans advancing opposite to them join the lamenting troops; whom, soon as the matrons beheld approaching the walls, they inflame the mourning city with their shrieks. But no force can restrain Evander from rushing through the midst. The bier being laid down, on Pallas he falls prostrate, and with sobs and groans clings to [the corpse]; and at length with much ado for grief is a passage opened to these words: These, O Pallas, are not the promises thou gavest thy parent, that with more caution thou wouldst trust thyself to the savage combat. I was not ignorant how far rising glory in arms, and the bewitching renown of the first action, might carry you. Ah! fatal to the youth his first essays, hard his probation in early war! Alas! my vows and prayers by none of the gods regarded! Thou most holy partner of my bed, happy in thy death, and not to this woe reserved; while I by living on have overpassed my natural bounds to remain a childless father.[6] When I followed the confederate arms of Troy, the Rutulians should have overwhelmed me with their darts: my life I had resigned, and me, not Pallas, this pomp had home con-

[4] "*Media:* namque *sequester* est aut medius inter duos altercantes; aut ad quem aliquid ad tempus seponitur." SERVIUS. B.

[5] Literally, "renders distinguishable." B.

[6] Literally, "surviving [my own son]." This was thought a severe misfortune. So Plautus, "Ita ut tuum vis unicum gnatum tuæ superesse vitæ, sospitem et superstitem." B.

veyed. Nor you, ye Trojans, will I accuse, nor your alliance, nor those right hands we joined in hospitable league: this stroke of fortune was destined for my old age. However, if untimely death awaited my son, it will be some satisfaction, that ushering the Trojans into Latium he fell, having first slain thousands of the Volscians. And now, with no other funeral obsequies, O Pallas, can I grace thee, than what pious Æneas, and the noble Trojans, the Tuscan leaders, and whole army of the Tuscans, [have given thee]. Thy illustrious trophies they bear, those whom to death thy right hand offered. Thou too, O Turnus, shouldst have stood [among them] a huge trunk in arms, had my age been equal, and my strength from years the same. But why do I, hapless one, detain the Trojans from the war? Go, and faithfully bear back these mandates to your king: If I linger out a hated life, after Pallas is slain, it is in consequence of thy [avenging] right hand; from which you see Turnus is justly due to a son and sire. This post [of honor] is alone reserved for thee and thy fortune. It is not joy in life I seek, nor is it fit I should; but I wish to bear the tidings to my son down to the shades below.

Meanwhile to wretched mortals Aurora had brought forth the benignant light, renewing the works and labors [of the day].[7] Now father Æneas, now Tarchon, on the winding shore erected funeral piles. Hither they conveyed, each after the manner of his ancestors, the bodies of their dead; and the sad[8] fires being applied under them, the lofty sky with smoke is hidden in darkness. Thrice round the blazing piles they ran, clad in shining armor; thrice they encompassed the mournful funeral fire on horseback, and sent forth doleful yells. With their tears is the earth bedewed, bedewed are their arms. The shrieks of men and clang of trumpets pierce through the sky. Next into the fire some throw the spoils torn from the Latins slain, helmets, and gleaming swords, bits, and glowing wheels: some, well-known gifts, their own bucklers and unsuccessful darts. Many heads of oxen all around are offered

[7] Cf. Quintus Calab. vi. 4, *τοὶ δ' εἰς ἔργα τράποντο βροτοὶ ῥειᾶ φθινύθεντες.* B.

[8] This is the usual interpretation of "atris ignibus," but I think it is far more natural to understand, "dark, pitchy flames." So Eur. Troad. 550, *ἀόμοις δὲ παμφαὴς σέλας πυρὸς μέλαιναν αἴγλαν Ἔδωκεν.* B.

victims to death; and over the flames they stab bristly boars, and sheep snatched from all the fields: then along the whole shore they view their burning friends, and watch their half-consumed piles: nor can they be torn from them, before humid night inverts the face of heaven, bespangled with shining stars.

Nor with less care the sorrowing Latins in a different quarter reared numberless piles; and they partly bury in the earth many bodies of their heroes, and part carried off they to the neighboring fields convey, and send back to the city. The rest, and a vast heap of promiscuous slaughter, without number and without honor, they burn: then on all sides the spacious fields, as rivaling each other, blaze together with frequent fires. The third day's light had from the sky removed the chill shades: when in sadness they huddled together on the hearths the heaped-up ashes and bones mingled in confusion, and loaded them with a warm mound of earth. But now in the courts of opulent Latinus, and in the city, is the chief uproar, and by far the deepest scene of mourning. Here mothers and hapless brides, here tender-hearted sisters in deep anguish, and striplings of their sires bereft, curse the rueful war, and the nuptials of Turnus; and himself they urge by arms, himself by the sword, to decide the quarrel, since for himself alone he claims the crown of Italy and the first honors. These the malicious Drances aggravates, and protests that Turnus alone is called, alone is challenged to the combat. On the other side the votes of many, in various speech, are given for Turnus, and him the queen's illustrious name protects; and his own distinguished fame, for trophies justly won, supports the hero.

Amid these commotions, in the heat of this raging tumult, lo! to complete the distress, the embassadors, from Diomede's imperial city [returning] sorrowful, bring their answer; that nothing was effected by all the expense of so great labor; that neither the gifts, nor gold, nor importunate prayers, had aught availed; that the Latins must have recourse to other arms, or sue for peace from the Trojan prince. With great grief king Latinus himself faints away. The wrath of the gods, and the recent tombs before his face, declare that Æneas, the messenger of fate, is led on by a manifest divine impulse.

Therefore within the lofty palace he assembles his great

council, and the peers of his realm, summoned by his imperial order. They meet together, and flock to the royal apartments along the crowded ways. In the center, with unjoyous aspect, sits Latinus, both most advanced in age, and first in sway. And here he orders the embassadors now returned from the Ætolian city, to say what message they bring back, and demands each particular answer in its order. Then silence sat on every tongue; and Venulus thus, in obedience to command, begins: We have seen, O citizens, Diomede and the Argive camp, and measuring a length of way, have overpassed a thousand dangers, and touched that hand by which Troy's kingdom fell. He victorious was raising in the plains of Apulian Garganus[9] the city Argyripa,[10] from the name of his native country. After we were admitted, and had permission given to speak in the presence, we first present our gifts; declare our name and country; who made war upon us; what errand drew us to Arpi. Our message heard, he thus with mild accent replied: O happy nations, once Saturn's realm, ancient Ausonians, what fortune disturbs you peaceful, and prompts you to rouse unusual wars? As many of us as with the sword violated the lands of Ilium (I wave those extremities which in fighting under its lofty walls we sustained, what illustrious heroes that Simois of theirs swept away), have borne unutterable sufferings over the world, and all punishments for our crime; a band whom even Priam would pity. Minerva's disastrous constellation knows, and the Eubœan rocks, and vengeful Caphareus.[11] Ever since that expedition, have we on different coasts been driven; Menelaus, the son of Atreus, is exiled as far as the pillars of Proteus;[12] Ulysses hath seen the Cyclops of Ætna. Shall I mention [the tragic fate of] Neoptolemus' realms, and the overthrow of Idomeneus' settlement, or the [dispersion of the] Locri who inhabit Libya's coast? The prince of Mycenæ[13] himself, the leader of

[9] Garganus (St. Angelo), a lofty mountain of Apulia, projecting in the form of a promontory into the Adriatic Sea.

[10] Argyripa, or Arpi.

[11] Caphareus (Cape D'Oro), a lofty promontory on the south-east coast of Eubœa, an island in the Ægean Sea.

[12] Proteus, a king of Egypt, on whose coasts Menelaus, in his return from the Trojan war, was forced by stress of weather.

[13] Prince of Mycenæ, Agamemnon, who was chosen chief commander of the Grecian forces in the war against Troy. After the destruction of

the illustrious Greeks, fell by the hand of his unnatural[14] spouse, in the first entrance to his palace; and his adulterous assassin by traitorous means lay in wait for the conqueror of Asia.[15] [Or shall I mention] how the envious gods forbade that I myself, restored to my native country, should see my much-loved spouse, and lovely Calydon? Even now prodigies of horrid aspect pursue me; my lost associates, into the aërial regions have winged their way, and, to birds transformed, wander along the rivers (ah, dire vengeance on my friends!) and fill the rocks with doleful notes. And indeed I had reason to expect these calamities ever since that time, when with the sword I madly assaulted the celestial beings, and violated the hand of Venus with a wound. But urge me not, urge not me to fights like these: neither with the Trojans wage I any war, now that Troy is overthrown; nor remember I with joy their former woes. Those gifts, which to me you brought from your native coasts, transfer to Æneas. We against his keen darts have stood, and engaged him hand to hand; trust me, who by experience know how stern he rises to his shield, with what a whirl[16] he throws his lance. Had Ida's land produced two such heroes more, the Trojans had first advanced to the cities of Inachus, and Greece by a reverse of fate would have mourned. Whatever obstruction was given at the walls of stubborn Troy, the victory of the Greeks was suspended by the hand of Hector and Æneas, and was retarded till the tenth year. Both for valor are distinguished, both for noble feats of arms; this man in piety excels. Let your right hands be joined in league, by whatever means it is permitted; but beware of opposing arms to arms. Thus, best of kings, you have at once both heard his answer, and his resolution on this important war. Scarcely had the deputies spoken, when through Ausonia's troubled sons a various noise ran; as, when rocks retard a river's rapid course, from the pent-up flood a murmur arises, and with the beating waves the neighboring banks resound.

that city, Agamemnon returned to Argos, where he was murdered by his wife Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus.

[14] For "infandæ," Macrobius, Sat iv. 4, reads "infandum!" which is approved by Burmann on Anthol. Lat. T. i. p. 196. B.

[15] See Anthon. The readings vary, since the time of Servius. B.

[16] So "ballistæ turbine," Lucan. iii. 465; "directo turbine robur," Silius iv. 542. B.

Soon as their minds were calmed, and their tumultuous tongues were hushed, the king, having first addressed the gods, from his lofty throne begins: I indeed could wish, ye Latins, and it had been better, that we had before determined on the common cause, and not to call a council at such a juncture,[17] when the foe lays siege to our walls. Incommodious war, O citizens, we wage with a nation of gods and heroes invincible, whom no battles tire out, and who, when vanquished, can not lay down the sword. What hope you entertained from the invited arms of the Ætolians, now dismiss: each must be his own hope: but how feeble this is, you see. In what ruin the rest of our affairs are involved, all is by yourselves both seen and felt. Nor yet accuse I any: what the highest pitch of valor could, has been achieved; with the whole strength of the realm we have struggled. Now then (lend your attention), I will unfold, and briefly show what purpose rises in my doubtful soul. To me an ancient tract of land belongs, near the Tuscan river, in length extended to the west, even beyond Sicania's[18] bounds: the Auruncians and Rutulians sow, and harass with the share the stubborn hills, and turn to pasture their most rugged parts. Let this whole region, and the lofty mountain's piny tracts, be given away to the friendship of the Trojans; and let us pronounce equal terms of peace, and, as our allies, invite them into our realms. Let them settle, if they have such strong desire, and build cities. But if they have a mind to take possession of other territories and another country, and if from our land they can withdraw, let us build twice ten ships of Italian timber, or more, if they are able to man them: all the materials lie along the river; let themselves order the number and fashion of the vessels; let us with money, men, and naval stores supply them. Besides, our pleasure is, that a hundred embassadors of the first rank from Latium go to bear our instructions, and confirm the alliance, and in their hands extend the boughs of peace, bearing presents of ivory, and sums of gold, a chair of state, and royal robe, the ensigns of our crown. Advise for the common good,[19] and relieve a distressed state.

[17] This is the proper meaning. See Drakenb. on Sil. viii. 112. B.

[18] Sicania, an ancient name of Sicily, which it received from the Sicani, a people of Spain who first passed into Italy, and afterward into Sicily, where they established themselves.

[19] So "in commune" is used, as in Tacit. Agr. § 12. Sueton. Ner. § 15. B.

Then the same hostile Drances rises (whom the glory of Turnus inflamed with oblique envy[20] and malignant stings; abounding in wealth, and more in tongue, but a cold champion in war, yet deemed of no mean authority in consultations; in faction powerful; him his mother's quality inspired with the pride of noble blood, but by the father's side he was of birth obscure),[21] and loads Turnus with these invectives, and aggravates animosity: Gracious sovereign, you ask counsel in an affair which to none is obscure, nor requires our debate. All must own that they well know what the weal of the nation demands; but they hesitate to speak their mind. Let him allow that freedom of speech, and moderate his vaunts, for whose inauspicious influence and perverse conduct (for my part I will speak out, even though he should threaten me with hostility and death) we have seen so many illustrious chiefs perish, and the whole city sit in mourning; while he tempts the Trojan camp trusting to flight, and defies heaven with his arm. To those numerous gifts which you order to be sent and delivered to the Trojans, this one, this one more, O best of sovereigns, add; nor let any one's violent remonstrances deter thee from giving away your daughter, by a father's right, to an illustrious son-in-law (a worthy match), and from confirming this peace by a perpetual alliance. And if such dread [of Turnus] haunts our minds and souls, him let us implore, and from him sue for grace; that to his sovereign he may resign, and to his country give up his proper right. Why dost thou so often expose thy wretched citizens to open dangers? O thou, the source and origin of these ills to Latium! no safety [is for us] in war: to thee, O Turnus, we all sue for peace, at the same time for the sole inviolable pledge of peace.[22] I the first (whom as your malicious foe you image to yourself, nor am I concerned to disprove the charge), lo! I come thy suppliant: have pity on thine own; lay aside thy fierceness, and baffled quit the field. Full many deaths have we with loss of victory seen, and brought the extended fields to desolation. Or, if fame have influence, if in your breast such fortitude you lodge, and if your heart be so much set on a palace

[20] "Qui non ex aperto impugnabat Turnum; sed eum reipublicæ simulata defensione lacerabat." SERVIUS. B.

[21] Literally, "he bore [himself] uncertain on the father's side." B.

[22] *i. e.* Lavinia. B.

for your dowry; dare it, and bravely expose your breast adverse to the foe. Forsooth, that Turnus may be blessed with a royal consort, we, abject souls, may be strewn on the field, an unburied and unwept throng. And now, if you have any spirit, if you have aught of your country's Mars, look him in the face who gives you the challenge. With these invectives the fierce mind of Turnus was inflamed: he groans, and from the bottom of his breast forces out these accents: Drances, I own you have always a rich profusion of words at the time when wars call for action; and when the fathers are convened you are there the foremost; but this is not a time to fill the court with words which fly in big torrents from thee in safety, while the bulwarks of our walls keep off the foe, and the trenches float not with blood. Wherefore thunder on in noisy eloquence, as thou art wont, and arraign me of cowardice, thou [the valiant] Drances, since thy right hand hath raised so many heaps of slaughtered Trojans, and every where thou deckest the fields with trophies. You may, however, put that animated valor of yours to the proof; for not far have we to seek our foes; they all around beset our walls. March we against the adversary? why do you demur? will your prowess always lie in your blustering tongue, and in those feet only swift to fly? Am I routed? or will any one, thou most abject wretch, justly tax me with being routed, who shall view the swollen Tiber rise with Trojan blood, and Evander's whole family with his race stretched on the ground, and the Arcadians stripped of their armor? Not so Bitias and bulky Pandarus me proved, nor those thousands whom, in one day, I victorious sent down to Tartarus, inclosed within the walls, and shut up by the rampart of the foe. No safety, [you say,] is in war. Go, madman, vent such language to the Dardanian chief, and thy own party. Wherefore cease not to embroil all with dreadful alarms, to extol the strength of the twice vanquished race, and on the other hand to depress the arms of Latinus. Now the Myrmidonian[23] chiefs tremble at the Phrygian arms! now Diomede and Larissæan Achilles! and the river Aufidus[24] flies back from the Adriatic waves; even when the wicked dissembler feigns himself under terror of

[23] All this is spoken ironically. B.

[24] Aufidus (Ofanto), a river of Apulia in Italy, falling into the Adriatic. The battle of Cannæ was fought on the banks of the Aufidus.

my menaces, and by his own fear aggravates the charge against me. Cease from being disturbed; never shalt thou lose such a soul as thine by this right hand: let it dwell with thee, and rest in that ignoble breast. Now I return to thee, sire, and to thy important debates. If in our arms you repose no further confidence; if we are so desolate, and utterly undone by our army being once defeated, and our fortune is capable of no redress; let us sue for peace and let us extend our hands unarmed. Yet oh! did any of our wonted worth remain, that man were happy in my judgment beyond all others, in his toils, and heroic in soul, who, that he might not see aught like this, fell once for all, and dying bit the ground. But if we both have resources, and youthful troops still fresh, and Italian cities and nations left to our aid; if the Trojans purchase their honor with much blood; if they too have their funerals, and the storm [of war has raged] through all with equal fury; why faint we dishonorably in the first entrance [to the war]? why does trembling seize our limbs, before the trumpet [sounds]? Length of days and the various labor of changeful time, have reduced many things to a better state: fortune, that visits alternately [with good and ill], hath baffled many, and again placed them on a firm basis. The Ætolian prince, [it seems,] and Arpi, will not support us; but Messapus will, and the fortunate Tolumnius,[25] and those leaders whom so many nations have sent: nor shall small glory attend the select troops from Latium and the Laurentine fields. With us too is Camilla,[26] of the illustrious race of the Volscians, who leads a squadron of horse, and troops gayly glittering with brass. But if the Trojans demand me alone to the fight, and if this be your pleasure, and I so much obstruct your common good; victory has not hitherto with so much hate abandoned my right hand, as for me to decline any enterprise for so glorious a prospect. I will advance against [Æneas] with confidence, though he should even approve himself a great Achilles, and sheathe himself in similar armor forged by Vulcan's hands. To you, and to Latinus, my [promised] father-in-law, I Turnus, not inferior in valor to any of the

[25] Tolumnius, an augur in the army of Turnus against Æneas, who violated the league between the Rutulians and Trojans, and was afterward slain.

[26] Camilla, the virago female warrior.

ancient heroes, have this life devoted. Does Æneas challenge me alone? Heaven grant he may. Nor let Drances rather, if either this be the angry resolve of the gods, by death make the atonement; or, if an opportunity of glory and valor, let him bear away [the prize].

They in mutual contention were debating on the perplexed state of their affairs, Æneas was advancing his camp and army [toward the city of Laurentum]. Lo, in great hurry, a messenger rushes through the court, and fills the city with dreadful alarms; that, from the Tiber's stream, the Trojans, arranged in battle array, and the Tuscan host, were marching down over all the plains. Forthwith their minds were seized with perturbation, the hearts of the populace are stunned, and their rage with keen impulse is roused. In hurry they call for arms in hand; for arms the storming youth exclaim: the fathers in sadness mourn and repine in low accents.[27] Here, from every quarter, the loud clamor ascends with various discordant notes to the skies: just as when by chance in some tall grove flocks of birds alight, or in Padusa's[28] fishy streams, hoarse swans raise a clattering din through the loquacious floods. Citizens, says Turnus, seizing the opportunity, convene your council, and seated harangue in praise of peace, while they rush into our kingdom in arms. This said, he instantly put himself in motion, and quick from the lofty hall withdrew. You, Volusus, he says, command to arms the Volscian troops, and lead on the Rutulians; ye, Messapus, and Coras[29] with your brother, pour abroad the armed horsemen over the extended plains; let some secure the passes to the city, and man the towers; the rest employ their arms with me where I shall command. Instant to the walls they flock from all quarters of the town. The sire, Latinus himself, quits the council and his great designs [of peace], and distracted with the dismal conjuncture, adjourns; himself he much accuses, that he had not directly received the Trojan hero, and to the city admitted him as his son-in-law. Others dig trenches before the gates, or heave up to them rocks and palisades; the hoarse trumpet sounds the bloody signal for the war:

[27] This is the proper force of "mussant." B.

[28] Padusa, the most southern mouth of the Po, from which there was a cut to the town of Ravenna.

[29] Coras, a brother of Catillus and Tiburtus, who fought against Æneas.

then in various circling bands, matrons and boys crowned the ramparts: the extremity of distress calls every one. Meanwhile the queen, with a great retinue of matrons, is borne aloft to the temple and high towers of Pallas, carrying offerings; and by her side attends the virgin Lavinia, the cause of so great woe, fixing on the ground her beauteous eyes. The matrons follow, and with incense fume the temple, and from the lofty threshold pour forth their doleful prayers: Patroness of war, powerful in arms, Tritonian virgin, crush with thine arm the Phrygian pirate's lance, and stretch himself prostrate on the ground, and overthrow him under our lofty gates.

Turnus himself, with emulous ardor raging, is armed for battle; and now, clad in his Rutulian corselet, was rough with brazen scales, and had sheathed his legs in gold, his temples yet naked; to his side he had buckled on his sword, and from the high fort speeding his way shone all in gold; with spirit he exults, and already in hope anticipates the foe: as when the courser, having burst his bonds, flies from the stall, at length at liberty, and possessed of the open plain; either to the pastures and herds of mares he bends his way, or accustomed to be laved in the well-known flood, springs forth, and rearing up his crest on high, neighs with wanton pride; and his mane plays on his neck and shoulders. Whom full in the face, Camilla, attended by her Volscian squadron, meets, and under the very gates the queen leaps down from her horse; after whose example the whole troop, quitting their steeds, slid down to earth. Then thus she speaks: Turnus, if justly in themselves the brave may aught confide, I dare, and promise to stand the shock of the Trojan host, and singly to make head against the Tuscan horse. Suffer me with this arm to tempt the first dangers of the war: near the walls stay you behind on foot, and guard the city. To this Turnus, with eyes fixed on the formidable maiden, [replies]: O heroine, glory of Italy, what thanks can I prepare to express, or what return can I make to thee? But now since that soul of thine is superior to all things, share with me the toil. Æneas, as fame and the scouts we sent bring sure advice, with wicked purpose hath sent on light-armed horse to scour the plains: himself along the desert height of the mountains, hastening down its brow, marches against the city. A stratagem of war I devise, in a winding path of the wood to beset the twofold defile with an

armed band. Do you in close fight engage the Tuscan horse. The brave Messapus will be with you, and the Latin troops, and the Tiburtine band: and do thou also assume the general's charge. He said, and in like terms animates Messapus and the confederate chiefs to the fight, and marches on against the foe. In a mazy winding tract a valley lies, commodious for ambush and the wiles of war; which a gloomy flank of wood incloses with thick boughs: whither leads a scanty path, narrow defiles and malignant passes guide. Over this, in the mountain's heights and lofty summit, lie a concealed plain and safe retreats; whether from right or left you wish to attack an enemy, or from the ridge to harass him, and tumble on him ponderous rocks. Hither young Turnus repairs along the path's well-known track; he with expedition seized the post, and in the dangerous thickets insidiously lay.

Meanwhile Diana in the superior mansions addressed swift Opis,[30] one of her virgin train and sacred retinue, and with sad accent pronounced these words: O nymph, Camilla to cruel war sets out, and is with our arms in vain arrayed, she who is dear to me above her fellows: nor is this a new passion that rises in Diana, and with a sudden fondness moves my soul. When Metabus,[31] expelled from his kingdom for invidious measures, and insolent abuse of power, quitted his ancient city Privernum, flying amid the contests of war, he carried off the infant his companion in exile, and from her mother's name Casmilla, with small variation, called her Camilla. He, in his bosom bearing her before him, to the remote mountains and solitary groves took his way; cruel darts pursued him on all sides, and the Volscians hovered about with troops around him spread. Lo, in the midst of his flight, Amasenus overflowing foamed over his highest banks; such a torrent of rain had burst from the clouds: he, preparing to swim, is retarded by his tenderness for the child, and fears for his darling charge. As he was pondering every expedient within himself, suddenly this resolution with reluctance settled [in his breast]. An enormous javelin, which in his strong hand the warrior chanced to wield, solid with

[30] Opis, a nymph among Diana's attendants, who avenged the death of Camilla by shooting Arus, by whose hand the queen had fallen.

[31] Metabus, king of Privernum, a city of the Volsci in Latium, and father of Camilla.

knots and well-seasoned oak; to this he fastens the babe wrapped up in bark and sylvan cork, and with dexterity binds her about the middle of the dart; which poising in his vast hand, he thus addresses himself to heaven: To thee, virgin daughter of Latona, auspicious inmate of the woods, this child thy handmaid, I in a father's right devote: wielding thy weapons first she flies through the air, thy suppliant, from the foe: Oh goddess, I implore thee, receive thy own, who now is committed to the uncertain winds. He said, and with inbent arm flung the whirled lance; the waves resound; over the rapid stream ill-fated Camilla on the whizzing javelin flies. But Metabus, a numerous troop now pursuing him more closely, flings himself into the flood, and, master of his wish, plucks from the grassy turf the spear, with the virgin, Diana's gift. Him no cities, houses, or walls received; nor, by reason of his savage nature, would he have condescended [so to live]: but in the lonely mountains he led a shepherd's life. There among the brakes and horrid lairs, he nurtured his child from the dugs of a brood-mare, and with animal milk, milking the teats into her tender lips. And soon as the infant with the first prints of her feet had marked the ground, he loaded her hands with the pointed javelin, and from the shoulders of the little girl hung a bow and arrows. Instead of ornaments of gold for the hair, instead of being arrayed in a long trailing robe, a tiger's hide hangs over her back down from her head. Even then with tender hand she flung childish darts, and whirled round her head a smooth-thonged sling, and struck down a Strymonian crane or white swan. Many matrons through the Tuscan towns in vain wished her for their daughter-in-law. She with Diana alone content, a spotless maid, cherishes the perpetual love of darts and virginity. Would she had never been in love with war like this, nor attempted to assault the Trojans! My favorite, and one of my retinue, she might now have been. But come, O nymph, since it is so determined by cruel fates, glide down from the sky, and visit the Latin coast, where with inauspicious omens the woeful fight is ushered in. Take these [weapons], and from thy quiver draw forth a vengeful arrow: by this, whoever with a wound shall violate her sacred body, whether Trojan or Italian, let him to me without distinction pay the forfeit with his blood. Then in a hollow cloud will I into a

tomb convey the corpse and uncaptured arms of my lamented maid, and restore her to her native land. She said: but Opis, shooting down through the light airy regions of the sky, rattled along, her body wrapped around in a black whirlwind.

But the Trojan host meanwhile approach the walls, and the Tuscan chiefs and the whole army of horsemen in order were ranged in troops. The prancing courser neighs aloud over all the plain, and battles with the tightened reins, this way and that way wheeling about: then far and wide an iron field of spears bristles to the view, and the plains shoot a fiery glare with arms raised aloft. Again on the other side opposed to these appear in the field Messapus, and the swift Latins, and Coras with his brother, and virgin Camilla's wing: and with right hands drawn back stretch forth their spears far before them, and brandish their darts: the advance of the heroes and neighing of the steeds appear more and more fierce. And now each army, advancing within a javelin's throw, make a halt: with a sudden shout they spring forth, and cheer on their sprightly steeds: at once from all quarters they pour thick showers of darts, like snow, and with their shade the face of heaven is screened. Forthwith Tyrrhenus and fierce Aconteus, exerting their whole force, rush on each other with lance to lance opposed, and first with mighty noise give the first shock, and with violent contact dash their horses' breasts against each other. Aconteus, tossed [from his steed] after the manner of a thunderbolt, or weight shot from an engine, is flung headlong to a distance, and disperses his life in air. Instantly the lines are thrown into disorder; and the Latins put to flight, cast their shields behind, and turn the horses to the city. The Trojans pursue: Asylas chief leads on the troops. And now they approached the gates: when the Latins again raise a shout, and wheel about the pliant necks [of their steeds]; the others fly, and, giving their horses full reins, retreat: as when the sea rolling with alternate tides now rushes on the land, and foaming throws over the rocks its waves, and with its skirts overflows the extremity of the strand: now back with rapid motion, and sucking in again the stones rolled backward with the tide, it retreats, and with the ebbing current leaves the shore. Twice the Tuscans drove the flying Rutulians to their walls: twice the repulsed [Rutulians] face about on their foes, who, with their

targets defend their backs. But, after joining battle the third time, they mingled their whole armies in close fight, and man singles out his man; then are dying groans; and arms, and bodies, and expiring steeds, mingled with slaughtered heaps of men, roll in deep blood: a furious combat ensues. Orsilochus against the horse of Remulus, when he dreaded to encounter the rider himself, hurled a lance, and left the steel beneath his ear: with which blow the courser rages bounding high, and, impatient of the wound, tosses his legs aloft, rearing up his breast. His lord dismounted, falls to the ground. Catillus overthrows Iolas, and Herminius, formidable for courage, for size, and arms; whose yellow locks [waved] on his bare head, and whose shoulders were also uncovered. Wounds dismay him not: so mighty he stands to arms opposed. The spear, driven through his broad shoulders, trembles, and, transfixing the warrior, doubles him down with pain. Black gore is poured forth all around: vying with each other, they deal destruction with the sword, and by wounds seek glorious death. But amid heaps of slain the Amazon Camilla, armed with a quiver, proudly prances over the field, with one breast bared for the fight; and now with her hand in showers tough javelins she throws, now with unwearied arm she snatches her sturdy halberd. From her shoulder rattles her golden bow, and the arms of Diana. Even if at any time repulsed she gave ground, still turned [against the foe] she aimed the winged shafts from her bow. Around her were her select retinue, the virgin Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia brandishing her brazen ax, Italian nymphs; whom sacred Camilla herself had chosen for her glory, and as trusty assistants in war and peace: like Thracian Amazons, when they beat the banks of Thermodon,[32] and war with particolored arms, either round Hippolyte,[33] or about Panthesilea, when that martial lady in her chariot returns; and with loud yelling uproar the female troops with half-moon[34] shields exult. Whom first, whom last, didst thou, fierce virgin, with thy shafts

[32] Thermodon (Thermeh), a river of Pontus, in Asia Minor, in the country of the Amazons, falling into the Euxine Sea near Themiscyra.

[33] Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, given in marriage to Theseus, by Hercules, who had conquered her.

[34] So called from their form. Cf. Quintus Calab. i. 146, *ἀνγ' ἔθετ' ἀσπίδα δῖαν ἀλίγκιον ἀντυγι μήνης.* B.

overthrow? or how many bodies didst thou stretch gasping on the ground? First Æmenius, the son of Clytius, whose exposed breast, as he stood right against her, she transfixes with the long spear of fir. He, vomiting up torrents of blood, falls and bites the bloody ground, and dying writhes on his own wound. Then Liris and Pagasus besides; of whom the one tumbling backward from his horse wounded under him while he gathers up the reins, the other, as he comes up, and reaches his unavailing hand to his falling friend, both fall headlong and at once. To these she joins Amastrus, the son of Hippotas; and at distance keenly plying with darts pursues Tereas, Harpalycus, Demophoon, and Chromis; and as many shafts as shot from her hand the virgin hurled, so many Trojan heroes fell. Afar the hunter Ornytus in strange arms rides on his Iapygian[35] steed; his broad shoulders a hide torn from a fierce bullock overspreads; his head a wolf's vast yawning mouth and jaws with white teeth cover, and a rustic lance[36] arms his hand. In the midst of the troops he moves about, and overtops the rest by a full head. Him intercepted (nor hard was the task, now that she had put his troops to flight) she transfixes, and over him these words with hostile heart pronounces: Tuscan, didst thou fancy that thou wast hunting beasts of chase in the woods? The day is come, that by a female arm confutes your vaunts: yet to the manes of thy fathers this no trifling honor shalt thou bear, that thou didst fall by the weapon of Camilla. In order next Orsilochus and Butes, the two most bulky bodies of the Trojans, [she assaults]: but Butes right against her with the pointed lance she transfixes, between the corselet and the helmet, where, as he sits [upon the horse], the shining neck appears, and where down from his left arm the buckler hangs: Orsilochus she mocks with [dissembled] flight, and wheeling round in a spacious orb, turns short upon him in a narrower circle, and pursues the pursuer. Then rising high, with redoubled strokes she drives her sturdy ax through his arms, and through his bones, while he prays and earnestly begs his life: with his warm brains the wound besmears his face. The warrior son of Aunus, the Apennine mountaineer, casually

[35] *i. e.* "Appulo." SERVIUS. Compare Gellius ii. 22. B.

[36] "Sparus," a rustic missile, called, according to Varro (cf. Servius), from its similarity to a fish of that name. B.

encountered her, and startled with the sudden sight stopped short; not the last of the Ligurians, while the Fates suffered him to practice fraud. Soon as he perceives that now by no flight he can evade the combat, nor avert the queen who presses him close, with policy and craft attempting to execute his wishes, he thus begins: What mighty courage, female, if on a warlike steed you rely? throw away the means of flight, and trust thyself with me hand to hand on equal ground, and prepare for the combat on foot: soon shalt thou know to which of us his vain-glorious boasting will bring harm.[37] He said; but she, breathing fury, and stung with fierce resentment, delivers her steed to an attendant, and confronts him in equal arms with the naked sword on foot, and with her deviceless shield undaunted. But the youth, presuming that he had overcome by artifice, instantly flies off, and, turning about his horse's head, is borne away with precipitation, and tires his fleet courser with the iron spur. Fond Ligurian, [says she,] flushed with unavailing pride of soul, in vain hast thou perfidious tried thy country's slippery arts; nor shall all thy artifice bring thee off safe to cheating Aunus. Thus the virgin said, and with nimble foot, all on fire, outruns his courser's speed, and, grasping the reins, engages him face to face, and takes vengeance on his hostile blood; with the same ease as from a lofty rock the falcon, sacred bird [of Mars], with winged speed overtakes a dove aloft among the clouds, and seizing gripes her fast, and scoops out the bowels with his hooked talons: then from the sky her blood and torn plumes drop down.

But not with inattentive eyes the Sire of gods and men these scenes surveying, on high Olympus exalted sits. The Sire rouses Tuscan Tarchon to bloody battles, and with no mild incentives inflames his rage. Therefore, amid the scenes of slaughter and flying squadrons, Tarchon is hurried on by his steed, and with various remonstrances animates the wings, calling each man[38] by his name; and rallies the broken troops to battle. Oh never to be moved with just indignation! Oh still dastardly faint-hearted Tuscans, what fear,

[37] "Fraudem" seems to have been always regarded as the correct reading. See Servius. B.

[38] So Furius apud Macrob. Sat. vi. 1, "nomine quemque ciet." Silius i. 454, "Cunctosque ciebat nomine." B.

what cowardice so base has seized your souls? Does a woman drive you straggling, and put these squadrons to flight? What avails the sword? or why wield we in our hands these useless weapons? But not so slothful are ye in the service of Venus and her nocturnal wars,[39] or when the bent pipe of Bacchus hath summoned the choirs to wait for the banquets and bowls at the sumptuous board. This is your delight, this your ambition, while the auspicious augur declares the sacred rites, and the fat victim invites you to the deep groves. This said, he spurs on his steed into the midst, he too bent on death, and in furious perturbation advances directly against Venulus; and with his right hand grasps the foe torn off his steed, and precipitant with huge violence bears him off before their eyes. Fiery Tarchon flies over the plain, bearing both the warrior and his arms: then from the top of his lance he breaks off the steel, and explores the open chinks where he may inflict the mortal wound. He, on the other hand, struggling against him, wards off his hand from his throat, and force by force evades. And as when the tawny eagle soaring high bears off a serpent whom she hath seized, hath fixed in him her feet, and with her talons griped him fast; but the wounded serpent writhes his curving volumes, and with erected scales is stiff, and hisses with his mouth, rising high against [his foe]: she not the less with hooked beak squeezes him struggling, at the same time flaps the air with her wings; just so, from the army of the Tiburtines Tarchon in triumph bears off his prey. The Tuscans, following the example and fortune of their leader, rush on. Then Aruns[40] to death devoted, with his javelin and much artifice, first courses round the swift Camilla, and watches what most favorable opportunity may occur. Wherever amid the troops the furious maid drove on, there Aruns follows, and silently surveys her steps. Wherever she victorious returns, and from the foe withdraws her steps that way the youth secretly winds about the reins with speed. Now these, now those approaches, and the whole circuit he traverses, and with mischievous purpose shakes his unerring lance. By chance

[39] Virgil expresses the Greek *νυκτομαχεῖν* (cf. Aristænet. i. 10). B.

[40] Aruns, a Trojan, who slew Camilla, and was killed by a dart of Diana.

Chloreus,[41] sacred to Cybele, and formerly her priest, at distance shone conspicuous in Phrygian arms, and spurred on his foaming courser; which a hide compact with gilt scaly plates of brass in form of plumes, covered. He himself, gaudy in barbaric purple of darkened hue, shot Cretan arrows from his Lycian bow. Of gold the bow hung rattling from his shoulders, and of gold was the helmet of the priest; then in a knot with a clasp of yellow gold he had collected his saffron chlamys, and its rustling plaits of lawn, having his Phrygian tunic embroidered with needle-work. Him the virgin, whether that she might fix Trojan arms in the front of the temple, or show herself at the chase in captive gold, of all the warring chiefs alone blindly pursued; and through the whole host, for a woman's longing for the prey and spoils, with heedless ardor roamed: when at length Aruns, snatching the occasion, from his covert throws a dart, and thus to the powers above addresses his prayer: Apollo, greatest of gods, guardian of holy Soracte, whom we chiefly adore; for whom the fire of pine[42] with heaps [of fuel] is fed; and in whose honor, through the midst of the flames,[43] we thy votaries, relying on our piety, walk over a length of burning coals; grant, almighty Sire, that by our arms this infamy may be blotted out. Not pillage or trophy, or any spoils of a vanquished maid, I seek: to me my other exploits will bear renown. If, smitten by a wound from me, this rueful pest shall fall, I to my native city shall [willingly] return inglorious. Phœbus heard, and with himself ordained that part of the vow should be fulfilled; part in fleet air he dispersed. By sudden death to overthrow Camilla off her guard, he granted to his suppliant; that his illustrious country should see him safely return he denied, and that petition the tempest turned adrift among the winds. Therefore, soon as sent from his hand, the spear gave a whizzing sound through the air, the armies turned their attention,

[41] Chloreus, a priest of Cybele, who came with Æneas into Italy, and was killed by Turnus.

[42] But this may also mean "the pitchy flame," as in Soph. Antig. 124, πευκάενθ' Ἡφαιστον. So Tryphiodorus, 214, πευκήεντος ἀνασχόμενοι πυρὸς ὁρμήν. Compare Heins. on Silius v. 179. B.

[43] This is illustrated from a historical passage in Pliny, lib. vii. cap. 2. Haud procul urbe Româ, in Faliscorum agro, familiæ sunt paucæ, quæ vocantur Hirpiæ: quæ sacrificio annuo, quod fit ad montem Soractem Apollini, super ambustam ligni struem ambulantes non aduruntur.

and all the Volscians on the queen their eyes directed. Neither air nor whizzing sound did she heed, or the weapon flying from the sky, till plunged beneath her naked breast the spear stuck fast, and driven home, drank deep her virgin blood. Her attendants in trembling haste pour in together, and lift up their falling queen. Above all, Aruns, stunned with joy and mingled fear, flies; and now no longer dares trust to his spear, or make head against the weapons of the virgin. And as some fierce[41] wolf, after he has slain a shepherd or lusty bullock, conscious of his daring deed, forthwith by some unbeaten path hath to the lofty mountains made his retreat, before the hostile darts pursue him; and cowering hides his cowardly tail under him, and hastens to the woods: just so Aruns in hurrying perturbation from sight withdrew, and pleased with his flight mixed among the armed troops. She dying wrenches out the weapon with her hand; but between the bones in her side the steel point stands fixed with a deep wound. Down she sinks lifeless; down sink her cold eyes in death; her once blooming hue hath forsaken her face. Then thus, breathing her last, she addresses Acca, one of her compeers, who, beyond the rest, was singularly trusty to Camilla, with whom she used to divide her cares; and thus these words she speaks: So far, O sister Acca, have I held out; now a cruel wound undoes me, and all objects around put on a face of darkness. Fly quick, and bear these, my last commands, to Turnus: let him advance to the combat, and repel the Trojans from the city. And now, farewell. At the same time with these words she dropped the reins, sinking to the ground involuntarily: then of vital heat bereft, she disengages herself from the whole body by degrees; and reclined her drooping neck, and head subdued by death, leaving her arms; and with a groan her life indignant fled to the shades. Then indeed a prodigious outcry arising strikes the golden stars. The combat grows more bloody, now that Camilla is overthrown. At once in thick array rush on the whole strength of the Trojans, the Tuscan chiefs, and the wings of Arcadian Evander.

But Opis, appointed by Diana to watch [the fair], a long while had sat aloft on the high mountains, and fearless viewed

[41] See, however, Anthon on Æn. x. 707. B.

the combat. And soon as from far she espied Camilla by a lamentable death overthrown amid the bustle of the infuriated youths, she inly groaned, and from the bottom of her breast uttered these words: Ah virgin, too, too cruel punishment hast thou sustained, for offering to defy the Trojans in war! nor hath it aught availed thee that lonely in the woods thou wast a votary to Diana, and on thy shoulder didst bear our quivers: yet not without honor has thy queen forsaken thee now in death's extremity, nor shall this thy death be unrecorded among the nations, nor shalt thou bear the infamy of being unrevenged: for whoever with a wound hath violated thy body, shall by just death his crime atone. Under the lofty mountain stood the stately tomb[45] of Dercennus, the ancient king of Laurentum, formed of a mount of earth, and shaded with gloomy holm. Here first the goddess, pre-eminent in beauty, with a rapid effort [of her wings] alights, and Aruns from the high eminence surveys. Soon as she saw him shining in armor, and vainly swelling, she said, Why dost thou move off that way? hither direct thy course, hither come to meet thy doom, that from Camilla thou mayest receive thy due reward. Shalt thou, too, have the honor to die by Diana's shafts? She said, and from her gilded quiver the Thracian nymph drew forth a winged arrow, and wrathful bent her bow, and stretched it to its length, till the crooked points together met, and now with both hands alike she touched, with the left the steel point, and with the right and bow-string her breast. Forthwith Aruns heard at once the hissing of the shaft and sounding air, and in his body the steel stuck fast. Him, expiring and groaning his last, his regardless friends abandon in the dusty plain unknown: Opis to the ethereal sky on wings is borne away.

First fly the warriors of Camilla's left-armed wing, now that their queen is lost; the Rutulians in confusion fly; valiant Atinas flies; the discomfited leaders, and the desolate companies, both seek safe retreats, and turning their backs, on coursers bend their way toward the town. Nor is any one able with arms to sustain, or stand against the Trojans pressing on, and dispensing death; but on their languid shoulders they bear off their bows unbent, and with swift career the

[45] "Bustum" is, properly, the place where a corpse has been burnt. B.

courser's hoof beats the moldering plain. Dust, in thick clouds of black vapor, is rolled toward the walls; and from the towers the matrons beating their breast raise the female shriek to the stars of heaven. On those who first with speed burst within the expanded gates a hostile throng in a mingled body presses; nor escape they deplorable death, but in the very entrance, under their native walls, and amid the shelter of the houses, transfixed together they breathe out their souls. Some shut the gates, nor dare to open a passage to their friends, or within the walls to receive them imploring: and a most lamentable slaughter ensues of such as guarded with their arms the passes, and such as rushed on those arms. The excluded, before the eyes and faces of their grieving parents, partly tumble headlong into the deep trenches, ruin closely pursuing. Some giving loose reins, blindfold and with rapid speed batter against the gates, and the firmly barricaded posts. Even the trembling matrons, soon as from the walls they espied the corpse of Camilla, with the greatest eagerness (since affection to their country prompts them) cast darts with their hands, and, rushing precipitant with hardened oaks, stakes, and poles burned at the point, imitate iron weapons, and are ambitious to die the first before the walls. Meanwhile this horrid intelligence fills [the ears of] Turnus [as he lies ambushed] in the woods, and to the youth Acca reports the dreadful disorder; that the troops of the Volscians were cut in pieces, Camilla had fallen, the vengeful foes were making a furious onset, and by a successful battle had made themselves masters of all; that the consternation was now propagated to the city. He furious (for so the inflexible decrees of Jove require) quits the hills he had beset, forsakes the rugged woods. Scarcely had he gone out of sight, and possessed the plain, when father Æneas, entering the open lawns, overpasses the mountain's ridge, and safe through the gloomy wood takes his way. Thus both impetuous, and with their whole army, toward the city advance; nor are they many paces distant from each other. And at once Æneas at a distance espied the plain smoking with dust, and saw the Laurentine bands; and Turnus descried Æneas fierce in arms, and heard the tread of feet, and the snorting of the steeds. Forthwith they would engage in fight, and essay the combat, did not rosy Phœbus now dip his tired steeds in the western ocean, and, day declining,

bring back the night. In their camps before the town they rest, and intrench the walls.

BOOK XII.

In the Twelfth Book, Juno prevents the single combat agreed upon by Turnus and Æneas. The Trojans are defeated in the absence of their king, who had retired wounded, but is miraculously cured by Venus. On his return, he again challenges Turnus to the combat, with whose death the poem concludes.

As soon as Turnus saw that the Latins, broken with unsuccessful war, had lost heart; that now his promise was claimed, himself marked out by the eyes [of all]; he burns with voluntary determination not to yield,[1] and raises his martial spirit. As in the fields of Carthage, a lion, whose breast is pierced by the hunters with a smart wound, then at length prepares for battle, and delights in shaking the brawny muscles of his shaggy neck, and undaunted breaks the infixed weapon of the hunter and roars with bloody jaws: just so in Turnus' inflamed breast violence arises,[2] then thus he addresses the king, and thus in perturbation begins: In Turnus is no delay; the dastardly Trojans have no handle to retract their challenge, or to decline what they have agreed to. I enter the lists: order thou, O sire, the sacred rites, and ratify the truce. Either I with this right hand shall dispatch to Tartarus the Trojan, the renegado of Asia (let the Latins sit still and look on), and alone shall with the sword repel the common charge; or let him rule as vanquished, let Lavinia be resigned his spouse. To him with mind composed Latinus replied: O youth surpassing in soul, the more you excel in fierce valor, the more solicitous it concerns me to consult [your safety], and with fearful caution to weigh the danger. You are heir to the kingdom of your father Daunus, many cities have been won by your valor, wealth also, and a high spirit, belong to Latinus. There are other virgins unwedded in Latium and

[1] I have been compelled to use a circumlocution in translating "ultro implacabilis ardet." Servius well observes: "bene ducis dignitatem servavit, ut non ideo faceret, quia quidam reposcebant; sed sua sponte accenderetur in prœlium." B.

[2] "Gliscit" rather means "increases, grows vehement." So Lucret. i. 475, "Ignis Alexandri Phrygio sub pectore gliscens." iv. 1062, "Inque dies gliscit furor." B.

the territories of Laurentum, not ignoble in their birth. Give me leave to lay before you without guile these truths, not pleasant to be spoken; at the same time, imbibe them with deep attention. It was decreed that I should wed my daughter to none of her former suitors; and this both gods and men unanimous pronounced. Overpowered by my affection for thee, overpowered by the ties of kindred blood, and by the tears of my afflicted consort, I broke through all restraints; wrested my daughter from the son-in-law to whom she was promised; took up impious[3] arms [against him]. From that time, Turnus, you see what calamities, what wars pursue me; what disasters you in chief endure. In two great battles routed, with difficulty we defend our hopes of Italy in this city: the streams of Tiber still run warm with our blood, and the spacious fields are white with the bones [of our slain]. Whither am I so often driven back? what infatuation changes my mind? If, upon Turnus' death, I am resolved to invite [the Trojans to be] my allies, why not rather put an end to all dissensions while he lives? What will my kinsmen the Rutulians, what will the rest of Italy say, if to death (Heaven disappoint my fears!) I betray you, who court my daughter and alliance by marriage? Consider the various chances of war: pity your aged sire, whom now disconsolate his native Ardea separates far from you. By these remonstrances the rage of Turnus is by no means checked: he swells up the more, and by medicine grows more distempered. As soon as he was able to speak, he thus began in words: Whatever care for me you entertain, most excellent prince, I beseech you, for my sake, lay aside, and suffer me to purchase death in exchange for glory. We too, O sire, can fling[4] the dart and spear with no feeble arm, and blood is wont to flow from the wounds which we inflict. Nought shall his goddess-mother him avail,[5] who in a female cloud screens the fugitive, and conceals herself in delusive shades. But the queen, terribly alarmed with the new state of the fight, wept, and ready to die [with grief], grasped her

[3] Not only because Æneas was destined by the gods to be his son-in-law, but because the war was between persons who had formed a truce. B.

[4] Literally, scatter. So Silius vii. 635, "spargentem in vulnera sævus Fraude fugæ calamos." ix. 390, "spargere tela manu." B.

[5] Such is the force of "longe," as illustrated by Gronov. on Sen. Hippol. 974; Drakenb. on Sil. xvii. 80. B.

raging son-in-law: Turnus, by these tears, by whatever regard for Amata touches your soul; thou art now the only hope, the only solace of my wretched old age; on thee depends the glory and power of Latinus; on thee our whole family now in its decline relies; this one request I make, forbear to engage with the Trojans. Whatever fortune awaits thee in that combat, Turnus, awaits me also; with you will I quit this hated light, nor captive will I see Æneas my son-in-law. Lavinia, bathing her glowing cheeks in tears, listens to the words of her mother; [Lavinia,] in whom profound modesty kindled up a burning flush,[6] and diffused itself over her blushing visage. As if one had stained the Indian ivory with ruddy purple; or as white lilies mingled with copious roses blush; such colors the virgin in her visage showed. Love raises a tumult in his soul, and fixes his looks upon the maid. He burns for arms the more, and briefly thus addresses Amata: O mother, do not, I beseech thee, do not with tears, do not with so inauspicious an omen, send me from you, now that I am on my way to the combat of rigid wars; for Turnus is not at liberty to retard his death! Idmon, my herald, report from me this no pleasing message to the Phrygian tyrant: when first the ensuing morn, borne in her crimson car, shall blush in the sky, let him not lead his Trojans against the Rutulians; let the arms of Trojans and Rutulians rest; by our blood be the war decided; in that field let Lavinia be won as a bride. When he had pronounced these words, and with great speed retired into the palace, he calls for his steeds, and exults to see them neighing in his presence; which steeds Orithyia[7] gave (a royal present) to Pilumnus, such as in whiteness might surpass the snow, in speed the winds. The active grooms stand around, and with their hollow hands cheer their stroked chests, and comb their waving manes. Then he himself wraps about his shoulders his corselet, rough with gold and pale orichalchum: at the same time fits for use his sword and buckler, and the horns of his flaming crest; the sword which the god of fire himself had forged for his father Daunus, and plunged, when glowing, in

[6] More literally, "unto whom a deep blush kindled up the hot current within, and overspread her burning visage." ANTHON.

[7] Orithyia, a daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens, and wife of Boreas, king of Thrace.

the Stygian wave. Next with force he grasps his strong spear, which in the middle of the palace stood resting on a mighty column, Auruncian Actor's spoil, and brandishes it quivering, exclaiming: Now, O spear, that never balked my call, the time is now at hand. Thee, heroic Actor, thee the right hand of Turnus now wields: grant that I may stretch his body on the ground, and with my strong hand rend the corselet torn from the Phrygian eunuch, and soil in the dust his locks frizzled with hot irons and dripping with myrrh. With such furies is he driven, and from the whole face of the inflamed warrior sparks incessant fly: from his fierce eyes the fire flashes: as when a bull to usher in the fight raises hideous bellowings, and essays his rage for a combat with horns, goring against the trunk of a tree; with blows he beats the air, and preludes to the fight by spurning the sand. Meanwhile Æneas, fierce in the arms given by his mother, no less whets his martial fury, and kindles up his rage, pleased that the war was to be decided on the proffered terms. Then he solaces his friends and the fears of sorrowing Iülus, teaching them the fates; and orders the messengers to carry back his positive answer to king Latinus, and prescribe the terms of peace.

The next day arisen had scarcely sprinkled the tops of the mountains with light, when first from the deep gulf the horses of the sun lift up their heads, and from their erected nostrils breathe forth day. Under the walls of the spacious city both the Rutulians and Trojans, having measured the ground, prepared it for the combat; and in the center [raised] hearths and altars of turf to their common gods: others attired in linen vails,[8] and having their temples bound with vervain, bore fountain-water, and fire. The Ausonian legion advances, and the armed squadrons pour forth at the crowded gates: on the other side the whole Trojan and Tuscan army with various arms rush [to the field], no otherwise arranged in battle-array, with sword in hand, than if summoned to the

[8] Servius writes that the priests and sacred ministers among the Romans, by whom the laws of peace and war were confirmed, were prohibited to wear any thing of linen; and that Virgil designedly clothes the Fecials in linen vails on this occasion, to give us to know beforehand that the league was to be broken, since it was ushered in with unlawful rites. Others for *lino* read *limo*, a kind of garment or apron worn by the priests in sacrifice, that reached down from the navel to the feet.

fierce combat of Mars. The leaders, too, in gold and purple decked, amid the thousands scamper [over the plain]; Mnestheus, the offspring of Assaracus, and brave Asylas; and Messapus, a renowned horseman, Neptune's son. And soon as, upon the signal given, each man to his station retired, they fix down their spears in the ground, and rest their shields. Then, with eagerness [to see the combat], matrons in crowds, the populace unarmed, and feeble old men, occupy the towers and roofs of houses; others stand near the lofty gates. But from the summit of the hill, which is now called Alban (then the mount had neither name, nor honor, nor glory), Juno, stretching her view, surveyed the field and both armies of Laurentines and Trojans, and the city of Latinus. Forthwith she thus addressed the sister of Turnus, a goddess to the deity who over pools and sounding streams presides; on her this sacred honor Jove, the high sovereign of the sky, for her ravished virginity conferred: O nymph, the glory of rivers, dearest to my soul, thou knowest how thee in chief, to all the maids of Latium who mounted[9] the ungrateful bed of mighty Jove, I have preferred, and willingly settled thee partner of the skies: learn now, Juturna,[10] lest you should accuse me, your sad disaster. As far as fortune seemed to suffer, and the Fates permitted the state of Latium to prosper, Turnus and your city I protected: now I see the youth engaging with unequal fates: the day and unfriendly power of the Destinies approach. With these eyes I am not able to behold this combat, or this league. If aught thou darest more ready for a brother, proceed: it becomes thee; perhaps better fortune will attend the wretched [Latins]. Scarcely had she spoken, when from her eyes Juturna poured forth tears, and thrice and four times with her hand smote her comely breast. This is no time for tears, Saturnian Juno says; dispatch, and if there be any means, rescue your brother from death: or kindle now the war anew, and dissolve the concerted league. I authorize you in the daring attempt. Having thus advised, she left her perplexed, and distracted with a sad wound of soul.

[9] Virgil expresses Æsch. Suppl. 37, *ἐπιβῆναι λέκτρων*. So also Eurip. Hel. 376. B.

[10] Juturna, the sister of king Turnus, changed into a fountain of the same name, the waters of which were used in the sacrifices of Vesta.

Meanwhile the kings, [and in particular][11] Latinus of ample frame, rides in a chariot drawn by four horses, whose refulgent temples twelve golden rays encompass, the emblem of his ancestor the sun:[12] Turnus moves in a car drawn by two white steeds, brandishing in his hand two javelins tipped with broad steel. On the other side, father Æneas, the founder of the Roman race, blazing with his starry shield and arms divine, and Ascanius by his side, the other hope of mighty Rome, advance from the camp: in a pure vestment the priest brought up the youngling of a bristly sow, and an unshorn ewe-lamb,[13] and presented the victims at the blazing altars. They, turning their eyes toward the rising sun, sprinkle with their hands the salt cakes, and mark with the sword the top of the victims' foreheads, and from the sacred goblets pour libations on the altars. Then pious Æneas, having unsheathed his sword, thus prays: Thou, O sun, be witness now to my prayer, and this land, for whose sake I have been able to sustain such grievous toils; and thou, almighty father, and thou, Saturnian Juno, now goddess, now more propitious, I pray: and thou, glorious father Mars, who by thy sovereign will disposest the fate of all battles: the fountains and rivers I invoke, and whatever objects of religion are in the heavens above, and the deities that dwell in the azure ocean. If the victory should chance to fall to Ausonian Turnus, it is agreed that the vanquished [Trojans] shall to Evander's city retire: Iülus shall quit these territories: nor in future shall the Æneades, violating the peace, make war again to harass these realms with the sword. But if victory shall declare Mars on our side (as I rather presume, and rather may the gods confirm by their divine will), never shall I compel the Italians to be subject to the Trojans, nor aim I at empire for myself; let both nations

[11] I have followed Anthon's construing. B.

[12] Latinus was the grandson of Picus, who took Circe, the daughter of the sun, to be his wife or concubine, and by her had Faunus, the father of Latinus, who consequently was the grandchild of the sun.

[13] Ruæus observes, that the ewe was offered for Æneas, after the manner of the Greeks, who commonly ratified a league with the sacrifice of a sheep or lamb, as we see in Homer, Il. iii. 103. The sow again is for Latinus, after the Roman or Italian fashion, which Livy intimates to have been of very great antiquity, lib. i. 24, where he gives the form of ratifying a league between the Romans and Albans, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius: "Audi Jupiter, etc.—Si prior defexit, tu illo die Jupiter populum Romanum sic ferito, ut ego hunc porcum hic hodie feriam."

unsubdued submit on equal terms to an everlasting league. I shall ordain the sacred rites and the gods:[14] let my father-in-law Latinus enjoy the control of the war, his wonted sovereign rule: to me my Trojans shall raise a city, and to that city Lavinia shall give the name. Thus Æneas first [said]: then thus Latinus, raising his eyes to heaven, succeeds, and to the stars stretches forth his right hand: By those same powers, Æneas, by the earth, the sea, the stars, I swear, by Latona's double offspring, and two-faced Janus, by the majesty of the gods infernal, and the sanctuary of inexorable Pluto. These oaths let the Sire hear, who by his thunder ratifies our leagues. On the altars I lay my hand; and the fires here placed in the midst of them, and the gods I call to witness: no day shall ever violate this peace, this treaty, on the part of the Italians, whatever way the event shall fall out: nor shall any power make me swerve from them with my will, even though it should wash away the earth into the waves, blending it with the flood, and dissolve heaven into hell. As this scepter (for a scepter in his hand he chanced to wield) shall never sprout forth with light leaves, twigs, or shady boughs, since once lopped in the wood from the low stem it was severed from its mother-tree, and by the ax laid down its locks and branching arms; once a tree, now the artist's hand hath enchased it in beauteous brass, and fashioned it for the Latin kings to wield. ¶ By such asseverations they mutually confirmed the league full in the view of the chiefs: then over the flames they stab[15] the victims consecrated in due form, and tear out their entrails from them yet alive, and heap up the altars with loaded chargers.

But to the Rutulians the match had long seemed unequal, and their breasts were agitated with various mixed emotions; but then the more, as they discern more nearly that the contest is one of unequal strength. Turnus advancing with a silent gait, and in suppliant form with downcast eyes venerating the altars, his wan cheeks, and the paleness over his youthful form, aggravate their fears; which surmises soon as his sister Juturna observed to be spread abroad, and that the drooping hearts of the populace were wavering; into the midst of the troops, personating the form of Camertus (who

[14] *i. e.* the Latins are to receive those of the Trojans. B.
[15] "Jugulare" properly means "to cut the throat." B.

was of a noble ancient line, and from his father's valor derived an illustrious name, himself too most valiant in arms), into the midst of the troops she throws herself, not unskilled in expedients, sows various rumors [among the ranks], and thus harangues them: Are you not ashamed, O Rutulians! to expose one life for all who are such?[16] are we not equal in numbers and in strength? Lo Trojans and Arcadians both, and the fatal band, Etruria, inveterate to Turnus, all are here: yet should but every second man of us engage, we hardly have a foe. He, [Turnus,] it is true, by fame shall be advanced to the gods, at whose altars he devotes himself, and in the mouths [of men] shall ever live; we who now are seated idle on the plain, shall, after having lost our country, be constrained to submit to haughty lords.

By these words the resolution of the youths was now more and more inflamed, and through the troops the murmur glides. Even the Laurentines are changed, and those very Latins, who were recently promising themselves repose from war, and prosperity to the state, now are to arms inclined, wish the league unmade, and pity the hard fate of Turnus. To these incentives Juturna adds another yet stronger, and gives a sign from high heaven, than which none more effectually disturbed the minds of the Italians, and mislead them by its portent. For in the ruddy sky the tawny bird of Jove with winged speed pursued some water-fowl, and a noisy tribe of the feathered kind; when suddenly swooping down to the waves, cruelly rapacious, he snatched up in his crooked pounces a goodly swan. The Italians roused their attention: and all the fowls with screaming noise turn their flight, amazing to see! and darken the sky with their wings, and forming a cloud, pursue[17] their foe through the air; till; by the force [of their attacks], and the very encumbrance of his burden, overpowered, the bird gave way, and from his talons dropped his prey into the river, and flew far into the clouds. Then indeed with acclamation the Rutulians salute the omen, and make ready their troops: and first Tolumnius the augur says, This is what with prayers I often sought: I welcome

[16] *i. e.* "who are equal in valor to Turnus." ANTHON. B.

[17] Literally, "press on." Silius v. 281, "ceu tigride cerva Hyrcana cum pressa tremit." x. 125, "Haud secus ac Libyca fetam tellure leænam Venator premit obsesso cum Maurus in antro." B.

[the omen], and own [the interposition of] the gods; myself, myself at your head, snatch up the steel, O Rutulians, whom this injurious foreigner like weak fowls with war dismays, and by violence ravages your coasts. He shall betake himself to flight, and set sail far into the deep. Do ye with one accord close your squadrons, and from the combat save your king, whom they would ravish from you.[18]

He said, and rushing forth, hurled a dart full in the face of the enemy: the whizzing cornel-shaft gives a twang, and with unerring aim cuts the air. At once it is done, at once a loud shout arises, and the whole ranks are disturbed, and their hearts inflamed with tumultuous rage. The flying javelin, as against it stood nine brothers (most comely personages, whom one faithful consort of Tuscan blood had borne to Arcadian Gilippus), one of these, a youth distinguished by his mien and shining arms, just in the middle, where the stitched belt is worn by the waist, and a clasp confines the joints of the sides: it penetrates the ribs, and stretches him on the yellow sand. But the brothers, a resolute band, and stung with grief, some draw their swords, some snatch the missile steel, and rush blindfold; against whom the troops of Laurentum spring forth: then in close array Trojans, and Tuscans, and Arcadians with painted arms, again stream forth. One common ardor so strongly possesses all to decide the strife by dint of sword. They rifled the very altars; a thick tempest of darts flies through all the air, and an iron shower pours down amain; and they bear away the hearths and goblets.[19] Latinus himself, the league now broken, flies, bearing off his baffled gods. Some rein their chariots, or with a bound vault on their steeds, and with drawn swords are ready. Messapus, eager to violate the truce, gives a terrible shock to the Tuscan Aulestes, a king, and bearing the ensigns of a king, by jostling against him with his horse: he retreating falls, and unhappily among the altars planted behind him tumbles on his head and shoulders. But Messapus fierce flies up with his lance, and with the beamy weapon from on high, raising himself on his steed, smites him heavily, earnestly imploring [his life], and thus speaks:

[18] "Raptum" is used proleptically. B.

[19] The priests and ministers bear away the utensils which had been employed in pledging the truce. B.

He has got it,[20] this victim is given to the great gods as a more grateful offering. The Italians flock toward him, and strip his limbs, yet warm. From the altar Chorinæus snatches a burning brand, and confronting Ebusus, as he is coming up and aiming a blow, prevents him, by dashing the flames full in his face. His bushy beard blazed, and singed all over, diffused a smell. The other, pursuing the blow, with his left hand grasps the hair of his confounded foe, and with exerted force, pressing his knee against him, nails him fast to the ground; in this posture he plunges the cruel sword into his side. Podalirius with naked sword pursuing the shepherd Alsus, as in the front of the battle he rushes through the darts, presses close upon him: he (Alsus) drawing back his ax, cleaves asunder in the middle the forehead and chin of his opponent, and with the bespattered blood besmears his arms. Cruel slumbers and the iron sleep [of death] press down his eyes; closed are their orbs in everlasting night.

But pious Æneas, with his head uncovered, stretched forth his unarmed hand [in sign of truce], and with loud acclamation called to his men: Whither rush you? what sudden discord has thus arisen? O restrain your rage! the league is now struck up, and all the articles are settled: I alone have a right to engage; permit me, and banish your fears: this hand of mine shall make the league firm: those sacred rites give me security for Turnus. Amid these words, amid such expostulations, lo! a hissing arrow with winged speed alighted on the hero: by whose hand shot, by whose whirling force impelled, who acquired such glory to the Rutulians, whether a god or chance, is uncertain: smothered was the fame of the illustrious action, nor did any one vaunt himself on [having inflicted] a wound on Æneas.

Soon as Turnus saw Æneas retiring from the army, and the leaders all in disorder, with sudden hope impetuous he burns: for his steeds and arms at once he calls, and proudly springs into the chariot with a bound, and with his own hands guides the reins. Flying along, he gives to death many gallant frames of men; many half dead he rolls along, or with his chariot tramples down the troops, or plies their flying

[20] *i. e.* "he has received his *coup de grace*," a gladiatorial phrase. Cf. Ter. Andr. i. 8, 56. B.

backs with darts caught up.[21] As when by the streams of the cold Hebrus bloody Mars with fierce commotion clashes with his shield, and kindling war, lets loose his furious steeds; they over the plain outfly the south winds and zephyr; Thrace to its utmost bounds groans beneath the trampling of their feet, and the features of grim Terror, Rage, and Stratagem, the retinue of the god, stalk around: with like fury Turnus through the midst of the embattled plain exulting drives his steeds steaming with sweat, pranceing over his miserably slaughtered foes: their rapid hoofs scatter the dewy drops of blood, and gore with mingled sand is spurned up. And now to death he gave Sthenelus, and Thamyris, and Pholus, encountering the two last hand to hand, the other at a distance; at a distance also both the sons of Imbrasus, Glaucus and Lades, whom in Lycia Imbrasus had bred, and furnished with equal skill in arms, either to fight hand to hand, or on horseback to outfly the wind. In another quarter Eumedes rushes into the midst of the field, the warlike son of the ancient Dolon,[22] representing his grandsire in name, in soul and action his sire; who once, sent as a spy to visit the Grecian camp, durst claim for his reward the chariot of Achilles. Him Tydides for so audacious an attempt honored with a very different reward; and no more he aspires [now] to the steeds of Achilles. Him as soon as Turnus at a distance espied on the open plain, having first sent after him a fleet arrow through the extended void, he stops his harnessed steeds, down from the chariot springs, and flies up to him expiring and prostrate; and, pressing his foot on his neck, wrests the sword from his hand, and deep in his throat plunged the shining blade, and withal added these words: Lo! Trojan, stretched at your length measure the lands, and that Hesperia which by war you sought: these rewards they reap who dare attack me with the sword; thus they build their walls. Hurling his lance he sends Butes to bear him company: and Chloreas, and Sybaris, Dares, and Thersilochus, and Thymœtes, who had fallen from the neck of his plunging[23] steed. And as, when the blast of Thracian Boreas roars on

[21] Snatched up from his own chariot, or from the bodies of the slain. B.

[22] Dolon, a Trojan remarkable for his swiftness, having been sent as a spy to the Grecian camp, he was seized and put to death by Diomedes.

[23] So Silius uses "sternax," i. 261, "correpti sternacem ad prœlia frænis Frangere equum." Servius interprets it, "qui facile sternit sedentem." B.

the Ægean Sea, and to the shore pursues the waves, wherever the winds exert their incumbent force, the clouds fly through the air: just so before Turnus, wherever he cuts his way, the troops give way, and the routed squadrons fly: his impetuous ardor bears him on, and the wind, blowing right against his chariot, shakes his fluttering crest. Him thus bearing all before him, and bellowing with mad rage, Phegeus could not endure; he opposed himself to the chariot, and, with his right hand, twisted the mouths of the steeds as they are hurried along, foaming with the bit. While he is dragged along, and hangs upon the pole, [Turnus'] broad lance reaches him undefended, and piercing bursts his double-tissued coat of mail, and with a wound grazes the surface of his body. But he, with shield opposed turning on the foe, advanced, and from his unsheathed sword[24] sought assistance; when the wheel, and the axle accelerated in its career, hurled him headlong, and stretched him on the ground; and Turnus following, with his sword struck off his head, between the lower extremity of the helmet and the upper border of the corslet, and left him on the sand a [headless] trunk.

Now while in the field victorious Turnus makes such havoc, in the interim Mnestheus, and trusty Achates, and Ascanius, accompanying, placed in the camp Æneas bleeding [from his wound, and] on a long spear propping his alternate steps.[25] He storms, and, having broken off the shaft, struggles to wrench out the dart, and demands the speediest means of aid; bids them make an incision with the broad sword, and quite lay open the weapon's recess, and send him back to the war. And now came to his aid Iapyx,[26] the son of Iasius, by Phœbus above others beloved; upon whom Apollo himself, captivated with a violent passion for him, heretofore had offered to bestow his arts, his own gifts, his skill in augury, the lyre and winged shafts. He, to prolong his dying father's fate, chose to understand the powers of herbs and use of medicine, and inglorious to practice those silent arts.[27] Raving vio-

[24] I may as well remark, that "mucro" generally means a short, broad weapon. B.

[25] So Silius vi. 68, "Saucius—fractæ innitens hastæ." B.

[26] Iapyx, a Trojan, the son of Iasius, and a favorite of Apollo, who instructed him in medicine.

[27] Because unheralded by fame. ANTHON. B.

lently Æneas stood, leaning on his massy spear, unmoved, amid the vast confluence, either by the tears of the youths or of grieving Iülus. The sage, in his robe doubled back, girt up[28] after the physician's fashion, with anxious trepidation makes many efforts in vain with his healing hand, and the potent herbs of Phœbus; in vain with his right hand tugs the dart, and with tenacious pincers grips the steel. No success attends the means; his patron Apollo lends no aid; and the fierce terror of the field spreads more and more, and the mischief is nearer. Now they see the air stand thick with dust: [Turnus'] cavalry are advancing, and thick showers of darts fall in the midst of the camp: to heaven ascend the dismal shouts of youth, some fighting, and some falling under cruel Mars.

Here the parent-goddess Venus, deeply affected with the undeserved suffering of her son, from Cretan Ida crops a stalk of dittany, all blooming with downy leaves and purple flowers: to the wild goats those herbs are not unknown; [for from them they seek relief,] when in their backs the winged shafts have struck. This Venus, her face muffled in a dim cloud, conveyed; with this she tinctures the water poured in the shining vase, secretly medicating it; and injects the juice of healing ambrosia, and fragrant panacea. With this liquor aged Iapyx, not knowing [its cummunicated virtue], fomented the wound; and suddenly (for all the pain fled from his body, and all the blood in the deep wound was stanched; and now the arrow, following the hand, without any compulsion dropped out, and to his pristine state his vigor returned anew) Iapyx exclaims, Quick fly for the hero's arms; why do you stand? thus he first kindles their courage against the foe. [He adds,] Not from human aid, or from the masterly art [of man], proceeds this cure, nor, Æneas, is it my right hand that saves thee: a god more powerful is the agent, and releases thee for enterprises of greater moment. He, panting for the combat, had incased his legs in gold, is impatient of delay, and brandishes his lance. When his shield was fitted to his side, and the corslet to his back, within his armed folds he embraces Ascanius, and, through his helmet, gently touching his lips, thus addresses him: From me, my son, learn valor and true

[28] In order to be less encumbered in his operations. So Silius v. 367, "intortos de more adstrictus amictus, Mulcebat lympha purgatum sanguine vulnus." B.

fortitude; thy fortune [learn] from others. Now shall my hand by war set thee in safety, and lead thee to the glorious fruits of victory. Be sure you this remember, when ere long your age shall reach maturity; and, calling often to mind the examples of your ancestors, let your father Æneas, and uncle Hector, spur you on.

Soon as he uttered these words, from the gates he issued forth majestic; in his hand brandishing a ponderous javelin: at the same time in a thick body rush forth Antheus and Mnestheus, and all the troops from the abandoned camp pour along. Then with mingled clouds of blinding dust the plain is overspread, and the earth, shaking by the trampling of their feet, trembles. Them marching Turnus saw from an opposite hill; the Ausonians saw, and cold fear ran through their inmost bones. Before all the Latins Juturna first heard and recognized the sound, and in consternation fled. The hero (Æneas) speeds his way, and along the open plain drives his fiery squadron. As when under some stormy[29] constellation a tempest moves athwart the mid ocean toward the land; ah! how the hearts of the desponding swains, presaging from afar, shudder! it will bring ruin on the trees, and desolation on the fields of corn, it will lay all waste around: the winds before it fly, and waft hoarse murmurs to the shore: with such fury the Trojan chief leads on his squadron against the opposing foes: in the thick array they crowd upon each other, closing their serried files. Thymbræus with the sword smites down the stern Osiris, Mnestheus beats down Archetius, Achates kills Epulo, and Gyas Ufens. The augur's self Tolumnius falls, who first had hurled his lance against the adverse foes. To heaven a shout is raised; and the Rutulians, routed in their turn, show their backs all dusty over the field. Æneas himself neither deigns to put the fugitives to death, nor does he pursue those who engage in close fight, or who [at a distance] throw the javelin; Turnus alone, with accurate survey, he searches out, amid the thick clouds of dust: him alone he demands to the combat.

With dread of this the warlike maid Juturna, struck to the heart, overthrows Metiscus,[30] Turnus' charioteer, between the

[29] Literally, "when [the influence of] some constellation has burst forth." B.

[30] Metiscus, the charioteer of Turnus, whose form was assumed by Juturna, the sister of Turnus.

harness, and leaves him far behind fallen from the beam. Herself succeeds, and with her hand guides the waving reins, assuming all, the voice, the person, and arms of Metiscus. As when throughout the spacious mansions of some wealthy lord the sable swallow flutters, and on the wing traverses the lofty courts, picking up her scanty fare, and food for her loquacious young; and now in the empty cloisters, now about the liquid pools chatters: in like manner through the midst of the foes Juturna rides, and flying in her rapid chariot, circuits all: and now here, now there, exhibits her brother in triumph; nor suffers him to engage [in single combat]; but far [from Æneas] devious flies.

Æneas, with no less eagerness, pursues mazy orbs, in order to intercept him, traces out the warrior, and with a loud voice calls after him through the broken troops. As often as he casts his eyes on the foe, and by his agility attempted the winged courser's speed; so often Juturna wheeled about the chariot, turning it from him. Alas, what can he do? in vain he fluctuates with a varying tide, and different cares urge his mind to opposite schemes. At him Messapus, as in his swift career he chanced in the left hand to wield two javelins pointed with steel, levels one of them, hurling it with a well-aimed blow. Æneas stopped short, and shrunk himself up behind his buckler, stooping on his knee; yet the impetuous dart bore away the tufted top of the helmet, and from his head struck off the towering crest. Then indeed his rage swells; and, driven on by the deceitful arts [of his foe], when he perceived that the steeds and chariot were driven back in a different career, he makes large protestations to Jove, and the altars of the broken league. At length he rushes into the midst of the lines, and under the auspicious influence of Mars, arrayed in terrors, ushers in a hideous undistinguished slaughter, and gives loose reins to all his fury.

What God in song can now to me unfold so many disastrous scenes, what God [can tell] the various havoc and death of the chiefs, whom by turns now Turnus chases over all the plain, and now the Trojan hero? Was it thy pleasure, Jove, that nations, which were [one day] to be joined in everlasting peace, should with such commotion engage? Æneas, not losing time, full in the side smote Sucro the Rutulian (this combat first checked the Trojans in their career), and, where death is

speediest, through the ribs and wattled fences of his breast drives home the cruel blade. Turnus on foot encountering Amycus from his horse overthrown, and his brother Diores, smites the one with his long spear as he comes up, the other with his sword; and, having cut off the heads of both, suspends them on his chariot, and bears them along bedewed with blood. The other dispatches Talos, Tanaïs, and stout Cethegus, all three at one assault, and dejected Onytes, of Theban extraction, the son of Perida. Turnus [again overthrows] the brothers sent from Lycia and Apollo's lands, and Menœtes, an Arcadian youth, in vain to war averse; whose art and poor abode had been about the streams of Lerna, abounding in fishes; nor were the employments of the great known to him, while in farmed land his father sowed. And as two fires rage, let loose from different quarters upon a withered copse, and crackling laurel groves; or as with impetuous fall from the steep mountains two foaming rivers roar along and roll to the sea each laying his passage waste: with no less impetuosity Æneas and Turnus both rush through the embattled plain; now, now their rage boils up within; their invincible breasts are ready to burst with fury; now with full career they drive into the midst of wounds. The one (Æneas) with a rock and the whirling force of a huge stone, overthrows headlong, and at his length stretches on the ground, Murranus, vaunting loud his ancestry, and the ancient names of his forefathers, and his whole line through the Latin kings derived: him beneath the harness and yoke the wheels dragged along, and with rap on rap the hurrying hoofs of his steeds, regardless of their master, trample upon him. The other (Turnus) encounters Ilus rushing on, and storming hideous with ire, and against his gilded temples hurls a javelin; through his helmet transfixing his brain, the spear stood still. Nor could thy right hand, O Creteus, bravest of Greeks, save thee from Turnus; nor did his own gods protect Cupencus from the assault of Æneas. The sword found easy access to his heart: nor did the resistance of the brazen shield aught avail its hapless owner. Laurentum's fields, O Æolus, saw thee too fall, and [stretched] on thy back widely cover the earth. Thou, whom neither the Grecian squadrons could prostrate, nor Achilles, who overthrew Priam's empire, meetest thy doom. Here were the boundaries of thy life; under Mount Ida thy stately palace,

in Lyrnessus thy stately palace; [here] a grave in Laurentine ground. Thus now both hosts are [on each other] turned, both Latins and Trojans all: Mnestheus, and stern Serestus, and Messapus, a horseman renowned, and gallant Asylas, the Tuscan phalanx, and Arcadian Evander's cavalry, the warriors each to his power their utmost efforts exert.[31] No stop, no stay; with vast emulation they strain their utmost.

Here his lovely parent inspired Æneas with the resolution to march to the walls, and forthwith advance his army against the city, and with an unexpected blow confound the Latins. While through the various ranks in quest of Turnus he rolled his eyes hither and thither around, he sees the city exempt from the disastrous war, and in safety undisturbed. Instantly the image of a more decisive battle inflames his soul; he calls the chiefs, Mnestheus, Sergestus, and brave Serestus, and takes a rising ground, where the rest of the Trojan army assemble in thick array,[32] nor lay their targets or darts aside. He in the center, posted on the eminence, addresses them: Let no obstruction be given to my proposal: Jove stands by us: nor, because the design is sudden, let any one be the more backward. The city, the cause of the war, the empire itself of Latinus, unless the people consent to receive our yoke, and vanquished to submit, this day will I overturn, and lay their smoking towers level with the ground. Am I forsooth to wait till Turnus deign to accept our offered challenge, and [so often] beaten, be again disposed to take the field? This is the source, my friends, this the great hinge of the execrable war. Quickly bring brands, and with fire re-assert the league. He said; and all at once with emulous ardor form the wedged battalion, and to the walls in a dense body move. Suddenly the scaling ladders, and unexpected flames appear. Some fly to the gates, and butcher the first they meet; others hurl the steel, and darken the sky with darts. Æneas himself among the foremost beneath the walls extends his hand, and with a loud voice accuses Latinus; the gods he calls to witness, that he is a second time compelled to the fight; that the Italians are now twice become his foes, and this the second league they

[31] This seems like an imitation of Plautus, Amphit. i. 1, 76, "Pro se quisque, id quod quisque potest et valet." Cf. Ter. Heut. i. 1, 74. Ovid Met. iii. 642. B.

[32] "Densi" refers to "milites," which is implied in "legio." B.

broke. Among the trembling citizens dissension arises; some press to dismantle the town, and open the gates to the Trojans, and drag the king himself to the ramparts. Others take up arms, and march on to defend the walls. As when a shepherd hath traced out a swarm of bees inclosed in some harboring cleft, and filled [their cells] with bitter smoke; they within, alarmed for their affairs, in trepidation run hither and thither through the waxen camp, and with loud buzzing whet their rage: through their cells the black stench is rolled; then with faint murmur the caverns within resound; to the empty regions of air the smoke ascends.

This disaster too befell the distressed Latins, which with woe shook the whole city to the foundation. The queen, soon as she saw the enemy advancing to the town, the walls assaulted, the flames flying up to the roofs; nowhere the Rutulian bands, no troops of Turnus; had the misfortune to believe the youth slain in the heat of battle, and, with sudden grief distracted, cries, that she had been the cause, the criminal author, and source of ills; and frantic in her raving anguish, pouring forth many exclamations, with her hands in despair asunder tears her purple robes, and from a lofty beam ties the noose of her unseemly[32] death. Which disaster when it reached the unhappy Latin dames, first her daughter Lavinia tore her golden tresses and rosy cheeks with her hands; then all the rest run raving about. With shrieks the palace far and wide resounds. Hence the doleful intelligence is blazed through the town. Their souls despond. Latinus, thunderstruck with the destiny of his queen, and the ruin of his city, goes about tearing his robe, deforming his hoary locks, sprinkled over with sordid ashes; and much himself accuses, for not having before received Trojan Æneas, and cordially admitted him as his son-in-law.

Meanwhile the warrior Turnus in the extremity of the field pursues a few straggling troops, now more languid, and less elated with the speed of his horses. The wind wafted to him this outcry mingled with unseen terrors; the din and unjoyous murmurs of the distracted city struck his listening ears. Ah me! why with such woe are our walls disturbed? What

[32] Either referring to the supposed treatment of those who had committed suicide, in the other world, or to the disgracefulness of a death by hanging. See Servius. B.

alarming shouts burst from the various quarters of the town? He said, and, pulling in the reins, stood still, in amazement lost. Then his sister, now that she was transformed into the figure of the charioteer Metiscus, and guided the chariot, the horses, and the reins, in these words replies: This way, Turnus, let us pursue the sons of Troy, where our first conquest opens the way. Others there are who by their prowess can defend the walls: Æneas assails the Italians, and [with them] joins battle. Let us too, by exerting our activity, dispense death to the Trojans without pity; nor shall you quit the field inferior to him in the number [of the slain], or in the honor of the fight. To this Turnus [replied]: O sister; I knew you long ago, when first by artifice you broke the truce, and engaged yourself in these wars; and now, though a goddess, in vain you wear disguise. But what god commissioned you to quit the skies in order to sustain such toils? [are you come] to be witness of your unhappy brother's cruel death? For what can I do? or what success now can fortune promise? Myself before my eyes saw Murranus, than whom there survives not one to me more dear; [I saw him] fall as he called on me with his [expiring] breath, mighty the man, and with a mighty wound subdued. Ill-fated Ufens fell, that he might not be a spectator of my disgrace: The Trojans are in possession of his corpse and arms. Shall I suffer our city to be razed, the only thing that was wanting to our distress—nor by this right hand refute the calumnies of Drances? Shall I turn my back? and shall this earth see Turnus fly? Is it then so grievous a misfortune to die? Oh infernal powers, befriend me, since the will of the powers above is hostile! To you I shall descend a spotless soul, from that imputation clear, and at no time degenerate from my great ancestors.

Scarcely had he said, when lo! Sages, hurried by his foaming steed, flies through the midst of the foes, wounded with an arrow athwart the face, and imploring Turnus by name he rushes forward: Turnus, on thee our last relief depends; have pity on thy own. Æneas thunders in arms, and threatens to overthrow the stately towers of Latium, and raze them to the ground: and now to our roofs the fire-brands fly. On thee their eyes, on thee their whole regard the Latins turn: king Latinus himself demurs, whom to call his son-in-law, or to which alliance to incline. Besides, the queen, most faith-

ful to your interest, has fallen by her own hand, and abandoned to despair, has fled from life. Before the gates Messapus and brave Atinas alone sustain the fight. Around those on each side the battalions stand in thick array, and an iron crop of naked swords shoot a horrid glare: [yet, during these public alarms,] you are wheeling your chariot along the desert field.

Confounded with the varied aspect of affairs, Turnus was stunned, and stood in silent gaze. Deep in his breast boils overwhelming shame, also frantic rage with intermingled grief, and love racked with fury, and conscious worth. Soon as the clouds were dispelled, and light to his mind restored, toward the walls he rolled his flaming eye-balls in turbulence of soul, and from his car surveyed the spacious city. When lo! a torrent of flames whirling amid the different stories, in rolling waves ascended to heaven, and had seized the tower; the tower which himself of jointed beams had reared, and under it wheels applied, and with lofty bridges overlaid. Sister, [he cries,] now, now, destiny prevails; forbear to stop me; let us follow whither god and rigid fortune calls. I am resolved to enter the lists with Æneas; whatever bitterness is in death, I am resolved to bear it: nor, sister, shall you see me longer in disgrace. Permit me first, I pray, to give vent to this fury.

He said, and instantly from his chariot sprang with a bound upon the plain; through foes, through darts he rushes, and leaves his mourning sister, and with rapid course bursts through the middle ranks. And as when a rock tumbles precipitately down from a mountain's top, torn by the winds, whether furious rains have washed it away, or undermining time by length of years hath loosened it; down the precipice abrupt the pertinacious mass of mountain with vast impulse is hurried, and bounds over the ground, sweeping away with it woods, flocks, and men: just so through the broken troops Turnus rushes to the walls of the city, where to a vast extent the earth is drenched in streaming blood, and the air hisses with javelins. With his hand he makes a sign, and at the same time thus with a loud voice begins: Now, Rutulians, forbear, and, ye Latins, withhold your darts; whatever fortune of the war remains is mine: it is more equitable that I alone expiate the [violated] league in your stead, and by the

sword decide the strife. All the troops retired from between them, and made room.

But father Æneas, having heard Turnus' name, forsakes the walls, and forsakes the lofty towers, and spurns at all delays: all his enterprises he breaks off, exulting with joy, and thunders dreadful in arms; as mighty as Athos, as mighty as Eryx, or mighty as the parent [mountain] Apenninus[34] himself, when with his waving oaks he roars, and rejoices in his snowy top, exalting himself to the skies. And now both Rutulians, and Trojans, and all the Italians, eagerly turned their eyes; both those who on high guarded the battlements, and those who with the ram battered the walls below: their arms they laid down from their shoulders. Latinus himself with amazement views the mighty heroes, born in distant quarters of the globe, encountering each other, and deciding their quarrel with the sword. They, soon as the lists in the spacious plain were cleared, having with rapid onset flung their javelins from afar, rush to the combat with shields and arms of brass resounding. Earth gives a groan; then stroke on stroke they redouble. Chance and courage are blended together. And as in Sila's[35] spacious grove, or on lofty Taburnus[36] when two bulls with butting fronts rush to the hostile combat, the shepherds in consternation have fled; all the herd stand dumb with fear, the heifers faintly low, dubious which shall rule the herd, whom the whole drove are to obey: they with great force deal promiscuous wounds to each other, and struggling keenly infix their horns, and with profusion of blood lave their necks and shoulders: the whole grove rebellows with their groans. Just so Trojan Æneas, and the Daunian hero, with shields against each other tilting, rush forward: loud clashing fills the skies. Great Jove sustains two equally-poised scales, and puts into them the different fates of both; whom the toilsome combat destines to victory, and in which scale death sinks down. Here Turnus, presuming he might with safety, springs forth, and on his tiptoes rises with his whole body to his uplifted sword, and aims a blow. The Trojans and trembling Latins shriek aloud, and

[34] Apenninus, a ridge of high mountains, running through the middle of Italy.

[35] Sila, a large wood in Lucania, abounding with pitch.

[36] Taburnus, a mountain of Campania. P.

both armies are fixed in suspense. But the treacherous sword breaks short, and in the middle of the stroke leaves the inflamed chief [at the mercy of his foe], unless flight should succeed to his relief. Swifter than the east wind he flies, soon as he saw the unknown hilt,[37] and his right hand disarmed. There is a report that in his headlong haste, when he mounted his yoked steeds for the first onset, while he was in hurried trepidation, he snatched the sword of his charioteer Metiscus, leaving his father's [heavenly-tempered] steel behind: and long that served his purpose, while the Trojans offered their flying backs; but, when it came to Vulcan's arms divine,[38] the mortal blade, like brittle ice, in shivers flew with the stroke; along the yellow sands its splinters shine. Therefore Turnus, in frantic flight, traverses the several quarters of the field, and now hither, then thither, wheels in uncertain mazes. For on every hand the Trojans in close circling bands inclosed him; and on this side a vast morass, on that steep mountains environ him. Nor less eagerly Æneas, though, disabled by the shaft, his knees sometimes check and oppose his speed, pursues, and fervent presses close upon the heels of his trembling foe. As a hound when he has found a stag inclosed by a river, or hedged around by the terror of the crimson plumes,[39] pursues him with speed and full cry; he, meanwhile, scared by the toils and steep bank, backward and forward flies a thousand ways: but the stanch Umbrian dog closes upon him with open mouth, is just in act to gripe [his prey] and, as if now he griped him, chides with his jaws, and with delusive bite is mocked: then shouts arise, the banks and lakes around re-echo, and the whole sky thunders with uproar. At once he (Turnus) flies, at once chides the Rutulians all, calling on each by name, and importunately craves his well-known sword. Æneas, on the other hand, denounces death and present destruction, if any one should approach; and overawes the trembling troops, threatening to raze the city, and, wounded as he was, presses on. Five rounds they finish in their career, and trace back as many more, this way and that. For no slight or frivolous prize is sought; but for the life and blood of Turnus they strive.

[37] He struck with the sword of Metiscus, not his own. B.
[38] *i. e.* those of Æneas. B.
[39] On the "formido," see my note on Æn. iv. 120. B.

Sacred to Faunus[40] here chanced to stand a wild olive with its bitter leaves, a tree long revered by seamen; where saved from the waves they used to fix their offerings to the Laurentine god, and suspend their garments vowed. But the Trojans without distinction had cut down the sacred stock, that they might combat in a clear field. Here stood the spear of Æneas: here fixed the hurling force [of his right hand] had conveyed it, and riveted it in the tough root. The Trojan stooped, and attempted with his hand to wrench out the steel, that with the missile weapon he might pursue him, whom by speed he could not overtake. Then Turnus, with fear distracted, cries: O Faunus, pity, I pray; and thou, propitious Earth, detain the weapon, if I have always held your honors sacred, which, on the contrary, the sons of Troy have by war profaned. He said, and invoked the aid of the god by vows not vain. For Æneas, long struggling, after loss of time in essaying the tenacious root, was unable, by his utmost efforts, to disengage the firm hold of the wood. While he keenly strains and presses, the Daunian goddess, again transformed into the shape of the charioteer Metiscus, runs forward, and restores to her brother the sword. Venus, indignant that such license should be given to the audacious nymph, approached, and from the deep root tore up the spear. The towering chiefs, in arms and courage renewed, the one relying on his trusty sword, the other stern and majestic with his spear, stand opposed, breathless in the martial combat.

Meanwhile the sovereign of all-powerful Olympus addresses Juno, as from a yellow cloud she viewed the fight: Consort, when shall this strife be at an end? what further remains? You yourself know, and own you are not ignorant, that Æneas is destined to be a denizen of the sky, and by the Fates is to be advanced to the stars. What then do you propose, or with what view are you hovering in the chill clouds? Was it seemly for a god [elect] to be violated by a wound from a mortal? or that Turnus (for without you what power had Juturna?) should have his wrested sword restored, and to the vanquished new strength accrue? Now at length desist, and be swayed by my entreaty: nor let such discontent prey upon you in silence; nor let gloomy cares so often meet me

[40] Faunus, the son of Picus, who is said to have reigned in Italy about 1500 B. C.

from those sweet lips. Now affairs are come to a crisis: you have been empowered to harass the Trojans by sea and land, to kindle a nameless war, entail dishonor on the house [of Latinus], and blend sorrows with these nuptials [of Æneas and his daughter]; further to attempt I forbid you. Thus Jupiter spoke: thus on the other hand the Saturnian goddess with downcast look [rejoined]: I own, great Jove, it was because I knew this to be your will, that I, against my inclination, from Turnus and the earth withdrew. Nor had you seen me else now sitting alone in this airy recess, enduring things worthy, unworthy;[41] but girt with flames, I had been planted in the very field of battle, drawing the Trojans on to adverse fight. I confess that I advised Juturna to relieve her unhappy brother, and I approved that for his life she should make higher attempts; yet not that she should [throw] a dart or bend a bow; I swear by the inexorable source of the Stygian lake, which is set forth the sole object of religious dread to the gods above. And now for my part I yield, and loathing renounce combats. This, which by no law of fate is withholden, I implore of thee in behalf of Latium, and for the honor of [its princes], thy own blood; that when by this auspicious match (so be it) they shall establish peace, when they shall unite in laws and leagues, you will not command the natives of Latium to change their ancient name, or become Trojans, and be called Teucri, or to change[42] their language or alter their dress. Let Latium subsist; let the kings of Alba subsist through ages; let the sons of Rome rise to imperial power by means of the Italian valor: Troy hath perished, and suffer it to perish with its name forever. To her the founder of men and things thus smiling [spoke]: Sister of Jove, and Saturn's other offspring, do you still roll in your breast such tides of passion? But come and quell the fury indulged in vain. I grant what you desire; [by your prayers] I am subdued, and willingly myself resign. Their native language and customs the Ausonians shall retain; and, as it now is, the name shall be: only incorporated with them the Trojans shall settle [in Latium]; the institutions and

[41] A proverbial phrase, equivalent to "suffering every thing." So "æqua, iniqua;" "fanda, infanda." B.

[42] I think "viros" is somewhat emphatic, thus: "nor compel such *men*, as they are, to wear the *effeminate* Trojan costume." B.

ceremonials of religion I will add, and make them all Latins of one speech. Hence a race mingled with Ausonian blood shall rise, which by its piety you shall see exalted above men, above gods; nor shall any nation with equal zeal celebrate your honor. To these words Juno assents, and, filled with complacency, gave her mind a contrary bias. Meanwhile she quitted the sky, and from the cloud withdrew.

This done, the Sire revolves another purpose with himself, and meditates to dismiss Juturna from [aiding] her brother's arms. Two pests there are, the dire sisters called; whom, with hellish Megæra,[43] joyless Night at one and the same birth brought forth, and bound with equal spires of serpents and added to them wings swift as the wind. These at the throne of Jove, and at the court of the incensed sovereign present themselves, and sharpen terror in the minds of feeble mortals, what time the king of gods prepare baleful death and diseases, or terrifies guilty cities with war. Of these Jove sends down one in haste from the lofty æther, and bids her stand before Juturna as a fatal sign. She flies, and in a rapid whirlwind to earth is borne: just as through a cloudy sky an arrow shot from the string, which tinged with the bitterness of malignant poison a Parthian (a Parthian or Cydonian) hath hurled an incurable dart, flies hissing and unseen athwart the fleeting shades; in like manner the offspring of Night shot away and hied to the earth. Soon as she perceives the Trojan battalions and the troops of Turnus, she suddenly shrinks up into the form of the little fowl, which at times sitting by night on tombs or desolate towers, late inauspicious hoots amid the shades; into this shape transformed, the fiend in sight of Turnus flies backward and forward screaming, and flaps on his buckler with her wings. Unusual numbness relaxed his limbs with fear, his hair with horror stood on end, and his speech clove to his jaws. But, when his sister Juturna at a distance knew the shrill noise and the Fury's wings, in deep distress she tears her disheveled tresses, mangling her face with her nails, and her breasts with blows: Turnus! what can thy sister now avail thee? wretch that I am, what expedient have I now left? by what art can I prolong thy life? so rueful a portent can I withstand? Now, now I quit the field.

[43] Megæra, one of the Furies, daughter of Nox and Acheron.

Add not terror to my fear, ye inauspicious fowls: the beating of your wings, your deadly screams I know; nor am I a stranger to the stern mandates of imperious Jove. Are these the returns he makes for my virginity? Why gave he me immortal life? why was I exempt from the law of mortality? surely now I might have put an end to such oppressive woes, and accompanied my wretched brother through the shades below. I immortal! or can I, brother, relish aught of my enjoyments without thee? Oh, what earth to me will yawn full deep, and dispatch a goddess to the shades below? This said, the goddess muffled up her head in a sea-green vail, drawing many a groan, and plunged herself into the deep river.

On the other hand, Æneas urges the attack, majestic waves his massy spear, and thus with wrathful soul bespeaks [his foe]: What means this delay now after all? or why, O Turnus, do you now decline the combat? It is not in running that we must try our skill, but in close fight with cruel arms. Turn thee into all shapes, collect whatever assistance you can, whether from valor or from artifice: wish to reach on wings the lofty stars, or shut up within the hollow earth to lie concealed. He, shaking his head, [replies]: Not thy boisterous words, insulting foe, cause my fears; the gods, and adverse Jove, intimidate me. Nor more he said, but casts his eye on a huge stone, a stone antique, of huge dimensions, which in the field by chance was lying, set for a land-mark, to distinguish the controverted bounds of the fields.[44] Scarcely would twelve chosen men support it on their shoulders, such frames of men as earth now produces. The hero snatched it up with hurrying hand; raising himself aloft, and rushing on with speed, he hurled it against his foe. But he knows not himself, either while running or going, nor when he lifts up with his hand, or wields the enormous stone.[45] His knees sink under him: his chill blood with shuddering terror is congealed. Then the stone itself, rolled through the empty air, neither reached the hero's whole length, nor bore home the intended blow. And as in dreams by night, when languid sleep hath closed our eyes, we seem in vain to make effort to prolong a race on which we are intent, and in midst of our efforts sink down faint; nor power is in the

[44] Literally, "to determine some dispute respecting the fields." B.
[45] i. e. he feels the loss of his wonted strength. B.

tongue, nor in the body competency of wonted strength, nor voice nor words obey [the dictates of our will]; just so from Turnus the cursed fiend withholds success, by whatever efforts of valor he sought the way. Then various thoughts are rolling in his breast. Now he turns his eyes on the Rutulians, now on the city [of Laurentum], now stands hovering in dread, and trembles for the approach of the dart. Nor [perceives he] whither he can fly, nor how he may make head against his foe, nor sees he any where the chariot or his sister charioteer. In this perplexity Æneas brandishes against him the dart of fate, having with his eye marked out the destined wound, and with the whole force of his body hurls it from afar. Never did stones shot from a battering engine roar so loud, nor from the thunder burst such mighty peals. Like a black whirlwind flies the javelin winged with dire destruction; it opens a passage through his corselet's border, and the utmost orb of his sevenfold shield; then hissing, passes through his mid thigh. Down to the earth the mighty Turnus wounded sinks on his doubled knee.

Up rise the Rutulians together with a groan, and the whole mountain around rebellows, and the deep groves far and near return the sound. He, humble and suppliant, stretching his eyes and imploring hand, says, I have indeed deserved, nor do I deprecate: improve thy fortune. If any regard to a wretched father can move thee (thou too hadst such a sire, Anchises), have compassion, I pray thee, on the age of Daunus; and me, or, if you rather choose, this body, despoiled of life, unto my friends restore. You have overcome, and the Ausonians have seen thy vanquished foe stretch forth his [suppliant] hands: Lavinia is thy bride. Persist not further in thy hate. Æneas, fierce as he was from the heat of action, stood rolling his eyes, and repressed his hand: and still more and more the speech had begun to move his wavering mind, when on the high shoulder [of his foe] the inauspicious belt appeared, and with its well-known bosses, the girdle of youthful Pallas shone, whom vanquished, Turnus with a wound had slain, and on his shoulders wore the hostile badge. Soon as the hero espied the memorials of his cruel grief and the spoils [of his friend], inflamed with fury and terribly enraged, [he exclaimed, And] shalt thou from me hence escape clad in the spoils of my

friends? Thee Pallas, Pallas, with this wound a victim devotes, and takes vengeance on thy accursed blood. With these words deep in his opposed bosom he furious plunged the sword. But with the chill of death are his limbs relaxed, and with a groan the indignant soul hurries down to the shades.

THE END.

BOOK XIII

When Turnus, beaten in the final bout of war, poured forth his fleeting life, and amid the host stood great-souled Aeneas, War's victorious hero, all the Latins, benumbed, uttered a moan and, venting harsh sorrow from the core of their beings, gave way in despair. Their minds were buffeted, as happens when a mighty grove is stricken by the north wind's swirl, and its leaves fall. Then they stab their spears into the ground and slump on sword hilts. They lower shields from shoulders, and curse the conflict, shuddering at the crazed passion for Mars they once desired. They do not refuse to brook either the reins or neck-yokes of the captured, and pray for pardon, for peace, and for an end to evil. So it is when two bulls charge towards one another, into the bitterness of strife, mingling their struggles with a slather of gore—his herd champions each. But should the palm of success fall to the lot of one lord, soon the cattle, which before offered allegiance to the vanquished, now humble themselves to the victor's sway and, though deep sorrow grips their spirits, they willingly profess their submission: so the Rutuli, though vast grief engulfs their hearts and fear assails them at the slaughter of their lord, prefer to follow famous arms, and Aeneas of Troy. They solicit the compact of peace and enduring quiet in place of the affairs of war.

Then, bestriding Turnus from above, Aeneas speaks from serene lips: "What was this vast madness that ripened in your mind, offspring of Daunus, so that you futilely presumed to drive out of Italy, and of the dwellings that were their due, the Trojans who had journeyed here at the behest of the gods above and at the command of the Thunderer on high? Learn to honor Jove and to fulfill the dictates of the gods. Anger grips even mighty Jove and

retribution stirs the gods who remember evil-doings. See, now at last the end is at hand of your wild madness through which, affronting proper right and trust, you brought trouble on the Trojan race by breaking the treaty. Take note, your last days will serve as warning to others in time to come that it is wrong in vain to scorn Jove's ordinance and set aflame the worthless frenzy of war on war. Take joy, now, in your weapons! I grieve for you lying there, Turnus, a noble corpse. But Lavinia will not be yours at a small cost, and no shame will come to you from having perished at Aeneas's right hand. Rutulians, it is time to bear forth hence your lord. Weapons and corpse I bestow, along with every honor due to a death worthy of lamentation. But the baldric's heavy weight, once Pallas's, I will convey to Evander that he might feel some strength of consolation in the slaughter of the foe, and revel in Turnus's demise. Do you, Italians, yet learn through remembrance to employ more worthy excuses for venturing on war. I myself take an oath on the stars: it was never my pleasure to thrust my soldiery, never my own weapons, into battle, but, driven by your madness and with due mandate, I chose with all my strength to safeguard the interests of Troy."

Saying no more Aeneas gladly turned toward the lofty palisade and sought the Trojan tents. In jubilation all the Trojan youths bent to follow together with him, and with forceful feet spur their swift horses through the fields, assailing the Latins with biting words and proclaiming them cowards. The lofty heavens resounds with their cheers. And although intense concern looms in his mind to place the unburied bodies of his comrades on their pyres and ignite the fires, nevertheless, in prudence attentive to a more solemn task, Aeneas first ordered appropriate honors on the altars of the gods. Then, after the manner of their forefathers, they sacrifice fattened bullocks, and into the shrines herd hogs and snow-white sheep which splash the crimsoned earth with gushing blood. They slay and skin each animal, wrench forth its entrails, butcher

the carcass into morsels and give them over to spits and to the flames. Then they heap up the gifts of Bacchus and pour out wine from bowls. They do homage to the altars with brimming platters. Fires burn incense, the laden platforms smoke. Then jubilation spreads through the homes and exalts the mighty Thunderer, and Venus, and you, Saturn's Juno—with the might of their praise they declare her now serene and of more kindly mien—and Mars himself. Then the remaining company of divinities, summoned to the ceremony, is raised to the lofty heavens with bravo after bravo.

Peerless Aeneas, excelling all in gentleness, lifted both hands toward the sky and, embracing young Iulus, briefly spoke: "My son, alone the hope of his father, whom I, driven by the vicissitudes of fate, guided through the vast crises of our wanderings, behold, we have discovered rest. Behold the day, finale of our evils, making an end to our trials, the day ever yearned for and most welcome. As I was summoned into war's cruelty, I now recollect that I often reminded you that this day would come to pass under auspicious gods. As soon as tomorrow's dawn glows red, it will be time for me to send you in glory to the Rutulian ramparts." Then, turning with friendly glance toward the crowd of Trojans, he continued thus in serene tones: "O comrades, who have traveled through cruel, constant dangers, through massive surges of war and the redoubled madness of fighting, through a siege of tempests, through whatever harsh, dread, oppressive, piteous, threatening might come our way, whatever unjust, accursed and savage, turn your thoughts to better things! Now the conclusion is at hand. Here will be the end-goal of our trials. With the Latin race we will establish the peace for which we have yearned. Thence will my wife Lavinia, sheltered through the bitter war, grant me to transmit the destiny of the Trojan race, commingled with Italian blood, into all

ages to come. I ask one thing, comrades: treat the Italians justly with kindred minds and grant respect to our father-in-law, Latinus. He will wield the glorious scepter. This my mind has decreed. But, as warriors, learn to emulate me, both in the excellence of your soldiering and in your piety. The glory that has accrued to us is plain to see. But I will call the heavens and the stars to witness: I, who have rescued you from the calamity of such great evils, will myself, in power, guide you to still greater rewards."

Such was his prayer. As he pondered the diverse perils now past and peace procured through dint of effort, he brimmed with a blaze of warmth toward his beloved Trojans, jubilant at the formidable dangers they have at last passed beyond. Just as when a kite, circling from the heavens, has careened toward tiny nestlings and, swooping down in a tremendous whirl, shrieks greedily and threatens mayhem, then the wattled mother hen, heart shaken in terror from the grievous peril to her young, rises up, whets her beak and, assailing the foe with all her effort, finally compels him to yield as she drives him out with full force. Then, cackling away, worried for her young, she seeks out the bewildered brood and herds the troubled throng, glad for their survival, snatched from the brink of disaster. So the son of Anchises soothed the Trojans with friendly words, going over and over in his heart his prior fear and burning worries, as well as the joys at last brought forth from a stretch of evils. He gains pleasure in the memory of what before was a trial to withstand. Aeneas towers in stature, surpassing all in the depth and renown of his goodness. He offers prayers of thanksgiving to the gods for their profusion of gifts and extols Jupiter with the highest praise.

Meanwhile the amassed Rutulians had brought into the city the lifeless body of their leader, majestic and worthy of sorrow, their

minds in the throes of grief, their eyes flooding over with weeping. And now the intensity of their keening had filled Latinus, exhausted and pondering many a danger. After he heard their deep groans keep swelling and saw Turnus pierced through with a gigantic wound, he did not hold back his tears. Then gently he took charge of the cortege, calling for silence by gesture and by word. As when a hound, better than all the pack, has taken in through his vitals the blazing teeth of a frothing boar, then the remainder of the baying troop, terrified by the unfortunate turn of fate, takes flight and, all atremble, with a yelp encircles its keeper and barks, howling away. Yet, responsive to its master's gesture and words of command, it grows still, suppresses its groaning and regains control: in such a manner the Rutulians silence their talk.

Then tearfully, from his heart's depths, King Latinus begins: "How precarious is the scepter's transient pride! O wildness, o native lust for overweening power, whither in your blindness do you drag us mortals? Whither, Glory, wooed by a succession of hazards, do you drive our swaggering minds? How many traps, how many defeats, what boundless reminders of evil do you sport? How many spears, how many swords do you behold, if you have eyes to see? Alas, the entrancing poison and deadly worship of worldly things! Alas, the dire duties of ruling power, steadfast at great cost, and the fraught weightiness of affairs, which can never pledge the calm of peace or bestow tranquillity! Alas, the bitter, piteous lot that graces kings, the risks of royalty, jeopardized by ample fear and bereft of peace! What pleasure was it, Turnus, to have shaken Italy with mighty turmoil, to have provoked the followers of Aeneas and driven them into war's cruelty? What pleasure also to have breached the longed-for trust in a peace for which we had covenanted? What massive restlessness possessed your mind to wage war with offspring of the gods who voyaged hither at the command of the Thunderer, and of your own voli-

tion willingly to assail and expel them from our abodes, to sunder the promised pledge of my daughter to my son-in-law Aeneas and, against my stated wish, rouse cruel war with your hand? What grand insanity entangled your wits? How often did I rebuke you, lofty on your steed, your weapons aglimmer as you marched toward fierce Mars's troops, and, in my fright, on the threshold vainly attempt to call you back and to halt the course that you had begun? What ordeals I have since withstood our walls, houses half-collapsed, attest, and broad fields glistening white with bones, Latium deprived of all its manhood, devastation everywhere, streams crimsoned with human slaughter, the long and trembling fear, the harsh trials which I, though aged, so often experienced through such great perils. And now, Turnus, you lie in state! Where is your youth in all its grandeur, your loftiness of mind? Whither the glistening glory of your lofty brow? Whither has fled that sign of grace? Ah, what weeping, Turnus, what bitter sorrows will you bring to Daunus! With what a stream of tears will Ardea flow! Yet it will not behold you pierced, in shame, by an ignoble wound. At least it will have this solace for the sadness of your death: you received the sword of Aeneas of Troy."

These were Latinus's words, as tears welled up and drenched his cheeks. Then, facing the multitude, he gave orders that the piteous corpse be shouldered, conveyed to the sad father's beloved city and offered proper solemnity. Quickly hurrying around, the Rutulians in a mass raised the body of the youth high on an enormous bier, bringing along with them as well the trappings plundered from the Trojans—helmets and horses, swords and spears. Behind follow chariots oozing with Phrygian gore. Weeping, Metiscus makes his way and expertly leads Turnus's horse, bedewed with a flow of tears, who in time past had carried him in

victory, raging amid the carnage of the enemy. Others on their way carry their weapons reversed. The rest of the youth follow behind, weeping, soaking their chests with a rain of tear-drops. And now, smiting themselves, they made their exhausted way through the night's unresponsive silence, and Latinus, his thoughts afflicted by the huge cortege, bent his steps toward the palace. All the mothers with the children and the elders shed tears and filled the gloomy city with their groans.

But Daunus, unaware of the intense sorrows in store — that his son, destroyed in Mars's final conflict, had breathed forth his proud spirit and, amid a flow of tears, was being accompanied toward the walls — was anxious about other griefs and troubles. For while elsewhere the Latins were suffering defeat and Turnus with his warm blood was soiling the earth, an enormous conflagration had swept through the city and its lofty walls, and Ardea, with the smoking palace of his poor father collapsed in ruin, was sinking completely to embers. The ash, flying heavenward, was suffusing the stars. There was no further hope of salvation, whether such indeed was the pleasure of the gods, or whether the foreknowing fates were offering a token of Turnus's extinction in the fright of war. Forthwith the townsfolk together with the matrons in long array, their spirits shaken, smiting their sad breasts began to bewail the unjust misfortune of their sad fate while with all their might they were fleeing the ravenous flames. As when a black squadron of ants, struggling over their lengthy task, have positioned their abodes in a firmly planted root beneath a lofty tree: if a cruel ax applies its force and, breaking the towering crest, savagely shatters their tiny dwellings, immediately they vie with each other in sallying forth, the whole army in a rush, and, mournful and terrified, they are propelled along in flight; and as when a tortoise, overturned on its back and feeling the heat of a fire, sweating strains and struggles with its feet while, waving its tail and head in a violent effort, in agitation it makes attempt after attempt to

move away, similarly the poor citizens, their minds in turmoil, were betaking themselves helter-skelter through the thick of the blaze.

In the presence of everyone Daunus, undone by old age, was pouring forth words of woe to the heavens, and appealing to the gods above. Then it was that a bird was seen to rise up from the midst of the conflagration and, beating its wings, fly through the air, in metamorphosis keeping the identity and the name of Ardea.[1] That which had stood as soaring turrets upon walls glides now, in altered state, with outspread wings. All were astonished by the miracle and by such grand warnings from the gods; their discouragement was evident in the droop of their shoulders and faces. But Daunus, though overcome by ardent affection for his ruined land, suppressed bitter groans within his heart. In the midst of these events, Rumor descends in headlong rush and fills their minds with extended lamentation, heralding that a squadron of soldiers in a death-march was at hand, and that Turnus had breathed his last, overwhelmed by a mortal wound. Soon everyone, in a troubled mass, carried black torches, set afire as custom had it — the fields glowed with burning flames — and merged with those approaching. After the matrons had sighted them in massed rank, they strike their hands and wail toward the stars.

But Daunus, when the cortege of his beloved son came into full view, stood motionless. Then, his face wrenched with spasms of deep grief, in frenzy he cast himself into the midst of the array, and clinging prostrate to Turnus, as soon as he could find voice, spoke these words over him: "My son, your father's sorrow and the calm of his weary age now wretchedly snatched away, where have you, harassed by dangers of such magnitude and vanquished at the last by ferocity of arms, where have you led me? Where has your surpassing steadfastness of mind conveyed me? Is this the respect due virtue's fame, is this the esteem that power gains? Is this

the glory of great empire that you procure for me, my son, are such its triumphs? Is this that calm pledged your father in his many moments of distress, is this the end of my sufferings for which I pined? Miserable me! How precipitate are the misfortunes which the gliding ages prompt, in what a vortex do they unfold their course! You who in your fame claimed exalted honors, mighty throughout all of Latium, whose fearfulness in arms and whose rage the trembling Trojans felt time upon time, now, O Turnus mine, you lie, a body to pity and lament, a silent, voiceless head. No other in all Italy was more handsome, none more graceful of speech or a more imposing presence, with armor donned. Where, my son, is your beauty's gleam, that calm charm on snow-white brow, your eyes' happy glance and long neck's sterling look? Was Mars's acclaim realized at the cost of lodging with death? As you set forth, did you yearn to commit yourself to greedy fighting only soon to make your return in such a procession? Alas, hateful death, who alone reins in spirits carried away by vengeful arms, who holds all humanity in omnipotent grasp and whose covenants endure forever! You grind down both the grand and the lowly, you bring hero level with coward, lords with rabble, young with old. Alas, dark death, what shameful reason drove you to snatch away my son and to assail him with savage wound? Ah, fortunate Amata, take joy in the welcome advent of your death. What reminders of suffering you have escaped, what huge burdens of misfortune's weight! What more, gods above, are you contriving for a father who is sick at heart? You have seized my son, and Ardea, devoured by flames and turned to ash, now batters the sky with wings. Ah, Turnus, how I further torture myself from your slaughter! For your father the final destiny of old age still remains to come. But the poor creature whom the gods, kindled by hatred

and driven by anger's violence, fiercely hound and torture, him they utterly ruin. Thus the fates revolve man's affairs."

Words at an end, he drenched his cheeks with a flood of tears, drawing forth woeful sorrows from his heart: as, when Jupiter's eagle has swooped down with mighty talons and has torn apart her small fawn, its blood gushing, the doe looks on, in sorrow at the death of her youngling.

The morrow's light had filled the broad earth with its gleam. Then father Latinus, beholding the Italians broken and faltering from the fate of Mars and fortune's full favor yielding to Aeneas's power, and pondering the upheavals of the fight, the enormity of his agonies as well as his commitment to the marriage treaty and the wedding of his daughter, summons from the host a thousand men, chosen for their excellence, to serve as entourage to the city for the Trojan chief, whose quality was clear to all. He joins with them togaed speakers, under full instructions, and further commands them, in parting, that, since it seemed meet, in face of the cautionary omens from the gods, for the Trojan people to commingle with Italian blood, they should share in the proceedings, with calm minds seek out Aeneas and his followers, and convey them joyfully within the lofty walls.

Meanwhile he himself firms up the stricken city and its defenseless citizenry, strengthens their spirits with the promise of harmony in the future and of enduring peace as the generations pass. Then, with the people's acclaim, he orders the celebration of triumphs deserved and the bedecking of the royal palace with august tributes. In eagerness he urges them, with hearts united and brows untroubled, to greet his approaching son-in-law, enthusiastically receive the Trojan people and broadcast their joy at calm restored and their delight in the realization of peace.

And now in formation the embassy, their locks encircled with sprigs of olive, was entering the camp of the Trojans, to sue for peace. Noble Aeneas commands that they be conveyed to him

within the royal dwelling and with happy voice asks the reason for their journey. Then aged Drances, with too palpable pleasure at the loss and death of Turnus, begins his passionate speech: "O famous leader of the Trojan people, the Phrygians' pride and promise, unsurpassed in the world for loyalty and courage, in our defeat we call to witness, and swear an oath to every god and goddess, that Latinus watched as Latium, against his will, bonded together in scorn of its treaties, nor did he ever pose objection to paying the Trojans their honors due. In fact, since divine ordinance so directed, with great fervor he anticipated the wedding of his daughter to you, his son-in-law. But whatever was fomented by the wild fractiousness of fighting and the sheer, insane effort in the undertaking, the headstrong madness of Turnus, lashed to flame without just cause and seized by hate, brought upon us. He consigned the Latin peoples into battle, while reluctant and averse. All the soldiery addressed him with the plea that he withdraw from arms and that he allow the mighty son of Anchises to implement the contract of marriage. Likewise peerless Latinus, though tired and weakened by age, joined hands in prayer and pleaded with Turnus, as he burned with Mars's intense flame. Nor could our entreaties bend his obdurance, nor heaven's omens his intent. No, he spewed forth fire more fiercely from his mouth and, foaming beast-like, lent impetus to the fight. And yet he faced a doom worthy of such daring as, stretched before you, his conqueror, he gnawed at last the darkening earth. Now let the villain go to see the lodgings of Tartarus. Now in the depths of Acheron let him scout out other battle formations, other marriages. Do you, the superior heir, accept your legacy of Laurentum. The hope of exhausted Latinus and of his whole clan rests, turned toward you. You alone all the Italians send soaring beyond the golden stars, and you, armed by the immortals, they revere for might in battle. Their blazoning ut-

terance chants the truth. All with one mind and with one voice yearn for you, you, the throng of fathers, solemn in their wisdom, old men numb with age, joyous youth and anxious mothers, boys and chaste girls. They glory that Turnus fell to your force. All Italy offers you prayer and exalts your excellence with resounding praise. Toward you alone our eyes are turned. Father Latinus himself in his old age has only these duties after life's lengthy span—to unite his daughter with you, and to impart to the ages his descendants, Trojans blended with the Italian race. Come then, great leader of the Trojans, make your entrance to claim your bounty of promised honors."

When he had drawn to an end, all united in a roar of approval. Noble Aeneas, after he had received them with happy countenance, returns their greetings in brief words of friendship: "I would point no finger at you or Latinus, whose wont is the calm of peace. Rather it is the savagery of the reprobate Turnus, even more than his youthful craving for praise, that, I have no doubt, instigated this chain of happenings, these crises that aroused Mars. Nevertheless, whatever the case, Ausonians, in no way do I stand opposed to the wedding contract and the peace made holy by assured compact. The king, my father-in-law, will claim for himself the scepter's authority and respect. My Trojans in their turn will establish walls for me—a city to bear your daughter's name—and I will add Penates[2] to bless their dwellings. Your legacy to the ages will be the mutuality of laws and warmth shared with hearts at one. Meanwhile on their pyres place the pitiable dead (we still have that task) whom the ruthless ferocity of war snatched from us. Then, as soon as tomorrow's bright gleam is risen, with spirits rejoicing we'll repair to our homes at Laurentum."

When his words had come to an end, the whole audience together held its gaze turned toward him, openly in awe of his utter-

ance and astonished at this majestic instance of his piety. Forthwith they raised funeral piles, heaped up with huge beams, placed upon them the bodies of their countrymen and set the fires. Smoke billows over the lofty heavens, and the reaches of the sky are buried in dusky night. They slaughter countless herds of sheep and black-backed cattle, chosen from the country round about, and set them on the pyres. Flames char wide swathes of field. The firmament resounds with the storm of lamentation.

And now the new day's golden light had lifted up the Sun's brilliance. Trojans and Italians mingled together in joyous assemblage, and, mounting their steeds, headed toward the houses and high-built walls of the city of Laurentum. In front of all was noble Aeneas, after him in line the aged Drances, who recalled many a memory for the leader, then Ascanius, only child to his father, Aletes, venerable and sage, august Ilioneus, Mnestheus, sharp-willed Serestus, Sergestus, brave Gyas, and brave Cloanthus. The rest, Italians and Trojans intermingled, followed in the rear.

Meanwhile the citizen body streamed into position along the walls, the eager corps of leaders together with the common people unused to war, awaiting the Trojan throng with eager hearts. And now, all anxiety allayed, Latinus and his large entourage received them in welcome as they made their arrival. And after he glimpsed Trojan Aeneas approaching in the midst of his retinue, his true appearance in no way disappointed. As he made his way he far surpassed all, in stature and in the princely charm that radiated from his star-bright eyes. As soon as the opportunity came for talk, to exchange words after the clasping of hands they had long anticipated, Latinus is the first to begin to speak: "You have reached us, at last, nor did the hope to which we clung deceive our yearning mind, most lustrous light of the Trojan race, whom the behests of the great gods, in spite of many misfortunes, purposed

to settle in Italy, in our dwellings, even though human lawlessness in a bout of fury deranged the sanctity of rule and aroused the wrath of heaven. Indeed time and again it consigned me, also, to suffer the menace of Mars's grimness, against my will and shunning recourse to arms. This indeed occurred, but at no small cost: suffice it that the heavenly powers, roiled in mind and vengeful, have unleashed punishment. Since the source of rebellion and the begetter of such mischief has ceased to be, now is the time, mighty leader of the Trojans, to enter upon the marriage compact and promised wedding. I too have a kingdom, my towns survive with walls still standing. But my only daughter is the single hope of my weary old age. I embrace you as son and son-in-law for all time to come."

Good Aeneas responds: "Mightiest of kings, it was not my belief that you, in your desire for peace's holy bonds, would have provoked such a clash of arms! If any worry remains, worthiest of men, put it from your mind, I pray. Now I am in your presence and I joyfully claim you as father-in-law and father, whatever the future may have in store. A vision of mighty Anchises will well up within me and once again I will burn with love for a father."

After such reassurance for each other, they entered the royal palace. Thereupon mothers and daughters, rushing forth in their eagerness, aged fathers and companies of the young, stood surveying the handsome figures of the Trojan race. They are anxious before all to behold mighty Aeneas, his renowned heritage, the preeminent grace of his features. They are swift to praise the goal of peace and the coveted gift of quiet. Imagine a time when a massive downpour without let-up held the now idle farmers in its grip, while the clouds unburdened themselves and the curved plough found respite for many a day, then, should the bright Sun give rein to his horses along their broad track and soothe the heavens with his gilded gleam, the happy country folk surge abroad and urge

themselves on: so the Italians brought calm to their spirits in such a happy time. And now King Latinus had advanced through the royal entrance-way into the lofty hall together with Aeneas in all his nobility, followed by beautiful Iulus and then the Italians and Trojans, mingled as a group. At once the glittering palace was filled with the happy gathering and its extended applause. While this was happening the maiden Lavinia entered their midst, accompanied by a full entourage of mothers and daughters, her glistening eyes cast down. When the Trojan hero first beheld her grandeur of soul and body—a wonder in the telling—, he paused enchanted at the sight, and to himself pitied the bitter chain of sufferings endured by Turnus. (Carried away by expectations too great, in his zeal he had occasioned huge assaults in battle and burned for the cruelty of arms.) And so the marriage compacts are joined in enduring bond. They chant the wedding hymn in an outpouring of praise and send the sound of joy rippling through the royal residence. They fling roars of applause beyond heaven's heights.

Meanwhile Aeneas requests faithful Achates to make his way and retrieve gifts once presented him by Andromache—raiment threaded with gold, and a gilded necklace crusted with jewels with which she was wont to adorn her neck while Troy yet stood. There was also a magnificent mixing-bowl which Priam had once bestowed on father Anchises as a token of affection. In quick compliance Achates returns with these loveliest of presents. Latinus accepts the mixing-bowl as his son-in-law's gift, the graceful bride Lavinia, the raiment and necklace. Then they offer each other friendship's gentle refreshment and stretch out the hours with varied conversation.

And now the unhurried passing of departing day called for the banquet. Forthwith inside the lofty palace they heap high the royal

board with lavish display and a wealth of appointments. Everyone, invited to partake in the delightful feast to come, streamed together to recline on coverlets of purple. Glass crystal furnishes water for their hands. On the table they place blond Ceres's bread. Then the corps of smiling servants in grand parade divide their tasks: some restock the banquet tables, some mix the wine and refill goblets and bowl, the busy troop turns now here, now there, and performs a medley of functions throughout the halls.

But father Latinus fixed his gaze intently on young Iulus, marveling at his attractiveness and behavior, at the adult discourse that flowed from his youthful lips, at his mind mature beyond its years. He asked him about many things, moving from topic to topic. Then Latinus offered him gentle kisses as he clung to him fondly in warm embrace. In his gladness he gave thought to Aeneas's good fortune, vouchsafed such an offspring by the benison of heaven.

After their hunger was satisfied by the repast, they begin by conversation to pretend away the long passage of the night—now recalling to mind Troy's bitter demise and the Grecian tribes, now the savage conflicts of the Laurentine war, where the first battle lines were drawn, where weapons in turn on turn were hurled, who first in fervor plunged into the marshaled foe and with gusto slathered his flashing sword with equine blood. Above all Aeneas of Troy and aged Latinus recounted the exploits of mighty heroes from a time gone by, of Latin power, of how Saturn was hidden away on Italy's shores to escape his son's hostile pursuit, whence he entitled it "Hiding Land,"[3] how he brought order to the race that roamed the high hills, codified for them rights and laws, and the cultivation of wine and crops, how afterward Jupiter entered his father's dwelling, how Dardanus, sprung from Electra, daughter of Atlas, after the death of Iasius set out from Cortona with a large following and made his way to the cities of the Troad under Ida, and how, taking pride in his father Jupiter and his gift, had chosen

the stalwart eagle as emblem for the race of Hector, he, the founder of the Trojan race and inaugurator of its forefathers' renowned honors.

With such and other topics they stretched out night's length. Then shouts of joy rush rumbling through the lofty halls, and a mighty roar fills the whole palace. Torches bring their light and glisten with expansive glow. The Trojans jump to their feet, the Latins follow, as the cithara resounds. The applause intensifies as they merge together into a single assembly, vary the rhythms of their dance and yield to the frolic.

And now the celebration of the wedding festivity, in a spectacle of abundance, had extended nine days. Then Aeneas, greatest of heroes, with the curved plough outlined his city, established houses and trenches surrounded by an embankment. But look, memorable to tell: Lavinia, from the crown of her head, seemed to pour forth a huge flame, nimble in its brightness and soaring into the clouds above. Father Aeneas, astonished at the magnificence of the image, stretched forth both his hands to heaven and spoke: "If ever, Jupiter, the Trojan people willingly respected your portents and your mandates, both on land and on sea, if I, heavenly powers, revered and worshipped your altars, by whatever else in the offing remains to be effected, afford us, confirm for us, peace's halcyon time, bring our evils to a close."

While he was thus exclaiming, his golden mother embraced him. Declaring herself Venus, she spoke these kindly words: "My son, put this worry from your mind, lay claim to the gods' more propitious omens, and, glad at heart, enter upon your auspicious future. Now peace is granted to you, now at last is the end of your sufferings. Finally, now, the ages accept the covenant of peace long craved. Have no fear of the flame carried to the heavens from the crown of your dear wife's head. Stand firm, with mind assured. For she it will be who enhances your line's repute with glorious

offspring and exalts the heroes of Troy to the stars. She will bequeath you high-souled descendants with august progeny, whose extraordinary praise will fill earth's whole orb, which in its entirety, victors through the power of their courage, they will draw under the yoke. Their glorious grandeur, surpassing the bounds of Ocean, will find its measure in the heights of Olympus. Nobility, their source of godhead, in the wake of countless valorous deeds accomplished, will lead them beyond the heavens. This flame heralds the signal achievements of your race; the Almighty has furnished this token from his starry precincts. As gesture for such acclaim to be yours, give the city you are founding your wife's name. Furthermore arrange within the new walls the blessed Penates, snatched from the flames of Troy, and tender them distinguished honors to endure for all time. I will tell you something extraordinary: they are captivated by such affection for the city that, though displaced to other posts, of their own will they seek Lavinium, their original settlement, returning to it again and yet again. Blessed by fortune, great things await you! In the time ahead you will rule the Trojan people in the calm of peace. In due course your father-in-law, tired and undone with age, will depart for the shades of Elysium. You will succeed to the throne, your rule will establish laws shared by Italians and Trojans. Then, rejoicing, you will yourself ascend to the lofty heavens. So have the gods decreed." Words finished, she took her leave in flight to the sprightly breezes.

Aeneas, his mind stunned in amazement at such fame, carried out the commands of his goddess mother. And so he reigned over the Trojans, united in the blessings of peace. Then, when holy Aeneas had succeeded to the throne after Latinus's departure in death, his power held broad sway over all of Italy. It was a time when Trojans and Italians willingly strengthened the bonds of their alliance through the sharing of customs and through deepen-

ing affection; harmony through equality of law was their united agreement. Then a rejoicing Venus made her way into the presence of Jupiter at the center of Olympus, embraced his feet and spoke: "Almighty sire, who from heaven's zenith solely guide the affairs of all and scan man's enterprises and his cares, it is my memory that, when ill-fortune held the Trojans in its grip, you promised them security and an end to trouble. Your judgment's pledge never failed me, father. Everyone has seen the whole of Italy, with no exceptions take delight in three years of holy peace. You also gave solemn assurance that you would convey noble Aeneas to the peak of the glittering heavens and make his worth known to the stars. What now are you pondering in your heart? Already Aeneas's virtue in its fullness lays claim to the celestial pole."

The father of men and gods kissed her and from his inmost heart spoke: "From my very words, goddess of Cythera, you knew how much I have always loved stalwart Aeneas and all his followers, as they fared through such great perils whether on land or on sea, and, touched by your love, my child, indeed I grieved for them time and again. At last with Juno's approval I put an end to their woes. My mind's decree, my determination that the Trojan leader should enter the lofty heavens, stands steady. To accept him within the congress of the gods is the decision. It is one I gladly grant. Yours the task to erase what might remain mortal in him, and to engage him to the mighty stars. Also, if others possess his excellence, who encompass themselves with immortal praise and embellish the world through outstanding feats, I will convey them in turn beyond the Aether." All the gods granted approval. Nor did royal Juno demur. To complement her words of friendship, she urged that Aeneas be borne to heaven itself.

Then Venus slips sliding down the breezes of air and seeks Laurentum. There the Numicius, veiled in reed, courses with the

ripples of his stream into the nearby sea. She commands him to wash away from her son's body whatever is mortal and to carry it beneath his waves. Then in happiness she conducted the fresh, blessed soul with her above the air, and fixed Aeneas among the stars. His Julian offspring entitle him Indiges[4] and in his temples decree the honors of his cult.

PAVIA, OCTOBER 10, 1428